

## Guardian gods 28

### Chapter 28: learning

His words hit me like a bolt of lightning, igniting a mix of excitement and trepidation within me. The prospect of honing my abilities and venturing into the unknown filled me with anticipation, but it also made me acutely aware of the dangers that lay ahead.

But before I could fully process the weight of his words, my father shifted his focus to a new topic. He stressed the significance of observation, imagination and instinct in combat. As if to demonstrate his point, a root suddenly emerged from the ground beneath me, startling me into swift action as I instinctively leaped aside to avoid it.

Staring at my father in disbelief, I struggled to comprehend the implications of his demonstration. Yet, he paid no heed to my astonishment, urging me to press on. He explained that instinct was an innate quality that couldn't be taught but served as a vital ally in battle, providing crucial warnings of impending danger.

"Now, I want you to attack me," my father commanded, his gaze unwavering. Caught off guard by the abruptness of his request, I hesitated, unsure of how to proceed. His serious expression intensified my sense of urgency, compelling me to gather my focus and make a move.

I stood there, my mind racing, desperately searching for a plan of attack. But no matter how hard I tried, nothing came to mind. I felt a sense of gratitude that my father wasn't rushing me, allowing me the time to gather my thoughts and come up with a strategy.

Realizing that time was slipping away and nothing would change if I remained indecisive, I recalled my father's words about instinct and imagination. It clicked within me, a flicker of understanding that propelled me into action.

Without hesitation, I charged toward my father, my heart pounding with determination. As I closed in on him, I clenched my fist tightly, summoning all my strength, and aimed a punch at his face. But to my surprise, he remained motionless, watching me with an icy stare.

As my punch drew nearer, I couldn't help but hesitate. I held back, my fist barely grazing his face. In that same moment, an overwhelming instinct told me to retreat, to escape from the impending danger. However, I was too slow to react.

I watched in slow motion as my father's fist collided with the left side of my face. A searing pain coursed through me, jolting me with the harsh reality of physical agony. It was the first time I had ever experienced such pain since my birth. The pain subsided quickly, giving way to darkness as everything faded into oblivion.

I gingerly touched the swollen and stinging left side of my face, wincing at the discomfort. As I tried to piece together the events that had led to my current condition, the memory of my father's punch resurfaced, causing a shudder to run through my body.

"Good, you're up," my father's voice broke through my thoughts. I looked up to see him standing over me, his expression still cold and unwavering.

Feeling a mix of pain and frustration, I struggled to rise to my feet. Every movement seemed to remind me of the beating I had taken. I wanted to scowl at my father, to voice my resentment, but the throbbing pain in my face made me reconsider.

"You have three minutes," my father stated, his gaze fixed upon me.

"Three minutes for what?" I couldn't help but ask, the confusion evident in my voice.

"To reflect on what you did wrong that led to your current state," he replied, his eyes assessing my sorry condition.

Anger flickered within me at his words, but I knew that my father was in no state to entertain any retorts. The pain in my left face flared up again, serving as a stark reminder of my current vulnerability. With a resigned acceptance, I chose not to challenge him further and instead focused on the task at hand.

The first thing that came to mind was the moment I hesitated and pulled back my punch, just as I was about to hit him. The image of my father's defenseless state and the fear of causing him harm had made me indecisive, and he had taught me a lesson for that.

"I know what I did wrong," I responded, mustering up the courage to admit my mistake.

"Let me hear it, then," he replied, his voice firm.

I proceeded to explain what I believed was my error, but to my disappointment, he showed no reaction. Instead, he simply instructed me to return to my position and attack him again.

Frustration began to build within me. Everything that was happening was new to me, yet my father expected me to understand it as if it were common knowledge. It was becoming increasingly challenging to meet his expectations.

Taking a deep breath to calm myself, I reminded myself that getting frustrated would only lead to further disappointment from my father. This time, I decided not to hold back. I would make sure his face would be as swollen as mine.

Assuming a comfortable stance, I swiftly moved into action, running towards him with determination. But just as before, he stood there calmly, observing my approach. "A free hit for me, then," I remarked as I neared him. With a clenched fist fueled by anger

When my fist connected with his face, a surge of satisfaction rushed through me. But that moment of triumph quickly faded as the weight of my actions settled in. I glanced up at my father, expecting to see some reaction, but he remained unfazed, his cold expression unchanged.

"I think I just learned what my second problem was," I thought to myself, realizing the consequences of my actions. However, before I could fully process it, his fist struck my right cheek with a force that sent me reeling. The familiar sensation washed over me, and once again, darkness enveloped my senses.

This time, upon waking, I found myself screaming as if trapped in a nightmare. As I looked around, I saw my father still standing in the same spot, seemingly unaffected by my distress.

I quickly pulled myself up, feeling the urgency to address my mistake. "What was your fault this time?" he asked, his voice calm and composed.

I stood there, deep in thought for a moment, contemplating my response. Finally, I gathered my thoughts and replied, "My mindset and observation have been off from the very beginning."

For the first time since the training began, a flicker of a different emotion crossed my father's face, but it vanished quickly.

"Elaborate," he requested, his tone steady.

I took a moment to gather my thoughts before responding. "My observation was off, which in turn affected my mindset. I should have recognized your true capabilities, considering the time I've spent with you. Yet, I failed to take advantage of that knowledge and find a way to use it to my advantage."

"You are a god, undeniably much stronger than me. My first mistake was foolishly thinking that I could harm you and holding back my punch. Second mistake was believing that my punch if for whatever reason manages to hit you, it would have any impact on you whatsoever," I explained, looking directly at him to gauge his response