

Am I A God?

Chapter 2: Transformation

Matcha saw the webpage on Zhao Yao's handphone. Zhao Yao was browsing through TaoBao for cat food.

"Zhao Yao, could you get me a different brand of cat food? I'm sick of local brand, Crowns," Matcha complained while looking at Zhao Yao excitedly.

Zhao Yao realized that one bag of imported cat food could easily cost up to six hundred or seven hundred RMB. He immediately remarked, "So expensive? No, no, it's too expensive."

Upon Zhao Yao's rejection, Matcha stared at him with his pair of adorable big eyes. Matcha pleaded with Zhao Yao, "An article on the internet states that a cat's lifespan is dependent on the food it eats. If they do not eat well, they will be plagued with illnesses when they are old and might even have blood in their urine. Also, I'm so sick of eating the same food every day that I'm on the verge of vomiting. Please buy me some imported cat food."

As he was speaking with his longing eyes, he started to rub himself against Zhao Yao's palm.

Zhao Yao remained adamant and refused, "It's too expensive, I cannot afford it. You will have to wait for my pay increment."

If he were to buy imported cat food and tidbits, it would cost more than ten dollars a day. To Zhao Yao, it was extravagant.

Upon the second rejection, Matcha immediately stopped what he was doing and glared at Zhao Yao. He rolled his eyes at Zhao Yao, jumped on the sofa and returned to the bedroom.

For the past month, Matcha's intelligence had increased exponentially, especially since he learned to use the internet. It was as if he had transformed from a sweet, innocent 5-year old into a rebellious teenager.

Sensing Matcha's disdain, Zhao Yao whispered to himself, "He is so snobbish..."

After resting for a while, Zhao Yao returned to pack his bedroom. Because of Matcha, Zhao Yao had to clean the room every day to get rid of his fur which was all over the floor, and he also had to dispose of his feces.

As he was cleaning Matcha's toilet, he spotted a speck of cat feces on the doorway.

"This cat!"

While holding his breath, he used a few pieces of tissue as gloves and picked up the feces to dispose of them. He then disinfected the floor with detergent repeatedly.

After that, he walked into his bedroom to see Matcha lying on his bed, using his old handphone.

He walked forward to take a look and said, "Mobile Legends again?"

"Hmm."

"Why are there feces outside the toilet again? Do you know how difficult and troublesome it is to get rid of them!" Zhao Yao demanded angrily.

"I know. I will not do it again," Matcha replied coolly, with his eyes glued to the screen.

Sensing Matcha's nonchalant attitude towards him fueled Zhao Yao's anger.

He exclaimed, "How many weeks has it been? I have repeated so many times only to leave the toilet after you have completed your business. You do not leave when you are in the midst of doing your business."

"I know," Matcha muttered as he continued playing with the handphone.

Matcha then commented, "This is all because of your dirty toilet. I do not even have a place to rest my feet. When are you going to buy me an automatic self-cleaning litter box, many cats on the internet are already using it."

Zhao Yao replied, "This gimmick is not legitimate. It's not as environmentally friendly, and I cannot inspect your feces to check your health condition."

Matcha wagged his tail and said, "It is probably because you are poor and not because it is environmentally friendly. It will only be environmentally friendly if you use my feces as fertilizer."

"It is just like I am raising a kid; Matcha used to be so much more obedient."

Memories of the past month started to flash across Zhao Yao's mind. Zhao Yao cannot help but reminisce the times when Matcha was still cute and disciplined.

Looking at the current Matcha who was addicted to Mobile Legends, Zhao Yao's face turned into a frown.

As he craned his neck forward to look at the screen, he witnessed the character being played by Matcha, Luban, getting destroyed by Sun Wu Kong.

A barrage of scolding from his teammates came immediately.

"Luban, are you an idiot? You have been feeding since the start of the game."

"Can the primary school kid stop feeding? Can you just go back to your homework?"

"Stupid Luban, please report Luban for feeding at the end of the game!"

Seeing these words, Matcha started to wag his tails furiously as he began to refute everyone.

"They only managed to kill me because they were good. I am not feeding."

"Stupid tank, do you even know what it means to defend our base?"

Zhao Yao had already gotten used to this otherwise out-of-this-world scene.

In just one month, he realized that Matcha could not only talk, but his knowledge of current affairs and his intelligence had skyrocketed.

He even managed to recognize Chinese characters and learned their spelling on his own.

Since he started using the internet and playing Mobile Legends, his personality had changed drastically.

After a month of testing, Zhao Yao realized that other than Matcha, he was unable to talk to any other ordinary cats.

Likewise, for Matcha, he could not communicate with any humans other than Zhao Yao. To ordinary humans, Matcha's words were like any other cat's meows.

Their communication was more like telepathy rather than verbal communication. Even if they did not speak, they could communicate with each other within the radius of 10 meters by just thinking about it.

Meanwhile, Matcha was still engaged in a heated debate with his teammates. Matcha had been addicted to the game since Zhao Yao gave him his old handphone.

Games such as Mobile Legends were not paw-friendly, making Matcha extremely prone to mistakes. He lost nine games out of ten and only managed to win one because his teammates carried him for that game.

When Zhao Yao took a glance at the screen, the score was already two to twelve, with Matcha's team lagging behind. Zhao Yao mourned for Matcha's teammates.