

# RE: DEITY - THE BREATH OF CREATION

## 2.1 I Have No Point

I peeked into Morgan's chamber to find the wolf sleeping on its side, just beneath the window which let light from the Realm Sun in. It hadn't been too long since the Sun War ended, so its injuries still showed, though it was starting to look better. The spidery legs it had lost were slowly growing back, it had filled out a little bit, and the myriad bruises and injuries across its hide had since faded. It had come a long way, even from the mangy mutt it had first appeared as.

Like Morgan, the Realms themselves were well on their way to healing now, and I stepped fully inside the prison.

"Great One," Morgan drawled, opening half of its red eyes to glare at me. I could still sense the hatred and malice radiating off of it in waves, but none of it was directed at me. I smiled at it.

"Hello, Morgan. How was your sleep?"

"Excellent. I dreamt of slaughter and mayhem – the darkness was delicious." Morgan said in a snarl. I chuckled, then paused when I figured out it wasn't joking. It truly had enjoyed whatever dream it just had...I reviewed what had been scheduled for it in the dreams. A warlord, slaughtering dozens. Not once did he enjoy swinging his sword, but each inch of bloodshed brought him closer to a goal. Peace? Wealth? Victory? It was all of the above – he hated everything he did, but the goal, in his mind, would be worth it.

"Which part did you enjoy?" I asked slowly, walking forward to sit before the wolf, adjusting my size so we could be eye-level. Morgan bared its fangs.

“Why do you care?” It snapped.

“Because I want to know.” I said simply. Morgan huffed and closed its eyes again, remaining silent. That was fine. I stayed quiet as well, not moving a single inch, simply staring at Morgan. We stayed like that for quite a while until Morgan finally broke, cracking one eye open and giving me a sharp glare.

“The pain. Them killing each other, and saving me the hassle. There, happy?” It barked out.

“I would be if I believed you.” I drawled, crossing my arms. Morgan scowled at me, huffing. “But let’s assume, for a second, that you’re telling the truth. You enjoyed watching them killing each other, because you hate them and wish everything to return to the chaos. Because they are...what was it? Underserving of the gifts I have given them, and they twist it into their own goals and ends. Why would I show you that dream, then, if that is what you were going to take away from it?”

“Because you’re foolish, and think that if I understand their pain and the pain I caused, I’ll come around to being nice.” Morgan practically spat the word nice out as if it was something distasteful.

“You’re smarter than that, Morgan. You understand pain and chaos better than my other children – it’s what you thrive off of, feed off of, and you weaponized it to create dark gods and foul beings to challenge all of creation.” I countered. This, at least, seemed to get the wolf’s full attention, all eyes opening to stare at me. “And you give me too little credit, thinking I do not understand that. Recall what I told you, before locking you away.”

“What?” Morgan demanded, rolling all eight eyes. “That this is a cruel punishment? Hardly.”

“That this will show you why I do the things I do, the way I do them. That this is a path to understanding *me*.” I told it. “I have shown you joy in your dreams. And pain. And while normally I would be happy to leave you to your own devices and figure things out at your own speed, like I did for your other siblings, I feel you need a more...direct hand in your lessons. These dreams I show you are what I see every time I close my eyes – and what I can see even while awake. All beings are connected to me through the Heavenly Dao and karma, and in turn, I am connected to them. Seems silly then, that I would allow them to do what they do even if it causes me to experience all their pain, no?”

“What is your point?”

“I have no point.” I said with a shake of my head. That was a lie, of course, but I was trying to get Morgan to understand me. “Just came to chat.”

“You never do anything without a reason.” Morgan countered. I raised an eyebrow at it, cocking a smirk as I crossed my arms.

“Really now?” I countered. The wolf narrowed its eyes at me, scoffing.

“Yes. Everything you do has a reason. When you step in, when you don’t. What you say, what you don’t say. You forget that I watched you since the dawn of time; much of my tactics were inspired by you. Everything you say and do is an effort to achieve the desired outcome, manipulating those you touch and speak to into doing your will. A master manipulator, hidden behind the veil of whimsy.” Morgan said, spidery limbs tapping against the ground. “You say these dreams are a way for me to understand you?”

