

Guardian gods 29

Chapter 29: Despair?

He simply nodded in acknowledgment. "Get back into position. You're improving, but there are still some areas you need to work on."

I nodded in understanding. I wasn't frustrated anymore; instead, I was focused. I could see a clearer picture of what my father was trying to teach me.

I watched as Ikem positioned himself, a sense of pride and happiness filling me as he effortlessly picked up on the cues I had given him.

You might wonder why I didn't teach him the proper techniques of fighting. That's because there are certain things that can't be taught directly, and fighting happens to be one of them.

I firmly believe in the saying that you are your best teacher. Learning things on your own is different from being taught by others. You can receive instruction on a subject a hundred times and still not fully grasp it until you experience it firsthand.

That was the mindset I adopted when teaching Ikem. I may not possess the knowledge of fighting techniques, but my godly physique gives me an advantage. I am stronger and faster, so a clumsy punch from me could potentially be lethal to an opponent. My body allows me to turn my imaginative ideas of fighting into reality, as I can execute moves that I envision.

When Ikem charges at me, I concentrate and perceive him as slow and non-threatening. I can easily react to his punches and maneuvers, creating the illusion that I am a skilled fighter. However, it is primarily my physical advantage that allows me to do so. This training is not just for Ikem's benefit; it also serves as a learning experience for myself.

Previously, I struggled with how to train him effectively. But reconsidering my perspective on fighting, I realized that I could teach him in the best way I knew how. With my superior physique, I can identify his weaknesses and guide him in correcting them. We learn together and improve together. In a way, we are both using each other to become better fighters.

I had wondered if this approach would work, but seeing Ikem diligently correct his mistakes after every takedown assured me that I was on the right path.

Refocusing my attention on Ikem, who appeared more focused than before, I gestured for him to attack. He repeated the same sequence as last time, coming close and throwing a punch.

However, this time, with my heightened senses, I sensed that the punch was a feint and he had a follow-up move. I swiftly moved my head to the side, dodging his strike.

It seemed that Ikem had anticipated my dodge and had a follow-up plan. As his other hand extended towards me to grab and draw me closer, I decided to add some excitement to our training session. Acting quickly, I reached out and caught the hand he was extending, momentarily surprising him. In response, he swiftly delivered a kick to my waist, but I managed to catch his leg with my other free hand.

Not wanting to end the exercise too quickly, as Ikem was still in the process of learning, I took the opportunity to swing him around before tossing him back to his original position. He quickly regained his

footing, and upon realizing that I was coming after him, he stood his ground and appeared to contemplate his next move.

Suddenly, he charged at me again, getting closer this time. He feigned a punch before quickly squatting down. I was momentarily confused by his actions, but then he swung his arm and a wave of sand obstructed my vision. Reacting instinctively, I closed my eyes to protect them from the sand. I extended my senses to locate his position. I sensed that he was pulling back, and a whip-like sound reached my ears from behind me.

It became apparent that Ikem's intention with the sand was to create a distraction and then the wooden whip will strike me from behind. It was a clever tactic, but just as the wooden whip was about to make contact, it abruptly stopped.

Reaching out behind me, the root-like whip obediently wrapped itself around my arm. I looked at my bewildered son, who couldn't believe what had just occurred.

"How?" he exclaimed in disbelief.

Observing the whip firmly secured around my arm, it became evident that someone using an element related to my divinity would not be able to use it against me.

"I have only just discovered this myself, but it seems your wood manipulation ability does not work against me," I explained to my son, who wore a defeated expression.

Pausing for a moment to reflect, I contemplated the implications of this revelation. If it held true, then as gods in this world, we would be virtually unbeatable. However, I couldn't readily accept such a notion, so I decided to inquire about Ikem's experience with what had just transpired.

"Let's take a break," I suggested, sensing that he needed a moment to process everything. As soon as I made the suggestion, he collapsed to the ground, overwhelmed by the intensity of the training

Knowing that he wasn't passed out and just tired, I asked, "Can you try to explain how it feels when you use your ability and how it felt when you lost control of it?"

He didn't respond immediately, but I could see him breathing heavily. After a moment, he managed to speak, "When I use my ability, it's like flexing my arms, but it feels both physically and mentally draining. Using my ability saps my energy, leaving me a bit tired."

As he explained, I started to understand where the issue might lie, though I couldn't be certain. "You don't have any divine energy flowing through you, but there is mana flowing inside you, isn't there?"

He nodded, still catching his breath. "Yes, whenever I use my innate ability, I can feel the presence of mana as it tries to replenish the physical and mental energy I expend."

"I have an idea," I said, looking at him intently as he sat up. "I want you to try using your ability again, but this time, focus on harnessing the mana within you instead of relying solely on your physical and mental strength."

He seemed deep in thought, considering my suggestion. After a moment, he stretched out his hand, and a root emerged from the ground. However, it quickly retracted as he shook his head. It was clear that

the root wasn't powered by mana. He still had some learning to do when it came to controlling the flow of mana within him.

(Ikem POV)

As we continued our training, I couldn't help but feel overwhelmed by my father's strength. Doubt started creeping in, making me question whether I was actually making any progress. It was during this moment of uncertainty that I began to think about my inborn abilities.

Perhaps utilizing my abilities would give me the advantage I needed. However, the outcome of my attempt left me disheartened, almost making me consider giving up. After all, if my abilities were useless against my father, what was the point of this training?

Yet, my father remained calm as always, even though he himself seemed surprised by the outcome. It didn't take long for him to start asking me questions, probing deeper into the nature of my abilities.

As I explained how my abilities worked and their futility against him, my father mentioned the energy that had always been absorbed within me since birth. It was as if a ray of light pierced through the darkness of my confusion. If my innate abilities didn't work against him in their normal form, what if they were powered by mana?