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Chapter 52 Pride

Tide and Flowua, twin offspring of the sea god Jaws, has long reveled in the pride of their divine lineage. Their father, Jaws, has been the sole guide, steering their race with a firm hand. However, the prolific nature of the race procreation had spiraled out of control, leading to a challenging situation.

Tide and Flowua, fueled by their inherent pride, has always confined themselves to their father's realm, merely relaying orders from the sea god without venturing into the wider oceanic expanse. Their reluctance to engage in the race progression had shielded them from the harsh realities of their undersea world.

The twins, both harbor a penchant for power but without the desire for hard work, Now they both found themselves in an unexpected predicament caused by the father's other and their own bet. Faced with a situation where victory demanded effort, they grudgingly embraced actions they had previously disdained.

One thing both twin agree on and has a disadain for is their offspring. Their disdain statred and reached its zenith when they confronted the fragility of their own offspring. Expecting their progeny to mirror their strength and grow swiftly, Tide and Flowua were disillusioned. Their offspring proved weak and too dependent, necessitating the twins' direct involvement in hunting and feeding like a servant—a role they both scorn.

Unable to bear the burden of weak descendants, Tide and Flowua reluctantly tended to their offspring until they reached a stage of self-sufficiency. Swiftly returning to their father's realm, the twins sought refuge from the distasteful duties imposed by parenthood.

As the natural order of the undersea world unfolded in its own time, Tide felt an impulsive need to intervene and expedite the inevitable slaughter fest happening in the surrounding water. In his need to

hasten the outcome, he sought out his unique offspring—shark men, born of his unions with a tiger shark and a great white shark.

Simultaneously, Flowua's offspring, the scaled ones, born of unions with an arapaima gigas and a massive electric eel, swam in the depths. Tide's shark men and Flowua's scaled ones, distinct in their lineage, eventually mated, giving rise to a new race—the murlocs, who now dominate the undersea realms.

As Tide observed the shark men kneeling before him, he took a moment before inquiring, "Is everyone here, and where is your brother?"

Drowz, his first son, stepped forward among the gathered shark men and replied, "No, father. More clansmen are waiting outside. The ones gathered here are the leaders. As for Surfz, he's out gathering the remaining clansmen."

Tide nodded in acknowledgment before rising from his throne. "A significant change is imminent in the sea world. This transformation stems from my wager with my sister on who will deliver the best kingdom to our father."

His gaze shifted to the assembled shark men. "I believe my sister is undertaking a similar endeavor as I am doing now, perhaps even more efficiently. She will have united the scaled ones and taken control of the murlocs under her domain."

Tide continued, "A blood fest is unfolding outside. Ordinarily, we would wait until the population reaches a certain number or only the strongest survive, but i now deem that necessary and want to intervene."

Drowz and the other clansmen knelt in unison. "What is needed of us, father?"

Tide, now grinning, responded, "Simple. Gather your clansmen and murlocs under your command. Take control of the surrounding waters, simultaneously curbing the slaughter fest. Additionally, when encountering a murloc race with an unreasonable population, reduce their numbers."

The clansmen, including Drowz, echoed, "Yes, your majesty."

Tide's grin widened at the title bestowed upon him. "Good. You may now go, and remember to keep me informed." With that, he watched as the shark men dispersed, each tasked with playing a pivotal role in the unfolding dynamics of the undersea realm.

Tide's laughter echoed through the depths of his underwater realm as he envisioned the thousands who would soon refer to him as "your majesty." The allure of power and the promise of a kingdom fueled his amusement.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the vast sea, Flowua, Tide's sister, had embarked on her own path of development. Her approach differed significantly from her brother's, marked by efficiency and strategic prowess.

Flowua swiftly gathered the scaled ones, led by her two mermaid-like daughters, who bore a striking resemblance to their mother. They both bore the name Raine and Raina. With her daughters by her side, Flowua orchestrated the clearing of the surrounding waters while simultaneously subduing the overgrown murloc race.

In contrast to Tide's more like egalitarian rule, Flowua adopted a prejudiced view, allocating most of the power to her daughters and the women, while the men served as assistants and laborers.

After two months of diligent efforts, Flowua successfully brought everything under control. The once chaotic areas around her were now free from the frenzy of the slaughter fest. All that remained was to cleanse the water of muddy residues and the lingering remnants of bones and flesh.

Fatigued but determined, Flowua reflected, "I haven't been this tired and drained of mana since training with Dad." With the turmoil subdued, she channelled her water manipulation skills to clear the surrounding waters. Her two daughters, serving as dedicated subordinates, focused on the meticulous task of cleaning up the debris.

Observing the gradual clarity of the water, Flowua contemplated, "It will probably take a month and a half to get everything completely clear." A smile played on her face as she surveyed the busy scene. Eager to commence the construction of her kingdom, Flowua wished for a way to expedite the process, fuelled by the anticipation of wielding her newfound power.

In the desolate expanse of the northern continent, where a world of ice and snow reigned supreme, nestled at the base of a towering white mountain, lay a small village. This settlement, home to a population of a hundred or more, boasted a central spectacle—a colossal ice statue impeccably depicting the moon god, Mahu.

More than five years had passed since Maul embarked on his journey to fulfill the destiny bequeathed to him by his mother. The passage of time had etched its marks on Maul's countenance, transforming him into a burly figure with silver-braided hair, a full beard adorning his mouth. Standing at an imposing height of six feet, he stood bare-chested, bearing the visible scars of numerous battles. At his waist, two Viking axes hung, silent witnesses to his prowess.

Alone in his small abode, Maul pondered a safe location for the upcoming hunt for his people. Finding no clear answer, he decided to rely on his usual old method—trusting his keen sense of smell. Rising from his seat, Maul transitioned from his human form to his demigod state—a formidable silver haired werewolf.

Maul had developed a routine of assuming his human guise when in solitude, reserving his demigod form for moments in proximity to his people. This precautionary measure started from a regrettable incident involving humans who share this frigid part of the world with them. Despite swiftly dealing with those responsible, the incident had instilled fear and doubt in his people, even his own children. His human form causes a lot of problems and discussion among his people so to avoid any future trouble, he chooses to keep the human state whenever he is alone.