

## Adtraic Verity: Journey For The Truth - Chapter 10

“Okay, I’m going to go to the picture book shelves. Just ask me if you need anything, bro.”

Asahi gave a thumbs up, replying to Aletha with a forgiving tone.

“Alright, have fun, sis!”

After he saw Aletha gleefully prancing around the library, Asahi walked over to the Librarian, who was stamping books behind the counter.

Her eyes were crystal pink, almost jewel-like, fringed with long lashes. She had an hourglass shape, wearing a beautiful hat, a long plaid dress, and a thick brown top.

The woman’s round glasses glistened directly to the wanderers, giving them an annoyed look.

As she stamped the last book and placed it on the pile on a table, she pushed her short magenta ponytail upward and asked with her soothing voice.

“Can I help you?”

Asahi had no time to goof around; the first that dawned on him was to find history books so that he could unravel what had happened when he and his sister had left.

He stepped forward, placed his hands on the counter, and asked the Librarian while Aletha was wandering around the library.

“Do you have any history books on these shelves?”

A half-witted smile formed on the woman’s face.

“Of course. Just go to the back shelves near the back door, and you’ll see many of them. Ranging from beginner Lexile to high.”

Asahi nodded his head.

“Thank you.”

...and walked calmly against the polished wooden surface. As Asahi was about to depart from the counter, The Lib.rarian waved and asked him in a calm voice.

“Visitor, can you be so kind as to see if a book has fallen off the shelves? It’s a sparkling book containing ancient information within it. If you find it, it’s yours to keep.”

Asahi’s eyes widened.

“Really?”

The Lib.rarian nodded silently.

“Indeed.”

Asahi smiled, stopped himself from screaming, and dashed across the aisles of bookshelves, confident that he would find the book.

Ecstatic in this lengthy search, he scanned from shelf to shelf, seeing multiple titles and hardcovers everywhere. However, none of them matched the description of the book the Lib.rarian described.

(Too many books.)

Instead, Asahi surrendered his focus to the random books he would pull out from the shelves, each harboring a vast expanse of history. Every bookcase was so tightly packed with books that Asahi struggled to pull one out.

“Hmm, the tale of the great cyclone?”

Embedded with a gray color, Asahi pulled out a book and turned the pages. Information blasted into him, seeing text that matched his language. His gray eyes followed the flow of the text.

[ In the year 4200, the great sages of the new world sealed a destructive force that could tear and ruin every soul that it’s matched with. A spiraling vortex controlled by a compelling force, originating from the corrupting essence of The Orb of Destruction.]

Asahi gasped and felt a chill creep up his back. He immediately put the book back and sprinted further into the shelves, pulling out another one with a blue

tint rather than the dull gray. He flipped to a random page and barely noticed the title, seeing illustrations accompany the lengthy paragraphs.

[In the beginning, eight sovereigns arose from dust and brought life into the ashes of the old. Once the chaos settled, the sixth sovereign of water was vanquished, flooding the world entirely but bringing with it; a vast expanse called the sky. In substitute for the sixth sovereign was snow. The world was put into a glacial state, and tectonic plates shifted and transmogrified the flow of nature. It is rumored that the eight sovereigns bared notice to The Perpetual Storm encircling the world, granting power to anyone who had reached it. And thus, all eight of the sovereigns captured fragments of the world, forcing and racing to build a structure that could get it. A war that sprawled oblivion.]

Asahi gasped, raising his eyebrows and commenting in his mind.

(So, is this the beginning of the world? After... the destruction of our incarnation?)

In response to his shock, Asahi raced to a table, pushed a chair, and flipped to a random page in the blue book. What stood out from the rest of the text was this one sentence plastered in bold.

**[DESTRUCTION FEEDS THE WORLD. WHEN GROUND EARTH SHATTERS, LIFE SPROUTS FROM IT NO MATTER THE CONDITION. THIS WORLD IS ETERNAL WITH THE FORCES OF THE ORB, AND THE PRISM MELDED.]**

Asahi slammed the book and shook his head, whispering to himself.

“H... How is that possible? Does that mean that our world can heal itself?”

Before he could read more about this relatively ancient book, he heard a softly spoken voice whisper to her.

“What’cha reading?”

Asahi backed up, sighing in relief, noticing that it was just Aletha. She hung her head down and squinted at the book Asahi held. Aletha asked while sparkles illuminated her back.

“Ooo, this looks interesting. What’s it about?”

Asahi raised an eyebrow.

“Oh, so now you’re interested? Well, it seems like this book contains the ancient history of our world just after we had left. It’s... interesting. It explains a lot.”

Aletha gasped, trying to snatch the book off Asahi’s hands.

“Ooo, sounds interesting.”

“Hey, what are you doing?!”

She squinted and flipped the page, seeing nothing but blank paper. Aletha rudely tossed the book back on the table and crossed her arms.

“WHAT?! There’s nothing here! Are you delusional—

“Shhh...” The Librarian warned.

