

FOOLISH GAME OF THE GODS

Chapter 1: Delivery

“Doctor! Doctor! I feel like I’m about to give birth!”

In the dimly lit clinic, a blood-soaked woman was screaming in agony, strapped to a rusted birthing chair, writhing and struggling.

“Hurry! Doctor, come take a look, the baby is coming out!!”

“Why aren’t you coming over? Doctor! Doctor!? Are you really a doctor?? Turn around and take a look!!!”

The pregnant woman’s cries grew increasingly shrill, her thrashing became more frantic, yet the doctor standing beside her never turned to look, simply nodding and leisurely replying:

“Alright, alright, I’m coming, don’t rush. I’m preparing the delivery tools. Ma’am, you wouldn’t want your child to fall to the floor the moment he’s born, would you?”

These words seemed to have a lethal effect on the increasingly frantic woman. Her manic energy paused; her bloodshot eyes gradually regained clarity. Mechanically and slowly, she turned her gaze to her belly and responded somewhat dazedly:

“Child... Yes, the child... The child can’t fall to the floor. I have to give birth, the child can’t fall to the floor...”

She repeated this phrase over and over, her emotions gradually calming. Before long, the clinic became quiet again, with only the clanging sound of metal being struck.

This was the doctor crafting birthing tools.

Tiny sparks flew from the doctor’s hands, briefly illuminating the dim space.

The pregnant woman's attention was drawn to the sparks. Holding her belly, she turned to look at the doctor's back, her eyes slowly reddening, her expression becoming increasingly distorted.

"Doctor! What are you doing? What are you doing!?"

"Me? Didn't I tell you? I'm preparing the birthing tools. The clinic has been very busy lately, and all the nurses are helping elsewhere, so I have to do these odd jobs myself."

As he spoke, the doctor turned around, showing the woman a crude steel saw he had just crafted, his face breaking into a sunny, cheerful smile, quite proud as he said:

"Look, it's ready."

The instant the woman saw the saw, she began to convulse, the leather straps creaking against the rusty chair with her struggles.

Her legs kicked wildly, splattering blood everywhere.

“What are you planning to do! That’s not a birthing tool! What are you planning to do!!”

“Ma’am, please take a closer look. This is indeed a birthing saw.”

The doctor approached her with the saw, his gaze lingering on the irregular teeth, as if admiring a piece of art, clicking his tongue in amazement:

“This is the latest birthing technology published in ‘SCIENCE.’ By using this saw to cut open your belly, your child can be born perfectly onto the birthing chair, avoiding the tragedy of the child likely falling during a natural birth and reducing the risk of infection;

And the sharp teeth can enlarge the incision, ensuring the child’s head won’t get stuck due to insufficient space during delivery.”

The doctor measured her belly with the tool, squinting with a smile:

“Most importantly, this method currently has zero negative reviews.”

“Child... Safe... My child... Will be safe...”

“Yes, ma’am, rest assured. I’m the most experienced delivery doctor in the clinic, and I will ensure your child’s safety.”

Reassured, the woman suddenly became excited, patting her belly, eagerly urging:

“Quick! Quick, deliver my baby! My child is coming out! Hurry, doctor!! Hurry!”

“Serving you is my honor.”

The doctor held the coarse steel saw, his hands steady, then skillfully traced it upward along her skin.

“Shh—”

A thin line of blood snaked upward, and like a ripe watermelon, her belly split open with a flick.

And then!

“Bang—”

Her burdened body burst like a punctured balloon, sending blood splattering everywhere.

She wasn't dead yet.

She screamed in agony, her limbs thrashing, casting a spiteful and terrified look at the doctor, screaming madly:

“What are you doing? What are you doing!? You want to kill me! You want to kill my child!!”

Blood covered the doctor, except his face remained remarkably clean. Gently moving the saw away from his face, he smiled again, comforting the patient:

“Ma’am, it’s very hurtful for you to say that. I’m saving you and your child. Look, your child... has been born safely.”

The woman’s wild movements paused, extreme joy flooding her face as she looked at her belly, only to see a pair of large, pure black eyes blinking back at her from amidst the gore.

These eyes were incredibly clear and captivating.

If they weren’t attached to a squirming tentacle, perhaps they would be even more endearing.

Gazing at the octopus-like monstrosity, the doctor smiled knowingly, praising:

“Look, your child is so healthy, with bright, lively eyes. Clearly... um... clearly... a child with big eyes.”

