

## Guardian gods 51

### Chapter 51 Hot

They are referred to as elders due to their age and stature, but the intriguing twist lies in the fact that Ursula, despite looking younger, is older than them and most of these elders are her direct offspring. Interrupting her contemplation, a voice interjected, asking, "Do you concur, Queen Mother?"

"Huh," Ursula responded with a weary, perplexed expression.

The eldest elder, Molte, emphasized, "Mother, this matter holds paramount importance, and your insights would be greatly appreciated."

"You're well aware of my stance on this, Molte," Ursula replied wearily.

"We are gathered here to encourage you to reconsider and perceive the broader perspective," chimed another elder beside Molte.

"No matter how often you express this, my mind remains unchanged. My father decreed that humans are off limits, and we should concentrate on our own development first," Ursula declared with a resolute tone.

"Mother, I believe you're cognizant of the nuance in Grandpa's words," Molte remarked knowingly, fixing his gaze on Ursula.

Molte's words prompted Ursula to fall silent for a moment as she pondered, "Indeed, I recognize it. Humans are off limits for gods, but not for us." Remembering her observations of humans, Ursula found herself developing an affinity for them, contributing to her reluctance to take any action against them.

The other elders exchanged glances, knowing the complexities of Ursula's relationship with humans. She had observed them closely, marvelling at their weakness, resilience and ingenuity. It was a sentiment not shared by many of the elders, who viewed humans as obstacles obstructing their lord.

"Do you believe you comprehend everything about my father?" Ursula finally spoke, sitting up as regal aura leaked from her.

Realizing he had upset his mother, Molte took a knee, clutching a staff made of fiery rocks. "I would never dare to claim understanding of the Lord himself. My only aspiration is to assist my Lord in resolving the issues troubling him."

Molte's words resonated with the other elders, and they, too, knelt, declaring, "Let us aid the Bright One in his endeavours."

Ursula found herself taken aback by the elders' display of reverence and their hopeful eagerness to assist her father. Gazing at their pious expressions, a part of her was tempted to nod and allow them to proceed as they wished. However, memories of the adoration she witnessed on the faces of humans flashed before her, causing her to hesitate.

"This matter requires careful consideration. I need time to ponder before rendering my decision. You may take your leave for now," Ursula addressed the kneeling elders, massaging her forehead with a weary gesture.

The elders nodded in unison, bowing before taking flight out of the palace. Now alone, Ursula abandoned the façade of regality and slumped into her throne.

"Pleasing father, huh?" Ursula mused, the phrase carrying a weight she hadn't anticipated. There was a time when she, too, sought nothing more than to please her father.

Unlike most demigods, Ursula's connection with her father was limited, not due to his unwillingness but due to circumstances. While demigods typically grow up in their parents' realms, Ursula couldn't recall spending time in her father's domain. His response to her requests to visit was always, "It's too hot, and you are weak."

Her childhood was spent outside her father's realm, raised alongside a flock of birds. Ursula, misinterpreting his actions, believed her father rejected her due to her perceived weakness. Undeterred, she trained relentlessly under his guidance, determined to prove herself.

One vivid memory stood out— the day her father unexpectedly agreed to take her to his realm. Ursula stood in disbelief as he opened a portal with fiery edges, walking through it. Excitement overcame her, and she eagerly followed, only to be confronted with a harrowing experience.

As the daughter of the sun god, Ursula possessed a natural affinity for fire. Since birth, fire had been her ally and never harmed her. However, the first moments in her father's realm shattered that perception. The fiery landscape was teeming with elemental creatures, and the overwhelming sensation of unfamiliar fire sent a shiver down her spine.

Ursula felt the intense heat surrounding her, and for the first time in her life, fire wasn't her ally; it was a wild, unbridled force. The flames licked at her, burning with an intensity she had never experienced before. Panic seized her as she realized the scorching environment was beyond her. A piercing scream

escaped Ursula's lips as she felt an intense burning sensation coursing through her entire body in her father's realm. Swiftly, her father reacted, pulling her out of the fiery domain.

All Ursula could remember was the searing pain, and later, she awoke to her father's sorrowful gaze. Her body was covered in blisters, her once-feathered wings now charred and bare. The agony of her physical injuries was matched only by the emotional wounds, as she grappled with the realization of her perceived weakness and the fact that scars on her face and body wasn't healing.

This ordeal caused a profound change in Ursula. Despite her father's kind and warm demeanour, she grew distant and fearful of him. He never sought to frighten her, maintaining a distant yet not entirely unapproachable presence. However, she felt a deep-seated inadequacy in her inability to please him.

The traumatic experience made her understand why her father often wore an indifferent expression in her presence. Living amidst such fiery landscapes, mundane matters held little interest. The only occasions his countenance changed were when she bore offspring, when they grew up and began to worship him, or when he spoke of his siblings and the humans.

Ursula surmised that the humans only triggered a change in her father due to their apparent weakness, yet they managed to obstruct his path in some inexplicable way. The fear instilled by the flames began to wane after her recent breakthrough into the fourth realm.

A smile graced Ursula's face as she recalled the astonishment on the faces of her offspring and grandchildren when they saw her less apprehensive demeanour and healed wings.

Raising her palm, a warm, golden light radiated within, creating a gentle cascade of luminous particles around her. In contemplation, Ursula pondered, "Can I withstand the heat in his realm at this stage?"

Seated in silence, she revisited the elders' words. "Perhaps by doing this, I can face my father with pride. I also wonder how he'd react to seeing me fully healed."

Rising from her throne, Ursula retreated to her room, where a small statue of her father stood. Kneeling and clasping her hands, she began to pray, surrounded by a soft, white-golden light. The act not only served as a calming ritual but also functioned as another form of training for her mana.

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Down in the deep oceans, Tide sat in his makeshift throne as he regarded his sons who gathered in front of him. It has been quite some time since his bet with his twin sister. Not wanting to lose the bet, Tide had to go into the murky water and the murder charade happening outside his water cave to seek out his offspring.

Both he and Flowua are the progenitors of their Murloc race but never found it a responsibility to take care of their offspring, they only saw it as them fulfilling their father's order. In a way their action's is one of the reasons troubling their race.