

Guardian gods 32

Chapter 32 Awake

This discovery prompted me to question the nature of mana and its relationship with elements. Why does mana harmonize so well with elemental energy? Through Ikem's training, I gained insight into this intricate connection.

Every being possesses an elemental imprint, a unique affinity for specific elements. Mana, being an element-less energy, is naturally assimilated into the body, nourishing and enhancing the existing elemental imprint.

The process of mana assimilation is gradual, and its effects may not be immediately noticeable. However, through intensive training and the intentional expenditure of mana, as Ikem has undergone, the transformative effects become more apparent.

Ikem's primary elemental affinity lies with the wood element, and during our training with mana, I have witnessed remarkable changes in his physicality and abilities through my divine perception.

The changes were huge on his part because of his lineage, but as his body changed the wooden elements got closer to him and started changing his body like they were building a home for themselves.

The changes within Ikem had reached a critical stage, which was one of the reasons I pushed him harder today. As I observed his collapsed figure, the transformation unfolded before my divine eyes.

The mana his body absorbed was no longer devoid of attributes; it now carried the element of wood. It was a remarkable development, indicating a deep integration of his elemental imprint with the mana.

Reflecting on this, I realized that unintentionally, we had stumbled upon the creation of a power system. It was a significant revelation that I would need to share with Ikem once he awakened.

Curiosity sparked within me, and I extended my hand, calling upon the surrounding mana to gather, soon in my hand lay a liquid mana, not surprised by that i tried calling on the element to inhibit the liquid mana. To my surprise, the elements, which had always responded to my beckoning, seemed hesitant this time. It appeared that there were limitations imposed on divine beings like myself. Perhaps this was true for other gods in different worlds as well. Though slightly perturbed by the restriction, I understood the necessity of such limitations.

If gods could achieve what I had planned to do with mana, there would be no need to rely on the expenditure of divine energy. Divine energy takes time to recover, and each usage must be carefully monitored. This was something I had discovered during my own training.

Unfortunately, I hadn't yet found a way to expedite the recovery of divine energy. It was a slow process, relying on the gradual replenishment facilitated by one's own divinity. This contrasted with the swift recovery of non-divine beings when they expanded their energy. I couldn't help but feel a twinge of envy towards their efficiency.

Gazing at Ikem's sleeping form, I considered the idea of infusing him with the liquid mana. However, seeing how exhausted he was, I concluded that allowing him to rest and sleep would be the most effective means for his recovery. With a simple motion of my hand, the mana dispersed back into its surroundings.

Ikem's eyes fluttered open, and he immediately noticed his surroundings. He found himself still lying on the ground where he had passed out, with his father standing nearby. A white bird perched on his father's shoulder, while a green snake slithered near a crackling bonfire where meat was being roasted.

Finally sitting up and stretching my body, I couldn't help but complain, "Couldn't you have at least moved me to a more comfortable spot or carried me back to my room?"

Father turned towards me, a hint of amusement in his eyes, and replied, "You're grown now, son. You can handle a little discomfort."

Joining father by the bonfire, I reached out to grab a piece of the roasted meat. The aroma was enticing, and I savored each bite. I couldn't help but notice how my body rapidly absorbs and transforms the mana infused within the meat.

I couldn't contain my curiosity any longer, and my confusion was evident on my face. My father seemed to notice and let out a soft chuckle, acknowledging my observation.

"Oh, it seems you've noticed that too," he remarked.

My anticipation grew, and I couldn't help but ask, "So, do you know what's happening?"

My father paused for a moment, his gaze fixed on me. "I have some idea, but first, finish your meal, go take a bath, and change your clothes," he instructed.

Feeling a bit annoyed at being told what to do, I grumbled but knew he had a point. I was indeed sticky and disheveled from the intense training session.

As I continued to eat, a comfortable silence settled between us. The taste of the meat and the sweetness of the fruits filled my senses, but my mind couldn't help but wander back to the breakthrough I had made with mana in my innate abilities. If my blurred memories before losing consciousness were any indication, it seemed like my efforts had finally paid off.

"Hahaha!" Laughter erupted from my lips involuntarily, and in my excitement, I couldn't resist the urge to test my newfound ability. Focusing my thoughts, I felt the surge of mana within me, and soon tendrils of roots emerged from the ground, swirling around me. The sight filled me with joy as I recognized the unmistakable traces of my mana intertwined with the roots.

But my elation was abruptly halted as a sudden chill ran down my spine. I turned my head to find my father staring at me with an intense, cold gaze.

"I thought I made myself clear, boy. Everything is to be done after you take a bath and change your clothes. But if you're so restless, I don't mind continuing where we left off," my father's voice cut through the air, his clenched fist slowly rising.

Silently, I turned my attention back to finishing my meal, avoiding any direct confrontation. The absence of wood tendrils clearly conveyed my response to his proposition.

"Looks like someone is in trouble," Tweet, perched on my father's shoulder, chimed in with a mischievous tone.

I was about to retort when his next words left me speechless. "You do need a bath, you stink," he teased.

"That's it," I muttered under my breath, frustration boiling within me. Without wasting any more time, I swiftly stood up and made my way into the house. I could hear Tweet's laughter and Boros' snort echoing in my ears as I walked away, determined to cleanse myself from the day's exertions.

I sat by the bonfire, observing my son's transformation as he emerged from the house, looking refreshed and full of energy. I couldn't help but smile, noting that he needed a new rebraiding, but Mahu, his usual hair stylist, was already in a deep slumber.

As he settled down closer to me, I gestured for him to sit. Curious about the changes he experienced, I asked, "What are the new sensations you feel with your body?"

"I had time to notice these changes while I was in the bath. It's fascinating, I feel like I have become so much stronger. When I flex my muscles, they feel more robust, and I find myself effortlessly lifting heavier objects," he exclaimed with excitement.