

THE SYSTEM TEACHES YOU HOW TO BE HUMAN

Chapter 51 - The Fatty Fat Orange Cat Is No Push Over (3)



Si Yisi discovered a group that was highly organized and systematic; practically a replica of a cult.

The group was entirely set to anonymous messaging, and there were thirty members in it.

Pinned to the top of the group was a brazen announcement containing a link. When opened, it revealed detailed content titled [How to Mentally Discipline a Perfect Female Slave.]

The link laid out several specific stages in excruciating detail, with clear timeframes for each step.

From the contents of the announcement, it was clear that the so-called “discipline” referred to breaking women’s sense of self from a psychological and mental perspective; Teaching them to obey blindly, endure insults without rebuttal, and take beatings without resistance.

The guide even included several suggestions...

[Start with her family or children to break her unyielding spirit. This is the most effective and feasible approach.]

[Beat her severely, leaving large bruises on the visible parts of her body. Then, go to her neighbors or local gossiping women and cry about how she

cheated, acted irrationally, or behaved in other erratic ways. This ensures that even if she seeks help, no one will believe her.]

Si Yisi struggled to navigate the group's picture album using his cat paws.

There were thirty albums in total, each containing an identical number of pictures uploaded at the same time intervals. Si Yisi saw that every picture was labeled with notes like "First Attempt" or "Second Attempt."

Without exception, each album featured a different woman.

In the initial pictures, the thirty women had faint bruises on their faces, their hair disheveled as they sat slumped on the floor. A hand was visibly gripping each woman's hair tightly, taking humiliating pictures of them.

As the pictures progressed, the women's expressions became increasingly numb. Some were even naked in front of the camera, their faces showing lifeless, glassy eyes as if all hope had been extinguished.

The most recent picture had been uploaded within the last day or 2. Si Yisi, trembling with anger, exited the album just as the group members started chatting anonymously.

[I tried the method the group admin suggested last night. Damn, it really works! She's now obediently crawling beneath me, hahaha!]

[My woman is even better. She's long since learned to follow my every word without question.]

Their words made it clear that they saw their wives, girlfriends, or women they had abducted as mere trophies for bragging rights.

Si Yisi recalled the timid, submissive demeanor of Jiang Wenwen's mother, narrowing his eyes in thought. It wasn't guilt that had silenced Jiang Lian'an but rather her complete inability to resist Jiang Wenwen's father anymore!

Jiang Lian'an was undoubtedly another victim of this group.

Si Yisi trembled with rage.

“Meow!”

With a fierce swipe, his paw came down hard, shattering the phone screen in one blow. At that very moment, as Si Yisi destroyed the phone, every man in the group who had been gleefully showing off their exploits suddenly experienced the same fate; Their phones exploded without exception!

The screens of their phones shattered explosively, injuring all twenty-nine men to varying degrees.

A cold, eerie glint flashed in Si Yisi’s golden cat eyes.

He stared at the shattered phone beneath his paw, irritably clawing at the ground.

Sensing the murderous aura emanating from their leader, the stray cats surrounding him instinctively let out low, wary growls.

But within moments, the skinny cats reacted, scrambling to get closer to Si Yisi. They rolled onto their backs, exposing their soft, fluffy bellies in submission, their long tails curling flatteringly around Si Yisi.

The collective display of fur-covered bellies dispersed much of the violent energy radiating from Si Yisi.

Looking down, he saw a circle of stray cats, ears flattened in submission, their warm bellies exposed. Their tails and soft stomachs seemed so easy to reach out and touch that Si Yisi, with his plump body, found it impossible to leave.

“Meow!” Si Yisi growled in frustration.

He leapt into the air, stretching his body long like a noodle before landing gracefully atop the highest point of the stray cats’ gathering spot, like a pool of liquid.

As a fat orange cat who commanded the respect of many, Si Yisi had already made up his mind.

By dawn, I'll transform these stray cats into a formidable cat army!

At the same time, several messages were sent through the system's marketplace to assist the thirty women who had suffered from this disaster.

Jiang Lian'an returned from work, her exposed arms, neck, and face bearing fresh bruises that invited more gossip.

She knew exactly how her coworkers mocked her behind her back; A promiscuous and shameless woman, someone who deserved to be beaten for cheating, a despicable, wanton creature...

Even Jiang Lian'an herself had gradually been brainwashed by these remarks. She began to believe that perhaps she really was the shameless woman described in these false accusations, that she had failed her husband.

She thought she ought to obey. Yes, obey.

Unconsciously, Jiang Lian'an wrapped her arms protectively around her daughter, Jiang Wenwen, holding her trembling child as if sheltering a fledgling bird.

Jiang Wenwen, like a perfectly obedient doll, nestled into her mother's arms, as though savoring this fleeting moment of peace.

But then, Jiang Lian'an's rarely used phone received a text message.

Her body trembled slightly. She assumed it was a message from her husband. He often sent instructions before coming home, tasks she was expected to complete. Failure to do so always resulted in a beating.

“ ... ”

A long time ago, Jiang Lian'an had considered running away. But when she did, her gossipy neighbors informed Ma Anning, her husband.

Ma Anning had dragged her back by force, savagely beating her and confiscating her phone and all her savings.

Over time, Jiang Lian'an no longer dared to resist. She had even hypnotized herself repeatedly; I'm at fault. I failed him.

She pulled Jiang Wenwen aside before picking up the phone with trembling hands.

The sender was listed as "unknown," and the contents of the message caused Jiang Lian'an's pupils to contract unnaturally.

[Do you want to live like this forever, completely brainwashed by that man in the end? Think about your parents, your child. If he gets tired of you, won't he turn his violence toward the people closest to you?]

The message stirred an uproar in Jiang Lian'an's numb heart.

She spent the rest of the evening in a daze, the message replaying in her mind even as she climbed into bed.

