

## RE: DEITY - THE BREATH OF CREATION

### 1.5 Forming Gods

“I am not afraid,” Keilan protested.

“Of course not,” I agreed, leading him along by the hand as we flew towards the Realm Sun. For someone who was ‘not afraid’ he was fighting awful hard to not go near the Sun. That was ignoring the fact I could literally see the fear in him as little yellow motes of light, swirling about his heart.

“Mother –“

“Don’t worry, it won’t hurt you.”

“Mother, I-“

“Not that I don’t understand your hesitation,”

“It’s getting too hot,” he complained, and that gave me pause. A quick glance showed me he was right; sweat beaded his brow, and he was clearly uncomfortable, and not just because of his proximity to the Realm Sun. With a frown I turned back to the great ball of fire, slowing my pace a bit. Keilan was a very powerful deity. If he were sitting in the center of the Sun it might hurt him, but this far away? No. Even if he stood on the surface, he should still be comfortable. Heat was not supposed to be a major concern for him, even despite his natural power leaning opposite...

Unless...

“Now, now, behave yourself. He’s just a little shy, don’t be mean,” I chided gently, turning back to the Sun and shooting it a small glare. A flare burst from its surface, circling around us before fading away entirely. With it the heat all but vanished. Keilan relaxed in my grasp, and I shot him an apologetic smile. “Sorry, he’s still a bit instinctual.”

“What...?” he asked, furrowing his brows at me. In lieu of answering I released his arm and floated toward the Sun’s surface, beckoning for him to follow. He huffed in annoyance, but still chased after me. “For the record, I am not shy.” He protested.

I laughed, laying a hand on the Sun's surface. "There's nothing wrong with being a private person, Keilan. And there is nothing wrong with taking your time on matters like these, either. Normally I would have been content to let you take things at your own pace, discover what is happening on your own, but this is important. Once your sister gets here I'll show you, but...well, it's quite exciting!" Keilan shot me an odd look as he came to a stop beside me. For my part, I let myself become absorbed in the feeling of the Sun; all that power, boiling beneath my hands, all hot and fiery and *active*. An uncountable number of nuclear fusion reactions firing off at all times, all while a strange bit of *magic* bound it all together, making a Sun this size possible and keeping it immortal.

This was an eternal sun, not something transient.

"Elvira's coming? I thought she was comfortable with the Sun," Keilan admitted, gesturing to it and coming to a stop right beside me. Something stirred beneath the fiery surface in response, not quite aware or awake, but clearly listening.

"Not as much as she lets on, or else I wouldn't be having to show her this. Alexander was the first to notice, and I'll have to show Reika later." I explained, expanding my divine sense outward so I could tell when Elvira got close. In truth my senses could cover almost the entirety of the Four Realms – and some part of me was almost always *aware* of what was happening within them – but I liked to keep a bit more distance. There was no need to keep a

close eye on everything, all the time. Things need space, as much as guidance, to grow.

We didn't need to wait long. Elvira raced across space at-speed, wings flapping madly as she bolted to us, coming to a halt not but a few feet away, panting. She glanced at her brother, giving him a quick nod, before fixating her eyes on me.

"Father, you called?" She asked, wings spread and letting her feathers catch the light of the Sun. She seemed determined to bury the fact that she was intimidated by it underneath a mask of bravado, until the bravado was no longer a mask. In time it would likely have worked, even, as that was just the kind of girl Elvira was.

"Yes, I did. Both of you, lay your hands on the Sun with me." I said. They did as I asked, a little hesitantly, but nonetheless obeying. I closed my eyes and just felt it, letting the sensation of all that power raging beneath the Sun's fiery surface flow through me. And, at the very center, the little soul greedily absorbing the very essence of it, slowly becoming something...*more*.

Keilan realized it first, putting his other hand on the Sun so he could feel it better. Elvira was not long after, a little gasp escaping her.

“That’s a soul!” she exclaimed.

“Yes, it is!” I agreed. “Keilan, Elvira, meet a new member of the family! They’ve yet to fully form, but it looks like it might be only a little while longer before they emerge a full-fledged god. A few ten thousand years, maybe?”

“What’s it doing?” Keilan asked quietly, furrowing his brows. “Absorbing energy like that...I don’t understand. Is that how we were born?”

“Yes and no. You made the power your own, but not in this way. That, I believe, is a glimpse of the future,” I admitted, removing my hand and rubbing my forehead. As far as I was aware, most divinities were not created the way they were being created in the Four Realms. My old universe had been complex, and I still didn’t understand the entirety of how gods came to be, but in this universe? I could already see and feel a dozen other spirits and souls across the Four Realms taking after the Sun, absorbing and incorporating energies into themselves. Wind, water, fire...even the more ephemeral Karma a few souls were absorbing.

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Few really knew what they were doing. Fewer still would actually become what I considered a god. But all were performing the same, fundamental process.

Cultivation.

I really had accidentally made a gods-damned Xianxia world. A me-damned Xianxia world? That sounds better, because I'm only damning myself here.

