

VANTACORE: *Power Beyond the Apocalypse*

The last record told
everything:

73 years ago, it was
activated by mistake.
Siberia. Nothing survived.

It bends gravity. Destroys
balance. It can collapse cities
like lungs being crushed.

Only bloodline-coded DNA
can access its seal.

VANTACORE: Power Beyond the Apocalypse

Part - 1

Chapter- I = A Night of Shadows

Chapter- II = Rise of the Vantacore

Chapter- III = Journey to Mustang

Chapter- IV = The river Hold the Secret

Chapter- V = Echoes in the Smoke

Chapter- VI = Redemption's Not on the Menu

Chapter-I

A Night of Shadows

The scent of roasted chicken and garlic naan wafted through the family-friendly restaurant in Kathmandu. Glasses clinked, plates shuffled, and laughter rang like bells under the dimmed chandelier lights.

In one cozy corner of the hall sat the Sharma family — a picture of warmth and unity in a city that never truly slept.

“OMG! How much he talks! Doesn’t he ever get tired of talking this much?” Sabitri said, half-laughing, as she leaned over to nudge her younger son, Samuel, who was deep in yet another one of his silly but passionate theories — something about how chickens could be trained like dogs.

Dev chuckled beside her, his deep voice calm and amused. “Let him be. Sometimes the nonsense he says makes more sense than the news,” he said, patting Samuel on the head.

Sabitri smiled faintly, her eyes soft. This was home. This was peace.

They lived in the heart of **Kathmandu**, a bustling, ancient city now tangled with neon lights and modern shadows. Their family was simple but deeply bonded: Dev, a man once involved in "business" people didn’t talk about anymore; Sabitri, a wise, strong woman with roots deep in the soil of Nepal; their sons, **Samuel** and **Yosef**, both bold but wildly different; and **Sophia**, the eldest, calm as the moon but fierce beneath the surface.

Tonight was special. They were celebrating Sophia’s recent internship offer at an international company. Around them were the remains of a royal dinner — **wine glasses half-full, cola fizzing, and the warm glow of celebration.**

Suddenly, Sophia stood, adjusting her hair and checking the time. “We need to go to Uncle Anthony’s house. He called us at 9:00. It’s 9:45 now. He’ll start sending angry emojis any minute,” she joked.

“Alright, alright.” Dev pulled out his wallet and paid the bill. Then, blinking slyly at Samuel, he added, “You girls go ahead. Yosef, Samuel, and I have some unfinished business.”

Sabitri raised an eyebrow but said nothing. She had long since learned that Dev’s "unfinished business" often meant arcade games or quiet talks that sons needed with fathers.

Sophia and Sabitri left in the car.

The boys stayed behind, headed straight to the **arcade inside the mall**, where the neon lights flashed like memories and echoes of gunshots in video games mixed with real ones Dev once knew.

Samuel was laughing, trying to beat Yosef in a racing game. Dev leaned against a wall, smiling faintly — eyes not really watching the screen. Eyes lost in old thoughts.

Then his phone rang.

He picked up. “Where are you? We’re waiting,” Sabitri said. Her voice was colder than usual.

“Relax, we’re on our way,” Dev replied, slipping the phone into his coat.

He turned to his sons, voice playful again. “Come on, monkeys. Let’s bounce.”

But they never made it out.

10:15 PM

As they stepped outside into the cold night air, a **black SUV screeched to a halt** at the edge of the parking lot.

Five figures emerged — shadows first, then metal. **Guns. Khukuris. Swords.** The streetlight flickered above them, as if the city itself was warning them to run.

Dev stopped in his tracks. His instincts — once buried — came roaring back.

“What do you want?” he asked, voice calm, eyes scanning for exits.

One of the masked men stepped forward, his voice low, sharp. “Your life, Dev Sharma.”

Dev’s breath caught.

Before he could react, a sword flashed — slicing through the air and across his arm. Blood splashed on the pavement.

Dev grunted in pain, staggering back.

Samuel and Yosef ducked behind a concrete pillar. “Dad!” Yosef shouted.

Dev, half-bleeding, reached under his coat — his old habit never died. A **folding blade**, sharp and familiar, slipped into his hand. With a growl, he lunged.

In a blur, he cut one attacker's thigh open — the man screamed. Another came forward. Dev pivoted and drove the blade into his gut, twisting hard.

But the third was faster. He slammed Dev across the back with the hilt of a sword, sending him to the ground.

Two more surrounded him. Dev fought to rise. His knees buckled. His vision blurred.

Then — a word.

“VantaCore.”

One of them crouched next to him, pressing the cold blade against Dev's throat.