That night, she dreamt of a scene Si Yisi had specifically crafted for her.

In the dream, Ma Anning staggered home drunk one morning, furious and unstable.

At that time, Jiang Lian'an was at work, leaving only her daughter, Jiang Wenwen, at home.

Oh God...!

In the dream, Jiang Lian'an watched helplessly as Ma Anning, in a drunken rage, smashed a glass bottle against the back of their daughter's head.

No—! Wenwen!!

Jiang Lian'an struggled in the dream, and despite having long since run out of tears, they now streamed down her face uncontrollably. Why... why? I've been obedient enough! I know it's all my fault, but why would you hurt Wenwen?!

Her thoughts shifted to her parents; two elderly people in poor health who always visited during the New Year. But if Wenwen were dead, her parents would surely ask questions, confused by the absence of their granddaughter...

Jiang Lian'an dared not think further. Visions began to appear before her eyes; Ma Anning smashing their skulls just as he had killed Wenwen.

He would do it. He absolutely would do it!

Jiang Lian'an wept in her nightmare, struggling futilely to escape the horrifying visions.

Similarly, some of the other women who had received messages that night also dreamt of scenes eerily tailored to their vulnerabilities. However, Si Yisi couldn't strike as precisely at their weak spots as he had with Jiang Lian'an.

For now, they could only rely on themselves.

Si Yisi, as a single cat, couldn't handle so many vile matters alone. He was staying up all night training the obedient; albeit somewhat dim-witted, stray cats under his command.

These cats would play a critical role in addressing the situation!

That night, the relentless sounds of cats meowing disrupted the peaceful sleep of countless families. Their cries were not the amorous, lingering calls typical of mating season but instead carried an air of deadly seriousness, almost reminiscent of Black Cat Detective.

(T/N: Black Cat Detective = a Chinese animated television series based on a 1982 manhua written by Zhu Zhixiang.)

That same night, an anonymous user in the group let out a string of profane screams.

[Damn it! I had everything planned perfectly today. I was about to drag that woman back, and then this ferocious fat orange cat scratched my face! My face is ruined!]

[An orange cat?]

[Yes! It was as big as a basketball, fat like a pig. Damn... I even dropped my phone. Took me ages to get a new one and rejoin the group.]

[So what if it's big? If it were me, I would skin it alive the moment I saw it, chop off its claws, and gouge out its eyes. Ha! What can an orange cat possibly do to a person?]

[Yeah, that's pathetic. If it were me—]

Si Yisi felt an itch in his nose. He scratched his soft little nose with a paw and then swatted a black cat flying with a single strike!

Training a group of cats in such a short time was impossible using conventional methods.

So Si Yisi resorted to a special technique. He made himself appear in the eyes of the stray cats as the face of one of the anonymous users from the 'How to Discipline Women' group. Even his scent matched perfectly!

As one could imagine, for such vengeful creatures as cats, this hatred would be etched into their memories forever!

When they detected the same scent in the future, they wouldn't even need instructions from Si Yisi; the stray cats would know exactly what to do next!

For now, Si Yisi focused on honing their combat skills, training them relentlessly. Only by pushing them to their limits could he ensure those scumbags received the punishment they deserved!

The next day.

"M-Mom?" Jiang Wenwen stammered nervously as her mother, Jiang Lian'an, held her tightly. She felt tears dripping onto her face, but her eyes still lacked much light.

In this household, the one truly in charge wasn't her mother, Jiang Lian'an, but her father, Ma Anning, who constantly abused both mother and daughter.

Jiang Wenwen had long since realized this, so she grew quieter and quieter, hoping only that her father would direct less of his anger toward her mother.

"Wenwen..." Jiang Lian'an rasped, her voice hoarse. "You... are still... here."

Jiang Wenwen, confused, remained in her mother's embrace. Out of the corner of her eye, she suddenly caught a glimpse of a golden feline figure.

"A cat..." Jiang Wenwen murmured softly.

Passing by the young girl's home again, Si Yisi heard the muffled sound of crying but didn't detect Ma Anning's footsteps nearby. Only then did he temporarily let his guard down.

He leapt up and let out a high-pitched cry.

"Meow!!"

Just like the group chat, which was a local group, the thirty users all lived in the same city!

Go! Rip those scumbags apart!

“Meow!!” One by one, agile figures darted out, scattering in all directions!

It was truly a call to action that resonated with everyone!

Si Yisi’s expression darkened. With the stray cats dispatched, he couldn’t just sit idly by either!

Prepare to die, meow!

He let out a fierce, menacing yowl.

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“Meow!”

A pair of eyes, glowing faintly in the darkness, stared at the man stepping out.

Every single cat there had been ruthlessly “tormented” by this particular “human” at some point. Being creatures that held grudges, they watched these men with a sinister intensity, waiting for the right moment.

Suddenly, in one corner of the city, a series of wild cat attacks on humans broke out simultaneously!

These stray cats used their sharp claws to scratch at the men’s faces, arms, and even their most vulnerable areas with unrelenting ferocity!

In a flash of claws, the attacked men clutched their wounds, screaming and wailing in pain. Some even ended up lying in collapsed hospital rooms, injured further by phone explosions, their expressions twisted in agony!

Oddly enough, these violent stray cats seemed to target only specific people, focusing their attacks on a single person at a time. They didn't even brush against the passing bystanders nearby!

And when bystanders attempted to catch them, the cats bolted like the wind, leaving only a pile of fur and deep scratches on the victims' faces as evidence of their "crimes."

Before long, the incidents made it into local tabloids. These reports speculated that the attacked men must have provoked or mistreated these stray animals, resulting in such acts of revenge!

No matter what, the stray cats had escaped, and the injured men could only chalk it up to bad luck.

After all, there was no way the relevant authorities could conduct a large-scale sweep of stray cats and dogs. Otherwise, they'd undoubtedly face accusations of animal cruelty.

