

Guardian gods 25

Chapter 25: prayer

Upon entering the portal, I witnessed Red biting a horned tiger while Ikem and Tweet gathered branches to prepare for the barbecue.

It's been a while since I have seen Red. After I had requested for him to take care of the farmland, appreciating his effort I invited him to join us since I know he enjoys eating meat.

Looking at Red, I couldn't help but notice that Red was undergoing a transformation. His large figure was shrinking, and his bipedal form appeared more crouched. His once small iconic arms were now growing. It seemed that Red would soon become a full-fledged, four-legged creature.

Curious to see if this transformation was happening only to Red or to all the dinosaurs, I established a connection with the nearby trees that surrounded the habitat of every dinosaur in the eastern continent. To my surprise, I discovered that the same changes were occurring in all the T-rexes and other bipedal dinosaurs. Their appearances were undergoing remarkable transformations.

Among the fascinating changing dinosaurs, the brachiosaurus stood out. At first glance, it appeared like a moving tall tree. The brachiosaurus had undergone significant changes, with branches growing from its head and its body seemingly becoming lighter. The thundering sound that typically accompanied its footsteps was no longer present.

The more I observed this majestic creature, the more I realized that the brachiosaurus had become a creature closely intertwined with nature. It seemed to embody a deep connection to the natural world unlike any other creature I had encountered.

Taking advantage of the opportunity to survey the surrounding forest in the eastern continent, I realized that there was no longer a "normal" creature in sight. Every animal, regardless of its size, now displayed traces of mana flowing within them. It seemed that the entire ecosystem had undergone a transformative change.

Cutting off my connection to the forest, I turned my attention back to Ikem, who had already gathered everything needed for the barbecue. He was now skillfully skinning the tiger, while Tweet perched atop Red's head, seemingly enjoying the view. Ikem's focus was entirely on the task at hand as he prepared the meat.

Finding a spot to sit down, I observed Ikem laughing and interacting with the creatures around him. It was a heartwarming sight, but I knew that things would soon change as he approached his third year. By then, his physical appearance would resemble that of a ten-year-old, and his training would begin in earnest. These carefree moments would become less frequent, but for now, I wanted him to enjoy himself a little longer.

Feeling a wave of drowsiness wash over me, I decided to take a short rest. However, my sleep was interrupted by Ikem's voice.

"Papa, wake up," he called out, standing in front of me with a piece of cooked meat in his hand. "The food is done, papa. Take this," he said, extending the meat towards me.

I gratefully accepted the offering and stood up from my resting place. Carrying the meat, I made my way towards the bonfire where the others had gathered, ready to join them for a well-deserved meal.

I took a seat and Ikem settled down next to me. I tore off a piece of meat and handed it to him. "Your mother wanted you to know that she loves you and that she is sorry for not being here to take care of you," I said, looking into his eyes.

He looked at me with a mix of curiosity and confusion. "You wanted to know more about your mother, and now is the perfect time," I continued.

He took a moment to process my words before nodding, indicating his willingness to listen. I proceeded to share what I knew about his mother, her unique abilities, and the similarities he shared with her. I described the limited time I had spent with her and how it revealed her exceptional qualities.

I chose not to disclose information about his mother's family, but I assured him that when he turns three years old, he will have the opportunity to witness and inherit the precious gift she helped create.

That's how we spent the day, with Ikem learning about his birth mother and eventually falling asleep after satisfying his hunger.

As I observed him sleeping, nestled between Red and Boro, tightly holding Tweet against his chest, I couldn't bring myself to wake them up. The sight of them huddled together filled my heart with warmth. I decided to let them rest a little longer before we headed back to my realm.

Something else caught my attention as I glanced down at my feet. I noticed that the two elemental plants, which had been absorbing the surrounding mana, had suddenly ceased their activity. Extending my senses towards them, I could feel that they were in a state of slumber, undergoing a gradual transformation.

A smile formed on my face as I felt a surge of excitement welling up within me. I can't wait to see what their newly evolved form will look like.

Mahu positioned herself in front of the mirror, peering into it to observe her son and grandchildren. An overwhelming sense of joy filled her as she witnessed the success of her experiment, bringing her closer to bridging the gap with her siblings.

However, her elation soon waned as she realized that even though she could accelerate the multiplication of her grandchildren, they still required time to grow and mature before they could fully carry out the intended process.

Lost in contemplation, Mahu pondered on how she could expedite their maturation. She acknowledged that her eagerness might have been premature, but there was something that occurred between her and her son, Maul, that ignited a desire for a similar occurrence.

It all started when Maul's partner, a female wolf, gave birth to her grandchildren. During this momentous event, Maul unknowingly uttered the words, "Praise the mother god Mahu." Little did he know the effect those words would have, but Mahu, as a deity, perceived the ripple of energy that resonated with her.

The energy was familiar as Mahu herself and Ikenga had sensed similar energy from their siblings, which seemed to grant them greater strength.

The energy, however, did not immediately manifest within Mahu herself. Instead, it was drawn directly to the altar in her realm. Sensing the foreign presence within her domain, Mahu found no impulse from the realm to expel the energy. Instead, she sensed a welcoming embrace from her realm, as if it was eager to receive the energy.

As the energy flowed into her altar, Mahu could feel it being broken down and transformed, leaving behind a purer essence. This refined energy was then absorbed by her, amplifying her own power. Simultaneously, she sensed that her realm had grown more potent after assimilating this newfound energy.

The small amount of energy Mahu absorbed from her son's action was equivalent to the feedback she would have received from ten birth rituals being performed. She was astounded by the potency of this seemingly insignificant energy produced by her son's words or prayers.

Intrigued, Mahu sought to explore if her son could generate more of this energy. However, her hopes were dashed as she discovered that although her son could provide similar energy by praising her name or praying to her, it lacked the purity and concentration of the initial occurrence. Additionally, it left behind residual waste that held no purpose for her.