“Tell us where it is,” he said. “Or watch your blood run dry.”

Dev's lips trembled. “I don't know what you're talking about.”

The man sighed. “You were always stubborn.”

He nodded to the others.

They pushed Dev flat, pressed the blade **hard and slowly** against his neck.

Samuel and Yosef watched, frozen. Powerless.

Dev's legs kicked instinctively. Blood pooled beneath him. His breath became ragged. One last twitch — then silence.

He was gone.

Chapter-II

Rise of the Vantacore

The street was silent.

Not the peaceful kind of silence — this was the hollow, choking silence of **death and disappearance**.

Dev's body lay sprawled in the blood-slick street, a red river flowing beneath him. His eyes, once sharp with fire and filled with love, stared lifelessly into the black sky. A father. A protector. A man who walked with the weight of secrets... now still forever.

And near the corner of the street, **only one boy remained**.

Samuel knelt behind a shattered trash bin, trembling. Blood wasn't just on his father's shirt — it was on his hands too. Not his own. Not from a fight. But from trying to hold what couldn't be held... a life that slipped away.

He had seen it all.

The slash that took Dev's hand.

The blades that tore into his father.

The word that kept haunting him:
"VantaCore."

The attackers didn't just kill — they erased.
And then... **Yosef vanished**.

Nobody. No scream. No trace. One second he was beside Samuel, and in the blink of violence — **he was gone**.

Like smoke swallowed by darkness.

The Funeral – Three Days Later

Kathmandu wore black.

The skies wept drizzled over the city's shoulders as hundreds gathered to mourn two men — **Dev Sharma, feared and respected**, and **his son Yosef**, presumed dead, vanished like ash in wind.

But Sabitri... Sabitri didn't cry.

She sat stone-still, her eyes hollow and dry. The kind of grief that went too deep for tears.

Sophia, broken by both loss and confusion, wept quietly in the back corner. Whispers echoed through the funeral:

"Yosef was brave."

"He died trying to fight back."

"The boy vanished, but the blood on the wall says enough."

Samuel stood still. Numb. Words meant nothing anymore. Not when your brother disappears before your eyes. Not when the only father you ever had dies holding onto secrets.

After the final rites, Sabitri called Samuel into Dev's old study room no one entered anymore.

She knelt on the wooden floor and opened a hidden latch under the dusty carpet.

Inside was a steel box. Heavy. Ancient. **Humming**, almost faintly... like it was alive.

"You're not a child anymore," she said quietly. "You're all I have now. And this... was meant for both of you. But now, it's only you."

Samuel stepped forward, hands trembling.

Sabitri pressed her thumb to the lock. **Click.**

The box hissed open.

Inside lay a sealed black envelope, a data chip, a folded map, and a note.

Samuel picked up the letter — written in Dev's unmistakable handwriting.

"If you're reading this, I'm dead. And Yosef... if he's with you, I pray you both live long enough to make sense of this."

*"The world wants VantaCore. It's not a weapon of war. It's a weapon of **fate**."*

Hidden beneath the Himalayas. Feared by gods. Covered by devils. I was its last guardian. And now... it's yours."

Samuel plugged the chip into Dev's encrypted laptop.

A file opened, marked with glowing red text:

VANTACORE: ORIGIN CLASSIFIED

Images spilled across the screen:

A **dark, crystalline core**. A **monastery deep in Mustang**. Broken fragments of ancient prophecies. And one word carved in stone, in a language older than time:

"ताण्डव."

(The Dance of Destruction.)

What is VantaCore?

The last record told everything:

"73 years ago, it was activated by mistake. Siberia. Nothing survived."

"It bends gravity. Destroys balance. It can collapse cities like lungs being crushed."

"Only bloodline-coded DNA can access its seal."

Samuel backed away from the screen, the echo of his father's final words ringing in his mind.



Chapter-III

Journey To Mustang

The house felt like a tomb now.

Dev and Yosef — gone.

The echo of their laughter haunted the walls, clinging like dust to every photograph, every untouched cup of tea. Grief lingered in the silence like a fog that refused to lift.

Samuel stood in the doorway of his mother's room, heart heavy.

She sat before the dim glow of the oil lamp, prayer beads slipping silently through her fingers. Outside, the wind howled — a wild, mournful sound that felt like a warning.

He stepped forward. "Ma..."

Sabitri didn't move.

"I've decided," Samuel said. "I'm going to Mustang. To find the VantaCore."

A beat of silence.

Then, her voice — low, unshaken, cracked from sorrow yet sharpened by rage:

"Before you go, I want a favor."

He stepped closer. "Anything."

She turned to face him.

