

## Guardian gods 48

### Chapter 48 Catch up

Recalling the dinosaurs' words about how creatures in the forest perceived him due to his demigod lineage, Ikem deduced that the creature had swallowed him for digestion. This explained why the creature remained alive, as the treants knew the digestive process would take time. The realization struck Ikem, "They are expecting me to get free from this alone?" The thought lingered as an unsettling nibbling sensation began to spread across his skin, confirming his suspicions.

Fighting against the discomfort, Ikem channeled his mana, forming a protective armor that shielded him from the digestive assault. Relief washed over him as the nibbling ceased, and his skin began to heal.

Now safe for the moment, Ikem pondered his next move as he contemplated on breaking free, he faced the challenge of the tight confines and the unresponsiveness of his body, thwarting any attempt at wielding a weapon. His mind raced, desperately searching for a solution in this dire situation.

"I need something small," Ikem thought, and a small dagger materialized from the armor covering his body. The dagger floated a small distance from his armor, unmoving. Ikem then realized that his hands weren't available to use the dagger, Ikem attempted to control the dagger with his mind.

The idea of using his mind to manipulate his mana construct hadn't crossed his mind before, but now in this situation he had no choice but to try. Focusing on the dagger, Ikem felt it move, though his control over the armor wavered, bringing back the nibbling pain.

"Damn it, I somehow have to move the dagger and keep enough control on the armor," Ikem muttered, irritated by the difficulty and absurdity of the situation.

Regaining control of the armor to halt the nibbling pain, Ikem noticed his slight control of the dagger dropped. Sighing, he attempted the same process until suddenly, he felt his body drop to the earth with a resounding thud. With this, he could breathe freely again.

The stone treant stood stoically, observing alongside the water treant as their unconscious young master lay surrounded by a protective green armor, with a dagger hovering nearby.

A stone ax transformed into sand, slipping through the stone treant's fingers and returning to the ground, while the massive snake lay cleanly divided from head to tail.

The water treant, eyeing the green armor around Ikem, remarked, "See, we should have waited a bit longer."

The stone treant remained silent for a moment before responding, "Maybe, maybe not, but I don't want to leave his safety to chance."

The two treants waited for Ikem to rise, but he remained stiff on the ground, seemingly in no hurry to get up.

Now able to breathe freely, Ikem realized he had been saved but couldn't shake the annoyance that he hadn't been the one to extricate himself from the situation. The green mana armor dissipated, and he attempted to move, yet his body remained unresponsive.

A thought crossed his mind: "I'll use this chance to get more sleep. The treants will soon notice I'm not moving, and they'll have no choice but to keep me safe." Feeling a bit of glee at his sudden idea, Ikem decided to take advantage of the treants for once, Ikem thought nothing of it as he was kinda angry at

the two treants always watching him solve every danger alone, so taking advantage of them this time was something Ikem wholeheartedly felt was necessary.

Amused in his mind, Ikem laughed inwardly and quickly succumbed to sleep, the lingering effects of the smoke contributing to his rest.

The two treants remained unaware of Ikem's thought process, but observing their young master's stillness, the water treant spoke up.

"The smoke was more potent than I thought. I believe it was the right decision on how you interfered," the water treant remarked.

"Hmm, I don't see how he would have gotten himself out if he was in this state," replied the stone treant, his face bearing a serious expression.

The night passed with the vigilant treants keeping watch over Ikem. The first rays of sunlight pierced through the forest leaves, casting a warm glow on Ikem's face as he woke up. Yawning and stretching his arms, he shook like a leaf caught in a gentle breeze.

Furrowing his brows at the sudden light, Ikem couldn't suppress the smile that crept onto his face as he looked at the two vigilant treants. The treants, unfazed by his behavior, calmed down, reassured that his situation wasn't permanent and he was safe.

Standing up and surveying the surroundings, Ikem noticed the huge dried snake corpse not far away. "So this was what almost ate me up," he mused, realizing the danger he had narrowly escaped.

"How was it able to get that close to me" Ikem said to himself but the treants heard him as the stone treant spoke up " It was able to produce smoke that can induce a deep sleep and from further observation paralysis"

Nooding at the treant word, Ikem brows furrowed as he thought to himself " How can I prevent or even be ready for something like that" Ikem looked at the beautiful bright forest around him but he wasn't able to appreciate it's beauty.

Retrieving the book his father gave him, surprisingly unaffected by the snake's digestive juices, Ikem opened the map. The bird had thrown him off course, and despite his efforts, he couldn't determine his location.

Turning to the two treants, Ikem expressed his gratitude, "Thanks for the protection and lookout, guys."

"I need one more favor from you guys," Ikem said, squinting an eye to gauge the treants' expressions as he asked for help.

The water treant stared directly at Ikem before responding, "It depends on the favor you are asking for."

"I believe I am lost after the encounter with the bird. Can you guys help put me back on the right track?"

Silence settled over the camp until the water treant spoke again, "If that's all, then we will do our utmost best to get you back on track, but you have to keep up for that."