“Yes. That is part of what caused all this. You not understanding my goals and actions, while you existed in an echo chamber of your own thoughts, unwilling to reach out and simply ask.” I said,

standing and dusting off my robes. I pointedly did not deny Morgan's accusation, because he was correct. Unlike what was often assumed of me, I was, in many ways, an absolute liar. Or, better yet, I told half-truths. If someone asked me what the future would be? I would give them a vision of a potential future, in order to get them to act a certain way and prevent or hasten a specific result. Or, more accurately, the spirits and angels in charge of such things would. I hardly took a direct hand in such matters anymore.

"What, is that it?" Morgan asked, watching as I started to turn away.

"Yes! I got what I wanted from you. We talked a little, without you threatening my well-being. This is a good start." I replied. "But don't worry, I'll be back. In the meantime, here, a little something for you to do while not sleeping or reflecting." With that I tossed a little chunk of primordial chaos, shaped like a ball, at Morgan's feet. It glared at the offending object, looking back up at me.

"What am I supposed to do with this?" it snarled.

"Isn't it obvious? Create. You claim to have watched and learned from me, no? Prove it. Make something with that, if you so wish. Farewell for now, Morgan." I said, and promptly teleported away, leaving a confused Shadow sulking in its cell. For a moment longer I watched it sit there, space warping to allow me to see that distance, staring at the ball of primordial chaos. It scoffed and turned away, but I could see the little nugget of curiosity burning in the back of its head, slowly eating away at its reservations.

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Thyia was bound beneath the roots of the Life-Giving Tree. Contrary to what one might expect, it was not a dark, damp place devoid of light and life. Instead, a faux sun hung heavy in the sky of the small cavern she had been imprisoned in, filling the room with a soft light. Green grasses and multicolored wildflowers grew all along the interior, pleasant and soothing in their nature, rustling in an invisible wind. Thyia herself leaned up against the great root that speared through the wall

behind her, observing as a few spirits flew through the room, carrying energy with them as they went. They were very specific kinds of spirits, as chosen by me, who would collect some of the energy she herself produced as they flew to be utilized elsewhere.

Her eyes traced the beings without emotion, though I could see longing swirling in her chest like a grey cloud about her heart. Yet I did not approach her immediately, as I had only once before, when she was first imprisoned, as was my initial intention. Having just met with Morgan I had desired to connect with Thyia as well, but someone else had beat me to the punch.

I watched with no small amount of amusement as the Paragon Soul, that who had once been Dei, approached Thyia, having found his way here along the currents of energy. The asura guarding Thyia's prison noticed him the same time that I did, the six-armed beings making a move to intervene and keep him away. I let out a small burst of power and whispered a few words to those prison guards, audible and noticeable to them and them alone, and they relaxed and allowed him to pass.

The dark goddess didn't immediately react to the intruder to her cell, her gaze fixed heavenward as he slowly approached, his spiritual form as steady and firm as a rock.

"Who in Statera's name are you? One of the creator's minions, here to talk to me? Or did Reika send another messenger?" Thyia spat, though the words held little true anger. Instead, she just sounded drained, defeated, a far cry from the chaotic, giggling goddess she had been in the War.

"I don't understand you." Dei declared, shaking his head. "In ten years I am scheduled for my first reincarnation. After that point I doubt I will remember what you felt like, in the war, and what you feel like now. I would like to understand you." With that he plopped himself down not but a dozen feet from Thyia, closing his eyes and assuming a meditative pose. I almost giggled at his brazenness, Thyia staring slack-jawed at the man.

"You – what?!" she demanded. "Get out of here. I do not want to see you!" Dei, however, did not respond. Thyia watched him for a moment longer, expression swiftly turning stormy, what little

power of hers remained unbound leaking out. “Fine then. If you really want to feel the despair that is suicide, then submerge yourself in it!” she snapped, pushing her godly domain outward, trying to infect Dei’s soul with it.

It slid off of him like water upon a rock, his soul far too sturdy for her to effect.