Her eyes — those storm-weary eyes — were endless wells of loss, but they burned with something terrifying.

"Do whatever it takes," she said.

"But bring your sister back. And avenge your father."

Samuel froze. "Sister?"

A voice came from behind.

"I'm not letting him go alone."

It was **Sophia**.

Wrapped in Dev's old leather jacket, eyes red, fists clenched.

"I've buried two people I love. I won't sit back and bury another," she said. "If this road leads to answers — or vengeance — I'm walking it too."

Sabitri looked at her daughter. She didn't argue. She didn't cry.

She only pulled a **raksha thread** from Dev's altar — red and worn — and tied it around both of their wrists, knotting them together.

"Then go," she whispered. "And don't come back until you've made the earth remember their names."

The Journey Begins

By morning, they were gone.

Samuel behind the wheel. Sophia riding shotgun, shotgun of her own beneath the seat.

The roads twisted through the Himalayas like veins through a dying body.

Rain bled from the sky.

Fog swallowed road signs whole.

They passed a town where no one would speak until the sun fell.

A child pointed at them and whispered, "Blood-bonded seekers."

And on a mountainside rock, etched by something clawed and not human, a single word:

“ताण्डव.”

The Dance of Destruction.

Nights were colder the deeper they went.

Sophia cried once. Just once. When she dreamed of Yosef's laugh.

Samuel never cried — but sometimes he stared out into the dark too long.

As they neared Mustang, snow began to fall like ashes from some far-off war.

A monastery loomed ahead, cloaked in mist and legend.

Samuel looked at his sister.

“You sure about this?” he asked.

Sophia cracked a half-smile. “I’m not here to survive, Sam. I’m here to make gods bleed.”

And as they walked toward the unknown, Samuel whispered:

“You took my father.”

“You took my brother.”

“Now watch what you’ve awakened.”

Chapter-IV

The River Hold The Secret

The monastery was far behind them now, a shadow in the rearview mirror. The sky bled orange as dusk settled in, brushing everything with melancholy. Sophia was driving, her fingers wrapped tightly around the wheel, the road ahead winding through thick forests and silent rivers.

Samuel lounged in the passenger seat, boots on the dashboard, chewing gum like it was his life's mission.

Samuel: "So, what now? No more monks. No more riddles. Just... where do we even go?"

Sophia: "Where the road leads us."

Samuel: "That's not a plan. That's a lazy line from a cheap movie."

Sophia: chuckles "Better than your idea of following a squirrel last time."

Samuel: "He was leading us somewhere. I felt it."

Sophia: "Yeah, to a garbage can."

Their banter was cut short when Samuel leaned forward suddenly, squinting toward the river that snaked beside the road.

Samuel: "...Wait. Wait, Sophia, stop the car."

Sophia: "What is it now, another animal spirit guide?"

Samuel: "No. Look—there. In the river."

Sophia glanced over—and froze. Her foot slammed on the brake. The tires skidded, the car jolted to a stop. There, caught in the slow current, was a boy's body, floating like a forgotten doll, pale and still.

Sophia: "Oh my God. Oh my—"

Samuel: "We need to get him. Fast."

They jumped out. The bank was steep and muddy, roots and stones making the descent treacherous. Sophia slipped once, Samuel caught her by the wrist.

Sophia: "Don't let go."

Samuel: "I got you. But if you die here, I'm haunting you."

The water was icy, biting into their skin. Samuel didn't hesitate—he waded in, boots heavy, clothes soaked instantly. The current wasn't strong, but the boy was drifting out, barely visible now.

Samuel: "I see him! But he's tangled in something!"

Sophia: "Be careful!"

Samuel dove under. Seconds passed like minutes. Sophia's heart pounded. Then—Samuel broke the surface, gasping, dragging the boy by the shoulders. Something had wrapped around the boy's ankle—an old fishing net or rope. Sophia splashed in to help.

Together, they pulled him to the shore, coughing, drenched, breathless.

Sophia: "Is he... alive?"

The boy coughed suddenly, spewing water. His eyes fluttered open, dazed, distant.

Samuel: "Well, he's breathing. That's a start."

They bundled him into the back seat of the car. Sophia wrapped him in her coat. Samuel turned up the heater, handing over his half-drunk water bottle.

Sophia: "Drink. Slowly. You're safe now."

The boy stared at them blankly, lips trembling, but said nothing.

Samuel: "He's not talking."

Sophia: "He's in shock. We need to get him to a hospital."

They reached the nearest clinic—a small hospital on a hill, dim lights flickering like the place had seen better days.

The nurse looked them over, then the boy, then the clipboard.

Nurse: "Vitals are stable... he'll be okay. But... there's something odd."

