

KEEPER 122

Chapter 122: ARRIVAL

General Felunko was worse than Lotaga had explained. He lectured them even before they could salute him. He apparently expected them to be faster than war carriages, which were pulled by the fastest horses, and to reach the headquarters in two days. They were five days late on his schedule, and it was unforgivable. He was not the only general at the headquarters. There was the special units in general, the Elite Squads' general of Tagayia and him, the war general of Tagayia. He was the one with the most authority. Above the three generals was, of course, the supreme general.

"What is Salka teaching you up north? I shaped that brat myself. I can't believe the quality of combat has reduced this far," he tsked with regret in his tone.

"Salka greets the general," Lotaga said with a smile that was way too wide before he saluted the general. He was truly a bami chimera and asakana. He did not acknowledge Lotaga and even got more irritated.

"Leave," he said to Lotaga and the smile on Lotaga's face did not disappear. He saluted again before he walked out the door.

"So you are the squad that got an honour field exercise for killing intruders?" he asked, but he did not seem interested. He managed to look uninterested yet demanded answers.

"Yes, war general," they answered in chorus.

"When I was your age, I killed six men in an ambush by myself. Since you are now under my care, I will shape you for this one month so you know what a real battle is," he said with a serious tone.

"To start with, I need you to run around the octagon ten times so you can master the outline for patrol," he said, and everyone turned white. "What are you waiting for? Go!" he banged a hand on his table.

To run around the octagon once could mean suicide, and ten times was impossible. It was not humanly possible. Was he trying to kill them? The team moved out the door quickly, and Lotaga was eavesdropping by the door. He must have heard everything because of the funny look he was giving them.

"I told you to tread carefully. You did not listen," he said, shrugging his shoulders.

"We did not do anything. Is this a punishment for doing nothing?" Ulekai whined. The boy was already white since Lotaga said that there was a possibility he would be situated at the border after graduating from college. Now, however, he was as white as a ghost.

"You'd better hurry if you want to be done by morning. Well, if you don't die by the fifth lap." Lotaga cheered them on before he disappeared in the opposite corridor.

"Let's move," Kaka said, already jogging. The place is a whole small city by itself, and it must have been built and remained standing for centuries. All eight fronts of the octagon had a gate that must have been used in defense.

The wing they had been welcomed into is the eighth wing that Lotaga had not talked about, which is the high command access wing. This is the Final decision authority.

This is not a department in the traditional sense. It oversees all divisions, including itself, settles disputes, authorizes war declarations, and approves classified operations.

The group moved outside and immediately moved into a sprint. It did not take the team long to split into teams of two. Kaka was in the lead with kiuga and even just watching the run, it was clear they would soon be out of reach. Maita and banga were next. Although they were complete opposites, somehow they always managed to work together perfectly. Zazarie and bukata were third, ulekai and zoliath, and last was sagiri and nvaru. sagiri had improved rapidly, and he was not so far behind Ulekai and Zolinka. N'varu could have been right with Kaka and kiuga but after the news about the seventh wing, he was not going to leave sagiri's side anytime soon.

The group was silent, obviously thinking about their fate. N'varu only spoke after they were halfway on their first lap.

"Let's escape tonight," N'varu said, and sagiri almost tripped and fell. He came to a stop and wheeled around.

"What are you talking about?" sagiri asked.

"You are always in danger here. Let's leave. I was only meant to take you back home," N'varu said with urgency.

"Home? Where is that?" sagiri asked, his attention captured.

"Yes, just like I said on the first day we talked in that arena, I am only meant to protect you. and take you home safely," N'varu said, looking up and down to make sure nobody could hear them. "If you stay here, you will die. Too many people know you are different now, we can't trust these Tagayians to keep their word." N'varu spat the last part with venom.

Tagayians?

"What do you mean? Are you not from Tagayia?" sagiri asked. This was the most nvaru had revealed about the location of his home. No wonder he had not been able to find anyone in the history of all clans with the sagiri name or his abilities.

"You are not from Tagayia, you are dumb if you haven't realized that much," N'varu said, looking up and down again.

"Where is my home?" sagiri asked, feeling a bit of longing. He had hoped he was from Tagayia since it was all he had known for the eighteen years of his life, but still, he desired to know his real home. Tagayia could always be his first home, but the desire to know his roots was there.

"I was hoping you could have remembered by now, but since you haven't, I will tell you. I will tell you once we step out of these walls." N'varu said. sagiri already knew there was no convincing the boy, and to tell him, he was tight-lipped and revealed just enough whenever he thought it was right.

It was a gamble.

Before he could say anything more nvaru turned and started running in the direction they had been going towards.

