

Guardian gods 39

Chapter 39 Surprise

As he found himself suspended in mid-air, unable to halt his momentum after the wild swing, he couldn't help but wonder what could be changed. It wasn't the first time he had attempted something unexpected, only to see it fail. He knew what was coming next as he saw his father gracefully dodge his errant swing. Would it be a strike aimed at his head or a body blow? He had to act quickly.

In an instant, he focused his mana, forming a protective shield around his body. Most of the mana concentrated on his head and abdomen. It was a gamble, but it was all he could do. Just in time, a gust of air mixed with spittle erupted from his mouth as he was sent hurtling into the forest surrounding the realm. He only caught a fleeting glimpse of his father's arm, encased in a wooden gauntlet, as it aimed for his stomach.

As he passed through the first hard tree with his back exposed, a sense of impending danger washed over him. He knew that trying to weave through another tree would be akin to tempting death. Quickly, he concentrated his shield mana on his vulnerable back, and its effects became immediately apparent as he felt no pain while gliding through the trees one after another. The protection held until the momentum from the punch finally wore off.

Taking advantage of the distance his father had put between them, he took a moment to let the rapid flow of mana within his body settle, all while taking deep breaths. He could already feel his innate healing ability kick in, gradually mending the damage inflicted on his abdomen. Then, suddenly, his ear twitched, and he instinctively held his breath.

Ikem's body reacted before he even had a chance to think. He swiftly rolled to the side, his hand making contact with the ground to propel him back onto his feet. Cold sweat formed on his back as he watched his father descend from the sky, landing right where he had been briefly resting. He observed as the earth, which had been a formidable obstacle for him, crumbled effortlessly beneath his father's might, sending shards of stone and a cloud of dust into the air.

"For a brief moment, Ikem thought he could steal a moment's respite. "I thought for a moment you were taking a break, boy," his father's voice echoed from the dissipating cloud of dust.

"You must have thought wrong," Ikem replied, swiftly transitioning into his demi-god form. It bore a striking resemblance to his father's god form, lacking only the horns and curse markings.

"Did I?" The voice now came from behind him.

Without hesitation, two mana constructs formed below Ikem's armpits, resembling his hands. With a surge of power, he launched two strong, mana-infused punches while simultaneously creating distance between them.

"That was impressive," his father's voice praised as Ikem held his guard, keeping an eye on his previous position. His father stood there in his human form but with four arms, two defensively guarding and the others outstretched, as if reaching for something.

Ikem instantly grasped the situation. One set of arms was for defense, and if he hadn't moved, he would have been ensnared."

"Not impressive enough for you," Ikem responded to his father, still maintaining a defensive posture.

"That's true, but that's because it was me. A weaker or equal opponent to you would have been thoroughly overwhelmed and caught off guard by how quickly you constructed both arms," his father acknowledged.

"If I can't perform something as simple as that, then all this training would be for nothing," Ikem admitted.

"True. Now, get into your form," his father ordered. At the mention of "form," Ikem's defensive stance evolved. He didn't straighten up entirely, but his previously coiled form adjusted as he raised his two real arms into a boxing position. The two constructed arms flexed and extended as if stretching.

Ikem focused intently on his father, who approved with a nod and positioned himself at arm's length. Suddenly, he ducked a straight right punch from his father, and his green construct arm shot out simultaneously for a body blow. However, his father's own construct intercepted it. Undeterred, Ikem swiftly transitioned from his ducking position into an uppercut, which his father effortlessly dodged.

Ikem glimpsed his father's arm aiming for a body blow, but his other constructed arm intercepted the punch. Simultaneously, they released each other and began a relentless exchange of blows. Hands and feet flew through the air, breaking through everything in their path.

The boxing match continued for about 5 intense minutes. The sound of their fists meeting was like thunder, and the ground quaked beneath their relentless onslaught. Ikem felt his mana constructs weakening; he was running out of mana. His father sensed it too and stepped up his game. However, Ikem was not ready to concede easily. This was their final training session, and he wanted to at least give his father a powerful parting blow as a token of gratitude for all the training and care he had received.

But as his mana continued to weaken, the chance of landing that solid punch grew slimmer. Desperation crept in as he caught one of his father's punches with one of his now weakened construct arms. The arm began to disintegrate but didn't vanish completely. Instead, it transformed into a dense cloud of green smoke that obscured his father's vision. Ikem knew that alone wouldn't be enough, so he turned his other construct arm into the same green smoke, making the cloud even thicker and more impenetrable.

Then, he did something unexpected. He stepped into the dense green smoke, even though he himself couldn't see through it.

Ikenga's pov.

Watching the green smoke his son had created, Ikenga stood still, curious to discover the purpose of the smoke. He could easily see through it, but he didn't, as it was one of the handicaps he had imposed on himself when fighting his son."

However, not seeing with his physical eyes didn't mean that Ikenga, a god, had no other way of perceiving. Sensing mana came easily to him. He observed his son's mana, but all of a sudden, his son's mana signature vanished as soon as he felt Ikem walk into the green smoke he had created.

In his heightened senses, it was as if the entire green smoke transformed into his son after Ikem entered it. He was still trying to make sense of this when a punch seemingly materialized out of nowhere. With lightning reflexes, he dodged it, catching a fleeting glimpse of his son's arm. Then, unexpectedly, he felt a series of rapid, miniature blows striking all over his body.

The green smoke that surrounded him had taken on the form of small baby arm constructs, relentlessly attacking him. He still couldn't see his son, but it felt like the baby arms were his son's doing. Out of the blue, a powerful blow made him tilt his head to the side, and just as suddenly, the green smoke dissipated, revealing his son's fist in close proximity to his face.

"Take that, old man," Ikem managed to utter before he passed out. A chuckle escaped from Ikenga's mouth, which gradually turned into a full-blown laughter.

