

Guardian gods 50

Chapter 50 Weird

That was the last straw for Ikem as he fainted. The stone treant watched as the water treant gracefully descended from the bird's back, their young master floating in a water bed trailing right behind.

"He was that hurt?" inquired the stone treant.

"Yes, if not for the bird taking most of the damage, I don't think we would have any young master left" responded the water treant with a serious face.

A tremendous roar caught their attention as they both looked back at the bird, bellowing into the sky one last time before its head dropped dead.

The two treants said nothing as they watched in silence. "I wanted to move to another place to heal the young master, but I think it's best if we heal him here so that he can see this sight when he wakes up" decided the water treant.

The stone treant said nothing as it went into the forest; this time, it was its turn to hunt and prepare a meal for their young master when he woke up.

In a small clearing nearby, the water treant sat down. Before it lay the water bed cradling Ikem. Plunging its hand into the water bed, the water treant invoked its other attribute—wood. The wood element gathered around and merged with the water, transforming the aqua blue water bed into a vibrant green. As the water turned green, the water treant withdrew its hand, and the water bed enveloped Ikem.

The stone treant soon emerged from the forest carrying a huge boar. It wanted to say something but stopped as the two treants looked toward the bird's corpse, which was now dried up. The corpse shook briefly, and after a while, the blood root crawled out from the corpse, moving towards the stone treant holding the boar.

The stone treant looked down at the root with a strange face and said, "What even is this thing?"

The water treant also wore a weird expression as it responded, "I don't know, the same as us but only weirder".

The roots seemed to understand what was being said as it took a small stickman form. "In my eyes, you guys are the weird ones" it spoke with an eerie yet amusing tone.

The stone treant jumped back in surprise with the boar corpse, stumbling out. "It spoke?" he exclaimed.

The water treant, equally surprised, left the floating green water bed and walked closer towards the root. "Since when can you speak?"

"Since I was created, just like you guys. I always talk with the creator" the root, now in a spooky yet comical stickman form, walked toward Ikem.

"Understandable, but why speak now?" The stone treant dropped the boar corpse as it gathered around wood to make fire.

The stickman root looked away from Ikem before regarding the two treants. "Just like you guys, I have evolved. Could have gotten here faster if the creator had preys it was feeding me or a drop of his blood"

"I see, it seems being with the young master has benefited you a lot" the stone treant spoke up.

"Indeed it has, which is why I feel the need to say this." The stickman's voice turned serious as blood-red mana leaked out of it. The forest, once noisy, fell into an eerie silence as the treants also leaked out their mana. The air thickened with tension, and the surroundings seemed to respond to the escalating mana in the atmosphere. The treant actions showed they were ready to take out the root, if it said or do something unreasonable.

The stickman ignored the obvious threat and continued in a serious tone. "We all got an order from the creator not to interfere until the young master's life is in danger, but this is it not it" It pointed at the healing floating water bed holding Ikem.

The energy releasing from the two treants lessened as they both looked at Ikem, then back to the stickman. The water treant then said, "I don't get your anger; the young master is still alive, isn't he?"

'Indeed, but that doesn't mean he should get into or be in this state,' the stickman said out loud.

The stone treant then questioned the stickman, "You were with him during the fall and the whole fight; why didn't you intervene then instead of going off on us?"

The stickman was stunned by the question as the energy it was releasing diminished too. "My case with the young master is special. I could ignore the creator's order and interfere, but at the same time, I don't want to disobey his order"

"Special? You mean the reaction you got with the young master after the creator handed you to him" the water treant said as it rubbed its shin.

"Indeed, at the moment of the reaction, I kind of intertwined with the wooden elements in the young master's body. So, in a way, I am now more for him than the creator" the stickman root said with a dejected tone.

"I still don't fully understand what you are trying to say, but I do understand that you don't want to go against the creator's order" the stone treant said as it relaxed.

"Yes, while I can ignore the creator's orders and interfere in the young master journey, I don't want to, as he was the one that gave me life" the stickman root said as it looked back at Ikem

Silence ensued for a while before the water treant spoke out. "We indeed could have done better to ensure the young master didn't reach the state he is now. We will pay extra attention to see that it doesn't happen again".

"Thank you. Now let's get to cooking this boar". The stickman root's voice returned to its previous state as it delved into the boar to drain it of its blood.

The stone treant shook its head at the antics and with an amused voice said, "It's more weird and interesting than we thought"

The water treant nodded. "Indeed"

In another part of the continent of the world Nana, Ursula, the only daughter of the sun god Crepuscular, pondered her responsibilities as a leader. She inherited the full mantle after her father went to sleep, nothing seemed to have changed yet with his presence but she knew it was his guidance that led them to their current state. Adorned in her demigod form, Ursula resembled her father, with long golden hair and huge golden wings. She lacked the halo-like light that always accompanied her father. Seated in her golden palace atop the highest mountain in their continent and adorned in a silky white dress designed with gold, Ursula gaze seemed to see through the palace walls as she looked at the harpies of different colors, her descendants, flying around the mountains they called home. "I wonder how my cousins are doing. They should have their hands full guiding their offspring. Well, the same can't be said for the two younger cousins; they should still be at the stage of procreation" Ursula thought to herself.

"I wish I was at their stage; now, all I am left with is dealing with these ignorant elders." Ursula looked down from her throne to see a group of old harpies seated in council, discussing their plans to take over the continent for her father's sake. Their voices droned on, each claiming to understand the will of Crepuscular better than the others.