Aletha gulped and nodded, taking a deep breath and pulling out a chair. In a quieter voice, she informed Asahi.

“Anyways, look what I found.”

She pushed the chair to the other side of the dark hardwood table, pulled out a hardcover book from her back, and slammed it on the wooden surface. The chandelier’s light casts on it like a spotlight, revealing magical sparkles floating on the cover. Asahi’s eyes broadened in shock. He couldn’t believe that Aletha had found it.

He leaned on the table and observed the sparkling book, muttering while Aletha hunched over.

“W... Where did you find this? What is it about?”

Aletha held up her hands and used the table as her footstool, yawning and responding while her white hair dangled over the floor.

“I found it in the picture book section near the window. It was lying on the floor and had all these drawings of us on every page, see?”

In a glimpse, Aletha opened the cover and lifted the page, revealing an absolutely fantastic pencil sketch of Asahi and Aletha's exact appearance, standing in front of a gate. He gasped.

"Wow, that really looks like us. I... Is that the city's entrance?" \

Aletha nodded her head.

"Mhmm..." She turned to another page, revealing yet another beautiful sketch of Asahi and Aletha flying over what looked like a massive tornado in a mountain range. It looked half-finished but was still visible.

Utterly shocked, Asahi turned over to another page and saw a sketch of him and his sister battling what looked like a massive kitsune beast in a forest. He scratched his head and sighed, not remembering any of this.

"I... don't remember experiencing this."

Aletha added while she stared into the ceiling.

"Yeah... it's strange."

But what caught Asahi's attention the most was page eight, which looked like a sketch of Asahi, Aletha, and... surprisingly, Aiyana running away from a landscape shrouded in flames and collapsing buildings.

The anatomy, along with the shading, was absolutely excellent, not having a mistake seen in sight. A trace of bitterness crept into Asahi's face, almost frightened of how accurately the drawing matched his envisioned memory.

Asahi remarked.

"How... is it so detailed?"

He slowly closed the book, feeling his heart race from the fear of the accuracy of the sketches. This shouldn't even be possible, yet every page was neatly drawn.

As Asahi turned to Aletha, his pupils enlarged, seeing his sister's head planted face down on the table.

He walked over to her and tried to shake her shoulder...

“Sis... hello?”

Yet, she never answered.

Confused, Asahi darted to the window and saw that everyone was frozen, with the birds floating, the sky stagnant, and even the tiniest animals remaining still.

He started hyperventilating, shaking Aletha’s body to wake up, but nothing worked.

“W... What’s happening? Aletha, wake up!” He screamed.

The moment Asahi turned over to the counter to see if The Lib.rarian was there, his vision and all his hearing deafened and blinded him into pure darkness.

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A faint masculine voice whispered with the world around Asahi in darkness and blur.

“I can’t believe it; their bodies are within my grasp. Now that I have them, I must run to my shelter before Narcissa, and the three knights have caught into him.”

Each heartbeat Asahi made, the more the blur faded away.

All Asahi’s vision was welcome with was a bottom view of a young man with long, silky dark hair and lavender eyes, wearing a cloak of some kind, sprinting across a corridor of buildings.

Asahi tried to move his arms, but his body wouldn’t budge. Struggling to escape the man’s grasp, Asahi mumbled while he saw Aletha also being carried by the dark-haired man.

“W...Where am I? What happened? I feel so drained.”

(Thump... thump.... thump... thump...)

Asahi’s heartbeat gradually quickened. As his vision returned, Asahi regained the ability to move his head, seeing where this mysterious man was taking him and his sister.

The first building he saw was a tall clock tower towering over the other buildings, then he saw what looked like marketplaces, small canals, a wall surrounding the city, waterfalls, sewer drains, streetlights, and apartments.

The crowd wasn't helping at all for his vision.

While waiting to regain his ability to move his legs, Asahi turned over to the man's other arm and saw a white-haired youth getting also carried, with her eyes barely open. Asahi tried to speak but was stopped by his freezing.

{There's no point in trying anymore. Whatever that man is, I hope he isn't kidnapping us. How did we even faint in the first place?}

Asahi relaxed his head, sighed, and waited for the man to stop.

While dashing through the colorful, crowd-filled streets, the loud sound of a bell rang over the entire city.

[Dong, dong, dong...]

Asahi turned to the clock tower and saw the tiny hand touch the number eight at the top of the clock.

Instead of twelve digits, this clock had only eight of them, still matching the measurements of Time but comparably different to the twelve-hour one Asahi saw in other worlds.

He raised an eyebrow and whispered while he felt his whole body starting to shut down.

"An eight-hour clock...? How different is my world now? I have... so many...." His eyelids slowly shut, seeing darkness envelop his surroundings. "... questions."

Suddenly, Asahi's vision was engulfed into black, with the calming voice of that mysterious dark-haired man sounding out.

"The dawn of the eighth hour... just a bit more time until we get there. I hope Clover is safe, usually at this time... I predict that the knights and the Queen of Pladtioa are preparing for the Royal Meeting. "

The man looked over to the unconscious wanderers and whispered to them, racing through the rural alleyways and opening a basement door leading underground.

