

Guardian gods 40

Chapter 40 Trend

"Good thinking there, boy," Ikenga commented, gazing down at his unconscious son. He had several solutions in mind for the enigmatic green smoke, but he was intrigued by what his son might have concocted. Nevertheless, his compliment was not without a hint of restraint.

With his son hoisted over his shoulder, Ikenga summoned a portal that led to the only refuge he had outside his realm. As he walked through the portal, the once-devastated forest, ravaged during his battle with his son, was gradually returning to its natural state. Trees sprouted from the ground, and the damaged ones crumbled into dust, returning to the earth, this was the realm will putting everything back together.

Upon arriving outside his home, Ikenga was surprised to find that Red, who usually has a prey corpse prepared by now, was nowhere to be seen. He reached out to connect with his pet but received no response. Determined, he established a connection with the forest and scoured the forest in search of Red but found no trace.

Just as he was about to sever the connection thinking that Red might have succumbed to a stronger prey, a strange foreign aura caught his attention. Following the connection further, the trees led his gaze to one of the caves where Red often took shelter during guard duty.

Ikenga's sight stopped at the cave entrance, as no trees were inside the cave that could provide a clear view of Red's situation. However, he could sense Red's life force, steady as if in a deep slumber. Conforming to Red safety, his attention turned back to the aura surrounding red, everything about the aura seems foreign, never felt before in this world but for some reason the world wasn't rejecting the aura.

As Ikenga continued his exploration of the aura, he discovered that the same mysterious aura was dispersed in various parts of the planet Nana. This revelation piqued his curiosity, and he used his connection to pinpoint the areas where this intriguing aura was."

Cutting the connection, Ikenga gently placed his son beside a crackling bonfire, a peculiar expression on his face. His investigation into the strange aura revealed a pattern - it was exclusively found in areas inhabited by dinosaurs transformed by mana.

This revelation brought his attention back to when he noticed Red, a T-rex, undergoing an unexpected transformation. The presence of the foreign aura now seemed connected to the mysterious change in the dinosaur's form. Weirdly his divine connection with nature was anticipating something positive from it.

The notion of dragons suddenly struck Ikenga, and it seemed like the perfect explanation for these events. If dragons were involved, it meant a higher power's attention was drawn to the planet. Surprisingly, none of the gods had taken notice of this.

Recalling his past life, Ikenga remembered the existence of dragon gods in some stories. It all made sense now; the dinosaurs on this planet had been blessed by these gods, resulting in their transformation into dragons. Even though he had never felt a dragon's aura before, somehow this realization cleared Ikenga's mind, and he felt a sense of control, at least for the time being. His divinity sent him a warning, but it also hinted at potential benefits, which he was looking forward to.

As Ikenga contemplated these developments, red and blue light began emanating from his feet. Soon, two peculiar life forms materialized before him. These life forms were the once ordinary flowers he had infused with elements, which had been living at the soles of his feet, absorbing mana. They had now completed their transformation, resembling treants. One was adorned with water droplets that clung to its leaves, defying gravity, while the other looked like a stone man, with roots sprouting from its stony exterior, creating the appearance of a treant.

The two transformed treants stood at Ikenga's waist, having just undergone their transformation and not yet had time to grow. Pointing at the woods, Ikenga ordered, "Go and catch us some prey. My son will need the energy when he wakes up."

Sitting down near the bonfire and looking at his almost fully grown son, a melancholic smile crossed Ikenga's face. He had become a father, but the journey had been nothing like he had expected. His demigod son had grown unnaturally fast, leaving him with little opportunity to experience the fatherly duties he had anticipated.

What made the situation even more challenging was the impending separation between father and son. They would part ways, unsure of when they might reunite.

Ikenga has long felt his siblings going to sleep one by one right after Mahu, like a domino effect they fell asleep one by one, this process made him understand another part of their existence as gods, it took time before he understood this but now he was the only god left awake he felt its effect more than ever before. Which is why he will also be going into a deep sleep after his separation with his son.

Ikenga began to realize the profound impact his siblings' sleep had on the world. They as gods acted as natural seals, suppressing various elements and maintaining balance. When Mahu slept, the mana elements she had contained were released, and Ikenga and the remaining gods had taken on the responsibility of managing the pressure collectively, but another factor comes in this process which is something Ikenga calls a "Trend"

A simple way to explain it would be that the gods had played their part in creating and nurturing the once-barren world. They had held off the abundant mana elements long enough to give the new world a chance to thrive and adapt. Now, they were entering a period of rest, awaiting the world's evolution while enjoying the fruits of their labour. This led to a trend of gods falling asleep one by one. With each god's slumber, the remaining gods had to bear more pressure.

Only Ikenga understood the immense pressure he currently shouldered. Each step felt like an arduous task, and drowsiness hung over him, as if he had consumed a bottle of sleeping pills. Despite this, he needed to maintain a strong facade for his son, allowing the boy to embark on his journey in peace.

It didn't take long for the two treants to return, dragging a tiger the size of a hippo. As Ikenga laid eyes on the tiger, the blood-sucking roots that had been holding his hair together unravelled and vanished into the ground. The tiger soon began to rapidly lose weight.

Having fed enough, the roots climbed out of the ground and returned to their usual positions, reassembling and bundling to hold Ikenga's hair together. Paying little mind to the roots' peculiar behaviour, the tiger floated up from the treants' grasp, gently descending into a bonfire. The bonfire grew larger as wood materialized out of thin air falling into it. The tiger slowly fell into the fire, it didn't take time as the scent of burning meat permeated the air. Basic telekinesis was one of the abilities Ikenga had discovered that gods possessed, as their powers increased.

The two treants appeared to have completed their task as their roots began to embed in the ground, ready to return to their customary positions at their creator's feet. However, this time, Ikenga had a different idea.

"Find yourselves a place to sit, boys. I no longer require your constant presence," Ikenga gently instructed.

Immediately, he sensed a shift in the emotions of the two treants. They seemed to feel remorseful and thought they had done something to displease him. The two treants watched their bodies lifted from the ground and floated to nearby stones where they settled.

"Cheer up," Ikenga reassured them. "Your absence is something I anticipate because I'm curious about the forms you'll take in the future."

The treants' moods brightened as they looked at Ikenga. "We have a long journey ahead of us, perhaps because you're a kind of elemental life form, your life force is abundant, even greater than that of my son, a demigod."