

Guardian gods 38

Chapter 38 growth

Jaus sat in his realm, seamlessly integrated with the surrounding turbid waters where chaos and the relentless cycle of natural selection played out. To an external observer, his realm appeared almost invisible, perfectly merging with the water. But to Jaus, there was a clear boundary that separated his realm from the surrounding aquatic world.

Suddenly, Jaus' attention shifted as he seemed to peer through the layers of the earth beneath him. A heavy sigh escaped his mouth as he sensed his sister slipping into slumber, a signal that his own time for rest was fast approaching.

Returning his gaze to the turbulent waters, Jaws contemplated how long this state would persist. He had been aware for some time that the food source for his creations was dwindling. In the absence of natural threats in the surrounding sea, his creations had multiplied uncontrollably and began preying on weaker creatures.

Jaus had instructed his two offspring to take action and curb the predation of weaker creatures, but the task was overwhelming. The sheer numbers made it impossible to monitor their behavior effectively. This had led to the current situation, where his creations, deprived of their primary source of nourishment, had turned on each other.

The situation took an unexpected turn when Jaws observed one of his more powerful creations feeding on the weaker ones. At first, this angered him, and he considered taking immediate action to halt the predation. However, a different idea began to form in his mind — perhaps this could be an opportunity to resolve the crisis. So, he issued a new order to his children: they were to observe the situation and ensure it didn't escalate to the point of overkill, which would lead to underpopulation, the opposite of his current problem.

With the realization that his time for sleep had arrived, Jaws willed a mental link between his son, Tide, and his daughter, Flowua.

"Father?" they both echoed simultaneously as they felt the connection.

"I will be entering a deep slumber soon, and I can't predict when I'll wake. Until then, continue to maintain control over the situation. Once things have settled, chart a new course with the survivors," Jaws instructed.

Tide responded with pride in his voice, "Don't worry, Father. You'll be pleased with the changes you see when you awaken."

Flowua, her beautiful figure trembling, voiced her concerns, "Are you leaving us alone in this desolation?" She couldn't fathom how the once-beautiful sea had turned turbid, with occasional pieces of flesh drifting by.

Jaws replied with a serious tone, "This state will be temporary. Things will return to normal. Until then, endure."

"Understood, Father," Flowua murmured.

"Good. Ensure you continue to grow in strength, for the survivors and the newborns will need your guidance," Jaws said as his voice grew distant and eventually faded.

Outside Jaus' realm, there was a sea cave whose entrance was covered by a mystical blue light, keeping the turbid waters at bay. Inside the cave, Tide sat on a self-built throne, resembling the one in his father's realm with a prideful look on his face, while Flowua settled in a spacious sea shell that could comfortably accommodate her massive size.

Flowua couldn't help but roll her eyes at her brother's proud demeanor. She secretly felt a tinge of jealousy, desiring a throne of her own. An inspiration came to her when she heard her father's last message before he entered his slumber, she decided to share her thoughts with her brother.

"Brother," she began.

Tide turned to her, intrigued, and asked, "Yes, sister?"

"I've come up with a brilliant idea," Flowua replied.

Tide leaned back on his throne and inquired, "What is it?"

Flowua, adopting a more serious tone, explained, "It's nearly impossible for us to oversee and guide all parts of the sea, like father does. My idea is for us to split up, covering more ground and making our efforts more effective."

Tide looked to seriously consider her proposal but raised a valid concern, "That sounds good, Flowua, but how can we fulfill father's order to teach and guide the new survivors if you're not here?"

Flowua, knowing her brother's nature well, goaded him, "Are you afraid of the challenge, brother, or do you believe you can't lead and guide them without me?"

Tide seemingly easily agitated, caused the water around them to bubble. "Is that a challenge, sister?"

"It is exactly as it sounds, brother," Flowua declared as she stood from her shell seat. Her mermaid tail transformed into two legs as she rose, demonstrating her readiness for the challenge.

After a moment, Tide took a deep breath, calmed himself, and leaned back into his throne. "Challenge accepted, sister. You can depart, and we shall see who can present the best kingdom to father when he awakens."

A triumphant smile graced Flowua's face as she knew she had succeeded. Without wasting any time, she shot out of the cave like a rocket, bidding her beloved brother farewell with, "See you later, brother."

Tide sat in his realm with an amused smile, pleased with his sister's idea. If she hadn't proposed it, he might have done so himself. As he gazed out at the turbid sea, he couldn't wait for things to calm down, eagerly anticipating the opportunity to build a new kingdom and assume its leadership.

"In Ikenga's realm, Ikem, now on the cusp of adulthood, moved in a calculated circle around his imposing father. His expression was keen and focused as he studied his father's form, searching for the tiniest chink in the armor of his opponent. It didn't take long before he identified a subtle flaw and came to a halt.

He had evolved beyond being a novice. He understood that his father must have grown impatient, waiting for him to initiate the attack. The apparent flaw was a deliberate ploy, all part of his father's strategy to goad him. but that was all part of his own plan to get his father to be impatient and sell him a flaw.

Raw mana surged from his core, enveloping his entire body as he delivered a powerful kick that could shatter normal earthen soil. But this was his father's realm, where nothing yielded easily. Instead of a shattered earth, all he managed to kick up was a swirling cloud of dust. Undeterred, he raced toward his father, who stood with his back turned.

His rush came to an abrupt halt as a massive root burst from the ground, launching him into the air. Remaining composed, he brought his arms together, and green mana swirled around them, coalescing into a formidable hammer construct. The sheer weight of the hammer yanked him back to the ground as he swung it with all his might at his father when they drew near.

As the hammer descended, ethereal woods materialized out of thin air, forming a circular shield. Realizing his father's intent to defend himself, a smirk crept across his face. The hammerhead met the shield, and in a flash of concentrated mana, it transformed into an axe. He had focused the mana on the blade's edge, making it razor-sharp. The axe sliced through the shield, and it was on a direct path for his father's back.

Yet, his father, ever the skilled defender, gracefully sidestepped the incoming blow. His father turned to face him, a knowing smile etched on his father's face—a smile that promised pain.