Sophia: "What?"

Nurse: "No ID. No name. No missing person report. No one looking for him."

Samuel: "That's... weird."

Doctor: "He's not injured. Just cold and dehydrated. You can take him with you."

Samuel: "Take him with us? Are you serious? We just fished a boy out of a river, we're not adopting him."

Sophia: "Don't be rude, Samuel."

Doctor: sternly "There's nowhere for him to go tonight. We're over capacity."

Samuel: sighing "Why is this our problem?"

Sophia: "Because we found him. And because it's the right thing."

Samuel: mocking tone "Or maybe you're just falling for the mysterious river boy."

Sophia: blushing, punching his arm "Shut up, Samuel!"

Samuel: "Oh, I see that smile! Love at first rescue."

Sophia: "He's a child! And he hasn't even spoken a word!"

Samuel: "Silent type. Brooding. Classic crush material."

Sophia: laughing despite herself "You're the worst."

They drove in awkward silence for a while, the boy curled under a blanket in the back, silent but watching. His eyes were sharp, too sharp for someone so quiet.

Samuel: quietly "There's something off about him."

Sophia: "What do you mean?"

Samuel: "He's not scared. He's observing. Like... he's studying us."

Sophia looked at the rearview mirror.

The boy's eyes met hers.

Unblinking.

The boy woke up, his head spinning, disoriented.

Samuel: "Hey, Mr.! Now you're awake, huh? Please, give us our charge. This isn't a taxi, but I still want my money."

Sophia: "Just shut up, Samuel."

Samuel: "Oh, alright. Yeah, he's your boyfriend, right?"

Sophia: "I said shut up."

Samuel: "Yeah, Mr., who are you, by the way? What were you doing in the river? Catching fish, or... becoming a fish?" (He chuckled) "Come on, tell us. You're a real mystery, man."

Samuel looked at Jack, who was still silent. He continued, teasingly.

Samuel: "The doctor told us you weren't injured, but look at all that blood on your shirt. What the hell happened to you?"

Jack remained silent, staring ahead, lost in his thoughts. His head still ached.

Jack: "Who are you?"

Samuel: "Oh, haha, right. Who are we, Mr.? You're in our car, asking who we are? Are you crazy? Did we forget to rescue your brain or something?"

Sophia: "I said be quiet, Samuel." She sighed, then turned to Jack. "Hello, I'm Sophia, and this is my brother Samuel."

Samuel: "And my sis loves you!" He grinned mischievously.

Sophia, annoyed, slapped Samuel on the back of his head. "Can't you sit silently for once?"

Jack glanced at them, still processing everything. He cleared his throat and asked, almost as if he hadn't heard the conversation before.

Jack: "Can I have your clothes?"

Samuel: "What? You want my bra and panties too?" He laughed, totally confused.

Sophia, her face turning red with anger, snapped. "I said shut up, Samuel! Don't you know where to keep your mouth shut?"

She turned to Jack and spoke calmly, trying to get a grip on the situation. "Yeah, you can wear our father's outfit. It might fit you."

Jack nodded, still wary but grateful. He looked behind him and started changing in the car, as the wind outside howled through the window. His body was in motion, quick and efficient, as he stripped off his blood-stained clothes and slipped into the loose-fitting outfit.

Samuel: "Wait, Mr.! What are you doing in my sister's car? Sophia, close your eyes, for God's sake!"

Sophia, feeling awkward, blushed and turned her head, trying to avoid looking at Jack's exposed body. Her face burned red, but she didn't know how to react.

After a few moments, Jack finished changing, and Samuel couldn't help but glance over.

Samuel: "Well, tell me, who are you? And what are you doing here in the middle of nowhere?"

Jack, now fully dressed in the old clothes, stood up and gave them a steely, cold look.

Jack: "None of your business, small squid."

Samuel: "What did you just call me? Squid? You better watch your mouth."

Sophia, still confused, asked again, her voice laced with suspicion. "What were you doing in the river, anyway?"

Jack's eyes narrowed, and for a moment, he stared at Sophia as if he recognized something in her.

Jack: "Emma..." he whispered, a strange glimmer of recognition flashing in his eyes.

Sophia froze. "Who's Emma? I'm Sophia. We're here to search for Vantacore."

Samuel's eyes widened. "Yeah, tell him everything. Your blood type, your mother's name—everything. Let's see if you know anything more about us."

Jack looked confused, not understanding the full depth of their questions.

Jack: "Vantacore?"

Samuel: "Oh, no, Mr. It's nothing. She's lying." Samuel's tone turned cold, dismissive, like he didn't believe Jack at all.

