

KEEPER 185

Chapter 185: HIS ARMY

"You remembered?" was the first thing N'varu asked as they sat in the broken pillar and shadow arena. Only this time, they did not sit.

"Yes," sagiri answered.

"So you understand then why we have to go south?" Nvaru said. Even the way he was addressing sagiri had suddenly changed, and he was addressing him with much more respect.

"Yes. " I will only go south after I find the man who wiped out my clan, not a moment before," Sagiri said. His voice had been constantly cold ever since he remembered, and he doubted he would ever go back. He would never go back to being the sagiri that he did not remember. All he felt now was a constant burning of the urge to cause pain to whoever had wiped out his clan and a constant coldness.

"Wouldn't it be better for us to go south and regroup and then come back. Then you will have an army of your own." Nvaru said.

"I don't need an army," Sagiri said.

"I beg to differ. You are strong, but you are still a human. Besides, now that you have remembered, I can introduce you to all your shadow guardians from all ten schools. Now that N'varu mentioned it, Sagiri could remember him mentioning the ten sent north to every school to look for him.

"Even the Kafika and Lokuza?" Sagiri could not help but ask.

"We had no way of knowing whether you were a girl or a boy," Nvaru said.

"My mother's sandshade did not know I was a boy?" sagiri raised his brow.

"By the time we were sent north, he was already in prison. We only knew there was a child. That is all he managed to leave to the leader," Nvaru said.

"Are you supposed to be my only sand shade? What do you mean by leader?" sagiri asked.

"I am your only sandshade, but I could not be the only one to be sent north. The other clans also sent their best. My clan is strongest in the desert, just like yours. I needed their help," N'varu answered. That was true. Sagiri had witnessed his mother's sand shade move in the desert, and his speed was unmatched, so N'varu was just like myama. The north weakened him.

"I see. You should take the others and wait for me south and wait for me." Sagiri said. He did not want anything to hold him back.

"We can not leave without you. Your battles are ours until we can return south," Nvaru said, and sagiri knew there was no need to convince the boy he could just work by himself and not drag them with him. He had never met the other nine, and he did not want to be protected by people he had never met or want them to die for him either.

"Suit yourself. But don't get in my way," Sagiri said. Sagiri went to turn around, but something caught his eye. He could not have seen it on any other day, deep in one dark crevice of the place, but even without using his right eye, he could somehow see better into the darkness. He jumped quickly over the broken pillars, deep into the place, and N'varu, like a shadow, lurked behind him like a shadow. His hand reached out. His hand held the cold object and pulled it out. he must have thrown it so far when he pulled it out of his heart. The girl must have taken the other, but could not find this one.

"What is that?" N'varu was beside him, looking at the foreign curved blade that was semi-circle shaped.

"The blade she used to stab me. I could not heal this time. It festered." Sagiri said, and N'varu's eyes widened with horror.

"Give it." Nvaru did not wait for sagiri to hand it over before he snatched it from his hand and looked at it with curious eyes before inserting it in his chest strap. "I will look into it to know what material was used to make it.

"What did Salka and Senraki tell you?" N'varu asked.

"Hundred outcomes to my decisions," sagiri said, but that did not even begin to cover half of what the two had talked to him about. It was so much to get into, and sagiri was not in the mood to discuss. Whatever the two men had told him could only be experienced, not explained, and until he was in such a situation, he would not understand.

"I will gather the ten. We are your army in the north," N'varu said as if he had not heard what Sagiri had just said. Sagiri did not feel the need to argue with him. He did not care to. He would let him do however he wished as long as he didn't get in his way.

Sagiri had been allowed to eat before being discharged from the healing wing, but he was hungry again. The two peeled themselves away from the shadow colonnade and walked to the dining wing. The three schools now ate together before going to their sections in the Pentagon. The moment sagiri stepped into the hall, there was a uniform silence as every eye turned to look at him. He had also learnt that what he had done had caused many complications in the exam panel from Salka and Senraki. When he passed out, there was a frenzy, and he could not be revived. There was going to be a council held by the exam council to decide what his score would be and the course of action for his performance. Sagiri did not care that much, however. He couldn't care less about the exams. He had made the first move successfully this time, and he was waiting for his benefactor to make another.

"Is that him?" The whispers suddenly started.

"He is indeed something. I could never move like that even in a decade," another groaned.

The mummies had become a usual thing to him now. He filtered out the noise, and his eyes finally moved to the pair he had been looking for. She was sitting at the far back, looking as relaxed as ever. She did not have any killing intent or hate rolling off of her, yet she had stabbed him twice in the heart. Their eyes met for a split second, but in that split second, Sagiri could tell the girl planned to kill him again. He could not perceive her intention, but he knew she wanted him dead. Well, that was not going to happen again.

Sagiri served his seven servings and walked to sit on the opposite side of the dining wing with N'varu. Even while he ate the eyes, the whispers did not stop. Sagiri ate more quickly than usual, not because he was nervous, but because he was hungrier than usual, as if all he ate was going down a drain. He stood up to get another couple of servings, and he was halfway through when pain worse than what he felt when he was sixteen tore through his body. He paused in his movements, and the plate slipped out of his hands. The clang it made on the floor attracted another wave of attention.

He could have screamed and howled, but he did none of that. He staggered out of the hall as if he were on his last leg. A hand suddenly caught him on the upper arm and helped him walk. By now, the markings on his body were crawling on his skin violently, and his veins felt like they wanted to burst open.

What was happening to him again?

"What is wrong? Kiuga asked, but sagiri could not answer.

"Take me to the central pentagon," was all sagiri could say before he clutched his head with his hands. He panted with the pain tearing through his body without a break. As if he had suddenly been thrown into a fire.

"How can we get through?" N'varu said, but he had already changed directions, supporting almost all of Sagiri's weight.

The warden at the gate to the central pentagon went to stop them, but one look at Sagiri's state, and he stepped aside. He must have assumed they were going to the healing wing. As if luck was on their side, Lotaga was on a handstand in the assembly ground. He must have been on another one of his punishments.

What is it?" he said, still upside down.

"Sagiri is..." N'varu said, but stopped instantly, letting go of sagiri. His body was burning up as if a fire had started inside of him enough to burn nvaru

"Take me to the endless pool!" sagiri gritted. His skin was turning a weird shade of red, and N'varu jumped to his feet.

"Are you burning? You look slightly red." Lotaga asked, hurrying to them.

"The endless pool, now!"