

THE LAST KEEPER

Chapter 113. SPECIAL COMBAT UNIT

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The dining wing was brimming with warriors all dressed in black. sagiri had seen more of the Bami tribe than he had ever seen in his life. They were truly beasts of battle. He could not imagine what could happen if someone stupid chose to attack such a place. He was starting to feel almost relieved they had not been assigned there. If Kaka was training as hard as he did with his father, and he decided to pull them in, then that would be a tragedy.

That, however, was not the only reason everyone was quiet. There was tension at the table. tension as if they were in a lion's den. where was lotaga? It was as if the man had disposed of them in a war base and disappeared.

The boys finished eating in silence and asked for directions to the preparation area to get their waters filled since the inbuilt flask required a special pump to fill. They decided in unison to wait where the arenas ended, the clear way, the wide way to the gate started. They were almost there when they finally beheld their eyes on lotaga. He was dressed neatly, like all the warriors inside the place. After seeing their grand Zorath and the very general of all the armies of the north, who was still Zaka Asakana, it was only natural that Lotaga stayed in line, or the man would break him in half.

sagiri could not help but think that Zaka Asakana had been dissatisfied with his modified uniform when they saluted him. Perhaps the man was also a perfectionist, seeing as everyone walked around with their backs held straight. Even the war equipment innovation and healers still walked upright. Discipline was mandatory.

Lotaga was standing with a man shorter than him and even less built than any man Sagiri had seen in the galka war headquarters. He was carrying on his back some type of blade longer than any sagiri had ever seen. It was tightly fitted to the back of his combat coat. They seemed to be discussing something important with Lotaga.

When they got closer, the man finally turned to look at the group approaching. He was wearing a mask just like sagiri and when he turned his eyes only fell on sagiri. Cold, pale charcoal gray eyes, which were cold and void of any emotion. Sagiri could not see any of his facial features, but from his eyes, it felt like the man hated him already. he looked at sagiri for a long moment before he turned to look at everyone as if burning all their faces into his memory, before he turned to Lotaga.

The two men continued talking, and as the team approached.

"Is it me or that man is looking at us as if he wants to kill us?" It was Ulekai the fearful.

"It could seem so," Zoliath answered, and sagiri relaxed a bit, seeing as everyone felt it too.

"That is Seyika Faraku. He is the only one to have mastered the secret art of his clan, which is to remember things they see on a small scale. He was born with a defect or a rare talent that could make him remember everything he sees. landscapes, faces, and even written text. He had a photographic memory, " kiuga answered, and sagiri's eyes widened. There was someone out there like him?

"he is a core member of Salka's team, and almost everyone in Tagayia knows him. he is also a core member of the Grand Zorath's elite squad," kiuga said, and there was a uniform intake of breath. More than the surprise at how much kiuga knew, it was the surprise that such an elite person and talent existed. Of course, even if someone belonged to a certain squad like this Toka, sometimes they could be forced to join elite teams where their talent could be elevated too. It did not mean that they had to be in a squad like Salka's had to follow each other, even when it was not in times of war. Seyika could seem to have been a great talent, and he worked under the Grand Zorath as an elite member.

His sash was indigo, putting him in the special combat units. sagiri was sure that Salka must also belong to such a squad, but the man seemed to love staying inside the walls of Galka War Academy to protect the thousand future warriors of Tagayia. An indigo sash was worn by a unit among the special combat units in charge of strategy and intelligence. It was an elite team trusted with secrets, analysis, and codes. The man was basically a walking map and a secret.

"he is a walking map?" The words tumbled out of his mouth.

"Let's just say, just like you hear too much. Seyika sees too much, and outside the headquarters, he walks with a blindfold, the same way you wear those seals of yours to keep out too much noise." kiuga turned around to explain, and sagiri had never felt so seen.

"It would be fun to see this too in the same room," Bukata said, and the others nodded. So there was someone out there who was born with a defect just like him. It might not have been the same, but sagiri suddenly did not feel alone.

"he is not to be toyed with in battle, too. Infact i have always wanted to be like him," kiuga said in admiration. "No one had ever been able to break or defeat any strategies he had come up with," kiuga said as if he were looking at a protege.

Seyika turned again to look at the group after something Lotaga said, and this time his eyes settled on sagiri. There was, of course, no warmth in them. He at least had something to protect his ears from hearing all the unnecessary hullabaloo around him. he could not imagine having to cover your eyes because you could see and remember everything. Lotaga and Seyika were still standing a distance, and even with his enhanced hearing sagiri could not hear what the two were whispering about.

Seyika looked as if he was capturing sagiri's face and keeping it in memory before he turned to Lotaga and said something. Lotaga nodded stiffly. The group was now close enough, and sagiri could hear the last statement Seyika had said.

"Don't waste my time."

What could they have possibly been talking about

Seyika finally turned around and bolted away in the opposite direction, not giving Lotaga a second look. He was so fast on his feet as he circled the arenas in a blur and disappeared behind the buildings.

"You boys are finally here. I have been looking for you all over the place." Lotaga laughed a practiced laugh. Of course, he was lying, and no one believed him.

"You are the worst," Maita said, just like a chimaera could. They had zero patience for disorder.

"Was that Seyika Faraku?" kiuga asked, ignoring what Maita had said and levitating towards Lotaga

"well yes of course, who else carries a blade twice his size around this place and glares at everything, yet Zaka Asakana allows him to modify his combat suit," Lotaga said as if he deserved to be allowed to be free too. Seem Zaka was not like salka who only punished him whenever he disobeyed him, which was every time. Zaka, on the other hand, seemed like he could break him in half if he made a slight mistake.

"What were you two talking about? Can you introduce me?" kiuga said, hearts literally coming out of his eyes.

"he only agreed to meet me because he respects Salka, and we happen to be on the same team. You will have to talk to Chief Zaka himself if you want to talk with him. The man is a walking map and secrets. He is always protected by Chief Zaka at all times, and he is one of his only trusted men," Lotaga said, pouting. At the mention of Chief Zaka, everyone shuddered. Who could approach him? well unless they wanted to die.

Lotaga's eyes lowered, and his shoulders slumped in disappointment.

"Don't worry if I don't mess up and happen to have wasted his precious time just now. He will meet me at the end of the one-month exercise when we return north. We can not say that he will talk to you, however. He is meaner than Salka." Lotaga said, and kiuga seemed to have been reborn at the first statement. he did not care what Lotaga said next.

If his meeting with Seyika depended on Lotaga's good behavior, then the odds were already not looking good, but none of the other boys dared break his bubble. Well except one.

"If you are depending on his good behavior to meet Seyika, then you are stupid." Kaka's voice said just right behind them, and everyone jumped.

"You are so hateful king of Galka. Is it because you are in your turf?" Kiuga said, and Kaka snickered. Everyone else turned around in uniform to look at Kaka and he was still alive and whole, standing with his back straight. His face and other parts of his exposed hands were badly but he was somehow alive.

Everyone froze as if they did not want to acknowledge what they had seen, and an awkward silence stretched. The father and son duo was truly a weird duo.

"Well then, since you are all here and equipped thanks to my guidance, we should probably head south. This might take us a week or five days, depending on how eager you are to be in the second largest city," Lotaga announced, and everyone breathed a sigh of disbelief.

His guidance?

No one corrected him anyway, and the team broke away from the Galka war headquarters.

