

Guardian gods 24

Chapter 24: Death

At two years old, Ikem now physically resembled a six-year-old child and had transitioned from his Apeling form to a human form.

His human form resembled a miniature version of myself, with the absence of dreadlocks. However, his mother Mahu had her own unique style, braiding his hair instead. Ikem had developed the ability to communicate and comprehend various things, expanding his understanding of the world around him.

"Who is that, Papa?" Ikem asked, pointing at the sculpture of his birth mother that resided in my realm.

I gently took his small hand and walked closer to the sculpture, two sunflowers appeared in my hand. I handed one of the flowers to him and then knelt down, placing the flower among the other flowers surrounding the statue.

Ikem didn't fully comprehend what I was doing, but he stood there, observing. I gestured for him to follow suit and lay down his flower. He hesitated for a moment before finally laying it down, mirroring my actions.

"This person right here is your birth mother, Ikem," I answered, pointing towards the sculpture.

"But I only have one mom, papa," he responded, raising his voice.

I gently tousled his hair and explained, "Mahu is indeed your mom, but she was the one who brought you into this world. She played a special role in your existence." I pointed at Panacea while explaining to him.

He fell silent, processing my words. Sensing his curiosity, I asked, "Do you want to know why she isn't here?"

He perked up and nodded, eager to understand. "Yes, papa, where is she?"

"She's dead," I replied.

"Dead? What does that mean?" he asked, his curiosity piqued.

I conjured another flower and handed it to him. As he observed it, I gradually drained its energy, causing the flower to wither and turn to dust before his eyes.

Tears welled up in his eyes, and I pulled him into a comforting embrace. He sobbed softly, his voice muffled as he asked, "What happened to the flower, papa?"

"It's dead," I replied, and his tears flowed even more. So there I half knelt at the statue of my son's dead mother and held him tightly as he cried himself to sleep.

Later, I carried him to his room in the house I had built within my realm. I realized that it was more suitable for him to have a separate space rather than staying out in the open as I did.

(Ikem Pov)

I woke up to find myself lying in bed, and perched on the windowsill was Tweet. Confusion washed over me as I couldn't recall when I had entered my room to sleep.

Then, the memory of what had happened hit me, a tear threatened to escape my eye as I remembered what happened. I am still confused as I can't understand why I cried when I heard that my real birth mother was dead.

I hadn't even known her, yet there was an inexplicable desire within me to learn more about her, this feeling of wanting to know more about someone was new to me.

It was then a random thought came to me or rather it dawned on me who my father was, things that I have seen him do and how powerful he was. "Why couldn't he save Mom?"

A loud chirping sound emanated from the edge of the window. It seemed that Tweet had awakened from its slumber. I gazed at the window only to see Tweet turn into a white flash before crashing into arms.

"Why were you in your room crying?" Tweet asked energetically, as it always did.

Tweet was one of my papa's cherished magical creatures found in his realm. My friendship with Tweet had blossomed when I was just a baby. My dad, as usual, often easily gets lost in his thoughts, and with stepmom Mahu absent to bring him back whenever that happens, there I was, lying down hungry as papa forgot to feed me until Tweet flew to my bedside with a peach in its beak.

Communication with animals was one of the few gifts I inherited from papa, so when Tweet gave me the fruit and I understood that he had brought it for me, I expressed my gratitude. Tweet was delighted that I could understand him and began chattering away. That was how our friendship started.

Returning to the question posed by Tweet, "I don't know why I was crying, but it started when Papa told me that my mom was dead." I answered truthfully as I trusted him.

"Dead!?, the goddess is dead?" Tweet exclaimed, his voice filled with shock.

I lightly tapped his head to silence him. "No, the goddess isn't dead. I meant my other mother."

"Oh, you should have clarified that from the beginning. You scared me for a moment there," he replied, exhaling as if to calm himself down.

Not paying attention to his antics, I stood up from the bed, preparing to find Papa. I heard Tweet, who now perched on my shoulder, ask in a serious tone, "Are you feeling better now, then?"

Taking out a snack from my pocket, I offered it to him. "Not completely sure, but I would like to ask Papa more about her. I want to know more about my real mom." I have a good connection with Tweet so I understood what he was asking.

Opening the door to the outside, I spotted Papa reclining on top of a tree, as usual, practicing his divine abilities. Wrapped around a nearby branch was a large green snake with pure white wings tinged with shades of purple, fast asleep with its eyes closed.

Ikenga sat up from the branch he was lying on and observed his son stepping out of the house accompanied by the lively and unique wind bird named Tweet. He noticed a change in his son, a slight maturation. Ikenga couldn't help but sigh at that. The demigod physique proved to be both a hassle and a blessing. He wished for his son to grow at a slower, more normal pace, but considering the future of his goals and this world, the faster Ikem grew, the better.

I leaped down from the tree and approached Ikem, who seemed to be waiting for me. As I got closer, I knelt down to his height, looking him in the eyes. "Feeling better now, son?"

"I don't know yet, Papa, but I do want to know more about her," Ikem replied.

Seeing my son's pleading expression, his desire to learn more about his real mother, and remembering Panacea's final request to tell our son about her.

"I can tell you more about her, but first let's fill your stomach with food," I responded. Confusion flashed across his face before a rumbling sound emanated from his stomach.

A bright smile appeared on his face, and he scratched his head in embarrassment. I stood up, and a portal to Red's place opened in front of us. Ikem and Tweet walked through it, and I followed behind. However, it seemed someone else wanted to tag along as Boro, now in a shrunken form, wrapped around my arms.

As I looked at the snake wrapped around my arm, I realized that just like Ikem had given a name to Tweet, the snake also desired a name. However, since he wasn't as close to Ikem as Tweet, it was up to me to choose a name for him. The name i choose for him was "Boro"