

KEEPER 133

Chapter 133: MEMORY

"Choose between you two who gets to die first," Sagiri said, and Nokai trembled with his master's will to eliminate trash.

Silence fell so much in the cave that Sagiri could hear the hearts of the evil pair racing. They were taking too long to choose, and if they did not choose soon, he was going to be forced to choose for them.

"We only ever wanted to live. Why do we have to die for it? we did not choose to be born as twins," Makea said, his hands shaking a little.

"three..." sagiri said in a low tone. They had not given them a chance to live, yet they wanted to bargain. How hypocritical.

"The world has always been cruel to us. It was cruel to us first, and we worked hard to get to where we are. We worked the hardest, so why did you have to surpass us in just a few days?" Nakea shook with rage as if his statement was supposed to move sagiri to tears.

"Two..." sagiri counted, not caring to hear what they had to say anymore.

Another wave of silence befell the cave before one of them spoke.

"Run Nakea!!" It was made. sagiri could have expected Nakea to be the one to give his life up for his brother, but perhaps he had always been more courageous than his evil half.

So then they had made a choice. The countdown was over, and sagiri moved.

Make tried to defend with the two curved blades he had and move as fast as he could to escape Nokai, but Nokai left no opening. just like in the weapons dance with the desert, he had not realized it, but the blade was one with the very earth and nature and air, and so whatever direction makea moved sagiri was there. The fight did not last a second before the curved blades were smashed into pieces. Nakea had even abandoned his brother and was swimming across the pool to go back out where sagiri had come in from.

Sagiri did not let himself soak in the feeling of accomplishment when he saw the fear in Makea's eyes when he lost his weapons, and he fell flat on his butt. he swung Nokai swiftly in his hands, and before it stopped, he stabbed clean through his heart. blood spattered all over his combat suit and his face.

Makea gasped, and his eyes widened for a moment before his pupils went lifeless and he fell backwards. As life left his body completely, only then did the hate that always surrounded him fade.

sagiri stretched out his hand to close his lifeless eyes. Just when his hands made contact with Makea's forehead, however, echoes of Makea's life filled his vision. echo images since the day he was born. He was the first to come out of his mother's womb, and sagiri could see how his mother had smiled upon him before another pain tore through her, and she had to push Nakea out. If Nakea had been a girl, then Makea could have been killed on the spot for sharing a womb with a woman, as was the custom of the tamelku tribe.

Her happiness had turned to sadness when she knew she had to push another child out to make them twins, and could only hope it was not a girl. When she held Nakea, she sighed with relief. She had given birth to a taboo, but she at least none of them could have died. They could always live as lesser and half a man for sharing a womb with another, but they could live well at least. If only they had been girls, then they could have been celebrated, but perhaps it was the tragedy of being born into a tribe that considered men superior for a man to be born sharing a barn with another bull.

What a shame.

The echo images of the two boys' lives that followed were even more tragic. Their mother had not been able to take it well and died shortly after birthing them, before they could even nurse on her breast. Their father abandoned them and married a woman who could not give birth to a taboo. The twins only knew a hard life, and they had refused to die even when they were starved for days. They clung to life by the skin of their teeth, even when they were forced to live less than animals. The echo images were so violent and painful that Sagiri's heart contracted, and he staggered back.

They had been raised with hate, and they had become hate. Perhaps that was an even bigger tragedy. They had willed themselves to grow stronger and had soon committed their first kill. And it was their father. Then their stepmother and all their step-siblings. the greatest taboo of all. They had not stopped there, and they had set the house on fire so that there remained no piece of them to bury. What a sin!

sagiri could not stop the echo images and the archive as they absorbed all the memories he was seeing, and he wished he hadn't. With every echo image, it got worse and worse, and they left a trail of blood

wherever they went. till the last mission, where they stood before a man in a long red coat. The man was the one who had told them where to find him. sagiri could not see his face before the echo images came to an end.

The whole encounter had taken only a few seconds, but it felt like it had lasted days of the twins' lives. Nakea had stopped on the other side of the pool, and when sagiri staggered back and stood to his feet, their eyes connected, and before he turned and ran. The hate he always carried was now like a dark shadow, and sagiri knew if he let the boy go, he was going to kill now more than ever because he had nothing to lose.

"Nokai!!" with a howl at the memories sagiri had seen sagiri call his weapon. He jumped in the air, the archive enhancing his strength and agility. He flew across the pool. He floated in the air, and halfway through, he released Nokai, and the blade seared through the air like flame as it went for Nakea.

It pierced him right in the centre of his back and sent him to the ground. Sagiri landed at the same time, and he was starting to feel his strength decreasing. He needed to end this quickly before Captain Chera and his squad got to the cave. He could hear them half across the gate.

The boy was stubborn, and even with the blade in his back, he still tried to crawl away. sagiri pulled Nokai out of his back and rounded him and went to squat in front of him.

"Who is the man wearing a red coat?" sagiri asked. The man was the last person the boys saw for some reason before they came to kill him.

Nakea breathed in agony and spat a mouthful of blood. He was in pain, but his neck was still swollen with pride.

"You killed my brother. What makes you think I will tell you anything?" Nakea breathed, coming to a stop right at sagiri's feet.

"Because then I will give you a quick death," sagiri said. The boy was in pain, and he was going to suffer more if he prolonged the time refusing to give him the answer. A small laughter filled the cave. It was humorless and full of mockery.

"You are funny. My only regret will be not seeing you die at the hands of someone who wants you dead more than we do. You are going to die, Sagiri." Makea laughed now, a full-on cackle, not caring about the blood that was coming out of his mouth and his impending death. He remained hateful even at the jaws of death.

Sagiri knew he was not going to get anything out of him, so he just touched his hand to his forehead. he knew he had pushed himself too far by touching Makea's memory unintentionally, yet now he was going to touch Nakea's memory willingly. His body jolted as soon as his hand touched Nakea's forehead. The echo images came crushing ton him yet again. They were mostly the same as Makea's, but having to experience it again was torture.

They were just as horrible and gruesome, and he almost keeled over when they got to the man with the red coat. He was facing away yet again in Nakea's memory as if he had not wanted them to see his face. The only thing Sagiri could see was the back of his head and his hands that were held behind his back. The only distinguishing thing was the three rings he wore on all his middle finger leaving only his small finger and thumb. Then the memory was back to them sneaking to Ko'alsi.

"Useless, so you didn't see his face, too," Sagiri said, standing slowly to his feet.

"How... What.. How..." Nakea stuttered, realizing what had just happened.

"Nokai!" sagiri called to Nokai, which had retracted while he was going through Nakea's memory. He did not need to answer that.

With one swift move, he slit Nakea's neck from ear to ear. Blood spattered on his boots and his combat, making him look as if he had swam in blood.