"Cat! A cat!"

A man screamed as if he could still see those cold, eerie feline eyes in his mind.

He curled up miserably, his clothes torn to shreds, deep claw marks oozing bright red blood.

In that instant when the wild cat suddenly attacked, the man genuinely believed that the ferocious cat would slit his throat with its sharp claws!

Still trembling with fear, the man touched the bloody scratch on his neck and suddenly recalled the message he had posted in the group chat; 'Yeah, that's pathetic. If it were me—'

“Damn it!” he cursed, scared out of his wits. Shaking uncontrollably, he hastily edited an anonymous message in the group. [Cat demon! I encountered a soul-reaping cat demon!]

The more he thought about it, the more convinced he became that it wasn't just a cat; it had to be the vengeful spirits of the women who had been abused to death, returning to claim justice!

The truth was, some people always carried a self-righteous arrogance, believing their actions were unquestionably correct. Yet, deep down, they felt guilty to the core.

On one hand, these men denied the worth of women, trampling them into the dirt. On the other, they dreaded the day those women would rise again and deliver their vengeance!

Just as the man shakily sent his message, he turned his head and once again saw the ghostly black cat.

“Ahhh!!”

The man let out a bloodcurdling scream. The black cat, however, raised its tail high and, in that position, urinated right onto the man's face!

The man, overwhelmed by the stench of cat urine, let out one last wail before his eyes rolled back, and he fainted on the spot.

The boss cat had ordered them to leave their mark, and the black cat took the instruction very seriously.

Such “follow-up actions” occurred in multiple corners of the city, leaving many of these scumbags, who casually manipulated others' wills through words, fainting in fright!

Some were even scared so badly that they wet themselves on the spot!

Si Yisi had no idea the stray cats possessed such exceptional understanding. At that moment, he was quietly sneaking to Jiang Wenwen's house.

Just as he reached the front door, the door suddenly swung open.

Si Yisi quickly hid himself, but he forgot what kind of creature he currently was; a ridiculously fat orange cat. His chubby body jiggled as he moved, his stubby legs trembling under the strain of his excessive weight.

Jiang Wenwen's eyes widened as she caught a glimpse of the familiar golden figure darting behind a utility pole like a cannonball.

Her eyes lit up for a moment, and she cautiously approached Si Yisi.

Is it a cat? A beautiful cat?

What appeared before Jiang Wenwen was a cat with a coat of fur that shone a dazzling golden color under the sunlight. However, its elegance and grace were worlds apart from what she had imagined.

The chubby orange cat, resembling a ball, sat pitifully behind a utility pole, as though trying to use its body to hide the pole.

Well—such a fat cat.

Jiang Wenwen was momentarily taken aback, and without thinking, she reached out to pet the plump orange cat.

Her hand sank into the soft, cotton-candy-like fur, which felt warm and soothing. In that instant, Jiang Wenwen seemed to catch a whiff of the warm scent of sunshine.

Si Yisi, unwilling and reluctant, fell into the hands of this pitiful little girl. He stiffly let out a "Meow~", showing no sign of affection.

But Jiang Wenwen, as if she had found a treasure, picked up the fat orange cat and held it close.

“I... I want to keep you. Can I?” Jiang Wenwen asked, sounding like a pitiful little puppy.

Si Yisi, feeling uncomfortable but somewhat pleased by the touch, subconsciously gave in to his cat instincts and lazily mewed, “Mew~”

Becoming someone else’s pet was indeed the best way to get close to that Ma Anning.

Suddenly, a few shining stars appeared in Jiang Wenwen’s dull gray eyes, lighting them up instantly.

She lowered her head and kissed the soft, furry forehead of the cat.

Tsk... Little girl; Si Yisi twitched his little pointed ears and flicked his long tail.

Since Si Yisi became Jiang Wenwen’s cat, he hadn’t had the chance to see the target, Ma Anning. Ma Anning had been away for the past few days, no one knew where he had been gallivanting. However, there was a faint hint of joy on both Jiang Lian’an’s and Jiang Wenwen’s faces.

For them, Ma Anning’s existence was nothing short of a disaster.

He wasn’t a good husband, nor a good father; just a scumbag who deserved to be tortured.

The dream Si Yisi had guided Jiang Lian’an to witness had deeply affected her. The self-repenting thoughts that had been brainwashed into her were slowly being pulled out of her, bit by bit.

At the core, it was because Jiang Lian’an’s identity as a daughter and a mother, along with the mental suggestions she had received, had not yet fully destroyed the personality she had spent over 30 years building.

The day after Si Yisi moved in, Jiang Lian'an, for the first time, took care of herself, covering up all her bruises. She mustered the courage to visit a public phone booth.

Si Yisi silently followed behind her. Despite being lost in thought; she hadn't sensed any abnormality.

"Dad... Mom..." As soon as the phone call connected, Jiang Lian'an suddenly broke down into tears.

Hearing her parents' panicked voices on the other end, calling out her name in distress, Jiang Lian'an's loud sobs slowly turned into soft, quiet sniffles.

How could she let her parents worry about her?

She couldn't drag the elderly couple into this mess! Jiang Lian'an wiped away her tears, and her face hardened with resolve.

She would fight back... I hadn't done anything wrong, I have never been unfaithful! I am not a sinner!

Before marriage, Jiang Lian'an's family was much wealthier than Ma Anning's, but she had been deceived by his outward appearance, fooled into thinking he was a decent man. However, her parents had managed to secure a right for Jiang Lian'an; the firstborn child would bear the Jiang surname.

Ma Anning had initially agreed, but secretly felt that his pride had been hurt.

His ugly true face was exposed after marriage. He tried to make Jiang Lian'an his puppet, using alcohol, domestic violence, and rumors to harm her, even forcing her to take a low-paying job.

