

## THE LAST KEEPER

### Chapter 112. FATHER AND SON

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The other teams had long anyway and squad 25 only reached Galka City just after nightfall. Half of salka squad was speculated to be situated in the Galka military headquarters. Lotaga did not even wait for them to be taken to some military sleeping quarters before he fell on a bed and passed out immediately. The room consisted of ten beds, clearly made for one person and for ten people in a squad. Lotaga has taken one bed and is already seriously snoring.

"Nine beds left. it seems Kaka, we are sharing a bed," kiuga said, going to the strand near Kaka. Kaka turned around swiftly and retrieved a blade.

"A man can't share a bed with another man," Kaka said in physical disgust. Everyone could recognize kiuga was pulling his leg, except for him, and the squad 25 had. It was know factor in most northern tribes that two bulls can not share one barn. especially in the Bami tribe, once the boys reached five years of age, they could be required to live in their own house outside their father's house, called an *Imba*. A house for unmarried boys, which they could live in until they married, then they would move a distance from their fathers and build a *Taimba*. house for married men.

Fathers would not even share a house with sons, and even brothers could not share an *Imba*, let alone a bed, with another man. That was directly dishonoring kaka, and he was ready to go to war for his honour.

"Do you want to fight me in a military base. We will both lose our honour," kiuga said, feigning innocence. Kaka shook with rage for a long moment before he sheathed his blade. It was a wonder how the guy had lived that long, considering how much he always made sure to get under Kaka's skin.

Kaka turned around and threw himself on the hard floor in the corner, and it was almost as if kiuga had planned to drive him away so everyone could get a bed. It was a military base too, and they were required to sleep as soon as possible, and it only took less than five minutes for the boys to move around and get into their beds.

sagiri was tired too after running at top speed all day, so he passed out almost immediately, too. The whole team was awake before the crack of dawn, perhaps because they were used to waking up at four each day. Lotaga was nowhere to be seen, and even sagiri had been too sedated to hear him leave. surprisingly kaka was no longer in the room, too. To get to Zandeko'alsi would take them more days, and so they had to leave as soon as possible.

"We go eat, fill our flasks, and since we have not used our blades, we only need to sharpen them as we wait for senior instructor Lotaga," kiuga instructed. With the absence of lotaga he was the clear leader of the team, though it had never been said out loud. Even with the presence of Lotaga, Kiuga still seemed like a trusted adult more than Lotaga. kiuga, no matter how unserious he always was, his ability to analyze situations and come up with a plan made everyone trust his words.

The wing they had slept in was the closest to the training drill grounds and the training arenas, which were closest to the gate, which was still a thirty-minute walk away from the first drill grounds. The Galka war headquarters was a whole district in itself. They had to walk quite a distance to get to the dining wing and the preparation wing as well.

When the grand Zorath of the north, Kaka's father, was not charging the kaya or meeting the Supreme Mandra among the many duties he had to do, he always loved staying at the

galka war headquarters and training with his men. he was, after all, a northerner, and he loved to brawl more than sit in long meetings passing new laws.

The group had now gotten into the sandpits part deep in the combat arenas and training arenas of the Galka war headquarters, when sagiri finally understood the reason Kaka was not in the sleeping wing with them. he in fact, had heard the thundering impact long before everyone else's eyes befell the sand pit in front of them.

A man. No, a beast of a man who was a head taller than Salka. Salka was already a beast, so seeing someone bigger than Salka was a surprise to sagiri. The man's hair was in two braids, which had an artistic finish into one braid, a clear sign that he was now a married man. Even the kahu shell at the end of the braid was huge, with a red string attached to it. Two more red strings were tied to the man's biceps, which were the size of four heads. grown man heads. His black combat overall with stripes of red around the thighs was only worn to the waist, and the upper part was tied around the waist. It was a common behavior.

The beast of a man was going at it with a smaller man who was his absolute copy, and the smaller man did not stand a chance as he kept getting thrown into the walls of the pit as if he weighed nothing, but yet he did not stop and kept coming back. The last punch caught the younger man and sent him so far this time. Here he remained still for a while. sagiri had never seen Kaka look so small until he saw the man sparring with him, not sparing bit beating the crap out of him as if he wanted to kill him. He was not holding anything back.

The man could only be one person, the grand Zorath of the northern tribes, Zaka Asakana. It seems the realization dawned on everyone, or perhaps others had seen him before, like kiuga who looked at the situation as if it was not the first time he had seen it happen. The duo was father and son, and it seemed one wanted to kill the other, and the other was not backing down. sagiri could in no way describe what he was witnessing as a sparring match.

The man turned his head swiftly to look at the group, and everyone froze in uniform. He was even colder than Kaka. His aggressive aura made the aggressive aura Kaka always seem friendly. Sagiri was sure he heard someone shriek. It most definitely was Ulekai, the most fearful one.

Kiuga was first to get into a respect stance, right fist to the heart and back as straight as a load. The other followed sooth immediately and saluted the man in uniform.

"We greet the grand Zorath!" they said in chorus. The man's expression did not change, and if anything, his gaze narrowed as if he was not impressed with anything he had seen. He did not acknowledge them further as he turned his head back just in time to evade an attack from Kaka, which Sagiri could have considered lethal if it was directed at another cadet, but now it seemed like child's play. Zaka Asakana caught it easily and rendered another punch to the section of Kaka and sent him flying again, and he landed on a wall of the pit with a thud, rolled and tossed a few times before he finally stopped.

Were they even father and son? It clearly seemed like the man was trying to end the life of his own son. Sagiri did not need to observe the thickest feelings of everyone at the moment. He could tell from the held breaths and widened eyes that everyone wanted to be out of there, and even more so, they thanked their lucky stars that they were not part of whatever they were witnessing.

"Let's go," Kiuga said in a smaller voice than usual. His expression was the gravest that anyone on the squad had ever seen. There was no hesitation from everyone, as if they had been waiting for those words. The group scattered as fast as possible, Kiuga at the back this time. He remained standing, watching the pit below, before he joined them in the rare.

So that is what it takes to be a clan chief in the north, and especially what it took to be the grand Zorath. Zaka Asakana was a beast. His very presence was scary, sending dread down the heart of whoever laid their eyes on him. Sagiri had always seen Kaka in as a

prideful person, but after seeing his father, it was as if he experienced a new emotion at that point. an emotion he had never felt even for himself before.

pity.

It had to be pity. He couldn't imagine growing up in the north, especially in the Bami tribe. let alone to be in the Asakana clan, who were beasts of battle, and to be braised in the house of a chief and the very grand Zorath of the north, who had to be the very definition of violence. sagiri though raised with step-parents, even on the rare occasions when bakuru thought him how to skin dead game, his parents had never been cruel to him. To train your son was not bad, but watching the Grand Zorath train his son was not a welcoming sight to see in any world. sagiri wondered if Kaka even has siblings.

No wonder Kaka was the way he was. He could not tolerate weakness because he had been raised with such a man. He only knew how to be the best. sagiri could not begin to imagine the pressure the boy carried.

He wanted to ask a burning question, but with how everyone was silent, and kiuga suddenly had darkness edged in his features, he decided to let it go and ask at a later date.