

KEEPER 179

Chapter 179: SENRAKI AND SIKUWA

"This is my academy Sikuwa, in case you have forgotten. I can be anywhere I want to be." Senraki, still crouched at the edge of the raised wall, above the central pentagon. Sikuwa had never known when to mind his own business, and since he had refused to die, he had become a pain in Senraki's neck.

"Yet even if a donkey is painted white, it can not become a zebra," Sikuwa said. maintain his position in the middle of the roof. His tone was cold.

"That is true indeed. A man turning a respectable school into a poison warrior hub is indeed not a quality of a Grand Marshal." Senraki answered, still staring into the lower pentagons in front of him. He had just been about to use his hooking ropes to dismount the wall, yet now it seemed he couldn't.

"Isn't that the kettle calling pot black, Kero, oh, I mean Grand Marshal Senraki?" Sikuwa spat with venom. "You should know better about using poisons, senraki. I could even say you inspired me to understand that poisons in the right hands are stronger than a punch.

"You flatter me, Sikuwa the full blood, as much as I would love to take all the credit, a clumsy mistake is not worthy of all the praises," Senraki said, finally turning around. Even with Sikuwaa being covered head to toe in a black combat suit with a red scarf covering his whole face, leaving space only for his eyes.

Even covered knew exactly what his face looked like. His plan to get his hands on Sikuwa had not dulled a moment ever since he tried to kill him. Bullying him was acceptable, well tolerable, but trying to use the secret art of the senraki to kill him was just something he could not stomach. Sikuwa and his minions had made sure to avoid him mostly after that day, and Senraki was sure it had something to do with Salka. It would be stupid to go against Salka again, who had grown even bigger and stronger. The boy was already huge and still kept growing. Even so, Sikuwa had made sure to insult him and even insult his honour by claiming he was a man hiding behind and depending on a man, so he was no less than a woman. Being called a woman was perhaps one sin a man of any clan could not forgive. Especially the senraki. The asakana could kill for such dishonour. Senraki had grown to respect Kaka, and they had become comrades. Being called a woman was perhaps his last excuse to eliminate the boy.

Senraki had taken a liking to the toxicology, and the healing flower had caught his attention. It was not poisonous at all, but his mother, being from a nomadic hunting clan, knew about many poisonous plants and healing flowers in the wild. The healing flower mixed with some ingredient of the ink flower used in making the ink could make a tattoo or a marking that starts to eat the skin eventually. Senraki could not be able to mark Sikuwa's face while he was still awake, so he had waited for a team exercise of two and

made sure to be beside Sikuwa. Sikuwa's minions had been shocked by it, but they could not start arguing with the instructors present, and a warrior caring so much about a partner was no warrior.

They had been let into the outer one pentagon for a night exercise, and Senraki had also done his intensive research. Of course, they had done past exercises, and Seyika, having eyes that never forgot what they said, Senraki had asked him to describe to him the terrain as much as possible and even draw a little map for him. Seyika might not have been a talker and was an outcast, but he had finally drawn the map.

"Why are you teaming up with me, Senraki? Do you wish to die so much, or did Kaka refuse to babysit you?" Sikuwa said, holding Senraki by the collar as soon as they were far enough.

"You were just beside me, and perhaps I want to work with a boy who wants to kill me. Don't you know sikuwa? Keep your friends close and your enemies closer?" Senraki taunted. Sikuwa threw him back, but Senraki had grown stronger and did not go down as Sikuwa had planned.

"Don't get in my way, Kero, or I will kill you this time and feed you to the wild beasts," Sikuwa said, starting to run in the opposite direction. Senraki followed him, and Sikuwa had never been good at navigation, so Senraki had made sure to mislead him at one point and fall back. When they finally stopped, they were standing near a nest of snakes, according to the map Seyika had given him. He had made sure to stab Sikuwa's flask with a needle at the start when he held him by the collar, and just as they stopped for senraki to catch his breath, which he claimed was much needed, Sikuwa had gone to drink, but there was no water. It was impossible to keep going without water, and so Senraki had offered him his.

Of course, he refused, but Senraki acted his role perfectly.

"You drink, and you can kill me later. Right now, we are comrades, and your childish beef will only kill you. At long last, Sikuwa had taken the flask and drunk it, and the second plan had fallen into motion. It was illegal, but Senraki had stolen the shy flower the night before, and he did not sleep a moment as he stayed illegally in the lab to make a traditional anesthesia, which he had put in his water. That meant that he could not drink either, but some things needed sacrifices. Just then, Sikuwa fell, and now it was this plan. It was time to use the ingredients combined with the ink flower and the healing flower to make ink. All sagiri had to do was draw the word 'woman' on his face over and over and over. Before he fed him the rest.

The results were almost immediate as Sikuwa's face took on nice ugly scars. Senraki had not stopped there, even as the substance started eating Sikuwa's face, he carried him and threw him in the snake's den, but not before feeding him three vials of snake poison antidote. Only after the snakes lashed and bit him for a while did Senraki fire the red flare. The result was immaculate, and the mission had gone by splendidly.

"Kero, seeing your face again irritates me just like the very first time I saw it," Sikuwa said, retaining his position.

"Yet you came to look for me, Sikuwa. You must have a hobby to self-inflict." Senraki said.

"I am only here to congratulate you on having two proteges here. You have worked really hard.

"Though a little birdy told me that the aged student you took in is so special, kidnappers broke into this school to get him," Sikuwa said, and Senraki could sense a hint of a smile from his voice.

"Perhaps this little birdy of yours could tell me more about that story. I have never heard of it, but it sure is interesting," Senraki said, but he was hating the fact that Sikuwa wanted to know more about the boy. It could definitely not end well.

"Never thought you were one to protect a boy. Do you perhaps want to keep him to yourself? Special things should be shared, then perhaps I can forget your clumsy mistake." Sikuwa said, tilting his head to the side.

"But how can I share what I don't have, Sikuwa? You are too cruel," Senraki said, tilting his lips in a smirk.

"Kero, finally, you have something I can take from you," Sikuwa laughed. A scarred person was not allowed to learn the secret art of the Senraki clan, and when Senraki had scarred the boy well, he had wanted to take revenge, but the only person Senraki had cared about back then was Kaka, and that was not an option unless Sikuwa wanted to die quicker. "Perhaps such a talent can only grow in Daziko Sun School." Sikuwa laughed lightly.

"You have gone mad from ugliness, I see. He is sitting for his final exam. Unless you think Daziko is a college," Senraki said.

"So the boy does exist, and you protect him," Sikuwa laughed. "See you, kero." Sikuwa laughed in a low tone before he turned around to leave.

Dang it! Just how many people were after the boy? Even senraki knew he would not be able to protect Sagiri fo long. Time was running out and he still had no answers to his questions.