Jiang Lian'an had now learned the truth. Ma Anning had probably believed in the teachings from the group too much, not even bothering to guard against Jiang Lian'an!

After knowing everything, Jiang Lian'an completely rid herself of the remaining mental manipulation.

Si Yisi was in a slightly better mood, though still not great. Jiang Lian'an had successfully escaped the brainwashing, but there were still several other women who were deeper in.

Si Yisi watched as Jiang Lian'an bought many self-defense items, such as ropes and pepper spray.

She had made up her mind to fight back!

Jiang Lian'an quietly prepared everything, calmly stroking her daughter Jiang Wenwen's head, and spoke in a flat, steady tone, "Soon... it'll get better, Wenwen."

Upon hearing that, Jiang Wenwen trembled and hugged Si Yisi even tighter.

Si Yisi: "..."

He could barely breathe.

On the fourth day, Ma Anning suddenly returned. He was as drunk as usual, staggering and furiously smashing the security door, making loud banging noises.

Jiang Lian'an pushed Jiang Wenwen into the room and looked at Ma Anning through the peephole. She bit her lip, turning pale, but still opened the door, maintaining a submissive posture.

As soon as the door opened, a wave of strong alcohol hit Si Yisi's nose. He sneezed violently, and his already unsteady body almost toppled over.

The sound of Si Yisi's sneeze caught Ma Anning's attention. He drunkenly lifted his gaze and saw a large orange cat!

The sight of this chubby orange cat immediately reminded Ma Anning of what the people in the group had said about revenge from cats!

Furious, he grabbed something and hurled it at Si Yisi! Just then...

Jiang Lian'an, who had been standing motionless behind him like a wooden figure, took a wooden stick out of her sleeve!

Jiang Wenwen's small face peeked through the crack in the door. Her expression held a maturity and depth beyond her years. Her gaze toward Ma Anning even carried an unshakable hatred!

Si Yisi leaped forward, and his plump body shot past like a bowling ball!

Ma Anning cursed loudly, but in his peripheral vision, he saw a shadow descending, as if something was about to strike him!

Chapter 53 - The Fatty Fat Orange Cat Is No Push Over (5)



The stick behind Ma Anning was raised high by Jiang Lian and brought down with a fierce blow!

Jiang Lian used all her strength, and her previously numb eyes were now filled with rage! Trembling, she slammed the wooden stick onto Ma Anning's head. A dull thud echoed as his body tilted violently from the impact.

"Hiss!" Ma Anning felt a sharp, intense pain in his head, and a swelling immediately appeared.

"You bitch—!" Ma Anning staggered, clutching his throbbing head with his hands. Jiang Lian, whose bruises from her earlier beating hadn't healed yet,

had not managed to knock him unconscious despite hitting him with all her strength!

But at this point, Jiang Lian couldn't stop. If she hesitated now, he would be her and her daughter Wenwen who would die this time!

Her hands trembled, but she swiftly pulled out a pepper spray canister from her pocket and sprayed it directly into Ma Anning's eyes!

"Ah!" The pepper spray hit Ma Anning's eyes full force, and he screamed in pain. One hand desperately clutched his burning eyes, while the other flailed wildly, trying to grab that damned woman.

Just as Jiang Lian raised the stick for another strike, Ma Anning's flailing hand accidentally caught her wrist!

The natural disparity in strength between men and women became painfully clear. Jiang Lian used all her might but couldn't shake him off!

"Thud, thud, thud!" Jiang Wenwen, wearing slippers, burst through the door and hurried toward them.

Jiang Wenwen tried to pull Ma Anning away, hoping to help her mother!

But how much strength could a young girl like her muster? Wenwen was so malnourished she was little more than skin and bones, far weaker and shorter than children her age.

While Ma Anning was crazily shoving Jiang Lian, he felt a scrawny little brat pulling at him. His eyes, already blood-red from the pepper spray, turned even more vicious as they locked onto Jiang Wenwen.

"Ah!" Jiang Wenwen's frail body was rammed by Ma Anning like a bull charging its target; she couldn't withstand the force and was knocked backward!

"Wenwen!" Jiang Lian let out a scream of terror and despair!

At the critical moment, the fat orange cat, Si Yisi, dove forward. His body stretched out like a spring, and he used himself as a cushion to stop Jiang Wenwen from hitting the ground!

Jiang Wenwen, terrified to the point of tears, realized she had landed on something soft and warm. The golden fur beneath her shimmered like bright silk, filling her with an unprecedented sense of safety.

I'm okay... so warm.

Si Yisi, who had served as the cushion, wasn't hurt at all. Once he confirmed that Jiang Wenwen was safe, he used his paw to help her up and dragged her to the sofa to sit down.

Jiang Wenwen stared blankly at the highly human-like, incredibly chubby orange cat. It's comforting weight seemed to radiate security. Si Yisi gave her a 'take care of yourself' look before launching himself at Ma Anning like a cannonball, brimming with killing intent!

The fat orange cat moved so fast that only a blur of an afterimage could be seen. In the blink of an eye, he was in front of Ma Anning!

Si Yisi's fur bristled, standing on end, and his narrowed pupils radiated a deadly aura!

His golden eyes resembled those of a cold-blooded predator, exuding the essence of a hunter!

"Mraaaooo—!"

Si Yisi pounced, swiping his claw across Ma Anning's face! Several deep gashes appeared at the corner of Ma Anning's eye, tearing the skin open and compounding the fear caused by the pepper spray!

"Ah! My eyes! My eyes!"

Ma Anning let out a blood-curdling scream, but then he heard the sound of bones cracking next to his ear!

What... broke? The delayed realization of pain almost drove Ma Anning insane. His whole body felt as though a truck had run over him, and every slight movement threatened to make him fall apart.

Si Yisi, his tail swishing, landed squarely on Ma Anning's abdomen. The sheer weight of the hefty cat pressing down on him was suffocating! Gradually, Ma Anning's cries of pain grew weaker, replaced by gasping breaths like a broken accordion.