Jack, his heart pounding in his chest, looked at them both more closely, his instincts screaming at him.

Jack: "Are you the children of Uncle Dev?"

Sophia and Samuel froze. Their eyes widened in shock, and for a moment, they looked like they were about to lose control.

Sophia: "How do you know our father?" She slammed on the brakes, the car screeching to a halt. The tension in the air was thick.

Samuel's hand went instinctively to the sword by his side, pulling it out and pointing it at Jack. "What do you know about our father?!" he yelled, his voice shaky with fury and fear.

Sophia grabbed his arm, trying to calm him. "Samuel, no!" But it was too late. Jack's calm demeanor was shaking Samuel's nerves.

Jack: "What happened to Uncle Dev?"

Samuel: "Don't play games with us!" He took a threatening step forward, the sword glinting in the dim light of the car. His eyes narrowed, his body tensed for a strike.

Jack: "Listen to me—"

Before Jack could explain, Samuel lunged, swinging the sword in a deadly arc. But Jack was fast, ducking low and spinning around, narrowly avoiding the attack. He grabbed Samuel's wrist and twisted, forcing him to drop the weapon.

Sophia's eyes widened in disbelief, watching the intense struggle between the two men. She wasn't sure what to think anymore, but she could see the raw power in Jack.

Samuel, enraged, didn't give up. He threw a punch at Jack, aiming for his jaw. Jack blocked the strike, countering with a swift elbow to Samuel's stomach, sending him stumbling back.

"Why are you attacking me?" Jack shouted, trying to reason with them. "I'm not your enemy."

Samuel, shaking with anger, stood up, his eyes burning with fury. "How do you know our father? Where is he?"

Jack, breathing heavily, stood his ground. "I didn't want any of this to happen. I didn't ask for this. But I know what happened to Uncle Dev. I know who betrayed him."

Sophia's voice shook, "Who? Who betrayed him? What happened to our father?"

Jack turned his gaze toward her, his expression hardening. "Your father was betrayed by someone close to him. He was in danger... and that's why I had to leave."

Samuel charged again, but Jack was quicker, grabbing his arm and throwing him against the car with force. The impact rattled the windows.

Sophia screamed, "Stop! Stop it, both of you!" Her heart raced as she watched the battle unfold in front of her.

Samuel, now on the ground, wiped the blood from his lip and stood up, his eyes burning with an unspoken rage. "Tell us who betrayed him, Jack. Who did this to our father?"

Jack shook his head. "I can't tell you yet. Not until you know the truth about Uncle Dev. But trust me, you're not going to like who was behind this."

The mystery deepened, and the tension between them could have cut through steel. Samuel and Sophia stood there, their breaths heavy, their minds racing as they tried to piece together the puzzle.

The fight wasn't over, but the confusion and mystery had only just begun.

Chapter-V

Echoes in the Smoke

Sir Jack ran away from the jail. One of the policemen came to the head office and started complaining about Jack. All the policemen started a search mission to catch him. All the department cars were deployed to catch Jack, but unfortunately, he had already left the city.

"Why are you sad, Mr. Parkour?" the head of the policemen asked Mr. Parkour. "You know that bloody Jack ran away from prison," Mr. Parkour replied.

"Now what will he do in the city?"

"Oh please, be calm. Nothing will happen. You don't know the real story of Jack. He's a nice guy, before that incident," Robert Harvey, the head of the policemen, told Mr. Parkour.

Mr. Parkour: "Incident? What do you mean?"

Robert Harvey: "Come on, let's sit and talk about it."

A long time ago, in the city of "Bargue," which is near the ocean, there was a huge blast at a home where Mr. and Mrs. Harvey lived together with their newborn baby boy. Mr. B. Harvey was a very pleasant person, dedicated to his passion and work. He was a retired army man and a social worker; he was everything to the poor and needy. But one day, some misguided people planted a bomb in their home, and in the middle of the night, it exploded.

Mr. Parkour: "Mr. B. Harvey, is he related to you?"

Mr. Harvey: "Yes, he was my older brother."

Mr. Parkour: "Who put a bomb in their home? How did Jack survive, and how did Jack become evil?"

Mr. Harvey: "Listen to me first."

At the time of the blast, Jack was with me in the hospital because my brother and Mrs. Harvey were busy. When I arrived at their home, there were fire brigades, ambulances, police forces, and a huge crowd. All I could do was sit silently, controlling my emotions.

Then, people started talking about Jack, not knowing that he had been with me. They thought he had died in the blast too. I decided to take care of him and raise him as a responsible young man while trying to solve the case.

