

KEEPER 152

Chapter 152: THE TIME EATING POISON

The warrior captain blurred across the chamber floor. Salka. He was really fast, and he blocked all three attacks as if they did not mean anything. More blades were launched at sagiri but Salka just hissed and blocked the daggers with two of his own

Steel flashed.

CLANG!

One blade ricocheted off his blade and hit the floor, and stuck with so much force. He caught another one mid-air between two fingers before he launched it back in the direction it had come from. It must have landed because sagiri heard a grunt. Salka was indeed a beast of battle. Another came from the rear. Sagiri could hear it tearing through the air. Before he could move a muscle, however, Salka disappeared from in front of him, and he was behind him, blocking the blade without trouble.

The chamber exploded into chaos suddenly. Even General Felunka, who had been pouting, looked to have come back to his senses after the first blades were blocked by Salka.

"AMBUSH!" his voice thundered a command.

"LOCK THE DOORS!" he gave another, and warriors that had been present moved at his command.

"FIND WHO THREW THOSE!" he ordered, himself retrieving his blade. Chamber warriors surged forward at his command. Sagiri barely saw Fuwuka's heel touch a table before he was floating to the second level. All Warriors present drew their weapons, snapping into formation instantly.

The Guild elders didn't move, but their eyes were suddenly sharp. They had once been warriors Afterall and they might not have been carrying weapons, but their hands were weapons themselves.

Salka slowly lowered his hand, the captured blade glinting between his fingers. A small cut had glazed his finger from when he caught it, and Blood ran down his arm from the cut, but he didn't seem to notice. His gaze swept the chamber like a hunting wolf as he waited for the next cut that never came because

the threat had already been neutralized as soon as it began. Who could be so stupid as to attack the war headquarters?

"Cowards," Salka muttered.

Moments later, four men were dragged into the chamber. One had a dagger embedded in his torso. It must have been that Salka launched the blade from where it had come from. All of them wore warrior uniforms with sashes of senior warriors and junior warriors on their upper arm. But their faces were covered with black cloth. They struggled violently as they were forced to their knees before the general, who looked even more enraged now. They were stripped of the cloths covering their faces. The general must have found them unfamiliar because his eyebrows furrowed even deeper.

"These are not warriors. They are impersonators." The General stepped forward immediately. "Who sent you?" he snarled, placing his sword on the neck of the one with a dagger to his torso. The prisoners said nothing. One of the division commanders struck the nearest one across the back of the head.

"Speak!" he gritted.

The man lifted his head slightly. For a moment, Sagiri thought he saw fear in the man's eyes. As if he was not scared of death, yet he was scared of whoever had sent him. It must have been another suicide mission just like the intruders of the Galka War Academy. The Guild elder leaned forward, watching with quiet interest as if the whole situation had just become more interesting.

"Well," he murmured, "this should be enlightening."

The General stepped closer, pressing his sword even harder against the skin of the impersonator.

"You will explain yourselves now, and I will grant you a painless death," the general snarled again. One of the captives looked toward Sagiri. Then toward the Guild members and back at Sagiri before his lips trembled as if even daring to say the name of whoever sent him was a fate worse than death. He opened his mouth and suddenly bit down hard on his tongue right in front of everyone's eyes. Blood exploded from his mouth. Before he collapsed instantly. He convulsed for a while before he died.

"What...?!" someone exclaimed. "A suicide mission?"

"Stop the others from biting their tongues!" The general yelled a command, but before anyone could move, the other three men started turning pale, then purple, before they fell forward and died. They had not bit their tongues, yet they had died in front of everyone's eyes. The three bodies hit the stone floor almost at the same time. Dead. The chamber froze in horror.

"Poison." A guild council member whispered, shaking his head in disbelief. Salka crouched beside one of the bodies, checking the jaw. He exhaled slowly. They were gone. Someone had sent them on a suicide mission, but he was still paranoid enough to poison them. The person was cunning and well informed that he knew the timeline that the mission would supposedly be over.

"Someone planned this," the general said. "Damn it!" he cursed, pacing in front of the corpse.

The Guild elder's cane tapped softly against the floor again.

Tok.

Tok.

Tok.

"How... unfortunate," he said in a bored voice as if four people had not just died. His eyes flicked toward Sagiri after a moment, and his cane stopped. "So many people seem determined to keep this boy surrounded by corpses. His voice dropped as if he were thinking of something.

"Attacking in my chamber?" The general shook with rage. "Is someone trying to kill the only lead to my dead men?" The General turned toward the Grand Marshal.

"It looks like someone wants to kill my student in your headquarters. You have a traitor, and instead of wasting time accusing an innocent boy, you should have already found the killer," Senraki said before he bent down to study the bodies silently.

"The 'time eating' poison?" Senraki mattered, and the whole chamber froze. That was a poison only the rich and powerful could afford. It had been banned from being made by the supreme mandra for anyone to even dare to make because of its lethality and undetectability. Being found making it or in possession of more than three ingredients among the six used to make it was treason and punishable by death.

"What?!" the guild leader wheeled around as if His interest had finally been piqued.