"Help..." Ma Anning, astonishingly, still had the gall to call for help from time to time.

The neighbors, of course, heard the miserable screams coming from next door, as well as the desperate cries for help, loud and clear.

A little girl with a ponytail asked her mother, "Mom... why is it so noisy?"

The housewife clicked her tongue in disdain. "It's probably that shameless woman getting beaten up again. Be good and go back to your room to sleep."

The little girl responded obediently, but in her heart, she wondered...

Shouldn't those screams be coming from an uncle?

Ma Anning had always been pleased that his neighbors avoided meddling in others' affairs. Domestic matters, after all, were none of their business. But now, he finally understood what it meant for fortune to take a turn!

The once-victimized had now risen, and the oppressor had become the one to be punished!

Jiang Lian clutched her throbbing arm, staring blankly at the orange cat that had unexpectedly saved her. Snapping back to her senses, she quickly used a rope to tie up the now-helpless Ma Anning!

Si Yisi leapt off Ma Anning, his movements so light and agile it was hard to believe he was the same round, balloon-like fat orange cat.

Jiang Lian tightly bound Ma Anning, tying him up like a pig for roasting. She even stuffed his mouth with the socks he'd once made her wash.

With a resolute expression, she coaxed Jiang Wenwen back into her room and then dragged Ma Anning, like a dead dog, into her own bedroom.

Si Yisi had already guessed what was about to happen.

Awkwardly opening the door with his paw, he saw Jiang Lian hesitating, whip in hand, as she prepared to lash Ma Anning!

Jiang Lian hated Ma Anning so much she was willing to transform herself from a victim into a perpetrator; for Wenwen, for her parents, she needed to break Ma Anning mentally!

Otherwise, if anything went wrong, she and Wenwen would undoubtedly become Ma Anning's first targets for revenge!

Jiang Lian had absolutely no faith that the police could help them resolve this. Their country was great, but when it came to legal matters, there was no effective way to deal with scum like Ma Anning!

She had called the police once before. When they arrived, they dismissed the situation as a domestic matter and left after attempting "mediation."

Mediation? What good was mediation?! Could it make a piece of trash grow a conscience?

That time, after the police confidently declared the matter “resolved” and left, Jiang Lian had been brutally beaten by Ma Anning, who yanked her by the hair.

So...

Jiang Lian bit her lips until they bled. The veins on her hands bulged as she tightened her grip on the whip. A fierce determination surged within her, accompanied by an unstoppable force that seemed ready to destroy the bound Ma Anning!

“Stop.”

Si Yisi couldn’t bear to watch any longer. He immediately activated a translation device he had purchased from the system’s store and began using it!

Who’s talking? Jiang Lian instinctively flinched, trembling as she searched for the source of the voice. She was so terrified that even the smallest sound made her as tense as a bowstring stretched to its limit.

Her eyes landed on the fat orange cat her daughter Wenwen had insisted on keeping.

The only creature standing at the door was this cat.

The fat orange cat stood at the door in a human-like posture. Its plump, round body was covered in warm, golden fur that radiated a soft, comforting glow.

“You... you.” Jiang Lian’s voice trembled, though it wasn’t entirely because her worldview had been shattered.

She remembered how this fat orange cat had taken down Ma Anning! If it was truly an intelligent, extraordinary being, then every action it had taken was to help her!

For a moment, Jiang Lian felt no shock, only gratitude welling up in her heart. The whip in her hand had only left faint red marks on Ma Anning's skin before Si Yisi's sudden intervention froze her mid-motion.

"Don't turn yourself from a victim into a perpetrator," Si Yisi said softly. "You don't really want to, do you?"

Listening to his words, Jiang Lian suddenly felt her eyes grow wet. The tightly wound string in her heart finally snapped... No, I don't want to! But what can I do? Who could help me?

Jiang Lian let out a hysterical cry, pouring out all her resentment and helplessness.

When no one could save her, she had to act on her own!

Si Yisi moved closer and gently patted Jiang Lian's hand with his paw, offering her comfort.

Then he gave Jiang Lian a cat-like smile and firmly declared, "I'll take care of getting revenge on him for you!"

You don't want to turn from a victim into a perpetrator, so stay clean and innocent, just like this! You've done nothing wrong. The only one in the wrong is that piece of trash!

Chapter 54 - The Fatty Fat Orange Cat Is No Push Over (6)



Si Yisi fixed his gaze on Jiang Lian after speaking. His feline eyes were a warm, gentle yellow at that moment, entirely void of the hostility and murderous intent he reserved for scum like Ma Anning.

Jiang Lian was stunned. A smile on the plump orange cat's pancake-like face should have been comical, but instead, she felt... reassured.

She began to cry softly, moved to tears by everything this cat spirit had done to help her. It felt as though her existence had regained its value. It was like redemption.

"What... what do you plan to do?"

Jiang Lian stared blankly at Si Yisi. After discovering the existence of a talking cat, she couldn't help but worry whether there might be some sort of organization governing such beings.

If he helped her deal with Ma Anning, would he face any repercussions himself?

"Just watch."

With that, Si Yisi bared his sharp teeth in a grin and slapped Ma Anning hard. At the same time, the stray cats he had sent to continue "harassing" the scumbags in the chat group clawed at them relentlessly with their sharp claws.

Each man in the group was marked by the stray cats, allowing Si Yisi to use a mirror converter to pull all of them into a simulated mirrored world at the same time!

What was the mirrored world? It was a world entirely opposite to the real one. This meant....

In the real world, these men used countless methods to oppress and abuse women. But in the mirrored world, the brainwashed, beaten, and humiliated victims became them.

Ma Anning woke up.

When he opened his eyes, the sharp, burning pain of chili water in them had mysteriously vanished, and his mind felt surprisingly clear. He remembered what Jiang Lian and that little bastard Jiang Wenwen had done to him when he was drunk!