He sat with me, and because of his responsibility, I never hesitated to take care of him. He was brilliant—one in a billion. He used to follow me in my job, and I was happy that he was interested in helping others. He went to school and lived a normal life as a kid. He was a topper in his class and even excelled at sports, just like my brother. One day, Jack fell in love with Lucille. She was everything to him. Lucille also cared for Jack and treated him like a mother, even calling him her life partner. She loved him back and knew everything about his past.

I told her everything about him, and I thought she would take care of him as I did, but it turned out to be my biggest mistake. One day, we went to meet her parents. Her parents asked about Jack's real parents, but Jack didn't know anything about that. He thought I was his real father. Lucille told her parents everything about Jack, and Jack was shocked. He even told her parents that I was his biological father. Lucille's parents laughed, saying, "The man who never married in his entire life is your biological father? What a stupid thing to say."

Lucille: "Please shut up!" she shouted in anger. Jack stood up and left. I joined my hands in apology, saying, "Thank you for your rude behavior. Instead of this, you could have simply rejected him." I went home, but Jack was nowhere to be found. He disappeared suddenly and reappeared after a few months. I slapped him and asked where he had gone. He told me that he now knew everything about his real parents. I was shocked, wondering who told him, but he also revealed that he had fallen in love with a girl who loved him more than Lucille.

I asked him how he met her, and he explained:

"When he left Lucille's house, he was overwhelmed by depression and had no idea what had happened. One day, while sitting alone in the park, a girl wearing a mask came and sat next to him. They talked about their families and their problems. The girl told him that her parents had kicked her out because she wasn't beautiful. Then, Jack asked her to remove her mask. Her face was severely burned, and one of her eyes was completely destroyed. Her hand was also damaged. She covered it again. They lived together in a small apartment and got engaged. The girl was amazed that Jack loved her even after seeing her disfigured face. They took care of each other, and their love grew stronger.

Jack decided to introduce her to me. She was shy and struggled to talk with me, but she was polite and respectful. She had a good heart, and I could tell her family must have been respectable."

Mr. Parkour: "Who was she, sir? How did she meet Jack?"

Mr. Robert: "None other than your own daughter, who was killed. Her body parts were scattered over the garbage, and you've been searching for her all these years."

Mr. Parkour was stunned. He couldn't believe it. He took a deep breath, closed his eyes, and took a sip of water to calm himself. Then he shouted in anguish, tears streaming down his face, "Sir, why did you hide this from me? Why are you supporting Jack? Where is my girl?" He cried her name, "Emma."

Mr. Robert continued:

"After a few years, Emma started showing abnormal behavior. Jack took her to the hospital, but they never returned home. When I went to the hospital where Jack had an appointment, they told me that he hadn't shown up. I thought, 'Bloody hell, he's run away again.' But I remembered there was a microphone and a camera in the car that I could listen to with my special earphones. I tuned in and heard:

Emma said to Jack, 'Jack, I want to tell you something. I've seen your parents' photos that hang on your wall at home.'

Jack was shocked. 'How do you know about them?' he asked.

Emma replied, 'I was the one who killed them in the blast. I lied to you about being younger than you, but I was 12 years old when the bomb exploded. One man, with a mustache, asked me to put a bag somewhere. I did as he told me, but when I ran towards him, he was gone. I searched for him, and after a few minutes, the bomb exploded. I was scared. I turned around and saw the house destroyed. I ran to the site, but my face was burned terribly, and my appearance changed forever. I accept that as my fate, and I've suffered my punishment for it. That's why I left school.'"

Jack was silent. Emma also stopped talking. Then, Emma cried and said, "Forgive me, Jack." She asked Jack if he knew who that man was. Jack asked, "Do you know him?" She said she didn't, but she recognized him from a photo. His name was Robert.

Suddenly, Mr. Robert came and cut Emma's neck. When Jack came out of his car, he pulled Mr. Robert by the collar, threw him into a dense cave, and attacked him with a rod. Mr. Robert raped Emma's dead body, then began cutting her body into pieces, throwing some parts into the jungle, some organs into a pit, and burning others. After a while, Mr. Robert called the police, ordering them to arrest Jack and remove all the evidence.

Mr. Parkour: "Why did you kill your own brother?"

Mr. Robert: "Because he tried to stop one of the businesses I was running with my partner."

Mr. Parkour: "Which partner, sir?"

Mr. Robert: "The one sitting in front of me."

Mr. Robert and Mr. Parkour laughed and hugged each other. "Don't worry, Jack will be caught. I've implanted a bug and laser radiation that will make him unconscious after a few minutes. Now, forget about this topic and come to my house. We'll enjoy ourselves. I've invited three 'hot items' over," Robert laughed.

