

KEEPER 147

Chapter 147: SUSPENSION

When Loku finally stepped through the third door and locked it behind him, sagiri's vision had started to blur, and when the archive ejected him, he fell the entire nine feet to the floor and landed carelessly. He did not feel the fall as he was about to pass out, and it almost felt like he was falling into nothingness.

He breathed sharply, clawing his throat, and he had to fight the urge to cough and make any sound. After a few moments of him feeling like he was made of jelly, his limbs finally gained mobility. He staggered to the fourth door as fast as he could. He did not know whether his body could handle another session of him not breathing.

Opening the doors from the inside was not as hard as going in, and he just had to twist one knob and push. He pushed the door open and spilled out of the containment wing. He finally allowed himself to breathe and caught for a couple of moments before he calmed down and realized he had just left himself out in the open. He took a couple of deep breaths before he pushed his senses. The place was abnormally silent, and he wondered why. That was not his issue at the moment, and even if he had been discovered missing and maimed a man, one thing was clear. He could not be found anywhere near the containment wing.

He broke into a run and pushed his body as fast as he could. He was slower than before, but he was still fast. He made his way into the inner octagon before he made a turn for the fifth wing. It was the closest to Squad Riogi's assigned area of patrol. Surprisingly, he had not run to anyone on his way out, even though he had been cautious. Something was wrong, and he could smell it. He stopped running when he finally stepped out of the fifth wing's gate.

The air was filled with tension. He followed where the highest form of tension was floating. He kept to the darkness till he spilled to the place. An assembly ground just before the fifth wing. warriors were gathered in a circle, looking at someone or something at the centre of the circle. He moved through the gathering of angry warriors until he was almost to the front, then stopped.

He could not believe what he was seeing. Yugo was lying at the centre of the circle, looking dead as ever. He was sure he had left him alive the last time he had put the man to sleep. Yet here he was lying dead and mutilated in the worst way possible. His head was almost severed from his neck. He was cut by a blade all over his body as if the person who killed him had not cared that he was dead after the first hit and continued killing him over and over. It was as if he was staring at the scene with the grave scale yet again. The boy from that day, reeking of evil, had senraki on top of him before he passed out. He doubted that Senraki and Salka had just left the boy to walk out of the walls of Galka.

That was not the only weird thing. It was as if while he was gone, all squads had been called from patrol or whatever duty they had been in. All members of squad 25 were standing at the centre of the big

circle, closer to the body, together with Lotaga. That was not all: the war general Felunka and the two men he had been with the other day, who had come to interrogate him, were also standing at the centre of the circle.

The team seemed to be in a serious conversation with the general.

"So you want to tell me that it's a coincidence that another of my men was on patrol with the boy and ended up dead?" Felunka said.'

"Are you suggesting that a boy who had been at the galka war academy for six months is strong enough to take out your men?" Lotaga asked, standing ahead of the group, and all the members of team 25 stood behind him.

"The boy can't even shoot the heart of a target with an arrow. If he can kill one of your men, then they are the ones who are incompetent." Kaka spoke, his eyebrows furrowed. Sagiri, of course, could now hit targets mostly, but Kaka could not let go of the fact that he sometimes missed. He looked even angrier that he had been called back from whatever duty he was on just to answer unnecessary questions.

"Why hasn't he ever killed a student up north, then, or instructors? Perhaps your men are not the best of the best if they can be killed by a cadet who hasn't graduated," Maita chimed in. It was now Bami on Bami, and it did not look good. Felunka emanated more rage.

"Are you insinuating that I am accusing the boy when the evidence is right in front of everyone? Two men have died so far after being on patrol with him." Felunka insisted.

"That happens. I lost half my team when we were in college on three separate missions. Does that make me a suspect?" Lotaga asked.

"Sagiri could not have possibly been at two places at the same time," Kiuga spoke for the first time. Sagiri could tell that he was tense and less composed than usual, and he kept looking around. He must not have told anyone about his plan, and at the moment, he was the only one who knew something was wrong.

"he might not have been at two places at the same time, but how was he the only one to survive an attack that left seven dead by the same blade. What if he had an accomplishment?" Felunka shook his lips, trembling. If harming a student of a school was not a severe crime frowned upon by even the supreme mandra, the man looked like he could have killed all members of team 25.

"What does he stand to gain by killing men he did not know till last week?" N'varu asked. He looked stressed, and he kept pacing.

"Unless you want to label him a killer who just kills for fun," Kiuga said.

"Where then is your so-called teammate? If he is so innocent, why did he flee?' Felunka asked, and silence prevailed. A triumphant smile took over his face.

"I am here," Sagiri said after a moment of silence, stepping from within the crowd of warriors and stepping into the circle.