

# **Adtraic Verity: Journey For The Truth - Chapter 1**

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### **Chapter 1**

“Our world.”

Everything around him was swallowed viciously in a storm of flames, earthquakes, meteors and an all-consuming radiance. A reality robbed of chaos.

When he tried to reach the crimson sky filled with flames and debris, he saw a flicker of reality consume his vision.

It was a world devoid of any of that.

Tall, flourishing mountains, beautiful vast emerald forests, and a series of tall waterfalls flashed before his eyes.

But then, as his eyes opened, he watched as his skin burned from the stinging embers.

All he felt was pain. Not just physically, but mentally as well. Tears welled up in his gray eyes. This was not just an accident; it was more a calamity.

The world he owned was supposed to be the perfect home. But after a series of tragic events, he was delivered this outcome.

Who is he?

Who is this hopeless white-haired boy, wearing rather vague and distinctive attire?

His name is Asahi. The eldest sibling of a greater whole, called The Adtraic Family.

The world that they inhabit was called Gincad, a flourishing world with variety and life among every corner.

Where humanity prospered and loved gods and themselves. Animals too.

Not a mistake in sight.

It was supposed to be the perfect world.

But now, all of that had been stolen from them in the form of some sort of disaster.

A magical brown scarf blew away from his arms as he passed through the molten winds. The sheer terror instilled upon his very face expressed that this otherworldly item belonged to someone important to him.

Yet the fear that dwelled inside his hollow heart was so strong, it made him forget who it belonged to.

As Asahi rampantly chased the scarf, he watched as the world around him folded into itself.

Trees scorched into ashes.

Entire kingdoms crumbled and sunk into the darkest opening trenches.

Statues of him and the rest of the members of his family were senselessly obliterated by a storm of lightning bolts.

Watching as the scarf fell from his reach, he heard both his and a fairly high-pitched voice scream.

“That’s ours! Give it back!”

Suddenly, the sight of the smoldering world transformed into a tame forest of emerald green trees, an expanse of bumpy grassy hills, tall brown mountains, and winding rivers.

Footsteps trailed from close and afar, followed by the yell of a girl, whose skin drenched from the blazing sun.

“Get back here, you thief!”

Although the scarf was still far from Asahi’s reach, the overall appearance of him and his sister had been completely altered, as if all of what happened before was all... just a faint memory.

They flew in-between the trees and the rocks, gripping and chasing someone.

Who they were chasing was a person concealed in an obscure dark cloak; not even his face could be seen just because of how dark the fabric was.

He flew and ran away from the two, doing everything in his power to not be stopped.

But what was it that made Asahi and the other chase him?

Cradled in the thieves gloves was a long unearthly scarf coated in hues of brown. Its fabric was as soft as skin and its sparkling essence reflected the vibrant rays of the sun and even the stars.

The overall appearance of this scarf screamed “Divine” to them.

And so, Asahi and what could be presumed as his sister, chased this thief to the very end.

The golden beams of sunlight peeked through the clouds and colorful treetops. The warm afternoon air whistled through the logs, while birds sang their tunes. It looked like a different world.

After leaves rustled, the cloaked man dashed and vaulted over a brown cliff. He looked back and saw both the siblings chase him with visibly angry faces. He knew that nothing could stop them, not even his strongest of powers.

Then, he ran into a dead end and looked back. Silent as he was, his azure eyes darted over to the white-haired people. Visibly frustrated, he muttered.

“They didn’t give up yet? Surely, with just enough time... I may be able to...”

Before he knew it, both the siblings were just meters away from him. There was nothing he could do to evade this situation.

He could try to run over to a patch of bushes and kick that broken tree down to crush them, but even then, he knew that the siblings were too quick to be crushed like that.

With no other choice, he hoisted the brown scarf up into the air and hoped for anything to happen. A blessing. A curse.

Anything that could stop the siblings now would be a miracle for the thief.

Fortunately for him though, the brown scarf began creating this unusual, heavenly aura. Sparkles materialize up to its surface. The length of it extended and grew like a snake, before flying into the treetops like a bird. The thief couldn't begin to comprehend how this was possible, but it was clear he supported it.

Yet, not even that would be enough to distract the furious siblings.

Although there was nowhere to go, there was one thing that could help this thief in this situation. Resting against the wall of dirt and stone, was a large, rock-solid boulder with a size greater than his entire body. With just enough time, the thief could grab it and toss it to the siblings in hopes for them to be crushed.

But what really happened was something none would ever expect.

He threw the boulder into the air, scraping the bark and twigs from above. The scarf levitated and roamed the place, wrapping and extending from one tree to the next.

Then, as the boulder overshadowed the siblings' faces, with the power of both their swings and a magical power, Asahi and his sister were able to shatter the huge boulder into a million pieces. The thief hopelessly watched as tiny rock pebbles rain down from above, hitting and crushing insects.

