

Guardian gods 194

Chapter 194:

Maul's brows furrowed deeper as he watched the footage replay on the orb. "This goes beyond mere warfare," he said, more to himself than to the others. "It's a matter of control, of manipulation on a level we haven't encountered before."

Ikem looked at Wulv "You said something about church, How far have they come?"

Wulv looked at his father before sighing "You may have missed it since you took another route on your way here but their preaching has reached over to our people too and from how things are looking a few werewolves seems to indulge in the idea of their teaching"

"The frostfang fortress was a newly created station to keep an eye out incase of any strange movement from their side" Wulv said with his brows furrowed.

Ikem looked at Maul, before seriously asking "Have their movement shown that they entertain the idea of preaching beyond this continent"

Maul understood where Ikem was going so with a heavy heart he nodded. With Maul nodding a loud sound was heard in the palace as Ikem slammed his clenched hand on the table.

"The dragons have truly done us wrong with the creation of those gates" Ikem said as Wulv and Maul nodded.

When the dragons created the gates and people were able to freely use it to travel outside, at first it started great and was something the demigods and other leaders found useful but after a while it became something of a problem.

The culture most were used to after traveling out begin to see new culture and they take a liking to it, in turn when they come back they try to introduce that culture into their already established culture.

It was a dark time, a lot of kingdoms began experiencing rebellion from their people after their leader denied their need for a new and better culture. The gate in a way opened people's eyes to countless possibilities of their world, making them no longer truly ignorant.

For the demigod and a lot of leaders, this was bad as it was easier to lead when their people were ignorant and knew nothing of the outside world. There was nothing to be done about it as this was the new rising trend so they all had to adjust.

This adjustment and new trend was now something Ikem found bothering. If it was before he would have advised Maul, or rather Maul himself would have taken direct action to stop the preaching of Björns faith and made sure Björns people never interacted with the people of Björn.

But because of the gates, access to a lot of places has been breached. Different races seen so far away from their home isn't something unusual anymore. Also because they have learnt their lessons as leaders.

They understood that the more you try to stop something or hide something from their people, the more the same people they are trying to protect will actively on their own seek out whatever it was they were trying to hide.

This is the case for Björn preaching, no matter how they try to keep it away from their people, all it takes is for one werewolf merchant to cross Björn kingdom and learn of the new faith and start spreading it around.

Ikem could sense the weight of responsibility settling heavily upon him. If he could, he would immediately order for his people to stop dealing with outside forces or races but he knew that won't stop anyone.

He could take a heavy hand and order the death of anyone that deals with outside forces but that will put fear in his people and all the trust he has built with his people all these years will become shaky.

Ikem turned his attention back to Maul and Wulv, his mind racing with thoughts of how to address this growing threat. "We cannot ignore this," he said firmly. "We must act decisively to contain the spread of Björn's influence before it spirals out of control."

Maul nodded in agreement, his expression grave. "Agreed. But how do we proceed? We cannot simply shut down the gates or isolate ourselves from the rest of the world. That would only breed resentment and further fuel the spread of Björn's faith."

Ikem nodded "I thought the same too, which is why I propose to have a meeting with our cousins and inform them of the current situation. It best if they have an idea of what is going on before it is too late"

Maul nodded as they continued conversing, Eventually Ikem brought up the ascension of Wardenwild and the new possible changes.

On the southern continent, On a large first that stretches for Miles. Deep in this forest, a new change never seen before is taking place, heavy mist seems to cover a large portion of the forest, the part of the forest covered with mist can be seen with dried deep trees, no animals in sight, only dried dead corpses can be seen littering around.

In this same forest, occasional flashes of corporal female figures can be seen frolicking around adding to the forest creepiness, signs of the earth being dug and covered up can be seen in a lot of places around this forest, some bart that haven't been covered well shows a small view of burly dead figures.

At the center of this dead part of the forest was a huge dark castle. Most that have known and lived by the forest for years will proudly state with their lives in line that there was never any castle here to begin with.

Yet the castle looms ominously among the mist and gloom, Untrue to it being something newly built, Its dark, weather-beaten stone walls bear the scars of centuries. Inside this castle was Roth and his sister Xerosis who finally have found their home.

They choose a place so far away from modern civilization, yet not too far away from normal people only that they were a bit backwards compared to the rest.

Roth sat upon his dark throne, with Xerosis sitting not too far away from him. With a look of excitement on his face, Roth said "This is it, Xerosis," Roth murmured, his voice carrying a weight of purpose. "Our chance to create something truly remarkable."

Xerosis with a look of boredom on her face said "I really don't care much, but It truly feels great knowing we won't be so left out when conversing with our cousins"

Roth nodded as he thought about how shameful it was for him and his sister when his other cousin spoke of their kingdom and all they have achieved.

"When do you plan on creating one?" Xerosis asked Roth, bringing him out from his thought.

"I am thinking of going into town tonight, the last few months have taught us a lot about ourselves" Roth said as his eyes seemed to look beyond the castle walls into the dark gloomy forest.

Xerosis nodded to his words "Indeed, who would have thought the sun would have such an effect on us if we stay under it for a long time"

"It is understandable, we haven't spent much time on the surface world to take note of such things" Roth said as he remembered the uncomfortable feeling of staying under the sun for more than a week.

It was after that that him and his sister understood a feature of theirs that they always thought to be a problem, this feature is that once they appear somewhere in the mortal world, their whole surrounding begins to become affected like trees dying and if they stay for much longer, mist starts appearing.

It wasn't until a week when they began to feel weak from the sun that the mist began appearing, shielding them from the sunlight, creating an environment a bit the same as the underworld. Taking note of that they also came to the conclusion that their creation probably will suffer the same fate which is why they took their time, letting the effect they have take effect and affect the forest a bit longer before they can start acting.

And today is the day that Roth decided will be a good time to find the first one deserving of his gift.

Roth's boots clicked against the cobblestone streets as he made his way through the dimly lit town. The moon hung low in the sky, casting a pale glow over the quaint buildings and bustling streets below. People moved about their business, oblivious to the presence of the demigod walking amongst them.

Roth moved through the town like a shadow, his senses keenly attuned to the rhythms of human life around him. The flickering lanterns cast shifting patterns of light and shadow across the cobblestone streets as he observed the townsfolk going about their nightly routines.

As he passed by taverns and market stalls, Roth couldn't help but feel a sense of detachment from the humans around him. Their lives seemed so fleeting, so fragile compared to his own immortal existence. He paused near a bustling tavern, leaning against the rough wall as he watched the comings and goings of the people. Voices spilled out from the open doorway, mingling with the clink of tankards and the loud laughter of the crowd within.