

KEEPER 177

Chapter 177: SENRAKI II

His dream of going to war college and becoming a general was changed that day but he was not going to pass up the chance to spar with the strongest boy. Until then, he could become strong enough not to pass out from one punch. Not only that, but because he had some people he needed to pay back for what they had made him go through. Some of them had joined the Galka Academy, and they had not stopped giving him hell. One was even stronger in the walls of Galka and still managed to be in the top ten in combat and weaponry. Perhaps that's what angered him more. Bullies were not supposed to be the best students too. Before anything else, he needed to get the boy expelled or unable to fight. And his plan had begun. Salka, being the strongest boy, perhaps he could use him to eliminate the others.

Back then, Senraki did not care about anyone besides himself, and to him, Salka was just a means to an end. Perhaps he could be strong by pulling the strings of the strong, but first he had to endure a year of training hard inside the walls of the academy and endure the bullying. He had a goal now, and sometimes we have to endure to achieve something. They were in their second year in the academy when Senraki finally sparred with Salka again. His sparring with Salka in the arena had brought about mixed reactions. Some said Salka was helping him become less of a loser, and others said he was just trying to steal Salka's thunder. Perhaps the second slot was right. He did not have it in him to make friends or have love for anyone.

Salka was honourable, and he had kept his word, and they had gone from not mixing to sparring at least twice a week. Salka made him feel like he had not trained a day in his life but even when he had a few broken bones, he did not relent and still sparred. His plan to finally use Salka to eliminate someone had finally come. Before it came, however, it seemed the boy was a step ahead, and he had not liked any inch of Senraki training with the best, and he had to put that to an end, and so he and a group of his minions showed up a minute after Senraki and Salka sparred. It was hand-to-hand combat, and this time it had worn Senraki off just as always. Even though Salka was still holding back because it was impossible for the boy to go at full strength unless he was sparring with an instructor. He could easily kill any student if he went at his full strength. Senraki was convinced that they could send the boy to a warzone, and he could still stand a chance against most opponents older than him. In a few years, he would be unstoppable, that was a fact.

Senraki was lying in the sand of the combat arena when suddenly footsteps filled the room. Salka had left to go eat because he had to be there first and eat as many servings that could feed an entire squad. Senraki always arrived late on days like this, but not too late to miss a meal because then, that could be detrimental.

"Hey, Kero, been waiting for you to get away from the Asakana clan, so we can talk." It was Sikuwa Senraki Afolani. They shared the same tribe and clan, but the boy had always treated him as less.

"I don't want to talk, Sikuwa," Senraki said. He had never wanted to be called by his name, Zazami, because it reminded him of his mother. The name was from his mother's clan, and he had stuck with it. After all, he only needed his father's clan name and tribe.

"But I want to. Have you trained with the asakana so much that you think you are superior?" Sikuwa asked, coming to yank him off the floor by the collar of the combat suit.

"You could have gone to Lokuza like the rest of the male misfits or just gone to another academy, but you never know your place. I didn't know how you made it in, but I just can't stand seeing you here any longer. I want you to leave the academy." Sikuwa gritted, lifting him completely off the ground. Sikuwa was big too even though he was still not as big as Salka. He was a huge boy.

"I can't just run out. I will be caught and punished," Senraki answered. It is impossible to escape the Galka Academy.

"Do you think you are worthy of talking back to me now that you are in this academy? Why can't you just go back to your whore mother's clan?" Sikuwa said before he rammed a punch with his free hand into Senraki's head and sent him flying to the ground. He should have been used to heavy punches after training with Salka, but Sikuwa was not holding back, and his eyes looked crazed with malice.

"Perhaps I should kill you and say the asakana killed you in sparring. Maybe then he will be expelled, and I can take his number one spot after a while," Sikuwa said with venom before signalling at the seven boys. All six plus sikuwa were from the Afolani clan, and three of those were from the Ntega clan of the Afolani. Inviting another clan to gang up on your own clan was too dishonourable, but it seemed Sikuwa did not even have a line he was willing to cross. The words had barely time to hang in the air before punches and kicks started raining on Senraki from the seven boys, with Sikuwa hitting him the hardest.

"Hold his hands and feet," Sikuwa said, and a moment later, Senraki was airborne, and he was receiving punches in his gut enough to make him vomit blood and stop breathing. He was sure his internal organs had been turned to mash, and he had heard some of his lungs break. After the boys held his hands and feet, rendering him unable to defend himself or reduce the impact of the punches, he could feel his vision blur.

He wanted to scream and call for help, but there was no air left in his lungs, and his jaw was dislocated.

"Now I am going to use the clan's secret art, which you can never grasp since you are a half-blood, to end you. Have only learned the basics of it, but it's enough to kill something disgusting like you, Kero." Sikuwa said, leaning back a bit into an upright standing stance with his fingers spread out in front of him while he faced the ground. Senraki had snuck in to learn about the clan's secret art, and even he had not seen the trainer move when he attacked. The senraki clan secret art, even the Ntega clan or other clans of the Afolani, could not learn it. The technique was putting all your strength into a single finger or two and your toes so that you could move fast on your toes and strike fast with your fingers. Many could not even see the finger land until the opponent dropped dead. It was that deadly, and yet this boy was willing to use an art used in dire situations just to end him.

Senraki did not want to die yet. He couldn't. He could not just live a miserable life and die without accomplishing anything. That would be too shameful. Even so with the bigger boys holding him down, it was only a matter of seconds, and if Sikuwa had mastered even the basics of the art, then he could not see him move until after he was dead.

Suddenly, Sikuwa moved. Fast and perhaps senraki was able to see him move because he had barely mastered the art.

No!

Smack!