“It’s unbelievable that the Adtraic Gods returned after thousands of years. Yet why do I still feel familiar with them? It’s like... I have met them before.”

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Darkness was all that Asahi saw.

He could hear a liquid bubbling in the background and hums that sounded like they came from a man.

“Oh, so that’s how a potion is made.”

The warmth surrounding Asahi felt relatively more robust compared to his last location.

Confused, Asahi’s eyes swiftly opened to the sight of a comfy room with brewing stands, bookshelves, a fireplace, crates, and so much more. It looked more like a workshop than a house. Having wood almost everywhere except near the fireplace.

He found the same dark-haired man sitting near a brewing stand, observing its potions while holding a book.

Standing next to him was a familiar green-haired girl, gathering supplies and transporting the crates from wall to wall.

(They seem busy. Wait– i... is that the girl who saved me?) Asahi thought.

While waking up and rubbing his eyes, Asahi felt a soft surface beneath him. It was a comfy texture that matched the feeling of a bed.

Though grateful for the man’s unasked hospitality, Asahi was still utterly confused about what had happened. He scratched his head and mumbled.

“What the– I was just in a library a few minutes ago, awakened in the streets carried by that same man, and now... I woke up here?! What’s going on? Where’s Aletha?”



Conveniently after he said that a feminine groan sounded on the other side of the room. He saw slender arms stretch up in a v-shape, white hair shimmering over the dim ceiling lights, and crystal gray eyes glistening.

Though he knew people were inside the room, Asahi hollered to the girl anyway.

“Sis!”

The man and the green-haired girl swiftly turned to Asahi.

“Oh, you’re finally awake.”

Asahi raised an eyebrow.

“Who are you? Where am I? What—

The dark-haired man placed the potion on the table and turned to the green-haired girl, asking.

“Clover, would you be so kind if you could store that neatly crafted potion back in the crates?”

Her face turned ruby-red.

“O...Oh, of course, master.”

As the girl walked over to the counter, the young man brushed his long silky dark hair, checked his monocle-like thing on his eye, fixed his collar, and walked up to Asahi, instantly bowing down and saying.

“It is an honor to hospitalize you, Asahi.”

He raised an eyebrow, shrugging his shoulders and shaking his head.

“W...Who are you?”

. . .

A silence dawned on him, thinking and examining both Asahi and Aletha.

(Yes, their aura is familiar; however, one component is absent from their bodies. The powerful atmosphere makes an individual a god. That mark has to bestow some sort of significance.

His dark pants and glowing blue hairpin glistened under the ceiling lights, casting a mysterious aura encircling all the man. Asahi hastily jumped off the bed and sat on the ledge, gazing at the tall, mysterious man with a look of suspicion.

As the silence continued, Asahi mumbled.

“So...”

The man’s glistening lavender eyes broadened. He never realized that he hadn’t introduced himself.

So, as Aletha was sitting on the second bed on the other side of the room, curious about what Asahi was doing, the dark-haired man knelt down and raised his voice in a confident tone.

“You may call me Akwan. I sincerely apologize for taking the impertinent route of investigating; it just seems that you two stick out from the rest of the crowd. Much as the world.”

Akwan hunched down to Asahi’s head and squinted at it, examining each soft bristle.

“Ah...”

His husky yet soothing voice drew up from his mouth with a look of surprise shimmering in his eyes.

“Fascinating. I have never visually perceived such a shade of hair on anyone, no matter where I go in Gincad. You two must have emanated from an older time.”

Asahi couldn’t argue; Akwan was correct.

“And to think that none remember you, it’s quite odd. Have you realized that it’s been nearly five-thousand years since you were gone?”

Asahi slowly shook his head.

“N...No, not at all. I thought we left for ten years, not five thousand.”

Akwan lifted his chin.

“Hmm, then it may be the fault of time dilation that led to this.”

Asahi mumbled.

“Time... dilation?”

But just as Akwan could continue, Aletha walked by and asked Asahi, with her white hair a ragged mess.

“W... Where am I?” She gasped, noticing Akwan standing in front of Asahi.

“H...Huh? I think I have seen you before.”

Akwan lightly chuckled.

“Heh. Of course, you have. Now when you two are ready, gather up in the fireplace. There are chairs there. I’m really interested in you two. Not just for my curiosity but for your safety. I want to share everything you need to know about what happened to your world.”

Asahi and Aletha nodded their heads in agreement and pushed all their concerns aside.

Despite not knowing who this man was, Asahi and Aletha felt that Akwan was trustworthy and learned much more than they had expected. Not only that, seeing the girl that saved them when they were caught by guards enforced their trust.

Even if it was a stranger, if Akwan invited and saved them from whatever happened in the library, they knew he was trustworthy.

Shortly after, The Wanderers followed Akwan toward the fireplace, hoping that he would share information on what happened to their family.

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