“That is what I do not understand.” Dei countered bluntly, tasting her power and screwing his face up in disgust. “What you did in the war was not suicide. It was sacrifice. Your dark angels and spirits served a purpose with their actions, there was hope there to make things their version of better, however wrong they were. That is not suicide. Suicide is hopeless, and empty, not romanticized in any way. Now shut up and let me meditate.” And with that, he decided the conversation was over, ignoring the rest of Thyia’s spluttered protests as he sat there, motionless.

“It’s no use,” I whispered, appearing beside Thyia with a smile. She jumped at my sudden arrival, hair whipping about her head as she turned to face me. “He’s far too stubborn to listen to you.”

“You – I – did you send him?!” Thyia demanded. I shook my head, my power coating me so Dei couldn’t hear or see me. This was only a small incarnation, so the process was fairly easy.

He did promise to punch me next time he saw me, after all. I intended to hold him to that.

“Of course not,” I said with a chuckle. “He found his way here all on his own, trying to cram as much into his time in the spirit realm as possible before moving on. At this rate he might actually do what he claimed.” I mused, scratching my chin thoughtfully. Thyia ground her teeth, eyes narrowing as she huffed and looked away.

“What do you want?” she demanded.

“I wanted to talk a little, but I can see you’re no longer in the mood. Instead, I came to ask if you would like something to read.” I asked, procuring a book from the sleeves of my purple robes. Embossed in golden letters on the cover was the title; *Dissertation on the Heavenly Dao, Volume One*. I had yet to write Volume Two for my children, but Thyia deserved the same chance to learn the lessons contained within as all the others.

“What is that? Propaganda on how great you are?” She asked suspiciously.

“Would you quit talking to yourself? It’s pissing me off.” Dei’s soul snapped, turning his back to Thyia to make a point. She scowled at him, then at me, then at him again.

“Well, you’re not wrong, but you’re not entirely right, either. This is a lesson on my understandings of how a god comes to be, and the influence the Heavenly Dao has upon that. You are no longer cut off from the Dao, and it is affecting you just as it affects all things. I thought you might like to understand a little bit of what’s happening to you.” I reasoned, laying the book beside her. She scoffed and turned her head as I stepped back, still smiling at her.

“I won’t read it.” She said firmly.

“That’s perfectly alright. Don’t read it, burn it, tear it to shreds if you want. I simply wanted you to have the opportunity to make that choice, as you may have never had before.” I told her. She glared at me a little more but didn’t move to toss the book away, which I counted as a win. For a moment longer we sat in silence, Thyia looking out over the little meadow before her, her gaze always drifting back to Dei, and me pretending not to watch her godly domain as it slowly but surely changed.

It was shifting. Even here, imprisoned as she was, she was out from beneath Morgan’s thumb. Her soul was allowed to turn and twist and discover its own calling, as opposed to being forced into

whatever mold Morgan had made for her. And while I will freely admit I was trying to influence her and show her all the different experiences the world could offer, so her domain would expand in a different direction than it had been, I still had to let her make that decision on her own.

That was the whole point. Of everything. I could offer guidance but she had to make the choice to evolve, herself. There was no point to it otherwise.

“Why is he here?” Thyia asked suddenly, once again turning her attention to Dei’s soul.

“To learn.” I unhelpfully supplied. Dei was immersing himself in Thyia’s aura in an attempt to better understand those who had chosen or lived on the path of darkness. It was not a lesson that would be so easily learned.

“He will forget the moment he reincarnates.” Thyia scoffed. “He’s wasting his time.”

“His mind will forget, but his soul will remember.” I said with a soft smile. Thyia glanced up at me once, shook her head, then folded her arms across her chest and leaned back against the root, withdrawing her aura and closing her eyes. Taking that as the dismissal it was and seeing that my presence here would do no further good, I promptly teleported away.

But a sliver of my mind remained behind, invisible, watching. Thyia waited a few moments, opening her eyes to make sure I was well and truly gone. Her gaze lingered on Dei for a moment, then flicked down to the book I had given her. With another scoff she turned away again – but a nugget of curiosity had been left in her soul as well, one that would not be so easily ignored.

That was the first step. Even if she didn’t completely change who she was, I still wanted her to at least have the option to change her perspective. With another sigh I turned my gaze away and set



off to continue my duties, visiting all the dark beings who had been captured. *Baby steps, Statera. Baby steps.*