

KEEPER 125

Chapter 125: LOST

The captains had not even introduced themselves, and they just walked ahead.

On the first turn, however, someone popped out of the corner and almost ran into the captain intentionally.

"Captain Chera, what a coincidence," Lotaga greeted with a bow, but Chera did not even acknowledge him. In fact, he looked more and more bored and disconnected now than ever.

"Move out of the way, go play somewhere else," Chera said. His pupils were steady, as if even moving them was an effort to him.

"Is greeting you an offence? You of the lofekeni lack etiquette." Lotaga chastised, blocking Chera's path when he tried walking past him while he was still talking. Chera was a lofekeni? Just like kiuga? Sagiri could not see any similarities in their behaviour. Unlike the bami, who could help but act the same, the Lofekeni were just a set of people with distinct personalities.

"If you don't move, I will walk over you," Chera said. It sounded like he meant what he was saying, yet there was no hint of anger in his voice, just boredom and curt sentences.

"You are so boring chera, Chera. Allow me to talk to my student for one second," Lotaga said.

"No. He is mine now to do as I will. You had seven and a half years up north to talk to him. Move out of the way." Chera said, and it looked to sagiri that just talking had exhausted him, and he was ready to retire, yet his body looked like he wanted to go to war. Sagiri could only preserve boredom from him, and he wondered what lacking qualities of his had made him the most bored captain in the entire headquarters.

"If you don't allow me to talk to him, then I will keep bothering you till you kill yourself," Lotaga said, not backing down.

"How about I kill you first?" Captain Chera answered with the same bored expression.

"Salka, your rival will not like that," Lotaga said, and at the mention of Salka Chera's mood did a three sixty from bored to burning passion.

"I will beat him this year at the final exam," Chera said with so much passion, and it was like he got lost in a trance thinking about beating Salka. Chera was a big man, but he was still a lofeken, and he could not compare in size with the bami, let alone the asakana, but sagiri could not see him beating Salka.

Lotaga used the opportunity to pull sagiri around the wall they had just come from. Before sagiri could say a word, the cold spine of Nokai touched his hand, and his mood improved leaps just like that of Captain Chera.

"I am giving you this weapon because I don't know when you might need it, and also because I believe you will not do anything stupid. Use this only when necessary. Don't try anything stupid because if you think you can act carelessly and escape this fortress, you won't. This fortress was not meant to keep people out but to keep people in. Do not act recklessly now more than ever, and whatever is going on in your head, never follow through with your first thought, always follow through with your third and fourth. I will come find you again," Lotaga said, and it was the most normal and mature sentence he had heard him put together. Sagiri just nodded in agreement, but it was only the first day, and he was already on edge. He did not know anymore whether he would be able to protect himself while keeping everyone's interests at heart.

"I have to go now, I am on Felunko's pet tending duty," Lotaga said, pulling at his hair. How had he gotten punished in such a short time? Truly Lotaga was just Lotaga just like Salka had said. Sagiri wished he could just be like him sometimes, careless and living his life with no worry and taking punishments as if they were a normal routine of his.

"Now run along before Chera snaps out of his trance," Lotaga said, finally pushing sagiri back out to the corridor. He put Nokai away in his side pocket, but almost ran into Chera's back while he was not looking. Chera was still burning with the passion of taking Salka in a fight. So beating Salka was the only thing he was passionate about?

"Why haven't we moved far?" Chera asked, coming down from his trance. Sagiri just looked at him but did not answer. He was back to being bored as they walked. They walked for a while, taking several twists and turns, before they reached a familiar door, which they had been shown during the tour and asked to keep out of, the door to the sixth wing. The internal security wing. It was not like the doors were hidden, but Chera had taken them on a different route from the eighth wing.

"Wait here," Chera said, standing at the door. The door had a couple of mechanisms on it, and he pressed, tagged, and pulled, and the door finally gave way. The archive inside sagiri was able to keep up, and he knew later, when it merged with his memory, he would be able to open it. He, however, was not interested in the internal security wing at the moment. He saluted and waited out the door for Chera to come back.

It did not take long before the door opened again and Chera stepped out with an enormous book in his hands, well, if the huge thing he was carrying could be called a book.

"We are going out to patrol tonight in the lower districts of the city. Make sure to have mastered all the small and big streets by then," he said, looking bored to the bone before he dropped the heavy book in sagiri's hands.

As he walked to the library, he could not help but think this was the best opportunity to escape. He would just run and escape, yet the plan had a big flaw: N'varu was the one who knew his home, and he did not know where he was at the moment in the big maze of a fortress.

What to do?