As the storm of pellets ceased, with one tiny footstep, Asahi approached the thief and sneered at him, hearing the thief's trembling words.

"What?! How is that even possible? How did you two even manage to shatter that?"

Asahi immediately dodged the thief's hopeless kick and neared him, showing a cheeky smirk as he asked.

"Surprised?"

Followed by silence, the thief gulped, froze still, and answered tremblingly.

"N... Nope."

In return, Asahi shook his head, and clicked his teeth.

“Tsk Tsk Tsk.” He then clutched the thief’s neck with his metal arm and engulfed his hands in a magical white light. As the thief struggled to move, Asahi hollered at a white-haired girl approaching from behind.

“Aletha, grab the scarf now!”

The girl behind nodded her head. The overall aura glimmering around her expressed and showed that she was confident about this, not even taking a stop to relax. Pacing through the trees like a wolf, she snapped her fingers and hollered back, then gave a subtle wink, replying.

“Right on it, bro!”

After she climbed up the cliff, the girl hastily sprung toward the brown scarf and clutched the tip of its fabric. She then charged at the thief and swung the long, shimmering scarf around him, wrapping the long object all over his body like a rope.

Before the thief could breach out from the soft fabric, Asahi bolted toward the other side and squeezed the thief tightly with the scarf, suffocating and hurting him, forcing him to cry.

“NO!”

He gasped, collapsed onto the ground, and swayed his arms, crying out of fear.

“Okay, okay! You win, you win! You can have that stupid scarf!”

Asahi lifted his chin and squeezed his fists, biting his teeth as he tried to tame his rage. Gathering his memories of the scarf, he spoke, with a cold, bitter, and serious look on his face.

“It isn’t stupid at all. You don’t know anything about that relic. See, If you were to understand why that scarf is so important to us, maybe your TINY little brain would realize why we have chased you all day.”

To add onto the confrontation, Aletha shook her head, sighed contemptuously, and stepped forward hearing the thief implore loudly to Asahi.

“Okay, okay! Stop squeezing me! Please, I’ll do anything. I will even tell you why! The reason why I snagged your scarf... is that it looked like mine!”

Aletha drilled the thief’s eyes with a cold glance of disapproval, seeing the aura of lies float in the thief’s false face. Her two eyes illuminated like grapes, seeing through his soul.

After grasping the situation, the girl shook her head roughly and objected.

“You’re lying! That thief didn’t steal the scarf because of a misunderstanding. He stole it because he thought he could sell it!”

Asahi’s eyes dragged his hawkish gaze back at the thief’s little, entangled legs and tightened his fists with rage.

In a dour expression, he knelt back to the thief and uttered.

“Is this true? Were you trying to sell our family’s scarf because you just wanted some sick fortune?”

The thief covered with a begging smile.

“N... No... not at all! If you could JUST listen to me, maybe you will understand—

Aletha sneered at him, crossed her arms, and shot her eyes at the thief with a look of truth, revealing once again.

“He’s lying.”

Asahi squeezed the thief harder, forcing the thief’s face to turn blue and his legs to flail all over the place. The thief cried out.

“AHH... I can’t... I can’t breathe! PLEASE! Dear god, give me mercy!”

After Aletha saw the thief choke and cough to death, a shameful feeling emerged in her. She muttered shamefully.

“I can’t afford to see this no longer.”

Before any more pain could be inflicted on the thief, Aletha nagged her brother’s arm and yelled, feeling pity dawn on her.

“Asahi, stop.” She said as the tone of her voice narrowed down. “I hate to see anyone like this. It just feels... wrong. Although he has her scarf, I would not like to see anyone get hurt. Just don’t let that thief escape.”

A brutal silence came after her sentence. Leaves flew over the ground, woodpeckers chattered, and birds cawed.

Asahi felt a raw, burning-feeling in his heart the more his eyes leaned toward the thief.

Just by seeing that cold piercing glare among his sharp silver eyes, one could know that he wanted to kill that person without mercy– all for stealing a scarf.

In hesitation to his sister’s demand, Asahi strengthened his grip and saw the veins in the thief’s neck pop out.

“AH!”

Aletha’s eyes trembled in shock. She knew if she were not to act quickly, they would be given another responsibility.

In response, Aletha forcefully stepped forward and pushed her brother back, screaming at him with a red face.

“Hey, I SAID stop! Look, I don’t want this thief to be hurt. The last thing we want is for another world to hate us. So please, let me handle this.”

It was at this moment that Asahi weakened his grip and stopped.

He didn’t do it out of spite, he did it for the sake of his sister.

If Aletha were never to be there in this situation, the thief would have been reduced into tiny puddles of crimson.

Asahi took a grating sigh and glanced downward at the thief quietly. He grumbled at him as he saw the brown scarf get tainted by the dirt.