Those two had turned the world upside down, hadn't they?!

Ma Anning couldn't comprehend how that timid woman and that silent brat had suddenly dared to treat him this way! Now that he was awake, he would break both of their legs!

Furious and fuming, Ma Anning attempted to rise, the veins on his face bulging grotesquely with anger. Halfway up, he was yanked back down by a tremendous force. The clinking sound of chains rang loudly in his ears.

"You still think you can escape, huh?!"

A familiar-looking woman stood in front of Ma Anning, glaring at him viciously.

The moment Ma Anning saw this vile woman Jiang Lian, he unleashed a torrent of curses without hesitation. "You bitch! Have you grown some nerve?! Don't forget your parents' lives are still in my hands!"

"You're nothing but a bastard's spawn! After everything you've done to betray me, you still have the audacity to act arrogant here?! Untie me this instant!"

Ma Anning still failed to grasp his predicament; he was now the one at a disadvantage, the prisoner completely at her mercy!

"Jiang Lian" raised her chin high. Her makeup was exquisite, her attire leaning toward a more androgynous style, making her appear at least ten years younger.

She suddenly picked up a barbed whip and struck it hard across Ma Anning's body!

“Jiang Lian” lashed him again and again, each strike leaving long, bloody wounds across his flesh. The barbs tore into his skin, causing a pain so unbearable that Ma Anning wanted to die.

He tried to fight back but found his body weak and powerless. The exposed areas of his skin were covered in bruises, eerily similar to the ones Jiang Lian had from the daily beatings he gave her!

For the first time, Ma Anning experienced a humiliation and frustration he had never felt before. He “endured” it, waiting for “Jiang Lian” to untie the chains restraining him. By the time she did, his body was battered, even his face marred with bruises.

Where had this ugly woman gotten such strength?!

As soon as Ma Anning was free, he lunged at “Jiang Lian” with bloodshot eyes, aiming to slap her across the face.

But his raised hand was intercepted mid-air. “Jiang Lian” casually twisted his arm and delivered a resounding slap right back at him.

Slap!

“You... you dare hit me!” Ma Anning yelled, but his bravado quickly faded as he instinctively cowered backward. His weak posturing made “Jiang Lian” narrow her eyes before she grabbed him as easily as one might lift a chick.

Slap!

“You damn—”

Slap!

“Jiang Lian, you bitc—”

Slap!

Each time Ma Anning uttered a word of resistance, “Jiang Lian” struck him across the face, one slap after another, until his face was swollen beyond recognition. Only then did she temporarily stop.

She then forced Ma Anning to do a grueling, exhausting job.

Half-dead, Ma Anning was dragged outside to the residential area. Seizing the opportunity, he grabbed a neighbor’s hand and shouted, “Call the police! Get this lunatic locked up!”

After yelling, Ma Anning looked at “Jiang Lian” with smug satisfaction, as if he’d already won a battle. He thought; I’ve already bribed the neighbors beforehand!

“Jiang Lian” narrowed her eyes at him and suddenly broke into a sinister smile. The moment she smiled, the neighbor recoiled as if he had come into contact with a contagious plague. With a look of disgust and revulsion, the neighbor shook off Ma Anning’s hand harshly.

As the neighbor brushed him off, he shot Ma Anning a contemptuous glance, as if avoiding a source of misfortune, before quickly walking away. Before leaving, he even cast an apologetic look at “Jiang Lian.”

“You damn—” Ma Anning could hardly believe what had just happened. He opened his mouth to curse, but before he could finish his sentence, a sharp pain shot through his scalp; his hair was being yanked hard!

Right in front of the residents walking back and forth in the neighborhood, “Jiang Lian” dragged Ma Anning back to the house, a place that felt like the devil’s lair.

And “Jiang Lian” was the devil herself.

Ma Anning gradually realized that the same methods he had used to break Jiang Lian's spirit were now being applied to him, bit by bit, by this transformed "Jiang Lian."

He struggled, but his resistance only earned him more beatings, over and over again.

Forced to go to work with a face and body covered in bruises, compelled to clean and do all the dirty, laborious tasks around the house; Ma Anning did it all. And slowly, his thoughts began to change.

He started to believe...

This was what he deserved. He had done wrong, and he should be punished for it.

The beatings were justified. It was all his fault...

Ma Anning's gaze grew increasingly vacant as his will was slowly ground down. The beatings, the mocking stares of the neighbors, the humiliation of having once bragged in his group chats about how he had "tamed" Jiang Lian; all of it was being repaid to him in full by "Jiang Lian."

After countless days in this endless nightmare, Ma Anning, clinging to a shred of consciousness, desperately dialed the police.

Staring blankly, Ma Anning silently begged for the officers to save him from this hell. It was his final hope.

The police glanced at him, then turned to question the neighbors. In the end, they did not take Ma Anning away.

Instead, they mumbled to "Jiang Lian," offering some conciliatory advice, "Husband and wife should live harmoniously. You shouldn't resort to physical conflict against your husband."

“I understand. I’ll be more mindful,” “Jiang Lian” replied calmly, answering every question politely.

“Well then, we’ll be leaving,” the officers said before stepping out. The light from the hallway dimmed as their departing figures blocked the doorway.

No, no, no! Help me! Please let me leave!

Don’t just mediate! Take me away—let me leave, leave, leave!

Ma Anning, frantic, reached out desperately for the departing officers. With a loud clang, the reinforced door was shut by a slender hand.

The composed and cooperative “Jiang Lian” who had faced the police was now gone. Standing before Ma Anning, she revealed her sinister claws and fangs, her face twisted with suppressed fury.

“You’ve got guts, huh? Calling the cops on me?”

A layer of restrained anger settled on “Jiang Lian’s” face. Her lips curled upward in a chilling smile; a sight that would haunt Ma Anning for the rest of his life.