Jack staggered through the charred forest, breath ragged, shirt torn and face bloodied. Smoke clung to the air like ghostly hands. His legs barely obeyed him, but he kept moving, driven by something primal—survival, or maybe guilt. Each step sent waves of pain radiating from his neck down his spine. The bug implanted by Robert pulsed hotter with every breath. It was no longer just tracking him; it was *hurting* him. Cooking him from the inside.

He collapsed by a stream, falling hard onto the rocks. The cool water hissed against his skin as the bug flared again. He writhed in the dirt, vision flickering. Distant memories played like broken film reels in his mind—Emma's laugh, her trembling fingers, Robert's calm voice saying, "You failed to protect her."

"Emma..." he whispered, before the darkness took him.

He awoke to firelight flickering on stone walls. The air was thick with the scent of metal, smoke, and something else—oil and antiseptic. A man sat across from him, sharpening a blade. Muscular, scarred, with sharp eyes that hadn't known peace in years.

"You're lucky you didn't die," the man muttered.

"Who... are you?" Jack croaked.

"Dev. I lead what's left of those who resist Parkour's corruption. We call ourselves the Remnants. And you're bleeding all over my floor."

Jack sat up slowly. Pain danced across every nerve. Dev tossed him a small parcel.

"We found that in your coat. Thought you'd want it."

Jack unwrapped the bloodied cloth. Inside, a torn, crumpled letter. Emma's handwriting. He froze. For a moment, the world narrowed to just the paper in his hands.

"If you're reading this, I'm probably gone.

Jack, I don't have much time. I knew Robert's plans, and I knew they'd come for me. I tried to run, to hide what I found. I failed.

But you can't.

Your pain isn't a curse. It's proof that you cared. You've always cared more than you should.

In my backpack, there's a list of names. Men and women who helped Robert. Police officers, lawyers, tech billionaires. Monsters hiding behind smiles.

Don't let them erase me. Or what we fought for.

And Jack... I never wanted to be a villain in your story.

But if I am, I hope you burn my pages with fire, not hate.

- Emma"

Tears didn't come. Only silence. Jack folded the letter with trembling fingers.

Dev poured two cups of something strong and foul-smelling. "That bug in you. It's not just a tracker. It's military-grade. Emits radiation when tampered with. You're lucky it hasn't fried your brain."

"Can you remove it?"

Dev nodded. "But it'll hurt. You sure you want this?"

Jack looked into the flames, Emma's voice echoing in his head.

"Do it."

They laid him down, strapped his arms, bit of leather between his teeth. Dev dug in with steady hands and jagged tools. Pain bloomed like wildfire. Jack screamed, thrashed, but never begged.

By the time it was over, the bug lay sizzling in a steel bowl. Jack lay soaked in sweat, bones shaking.

Dev looked at him. "You're free now."

Jack turned his head, eyes blazing.

"No. I'm just getting started."

Thanks for your help I will go now."Jack said"

You should return this "Dev replied"

"What?" Jack was shock

Your Father was the one who saved me 2 yrs ago and I was healing myself but Parkour
Army Attacked Me

Yesterday and I was unconscious idk what happened to me

Chapter-VI

Redemption's Not on the Menu

[Scene: Sunset bleeds into the sky, streaking gold and blood-red across the window of Thakali Bansha Ghar. A heavy silence blankets the rustic restaurant. Jack, Sophia, and Samuel sit at a table near the window. Plates untouched. The air thick with unspoken thoughts.]

Jack (softly but firmly):

Listen, first... we should eat something. Regain our strength.
Then, we begin our journey... to Vantacore.

Samuel (snaps, eyes blazing with disbelief):

What?! Excuse me, *mister*, but who said *you're* coming with us?
Why the hell would you tag along?
(sarcastically)
Just to be a part of some grand adventure? Or are you hiding something behind that noble tone?

[Sophia sits silent, staring down at the table.]

Samuel (voice cracks with frustration and a deep ache):

And *you*, Sophia...
Can't you speak for once?
What are you doing? Are you really... in love with *him*?

(after a pause, voice trembling)

You know what I've lost.
I lost Dad... I lost Yosef...
I watched their bodies lowered into the ground, and my soul went down with them.
I can't lose you too, Sophia. I just can't.

[Sophia still silent. A shadow of conflict passes over her face.]

Jack (calm, sorrowful):

Samuel... I know what's going through your heart. I know you don't trust me.
But I'm not here because of greed.
I don't want Vantacore. I never did.

Your father... he saved my life once. When no one else would.
I owe him a debt I can never repay.
But I can *try* — by standing with his children when the fire comes.
And there's another reason.