The woman’s joy froze momentarily at this strange compliment, but it didn’t stop her from expressing overflowing love for her child.

From her hollow eyes, joyful black tears trickled down.

“Child! My child!!”

“Yes, it’s your child.”

“Bring my child over! I want to see the baby! Is it a boy or a girl?”

Upon hearing this, the doctor's smile faltered, showing a hint of hesitation.

If one were to insist on assigning a gender to an octopus tentacle...

"Congratulations, ma'am, it's a... well-endowed... boy."

It did indeed have an appendage; in fact, it essentially was an appendage.

"A boy... a boy!?"

The woman's pitch rose again, and despite her severe injuries, nothing could stop her from writhing and struggling. The frenzy returned to her blood-stained, gaunt face.

"Why is it a boy! How could it be a boy?! She was supposed to be a girl! It's you! It must be your delivery technique that's the problem! It's you!! You quack!"

Perhaps sensing its mother's anger, the newborn in the pool of blood blinked innocently.

You know, if you just look at the eyes and not the body, it's kind of cute.

The doctor, watching this absurd scene, shook his head and sighed:

"Ma'am, you should know that a child's gender is determined by the parents, not the doctor. Perhaps you should ask the child's father."

"The child's father..." The woman's eyes turned blank for a moment, then she suddenly mocked viciously.

"He's gone... I ate him... hahaha, he's dead! That man, wanting to be the child's mother... he wasn't worthy, only I can be the mother..."

"...Uh... what?"

“He’s gone... can’t be found... hahaha, he’s disappeared... I’m the child’s mother!”

The doctor’s mental processing seemed to lag for a moment.

But his professional training quickly kicked in, and he saw a business opportunity, raising his eyebrows with slight excitement:

“If it’s merely a matter of death, our clinic offers a special service to communicate with the dead. You still have a chance to ask him why your child is a boy.

However, this service might be a bit expensive.

But I believe, for the sake of the child, it’s all worth it...”

He passionately promoted the service, as if securing this deal would earn him a substantial bonus.

Perhaps moved by the doctor's sincerity, the woman's eyes alternated between malice and confusion several times before she eventually nodded, zombie-like.

"My child deserves an explanation. What should I do? Quick, doctor, I need to ask him!"

"Very well, ma'am. First, please close your eyes."

Watching the woman hesitantly close her eyes, the doctor smirked with a sinister grin.

He lifted the steel saw, positioning its jagged teeth once more to her neck.

"Then take a deep breath... yes, very good, tilt your head back, yes, raise your neck a bit higher, good, don't rush, soon..."

“Shh...”

The doctor’s hand trembled slightly.

Thud... something fell.

Blood splattered, creating a beautiful crimson pattern on the white walls.

“Well... despite a slight mishap, the operation was successful. Ma’am, you can now seek out your child’s father.”

The doctor clicked his tongue, casually wiping his blood-stained hands on his white coat, casting a glance at the head on the floor.

“Yikes, quite scary.”

He quickly kicked it aside, then raised the steel saw once more, turning his attention to the tentacle on the patient's body.

The big eyes continued to blink, seemingly unaware of the situation, or perhaps it simply lacked awareness.

“As I mentioned, this service is a bit pricey, and your mother hasn't paid yet. But she may not be back for a while.

So... would you care to pay on her behalf?”

Lacking awareness but sensing the approach of death, the newborn instinctively struggled.

Yet to the doctor, this struggle seemed more like an invitation.

The more energetically the fish flops on the cutting board, the more vigorously the fisherman chops.

“Shh—”

Without hesitation, the doctor pierced through its body. The new tentacle twitched in pain, and in no time, those once-cute eyes lost their light, lying motionless.

On the day of its birth, it also embraced death.

“Transaction complete, thank you for your patronage!”

The doctor bowed gracefully, discarding the saw, and left the dim room without looking back.

[Single-player Trial (Leftovers [Birth]) Challenge Success]

[Scoring and Reward Calculation in Progress...]

[Player: Cheng Shi, Performance Score: S]

[Obtained Food: Finger Bread (C) X5]

[Obtained Food: Canned Slime Drink (C) X5]

[Obtained Food: Faux Eyeball Cake (B) X1]

[Path to Godhood +0, Ladder of Ascent +0] (Single-player trials do not increase scores)

[Current Path to Godhood Score: 2104, Global Rank: 499,713]

[Current Ladder of Ascent Score: 156, Fate Ranking: 74]

[Trial Complete, Exiting Soon]