Save me, save me, save me... someone, please save me!

Trapped in a hell from which there was no escape, Ma Anning occasionally recalled a distant, hazy memory.

He... he seemed to have done something like this to someone else before.

I was wrong, I was wrong! Spare me, let me go; he begged.

Completely reduced to a mere puppet, Ma Anning stared vacantly, his glassy eyes lifelessly turning. He watched as “Jiang Lian,” reeking of alcohol, walked toward him. Moments later, the familiar pain struck his body again.

“You can’t escape. Everything is your fault!”

“ ... ”

“ ... ”

Yes, I was wrong. I am guilty; Ma Anning thought to himself.

This mirrored world, specifically created for scum like him, didn't just let Ma Anning "experience" it. It also subjected the thirty disgusting members of his chat group to the same torment their victims had endured!

This world stretched on endlessly, giving them more than enough time to savor every ounce of suffering they had inflicted upon their victims.

Broken limbs, shattered souls, humiliation, verbal abuse, brainwashing into submissive slaves who couldn't even think to resist...

Everything these men had done to those thirty women was now being inflicted back on them in full measure!

This was the true meaning of 'repaying evil with evil'!

Moreover, there was no risk of victims becoming perpetrators in this process.

Si Yisi had carefully planned it all; this was the real hell for those so-called superior perpetrators!

Jiang Lian watched as the chubby orange cat swatted Ma Anning across the face with a paw, causing him to writhe in agony. Familiar bruises started to appear faintly on his skin.

After writhing on the ground for a while, Ma Anning suddenly opened his eyes. The sight made Jiang Lian instinctively take a step back!

But she quickly realized that Ma Anning now looked like a lifeless puppet, his gaze dull and empty... just like she used to look.

When Ma Anning saw Jiang Lian, he didn't care that he was tied up with ropes in a tight binding. He squirmed like a caterpillar, crawling toward her.

“I was wrong. I am a sinner,” he said woodenly, kneeling humbly by Jiang Lian’s side.

“He...” Jiang Lian paused. “What happened to him?”

Si Yisi grinned with a perfectly smug feline smile. “I made him experience everything you went through. His mind has probably completely broken by now. If you wish, he can be your slave.”

Although Si Yisi said this, he doubted Jiang Lian would make that choice. She truly was an exceptional woman.

Jiang Lian looked at the drastically changed Ma Anning and felt a chill in her heart. If she hadn’t escaped from his clutches, would she have ended up just like this?

At the same time, an overwhelming sense of joy swept through her heart as she finally avenged herself. He would never again control her life! Wenwen and her parents were safe!

Jiang Lian shed tears for a while before breaking into laughter. Jiang Wenwen timidly poked her head out, glanced indifferently at the kneeling Ma Anning, and turned away. She reached out her small hand to take Jiang Lian’s.

“Mom,” Jiang Wenwen called softly.

Jiang Lian held Jiang Wenwen tightly, laughing and crying at the same time. After a long while, she looked up at the chubby orange cat that had saved her from hell and gave it an awkward but heartfelt smile.

“I... will divorce him. I won’t make him my slave. If I did, how would I be any different from him?”

“I just want Wenwen and my parents to live well.”

Si Yisi added, “And you need to live well too.”

“...Okay.” Jiang Lian smiled as she swept her messy hair aside, revealing a sincere and slightly radiant smile.

It was as if sunlight had broken through the clouds, bringing with it dazzling warmth.

Si Yisi chimed in, “There are still twenty-nine other victims like you. While they’ve escaped their nightmares, many of them were brainwashed too deeply. If you’re willing, you can help them too.”

He passed her the information on the other victims with his soft paw.

When Jiang Lian’s hand brushed against Si Yisi’s fluffy paw, she felt a comforting warmth spread through her heart.

“I will,” Jiang Lian said. “Thank you. Truly, thank you so much.”

“No need to thank me, thank Da—” Si Yisi cut himself off mid-sentence, suddenly remembering that the big, fat orange cat wasn’t only extraordinarily fat but also incredibly gluttonous. Would Jiang Lian’s family go bankrupt feeding it?

After a brief hesitation, he finally said, “...Just thank Da pang, I came because of it.”

As soon as the words left his mouth, Si Yisi felt Da Pang’s spirit stir and move with lively energy.

He knew the mission was complete, and the time had come to withdraw.

Suddenly, the little girl, Jiang Wenwen, walked up with quick, light steps. She looked at Si Yisi with her pure, bright black eyes, as if they had cleared away all the gloom.

“Are you leaving?”

“Hmm.” Si Yisi wasn’t surprised that she had vaguely guessed something.

The little girl leaned in close to Si Yisi and carefully positioned her palm over the soft paw of the chubby orange cat. She gently held the cat’s paw and then bent over to kiss Si Yisi’s fluffy forehead.

“Safe travels~”

Jiang Wenwen revealed the first childlike smile in Si Yisi’s memory, and also in Da Pang’s memory.

Chapter 55 - The Fatty Fat Orange Cat Is No Push Over (End)



The magical fat orange cat; or perhaps some kind of cat demon, “disappeared” at this time.

The orange cat left behind looked identical to Si Yisi, but it was noticeably dumber, lazier, and more in line with the typical behavior of cats.

Jiang Lian quickly noticed it, but she merely smiled and allowed her daughter, Jiang Wenwen, to adopt the fat orange cat.

“You’ll be called... Da Pang,” she said.

When Jiang Lian called out the name “Da Pang,” the chubby orange cat, even when curled up, was a large bundle of fur that affectionately snuggled up to its little owner’s mother. It even exposed its soft, fluffy belly, inviting her to pet it.

At that moment, Jiang Lian suddenly understood Si Yisi’s intentions.

The one to thank was Da Pang...