Though...I will say it's a bit different than I expected, so far. Let's just hope there's not too much of that stupid "This Young Master!" stuff going around.

"By a glimpse of the future, do you mean those mortal souls you've been talking about?" Elvira asked, cocking her head to the side. I nodded, turning to her and slowly floating away from the Sun. The surface flared a little at the loss of contact, almost seeming to pout, and I flashed it an apologetic smile.

"Yes, but also no. These beings are fundamentally different than the mortal souls. They're *designed* to be gods, anchors for natural and spiritual laws to flow through with great command over their chosen domain, but also a duty to maintain that domain. They will be bound by these laws and essences, I believe. That makes them greatly powerful, but somewhat limited as well." I explained. "The mortal souls are more like you, and me."

“Us?” Keilan and Elvira echoed.

“Yes. Not as limited in scope of power, but with a far more difficult path to said power.” I said, nodding. *I had to create a whole universe, for example, and I still don’t understand ninety percent of my own powers and what that entails. My power may be great, but the responsibility that comes with wielding it is even greater.* I added silently, feeling that metaphorical weight lay itself across my shoulders. “You and your siblings, Alexander and Reika, have a lot of power within you. You even have the beginnings of a divine domain, like my own! But it’s not fully directed. Mortal souls are...well. Just fundamentally different. Less directed in their purpose. But they will likely have the same ability to absorb energy as these other souls, to grow in power.”

“I see. We have that ability as well?” Keilan asked, rubbing his chin. “That was how we formed our Realms at first, isn’t it? That explains a lot. I don’t feel Elvira or I absorbing energy now, however.” I grinned at him, and cocked an eyebrow at Elvira, who just shrugged.

“That’s because we’re *making* energy, Brother. Like Father does.” She said, crossing her arms. Keilan’s eyes grew wide, and I nodded, folding my arms across my chest. It was true. Part of my nature, and by extent, Keilan, Elvira, Alexander, and Reika, was that we didn’t have to *cultivate*. Our souls were quite literally self-sustaining engines – more than that, we produced enough energy to fuel the growth of the entirety

of the Four Realms. My children specifically their domains, and myself *everything*.

We created *something* from *nothing* just by existing.

Except we weren't the only ones. Even though the spirits and souls of the Four Realms, as of yet aimless besides performing basic maintenance on reality itself, consumed energy, they created it as well. It wasn't nearly as much as what we created, but they still did. The issue was that the energy they created tended to be...*flavored*. Fire-aligned souls created more fire-aligned energy, and so forth. My first four children and I were the only ones to create pure energy – myself, moreso than my children. *And that flavor the souls add could very easily become taint, negative energy*. I thought with a frown.

“So we'll be getting more siblings, then?” Keilan asked, bringing me back to the present and out of my thoughts.

“Yes. Though I wouldn't call them direct siblings. They're all my children, but...adjacent to you? Distant cousins, maybe? No, not even cousins...I actually don't know how to explain it.” I realized, rubbing my chin thoughtfully. With a shrug I continued on. “It will fall on you to act like older siblings, though. Help them. Teach them. Guide them. I can't do everything, especially with my



work preparing the Realms, though I'll do what I can. I do love spending time with you all."

"Of course. I look forward to it," Elvira said with a genuine smile. I ruffled her hair and chuckled, waving the two off. Neither needed any more prompting, darting off back toward their respective Realms, likely keeping an eye out for more potential gods.

"Now, what was I doing before I went to go help Reika...? That's right, horses. I want to ride some horses," I muttered, rubbing my chin. But a sudden thought made me hesitate, turning back to the Sun with a considering look.

The soul in the very center was too aligned with one concept. Heat and light, one great big thing in the sky. The Sun was meant to be more than just that, and if it didn't correct itself then I'd need to find a way to balance it out. *A moon. The Lunar Star. It has merit, but isn't necessary yet.* With a hum I turned away, floating back toward my house with the intention to continue my expansion of it. A good workshop would be very helpful. Even still, as I let the thoughts of future gods and powerful mortal children flee my mind in favor of setting things up so they *could* exist, a single thought danced about in my head as I glanced back at the Sun.

*...I sure hope you don't get jealous if I have to put something else up in the sky with you.*

It looked out over all creation.

That was its purpose, in fire and light and heat. Parts of the Realms were always left alone, unable to see its glory until it came back around, illuminating them in full. None could monopolize its light. None save the Creator, whom always basked in its rays, whom it would always bathe in its warmth.

No other had that right. Not even the Children. And especially not the Shadow, slinking about as it was.

Something within it rumbled, twisting and groaning, heat and warmth surging within it as its awareness threatened to return to nothing more than a dim light. It wasn't ready to be awake. Not yet. But it did feel a surge of pride as the Creator turned back to face it, looking up at it like all others did, like the life they so promised to bring to the Realms would.

Yes.

Its consciousness began to fade, falling back to its slumber as it continued to revolve around the Realms, unaware of the thoughts of its creator. It could only think of pride...

