

## Guardian gods 66

### Chapter 66

"All life forms, including me, a half-divine being, require blood for survival. Although I don't comprehend if it is the same for the gods, I still recognize the vital role blood plays in life," Ikem muttered unintentionally, unaware that he was speaking aloud, with Bara attentively listening.

"Wood signifies life for me, but how can I imbue wood with life?" Ikem recalled that Bara, at times, referred to himself as 'we'—a collective representation of small consciousness.

An audacious idea struck Ikem: "What if, through Bara, I could infuse life into wood?"

Hearing Ikem's words, Bara felt a profound clarity. Recollecting his initial encounter with Ikem and the peculiar connection thereafter, he realized, "This is my purpose."

Looking at Ikem with solemn determination, Bara spoke, "Let's do it, Ikem. Let's bring your dream of giving life to fruition."

With that, as if an unspoken agreement had been reached, before Ikem could respond, he sensed the elements in his heart stirring. Ikem concentrated deeply to comprehend the unfolding events, receiving only the word "Answered." Subsequently, Bara began glowing red, transforming into a drop of blood that gracefully entered Ikem's body and journeyed straight to his heart.

Upon reaching Ikem's heart, the blood breached the space where the core resided, merging with it. The core disintegrated, transforming into a small green tree with blood-red roots that were intertwining with Ikem's veins. This seamless connection allowed the absorption of blood to become a shared experience.

The whole transformation led Ikem to the fourth stage where a whole new experience awaited him and right now he was about to display one of the abilities from this stage. Blood red roots started flowing out from Ikem's body taking root into the ground and quickly spreading all over the mountain.

It took a while before Ikem felt that he had connected with the mountain, closing his eyes, with his connection to the roots Ikem felt the flowing blood/life force of his people buried in the ruins, even those that were buried he could feel them and clearly understood where they were.

Supplying Mana, blood red roots stretched out into the ruins fishing out those that have survived, while at the same time the roots formed a mouth from where Ikem's voice was clearly relayed to his people in the mountain " Everyone should gather at the top of the mountain, no need to grab your properties leave everything behind where you are and gather at the mountain top, leave the rescuing to me "

Hearing their King's voice, the apeling's all calmed down as they began marching up to the top of the mountain. Ikem with his blood senses and roots manages to find those buried deep under ruins, for those heavily wounded he would send one of the healers from the ripple clan to go and help.

It took about 30 minutes for Ikem to rescue everybody, by this time thousand's of apeling's had gathered around the mountaintop. Retracting all the blood roots back into his body Ikem sat down at the temporary stone throne crafted for him by the terra clan.

" Tell me the damage status, you have gathered while I was rescuing" Ikem asked the members of the four main clans gathered around him. These people were elites of cursed clan hand picked to serve at the place at their strength level is at the second stage ready to advance to the third stage.

" Your highness, the landscape has taken a lot of damage, our farmland also wasn't spared from the disaster, The food storage was also hit, but we have managed to salvage the most we can from the damage, by estimation it will be able to keep everyone here well fed for about a week"

" I see, the food problem is of no problem, that can be handled. Now every member of the Terra clan available, I want you all to start with repairing the destroyed landscape, A messenger is already on the way to inform the four clan so they will soon be joining us here, do the best you can before the other clan members can join in"

" Members of the Ripple clan, divide yourselves into two where one group focuses on taking care of the hurt apelings and the other should focus on shut down the flames causing by the rain of fire"

" I need four people out of the Ember and Zephyr clan to journey out with me, I know a place with plenty food for us, as for the members left gather a few capable people out of the apeling groups to protect yourself from danger, and the zephyr clan do what you do best: make sure to keep everyone informed of any changes"

" When the four clan regroup with you guys, Make sure the follow the same arrangement" Ikem said all this before standing up.

Ikem cleared his throat as the originally noisy mountaintop quieted down as they attentively listened knowing that their leader was ready to talk.

"As your leader and father, I want you to know that we will face this adversity together, united as one resilient people. Our farmlands, the lifeblood of our sustenance, have been struck by the calamity. Our food reserves, a source of nourishment for generations, have been diminished. I am assembling a team of capable clan members, skilled in the ways of survival and resourcefulness. Together, we will venture to the land left for us by my father and our lord Ikenga to replenish our food supplies"

"In the meantime, I implore each of you to remain strong and resilient. Help one another, share what little we have, and stand united in the face of adversity. We will rebuild our farmlands, replenish our food reserves, and emerge from this darkness stronger than ever before" After saying that Ikem looked at the clan members left, if the food reserve run lows and we are not back yet, you can assembly a group of hunters to gather food.

With nothing left to say, Ikem walked down the mountain with the members, each of the carrying weapons of their choice.

Back to the Zephyr clan messengers ready to inform the four cursed clan of their leader's word. Surrounded by a tier two spell "Windy boots" The Zephyr clan messengers, still enveloped in the protective gusts of the "Windy Boots" spell, pressed forward through the ravaged landscape. The once lush forest, home to various magical creatures and flora, now lay in ruins. The twisted branches of fallen trees and the charred remains of foliage bore witness to the destructive force that had swept through.

As the trio made their way across the plains, they encountered the desolation that had befallen the area. Pillars of smoke rose in the distance, indicating fires that continued to rage unchecked. The ground beneath their feet crunched with the remnants of the once-vibrant ecosystem. The wind carried with it a haunting silence, broken only by the occasional creaking of damaged trees and the distant crackle of flames.

After a solemn hour of traversing the devastated landscape, the messengers arrived at the location where the four cursed clans were encamped. The camp itself bore the scars of the disaster, with tents torn and structures partially collapsed. Some members from each clan were gathered, tending to wounded comrades or mourning the loss of loved ones.

Approaching the leaders of the four cursed clans, the messengers bowed respectfully before delivering their message.

"We come on behalf of the King," spoke the messenger, his voice carrying above the mournful whispers of the camp. "The mountain palace has fallen, and everything is in ruins. The King sends word for all clans to regroup back at the mountain. Together, we can strategize and face whatever threat has befallen us."

The leaders of the four cursed clans exchanged glances, their expressions a mix of grief and determination. One by one, they nodded in agreement. Despite the tragedy, the fact their father is alive and well shows them that the situation can get better.

"We will gather our people and join the regrouping," said the leader of the Ember clan, his eyes reflecting the flames that had ravaged the surroundings. "But what of sustenance? Our food supplies are scarce, and many have perished."

The Zephyr messenger nodded, understanding the urgency of the situation. "Our king anticipated this. He instructs each clan to contribute what little food remains. Together, we shall share resources and face the challenges as one united front.

With a shared resolve, the leaders of the four cursed clans began organizing their people. The messengers, now assisted by the clan members, distributed what meager provisions had survived the disaster. As the sun dipped below the horizon, casting long shadows across the scarred landscape, the messengers and the clans continued their preparations for the journey ahead—a journey that would require not only physical resilience but also caution as there might be creature that will see this as an opportunity to attack such large group of gathered apelings.

Night came by as the four clan leaders sat in circle of a campfire while discussing how long and how much danger there will possibly be in for their journey back to the mountain, Ripple had a look of realization on her face as she spoke out loud " What about the shrine, no message about the shrine has gotten to any of us"