“Da Pang, was it you who helped us?” Jiang Lian smiled as she looked at the cat. It sluggishly tilted its head, and her smile deepened.

After adopting Da Pang, Jiang Lian decisively sought out the women in the city who had been victims of abuse.

Some of the women were in better states, though they would still bristle with alertness, like startled cats, whenever Jiang Lian brought up the incident. But others...

Their shared reactions were marked by blind obedience and emotional numbness. Their minds were completely shut off, and their condition was dire.

Jiang Lian watched with both heartache and relief. She was grateful that these women wouldn't have to endure a lifetime of endless suffering. Although the current situation was bleak, there was still hope for recovery.

Women forged through suffering could unleash incredible strength.

The thirty perpetrators had been thoroughly brainwashed into victims within the mirrored world. Jiang Lian and the women she had rescued sent these men to various sanatoriums.

There, they would spend the rest of their lives. Left to savor the bitter fruits of their own making.

Jiang Lian organized the victims into a group and personally oversaw their recovery treatments. She even took it upon herself to study psychology and devoted a great deal of effort to this cause.

As she subtly healed the traumatized women, she also gradually worked on restoring her daughter Jiang Wenwen's spirit.

Jiang Lian hadn't forgotten the hateful look in Wenwen's eyes when she looked at Ma Anning. Wenwen was still a child, and no child should bear so much pain and hatred.

Jiang Lian put tremendous effort into this. Eventually, Wenwen's smiles became more frequent, and the shadow that had loomed over her heart began to lift.

Initially, Jiang Lian's goal had simply been to comfort and care for the victims like herself. However, as she witnessed more and more of the world, she came to understand the darker sides of society. It wasn't just women—elderly people, children, and even adults could easily fall victim to various forms of violence.

Jiang Lian thought about them and about herself... Gradually, she conceived a somewhat idealistic plan.

She wanted to establish an organization that would speak out against these despicable acts of violence. Jiang Lian hoped to give every victim the opportunity to voice their struggles and fight back.

“Wenwen, do you support Mom in doing this?”

Now in high school, Jiang Wenwen had grown into a beautiful and intelligent young woman who had completely moved past the shadows of her childhood.

Smiling, she reminded Jiang Lian, “Animals should be included in the scope too.”

Jiang Lian glanced at Da Pang, who had grown even plumper. The cat's elongated body now reached the height of a person's chin. She replied, “Alright.”

Da Pang had been with them for several years, yet it showed no signs of aging. The only noticeable change was that its single chin had become a double chin.

Both Jiang Lian and Jiang Wenwen could guess that something extraordinary had happened to Da Pang, granting it a lifespan far beyond that of an ordinary cat.

Jiang Wenwen playfully draped a red cape over Da Pang, watching it stand up on all fours in a “majestic” posture. She teased, “You’re a superhero cat.”

Da Pang, clueless about its little owner’s antics, let out a soft meow as it endured her playful teasing.

Jiang Wenwen poked Da Pang’s plump belly again and added, “A superhero cat with a beer belly.”

“Meow!”

Da Pang, whose intelligence had noticeably improved after Si Yisi left, fluffed up its fur indignantly. It raised a paw and swung it toward Jiang Wenwen’s face. However, when its paw was about to make contact, all the strength naturally dissipated.

This was Da Pang’s way of throwing a tantrum.

But it would never truly harm its owner.

Da Pang was also aware of the strange and marvelous changes happening to its body. Lazily lying down, it felt its soft, marshmallow-like flesh and let out a contented meow.

It could live for a very, very long time. Wasn’t that great? A proper pet should always stay by its owner’s side, after all.

Yet, sometimes, Da Pang felt a bit annoyed.

“Bang!” A loud noise came from the window outside Jiang Wenwen’s house, followed by a series of similar thumping sounds.

One by one, furry cat faces pressed against a narrow window, their flattened faces and eager eyes staring intently at Da Pang.

“Meow~” Boss, come out!

“Meow!” Let’s go fight!

The stray cats stared longingly at Da Pang, piling on top of one another like a feline pyramid. Ever since Jiang Lian had started transforming their image, the stray cats had quickly decided that the house where this feline boss resided was their headquarters!

“Meow—!” Da Pang let out a sharp cry, trying to shoo away this group of reluctant underlings.

Go away, go away, go away! Who wants to fight? Do you even know what being a housecat means? Staying cozy at home; why would anyone want to run around causing trouble?

Today, Da Pang was once again reluctantly cleaning up the mess Si Yisi had left behind.

Years later.

Jiang Wenwen took over the legacy her mother, Jiang Lian, had built.

Over the years, Jiang Lian’s organization had grown steadily. Its members tirelessly fought to protect the rights of victims.

Those who suffered persecution could seek help from the organization, which guaranteed their personal safety and shielded them from further harm.

Similarly, they intervened in cases of animal cruelty, such as cat and dog abuse or illegal wildlife poaching.

The organization, called “An,” pushed society toward a better future through its relentless efforts.

During the handover ceremony, Jiang Wenwen officially inherited her mother’s mission. Standing before the flashing cameras and facing the media’s questions, she answered confidently.

“Why did you decide to establish such an organization?”

At this moment, Jiang Lian took the microphone and calmly addressed the media. “Because we were once victims ourselves. We were fortunate enough to receive help from... someone, which allowed us to escape the shadows of that experience. But I realized that there are countless similar situations in the world. Victims everywhere must also hope that someone will reach out to help them when they’re in danger.”

“And that’s where the idea came from,” she said with a smile, facing the shadows of her past with the utmost composure.

“A certain someone? Could you tell us more about who they are?” a curious reporter asked.

Jiang Lian and Jiang Wenwen responded in unison, “He’s a cat.”

“Tsk...” On his way back, Si Yisi clicked his tongue at their answer.

How could they compare me to a fat orange cat that looked like a ball? That chubby orange cat probably needed two hands to lift!