A mischievous grin spread across the faces of the two treants as they bolted out simultaneously. Ikem, slow to react, grimaced, realizing he should've asked more politely.

Without wasting time, Ikem dashed after the treants. As he closed the gap, he made mana flow through his body, strengthening it. The treants, not willing to make it easy for their young master took their speed up a notch as they quickly created distance.

The dense forest obscured the treants' path which limited their speed, so Ikem shifted into his demigod form, recalling a time when he traversed the trees in the realm together with his father in such a similar state.

Jumping onto the closest tree, Ikem swung through the forest with ease, his demigod physique making the task effortless. Soon, he caught up with the treants.

A laugh escaped Ikem's mouth as he got excited, swinging harder and faster. The forest turned into a blur as he swiftly passed the treants.

Caught off guard by Ikem's sudden speed, the treants exchanged glances before infusing mana into their bodies. They too began swinging, skillfully phasing through trees they used to dodge as if they were mere illusions in their path. The forest echoed with the exhilarating sounds of their rapid movement, creating a harmonious dance between nature and demigod.

Ikem swiftly grabbed a branch, swinging himself through the forest canopy before releasing his hand and shooting upward into the sky. The exhilaration of the rapid ascent echoed in the rustling leaves. Moments later, he dove back down, skillfully grabbing onto the next tree.

The process repeated until, once again, he shot into the sky. This time, he caught a glimpse of a golden light speeding toward him. Intrigued, Ikem thought, "No way that is what I think it is."

Repeating the motion, he confirmed his suspicion. It was the eagle that had caught him. Falling back to the tree, Ikem mused to himself, "No way that bird found me again."

The two treant caught up at this time as the stone treant stated, stating matter-of-factly, "We are already back on track."

Ikem shot the treant a dumbfounded look. "Well, no kidding. That bird was a dead giveaway."

The water treant smiled, enjoying Ikem's reaction. "Impressive on being able to sense it, young master."

Ikem corrected with a grin, "I didn't sense it, but I got a glimpse of it flying here." He transformed back to his human form and gracefully descended from the tree.

"Either way, still impressive. Best of luck to you then," the water treant said, and the mana signatures of both treants disappeared.

Standing with his mouth slightly agape, Ikem mused, "I have got to learn that. It will save me a lot of trouble." He finished speaking and immediately rolled to his left as a golden claw stretched out, grabbing the position where he had just been.

Turning from his rolling position, a bow and arrow materialized in Ikem's hand, and he swiftly shot it into the sky. A resonant ding echoed through the air as the arrow clashed with the golden light surrounding the bird. Seizing the moment, Ikem immediately shifted his position, recalling his father's map, and started running.

The eagle pursued relentlessly, intermittently reaching out to snatch at Ikem. He countered each attack by shooting arrows, but with every evasion, his concern deepened. The bird's grabs seemed too easy, and his apprehension was validated when he felt a sharp pain as a part of his back flesh was torn away.

Gritting his teeth, Ikem made no sound. Surveying his surroundings, he sought refuge from the bird's keen eyes. A towering tree soon made itself known as Ikem ran to it, the tree branches shielded him from the eagle's line of sight. As Ikem took cover beneath the massive tree, he channeled mana into his wounded back, hastening the healing process.

Reflecting on the situation, Ikem acknowledged, "Normal arrows won't work because of the golden light surrounding the bird. Going aerial would mean certain death, so I have to try something new."

The eagle surrounded by golden light soon fell from the sky as it sliced through the tree Ikem was under and the nearby trees, Ikem moved immediately from the area as it was now more open for the bird to see him. Simultaneously, a colossal bow construct manifested in his hands. Quickly reaching into an area surrounded by trees, Ikem knelt down, drawing his bow as a massive arrow formed simultaneously. The arrow construct bore a familiar appearance with the ones shot earlier but with a subtle detail: the arrowhead now held more concentrated mana, making it compact and sharper.

As the bird turned around, flying toward Ikem, he released the arrow. The collision was swift; the bird, seemingly unperturbed, flew right into the arrow. With no resistance, the arrow pierced the bird's chest, the construct disappearing immediately afterward.

The bird screeched in fear and pain, caught off guard by the unexpected attack. The pain threw it off balance, and it flew right over Ikem's head. Standing up, he watched the bird soar away, taking a deep breath and clenching the bow. "It will be back," Ikem murmured to himself, the tension in the air lingering as he ventured deeper into the forest.

Continuing his journey, Ikem noticed the treants were nowhere near, and he couldn't sense them. This confirmed to him that the encounter wasn't over; the bird would return. A grin formed on Ikem's face as he felt his back fully healed. "I will be ready for you next time," he whispered, occasionally glancing up at the sky, prepared for the inevitable return of his new adversary.

Ikem continued with the bow in his hand until a thunderous roar filled his ears. His head snapped toward the source, and there it was—the bird, soaring fast in his direction. Without hesitation, Ikem shifted into his demigod state. Taking a calculated knee, he drew his bow, another arrow forming seamlessly on the string.