“I... want you... dead. Useless, hungry animal.”

“HEY! STOP!”

He then turned back and informed Aletha with an angry, and sharp tone.

“What do you mean, stop? We should kill him! Look at how careless that thief’s face looks, or at least... his body language presents. He doesn’t know anything about our history or the scarf’s importance. Why should I spare him? He isn’t from our world. Hell, none of the places around us is our world!”

Asahi was right.

The world around them was entirely alien to them; a place that has depth, society, and history behind it, much like their world.

It was part of a greater whole; the universe.

Who knows just how many worlds were out there?

Although this world was filled with mystery, it was understandable why he didn’t care much for it.

Sometimes, it is best to not invade a place you don’t know.

From the silence, Aletha looked upward and made a thoughtful look at the cloaked thief.

He didn’t move, nor did he speak... and judging by his fearful posture, it seemed like he didn’t breathe.

Aletha festered a great resentment for the cloaked individual as she stared at him, thinking...

(We have only just met him after we stepped out of the village.)

And so, because of so much being unknown from the cloaked thief, Aletha silently forgave him and answered Asahi with a calm tone.

“Because... I don’t believe that the thief is THAT evil. The only reason why he was lying is that he was scared.”

The thief hurriedly shook his head, adding on as he swung his arm.

“Yeah, yeah, you tell him, girl!”

Aletha chuckled dismissively, smirked at the cloaked man, knelt down, and reacted to him confidently, showing a weak smug at him.



“Now, don’t get c0cky now. If you continue to act that way, maybe I WILL allow my brother to hurt you. Stop being a liar, and tell us the REAL reason why you decided to rob our scarf away from us. Or else...”

“NO, DON’T!” The thief pleaded as he caught a glimpse of Asahi’s hateful look burning in his eyes.

He took a deep sigh and grumbled, surrendering to them, and moving his arms away as if he was a peasant.

“Fine, I’ll explain.”

Aletha smiled and nodded. She walked over and sat on the patch of grass and relaxed.

“Good. Then I’ll be relaxing and drawing underneath that tree, okay?”

Asahi sighed profoundly as he saw the thief’s body entangled from half the brown scarf. He turned over to Aletha with an incisive stare and questioned.

“I thought you just said you would speak to him?”

Aletha yawned.

“I changed my mind. This will be his punishment for stealing our scarf.”

The thief’s eyes widened in shock and disappointment.

“R-Really?! Waiting?”

Asahi chuckled.

“Typical.”

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After moments of silence and waiting, Aletha began asking the thief.

“So, why did you steal our scarf? I want an honest answer, not some lame one such as “oh, I want to sell this for money.” The best thing you could get from this scarf was five coins, and that’s on a good day.” Aletha mocked as she crossed her arms and sat quietly on a log.

The thief gulped, shook his head, and tried to reply with sweat sliding down his face. His long dark hair covered half his eyes, and his face was shrouded in shadows of his hood. His eyes were not even on the scarf, instead... it was the siblings themselves. After a long silence, Asahi gave an insightful glare and snapped his fingers. He hollered at the thief.

“Hey, how about you take off that hood? If you’re going to answer, I want to see your face, before I start to pummel you down to the ground!”

Aletha squinted at Asahi with a raised eyebrow.

“Bro, stop! Give this poor stranger a chance. He hadn’t done anything wrong.”

A shimmer of golden sun shook through the trees. All the forest was flooded with a soft golden light. The frolicking emerald leaves flew with the striding pattern of the wind and flew across the man’s dark hood.

The leaves floated in the direction of Aletha’s long, snow-white hair. She rested against a tree, took deep breaths, and pressed the pencil’s hard point on a piece of blank paper.

“Uh-huh...”

She delicately applied light strokes to the paper and glanced about, murmuring in between.

“There, and there...”

After she drew a different line, she removed her pencil from the paper and slid it toward the golden rays visible through the treetops. As the thief took attention, she felt a twinge of pride.

“Looks nice, considering you were just defending me from your brother a second ago.” The thief mumbled.

In a tone of genuine surprise, Aletha questioned him.

“Aren’t you going to answer? Listen to my big brother and take that dumb hood off, now!”

The thief replied as the bristles of his dark hair flew out from his hood.

“Wow, I guess I can’t even manipulate her. Alright... alright...” He stammered as he saw Aletha’s ice cold stare shot directly at his face. “I never expected a girl like her to be so hostile to me. She was just a angel a second ago? What is her problem?”

And then, an aura of recollection flashed inside his pale face.

“Oh, wait. My memory almost drove me to forget why I stole it in the first place. These are the Adtraic Gods, aren’t they?”

Suddenly, both the siblings hastily stood up from their positions, confused as to how a person from a different world as theirs could identify Asahi and Aletha.

“You KNOW us?!”