

Guardian gods 30

Chapter 30 Progress

The moment he suggested combining the use of mana with my abilities, a wave of rejuvenation washed over me. All the exhaustion seemed to fade away. However, I now faced a new challenge - controlling the mana within me. I had never paid much attention to this energy before, but it had always provided assistance whenever I used my abilities, replenishing my mental and physical energy.

Now I face the challenge of controlling the energy known as mana. Unlike my innate ability, which seemed to flow naturally with my will, manipulating mana required intense concentration and effort.

I spent the entire day dedicated to learning how to control the mana that resided within me, but progress was slow. Although I hadn't made significant breakthroughs yet, I could sense myself getting closer with each attempt to harness the power of mana.

It felt as if I was learning how to walk again. Another observation I made was that manipulating mana was mentally draining. Unlike before, where both my physical and mental energy were required, this time it was solely my mental energy that was consumed.

As the day progressed, the strain of using substantial mental energy started to take its toll. I could no longer continue the training. Recognizing my exhaustion, my father instructed me to rest and recover. We would resume our training where we left off the following day.

Over the next two months, my focus remained on mastering the utilization of mana. During the initial week, I was able to achieve some success in getting the mana to move and circulate around me. This progress filled me with joy and motivated me to further integrate mana into my abilities.

Excited by my newfound skills, I attempted to combine the use of mana with my wood manipulation abilities. However, just as before, I encountered difficulties in effectively utilizing the mana.

Despite the setbacks, I persevered in honing my control over mana. With time and practice, I began to unlock its incredible potential.

The following weeks and months were dedicated to mastering the effective use of mana. Through this process, I discovered incredible ways to harness this energy. I experimented with different concentrations and learned how to channel mana to specific parts of my body.

When I concentrated the mana flow perfectly to my hand, my punches became stronger and faster. By directing the mana to my legs, I could jump to greater heights and increase my overall speed. I even managed to deliver a powerful kick that effortlessly sliced through a tree trunk.

Eager to put my newfound abilities to the test, my father immediately requested that I attack him. At first, there wasn't much difference compared to when I wasn't utilizing mana. I found myself being swiftly subdued and put to sleep after just one punch.

It became apparent that while I could make the mana flow through my body and enhance my physical capabilities, I could only achieve optimal results when in a concentrated state. However, when it came to combat situations, my concentration often faltered, preventing me from effectively utilizing the mana when I needed it most.

After being knocked out countless times, I gradually managed to find a way to direct the mana flow to my chin, providing me with some defense against my father's punches. Although the defense wasn't sufficient to prevent me from feeling pain, it was a breakthrough moment as I could withstand more

than just one blow. I wanted to celebrate this small victory, but my father swiftly followed up with another punch that sent me back into slumber.

Frustration and determination welled up within me as I uttered a frustrated curse " Damn it" before succumbing to the drowsiness that overtook me.

With the small but significant progress I made in defending my chin using mana, a newfound sense of confidence surged through me. Although I still found myself being put to sleep during our training sessions, it no longer happened immediately upon my father's punches landing.

The ability to make mana flow and provide defense during combat gave me a sense of assurance. I was elated by this development that I momentarily neglected to continue practicing the integration of mana with my innate abilities. The hours spent being slept and questioning the resilience of my chin were now replaced with a sense of pride and the knowledge that I possessed a sturdy defense.

My happiness was short-lived as my father decided to increase the intensity of our training. Fear engulfed me, and I dreaded the possibility of things going back to how it was before with me getting knocked out.

Summoning my courage, I threw a punch directly at my father's face. Surprisingly, he didn't evade or dodge the attack. Instead, he raised his hand in defense, bracing himself for the impact. However, I couldn't react quickly enough as he swiftly seized my fist, pulling me closer.

In an instant, he unleashed a swift and forceful blow to my abs and ribs. The punch was so powerful that it lifted me off my feet, causing spit to escape from my mouth. I tumbled uncontrollably, desperately trying to find stability by planting my feet firmly into the ground.

As I finally came to a halt, I rolled to the side just in time to evade a kick aimed at me. Reacting instinctively, I crossed my hands in front of my face, creating a makeshift guard. The next moment, a heavy punch struck against the defense I had formed

I could feel my hands trembling as I was sent flying from the force of the punch. But amidst the chaos, I focused my thoughts on finding an escape from this relentless assault.

Since mastering the use of mana as a defensive shield, my role in our training sessions had shifted. I found myself constantly on the defensive, while my father took on the role of the relentless attacker. There was no respite, no time to catch my breath or strategize. Each time I blocked one strike, another one came crashing in, demanding an immediate response.

I couldn't help but feel frustrated as my father expected me to counterattack. How was I supposed to seize the opportunity to strike back when all my energy was devoted to fending off his punishing blows? I began to appreciate the simplicity of being knocked out with a single punch, as compared to the ongoing torment I now faced.

Despite my frustration, I recognized the wisdom in my father's relentless approach. I suppressed my anger, understanding the invaluable lessons hidden within his unyielding onslaught.

Through the intense training and the extreme stress placed upon my body, I made remarkable progress in controlling mana. After six months of gruelling dedication, I had reached a point where I could instinctively tap into the power of mana for both offense and defense.

The physical and mental strain endured during our training sessions instilled in me a profound admiration for my father. His words about the remarkable potential of the body in life-or-death

situations resonated deeply within me, as I now witnessed first-hand the incredible abilities that can emerge from such trials.