

KEEPER 176

Chapter 176: SENRAKI I

"So this is where you come to hide like a mice kero?" a voice reached senraki's ears. He anticipated the man to come look for him. Afterall even though they were both principals now, there was a reason the Grand Marshal of the Daziko sun school was always covered and a reason they could never see eye to eye. They hated each other and they were both vindictive. It was only a matter of time before something could give. But that would not be tonight. Senraki had other important things to deal with.

Senraki had just separated from his salka. He, Salka, and Salka's squad had decided to go on separate parts. The boy had gone missing, and they had just found out. Not much had interested Senraki for a long time before the boy joined the academy. He had taken the position of grand marshal as the youngest grand marshal to ever qualify. He had first wanted to become a warrior when he was younger. All he wanted was to be big and strong. Even so, he had changed his mind soon. Yes, he had improved in combat and weaponry, but he could soon realize there were people he could never beat that were just born good and didn't need to try to get better.

All he had ever thought of till that moment was that he wanted to get strong, but then he soon realised he could never be the strongest. No matter how strong someone is, there's always someone stronger out there. Some rulers of the world are not the strongest, but the most just have strong men under them to do their bidding. Back then, the academy was full of bullies, and no matter how much he tried to avoid an altercation, he still ended up at the short end of the stick. His situation had not changed at all. Back then, he had hated Salka with passion. He was easily the top of the class in combat and weaponry, and still in the top three in bookwork. He might have been the second in bookwork, but he was the last in combat and weaponry. He had barely made the cut into the academy, being the last student. One mistake and he could have missed the cut.

He had always been proud of being smart in bookwork, but then he came to meet Seyika. The boy whose eyes could not forget, and he remembers everything he sees. There was no beating him. It was impossible. He soon realised he was not that special. He might have managed to become the best if anomalies like Seyika did not exist. The boy was not bad in combat either, and even worse, he could memorise the opponent's moves and not forget. Only beasts like Salka back then were able to suppress that. Even though he could still remember all his movements, the boy was simply too fast, and unless you were faster than him, it was futile to just see it coming.

Seyika was bullied too for being a freak, but the two had never become best friends either. He was not about to pick someone who beat him without trying in class. Salka thought the strongest had never bullied him, and that irritated Senraki more. It was not for the fact that he patted him on the head like a dog whenever he saw him, but the simple fact that he was honourable. He wanted a reason to hate him

so much, but Salka didn't care much about those weaker than them. He did not spar with them or bully them. They simply did not exist in his eyes.

After seeing Salka and Seyika being unbeatable beasts in their own craft, it had filled him with so much bitterness. All he could think about all day was eliminating them, and somehow he found himself following them around trying to catch them off guard and end them. If he eliminated Seyika, he would then be the top student in book work, and if he eliminated Salka, then he had a chance of working harder and being the best. The two were unbeatable, and he cursed his lack of having reached the age of thirteen at the time with the two.

Following Salka around, of course, had not ended well because he was caught easily. The man was so alert, and apparently, he had known he was following him for days and didn't care much, and just wanted to use him to sharpen his instinct if he were to ever be followed. He had seen it as a funny attempt and even ruffled his hair as if he were a child.

"Fight me," Senraki had gritted, slapping his hand off of his head.

"Why? " I'm hungry shortly, I wanna go eat," is what Salka had said, rubbing his belly as if the thought of food was more interesting than what Senraki was saying.

"Do you think I'm unworthy to fight? Do you look down on me?!" Senraki had snapped with rage, and finally, Salka had turned around to give him his full attention.

"What are you talking about? I am just hungry. We can spar anytime, but food can not be postponed," Salka said, yawning. This angered senraki even more. Did the man find fighting boring? He was so bored with something he was good at that he thought it boring. They had just come back from sword handling, but Senraki had been wielding the blade long before he joined the academy. Most of the students in the war school had been training since birth, so the handling training was just a procedure, but it was something most had done.

Without warning, Senraki drew his training blade, which he had not put back after training, and launched at Salka. Salka had not anticipated the attack, but just to know that he was good, he evaded the attack easily.

"Oh boy," was all Salka said before withdrawing his blades to block the next attack. He could have been asleep while he blocked it. Senraki did not like that at all, and he had been good with the blade, and

though most had started training early, he was sure no one had trained harder than he. Senraki went for the kill immediately and stabbed Salka on the third attack. Salka had not been taking the attack seriously, and he must have been seen as sparring with a six-year-old. The stab was on the hip and not that deep, but it did work. Salka looked shocked for only a moment before he reacted in full strength.

One punch. One punch was all it took to drive Senraki into a wall. Senraki had never been a subject of such a brutal attack. He had been beaten and bullied, but that punch from Salka was something he had never experienced before. His skull rattled, and his jaw twisted. Senraki hit the wall hard, and he could also feel some bones snap as his back hit the wall before he fell. He only saw Salka crouch on top of him before his eyes rolled to the back of his head. For some reason, he was happy. And he must have smiled as he passed out. Being punched by such raw strength in a sparring match, well, if he could call it that, was somehow fulfilling.

Now that he was crouching over the edge of the central pentagon, watching all the pentagons from above, he could only smile.

When he woke, he was in the healing wing, and he was told that Salka had stitched and then sent him to the suspension chamber. Salka had refused to say the boy attacked him, and later, Senraki was sent to the suspension chamber as well.

"Did you follow me around all these days just to spar?" was what Salka asked when they were both hanging. "You could have just asked. It is dishonourable for a man to be a coward," Salka added.

"Will you spar with me?" Senraki asked.

"I won't spar with a person who faints after one punch," Salka started, and rage burned in Senraki. Was he looking down on him? "You have to train harder than perhaps in a year we can spar," Salka added. It had been the same when he asked Salka to train Sagiri. The man was a beast, and it turns out even the punch he had landed on Senraki was still controlled. That fact alone had made Senraki realise something new.

Perhaps he could never be the strongest, but he could find a way to be powerful and attach himself to powerful people. Perhaps using people is another form of power.