

Guardian gods 43

Chapter 43 Danger.

After venturing into the forest, Ikem found himself surrounded by a sight he had never experienced before. This was his first time in the open like this, as his father had mainly focused on training him and providing occasional knowledge about the outside world. Now, witnessing it firsthand was a wonder for Ikem.

The two treants, also unfamiliar with traversing the forest, shared in the novelty of this experience. However, unlike Ikem, who openly gawked at everything with wide-eyed fascination, the two treants maintained their composure. Ikenga would have found it amusing if he had witnessed their behavior, as they mirrored his behavioral pattern.

The treants suddenly halted, observing Ikem as he walked toward a massive flower. Amusement played on their faces, sensing that flower was weirdly alive but still was of no threat to Ikem. They quietly watched, knowing there was no need to intervene.

Ikem couldn't resist the captivating allure of the flower before him, he found the flower to be the most beautiful thing he had ever seen. Entranced, he stretched out his arms to caress the petals. The initial touch left him mesmerized, leaving an absent look on his face. However, this trance was abruptly interrupted as Ikem sensed danger. His mana instinctively moved, forming a sword in his hand, which swiftly cut through the large flower. As the petals fell, Ikem's focus returned.

The once-beautiful flower now appeared grotesque, with a huge mouth open and acidic saliva dripping from its teeth. Ikem was unfazed by the transformation but was troubled by the brief lapse in focus.

"Was it a skill?" he murmured to himself before turning to his two companions, who stood quietly at a distance. "Any idea what that was, guys?"

"A predatory plant that attracts prey to feed on them," the stone treant replied, providing Ikem with an explanation for the unusual encounter.

"I can see that, but I shouldn't have been easily distracted by it," Ikem remarked with an edge to his voice.

"Of course, young master, at your level, you shouldn't have been easily distracted, but you had no guard up while approaching it," the water treant pointed out, indicating the lifeless flower.

Ikem's expression shifted as if he had just taken a punch. He had momentarily forgotten one of his father's crucial lessons upon entering an unfamiliar and potentially dangerous territory. Looking back at the flower, he realized that, without his instinctive reaction, he could have easily fallen victim to its predatory nature.

The reminder prompted a change in Ikem's demeanor. Without uttering a word, he resumed his journey, now walking with heightened awareness. Although he still actively enjoyed the forest's beauty, there was an obvious shift in his steps.

"It seems the creator's order was for the best," the water treant remarked to the stone treant as they observed the noticeable change in their young master.

"I never had any doubt about his order, but we should also learn from the boy. This forest can prove to be dangerous if we aren't careful," the stone treant responded, joining Ikem in his walk forward.

The trio continued their journey, encountering occasional distractions. With their guard up, these distractions transformed from potential dangers into valuable learning experiences. Ikem, displaying ingenuity, decided to document these different encounters and lessons in the book his father had gifted him.

Ikem cautiously threaded through the dense forest, the sun's descent painted the sky in hues of orange and pink and the impending nightfall loomed, and he couldn't help but anticipate the relief it would bring. The journey had proven more taxing than he initially thought, especially after the encounter with the weird flower that left him mentally drained.

The deeper they ventured into the forest, the heavier the mental burden became. Every rustle of leaves and snap of a twig kept him on edge. So the approaching night was a welcome respite from the constant vigilance.

With the decision to set up a small camp, Ikem quickly found a suitable spot. Gathering branches along the way for a bonfire and stones to encircle it, he prepared for the night ahead. However, a new challenge surfaced after he organized the branches for a bonfire, he realized he lacked his father's ability to create fire with a snap of his fingers.

Surveying the two treants, Ikem received only shrugs in response. Frustration mounting, he collapsed under the weight of physical and mental exhaustion. Staring at the darkening sky, he felt the urgency to find a solution fast.

Suddenly remembering his father's book, Ikem sat up and eagerly flipped through the book pages. His eyes caught the information he sought after. With two stones in hand, he attempted to replicate the magical spark his father does. It took a few attempts, but the leaves finally caught fire. Triumphant, Ikem laughed and danced around the flickering flames.

Yet soon, hunger soon interrupted his celebration. Glancing around the now darkened forest, he realized they hadn't secured any prey to feed on. His stomach rumbled, and as he peered into the shadows, Ikem wondered if luck would be on his side in finding sustenance.

Ikem sighed, tossing more branches onto the crackling fire before venturing into the forest, the two treants trailing closely behind. He walked until the glow of the campfire was a mere flicker in the distance. Suddenly, his ear twitched, capturing the rapid patter of small feet on the forest floor.

A green spear construct materialized in his hand, swiftly thrown toward the elusive creature. A frown came upon his face as he felt that his fast throw was dodged, Ikem channeled mana into the ground, sensing the creature's agile evasion as it jumped, roots emerged, snaring the creature from sky it jumped to and dragging it back to forest floor.

With a surge of mana, Ikem commanded the roots to entwine the creature, tightening their grip until its struggles ceased. Walking toward the dead prey, he discovered a rabbit the size of a well-fed pig. Happy with the hunt, he hoisted the creature onto his shoulders, with a new found energy Ikem walked back to the camp.

As they approached the camp, the treants looked behind them as they noticed a strong life force in the forest, a presence watching them and following after them. They only noticed the creature because of the connection they have with the surrounding trees, it was perfectly hidden.

The two treants looked over to Ikem who was only worried about filling his stomach and not taking notice of the impending danger, eager to alert his young master, the water treant was halted by the stone treant with a silent reminder of the creator's order.

With a sigh, the two treants followed their young master, as soon as they reached the camp. Ikem began to dismantle the creature, preparing it for consumption. The two treants lent their assistance, the water

treant providing water for Ikem. However, a warning hung in the air by it, warning Ikem that he should prepare his own water source for next time as this would be the last time it will be doing this. Ikem sighed at that, knowing that he is tasked with being self-sufficient and prepared for the challenges that lay ahead.