

Chapter45

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Training-01

CATALAYA POV

It's been three days since the ball, and our summer was officially in full swing, and yet I couldn't seem to enjoy it as much as I would like. I kept having these weird dreams that I didn't understand. It was like pieces of different things happening all at once, and no matter how hard I tried, I couldn't put them together. It was becoming very frustrating.

I couldn't dwell on that today though, because I have a long day ahead of me. I started training today. Not the regular training that I did. That was to learn control over my powers. Today I was beginning combat training, and I had no idea who my instructor would be, seeing as dad found it funny to not tell me.

It was now 4:00 am, and I had to be in the front of the yard by 4:30. I quickly did my morning routine, pulled on some gym tights and a sports bra, and then made a beeline for the kitchen. Opening the fridge, I grabbed an apple and ate it on my way outside. It was 4:20

when I checked the time on my phone. As I walked out to where I'd be training, I saw someone sitting in the grass. The individual's back was towards me, so I couldn't see their face, but I could tell it was a male.

"At least you managed to show up on time. That's a plus," the person said as I came closer. I couldn't tell if he was being sarcastic or not.

"Uhm good morning, are you the one who's going to train me?" I asked.

"Do you see anyone else out here?" he said, turning towards me.

When I saw his face, I stood motionless for a few seconds.

"It's you!" I blurted out.

"So it would seem." he responded with an eye roll.

Just great, it's mister rude hotness. How was I supposed to focus now? And why was he so rude?

"We'll come on, lets get started I have more important things to do today."

Straightening up, I stood at attention, trying my best to focus on what he was saying and not his lips that were saying the words.

"Ok so what is it that you know so far?" He asked.

"About what?" I asked without thinking.

Obviously, he was talking about fighting, you idiot.

"About planting daffodils,"

"Fighting! what else? Do you not know why you're here?" he asked irritably.

"Sorry, uh I wasn't thinking there."

"No shit," he grumbled.

"Dad said you'd be teaching me combat skills," I said, ignoring his little comment.

"Well good to know you're not completely incompetent. Now I ask again, what do you know about fighting?"

"Nothing," I said, embarrassed.

"Well I guess that is to be expected with your past-uhm anyway since we're starting from the basics I'm gonna explain a few things to you then we'll get into it."

"First thing you need to know is that fighting with brute force alone will get you killed before you can land a punch. You have to fight smart, using your

brain to outsmart your opponent.

Second, no matter who you're fighting, NEVER, and I mean NEVER, underestimate your enemy, even if it's a baby, because the moment you do, you're dead."

"I'll give you more pointers as we go along but I just wanted you to know these two things. Combat isn't a sport or type of entertainment, it's a survival skill one that we must sew into the essence of our being because without a survival instinct or self preservation skill you may as well be dead. Even the smallest of insects have a survival instinct."

"Now we move on to the actual thing. Sit."

I did as he said while taking to heart what he told me.

"First rule, always be alert. I want you to sit here and without using any of your demonic powers I want you to sense where I am, pinpoint my exact location."

How the hell am I supposed to do that?

"You can start by clearing your mind."

I looked at him in surprise. How did he-

"No, I can't read minds Catalaya, but I've done this enough to know what your reaction will be," he said, putting a blindfold over my eyes.

"Now quit stalling and do what I said."

I closed my eyes and tried to clear my mind of all thoughts, and trust me when I said it's easier said than done. It was like the more I tried not to think about anything, the more something came to mind, and now I was thinking about not thinking.

"How am I supposed to sense you when I can't even clear my head, this is so hard." I whined.

"If you'd stop talking and use your brain you'd figure it out. Now focus," he said.

I sighed and tried again. How the heck was I supposed to do this?

"At least give me a clue."

"What is wrong with you? You're not even trying! Are you sure you're the daughter Lucifer tried so hard to find because I can't believe the first princess of hell is so weak."

"What did you say!" I yelled.

"YOU. ARE. WEAK!"

"Everyone is so excited to meet you and bow down and worship at your feet when you don't deserve any of it. So I can understand why that angel boy rejected

you."

That felt like a sucker punch to the gut. I felt my heart break all over again when he mentioned Noah. How did he even know that, and did everyone here know I'd been rejected? I hadn't even realized I was crying until I felt the tears falling on my leg and the horrid memories of my past came crashing in.

Why was I crying? I said I wouldn't shed any more tears.

I really was weak.


Pathetic.

Useless.

Even with all these powers, I was still worthless. I betted I couldn't even defend myself without turning to Legacy if I were to be attacked right now. And even if I did use her powers, I still didn't know how to fully control them.

Realization hit, and it dawned on me that I hadn't changed at all. Even with Legacy and I together now, I was still that same weak human girl I'd always been.

I ripped the blindfold from my eyes, released my wings and took off. I had no idea where I was going. I just flew and flew until I got tired of flying. I started

 +35 BONUS

running all the while tears fell from my eyes.