I want revenge.
For *Emma*.

[A long silence. Sophia's head lifts slowly, her breath hitching. Samuel watches her face as something flickers in her expression — shock, recognition.]

Samuel (quiet, cold):

Emma?
Who the hell is Emma?

Jack (voice deepens, pain bleeding into his words):

She was the love of my life.
She was all the light I ever knew.
And they took her from me. Burned her smile to ash.
I still hear her voice in my dreams... and when I wake, the silence is unbearable.

Vantacore is not just a name. It's where the blood trail ends.

[Sophia's eyes well up. Samuel notices. Something shifts in him — anger mixed with fear.]

Samuel (voice shaking):

I don't care about your sob story.
I've protected my sister since the day Dad died. I've bled, starved, fought for her.
I don't need a stranger's help.
Especially not a clumsy fool chasing ghosts.

(turns to Sophia)

Well?
Are you coming with *me*... or staying here with this *walking tragedy*?
Choose now. I'm leaving. I don't need either of you.
Go to hell — both of you.

[He turns to walk away. His footsteps echo.]

Sophia (softly, barely a whisper):

Samuel... please... listen.

[He halts. Turns. The pain in his eyes is almost unbearable. Sophia stands slowly, her voice stronger, but still trembling.]

Sophia:

All these days... you've carried so much pain.

You've been more than a brother — you became my shield, my hope, my anchor.

But Jack is right.

And deep down... you know he is.

Dad told us something before he left us to the world's cruelty.

He said — “No matter how dark it gets... never forget your humanity.”

We are not beasts, Samuel.

We are not meant to walk this world alone in rage and revenge.

Jack has demons, yes. So do we.

But sometimes, broken souls recognize each other...

and walk together because the path ahead is too cruel to face alone.

I'm not choosing *him* over you.

I'm choosing the *mission*, the *truth*, and the *legacy* Dad died protecting.

Please...

Don't let pain blind your heart.

Don't let fear turn you into the very thing you hate.

We need each other. All three of us.

Or we'll fall.

[Samuel's fists tighten. His breath is ragged. Slowly, his eyes meet Jack's. A long, heavy silence. Then... a nod. Just once.]

Samuel (low voice):

One mistake, Jack... just *one*...

And I won't hesitate.

Jack (firm):

Then I won't give you a reason.

[Scene continues. Just as the waiter brings the steaming Thakali Set, chaos erupts.]

Jack (casually, trying to lighten the mood):

Okay. Let's eat something first... and then we'll discuss the next step.

Samuel (grinning slightly):

One Thakali Non-Veg Set, please. Extra spicy. I want the meat to cry.

[Suddenly — *CRACK! BANG!* — a deafening gunshot tears through the air.]

[Plates shatter. People scream. Sophia flips the table, and all three dive to the ground as bullets fly over their heads.]

Samuel (furious, ducking):

Oh for f— WHAT IS THIS NOW?!

Can't a man even eat in peace!?

[Without hesitation, he pulls out a hidden knife from his boot, eyes narrowed like a wild animal.]

[An assassin, face covered, is charging toward Sophia, blade raised — but Samuel lunges backward without even looking, *burying the knife into the attacker's throat*. Blood sprays against the wall. The attacker drops, gurgling.]

Jack (eyes wide, silent, but impressed):

...Damn.

[Sophia is rattled, but her hand reaches into her coat — *click!* — a compact black pistol now in her grip, aimed and steady.]

[But before she can shoot, the doors burst open. A gang of 25 men floods the restaurant — mercenaries, assassins, bounty hunters. Armed. Cold eyes. Smirking. They spread out in formation.]

[Jack whispers, scanning the room quickly.]

Jack:

Twenty-five... Fantastic. Did someone put a price on our heads I didn't hear about?

[He grabs the steel water mug and *flings* it like a missile — it hits the leader in the temple, sending him crashing into another man like bowling pins.]

[While the others flinch — Samuel crouches beside the first attacker he killed, grinning madly as he searches his pockets.]

Samuel (mocking):

Oh baby... are you hurt? Want a hug?

No? Well then... may I *take your cash*? I'm starving, after all.

[Jack shouts, urgency in his voice:]

Jack:

Samuel, RUN!

Samuel (laughing):

Run? Why run when the party's just begun?

[The mercenaries now encircle them. But it's too late. Jack, Sophia, and Samuel are surrounded — trapped.]

Then—*BOOM*. The storm begins.

[Jack explodes into action. He flips a chair into one attacker's face, grabs a fork, and stabs it directly into another man's thigh. As the man howls, Jack kicks him into a pillar, cracking the wood.]

[Sophia fires two clean headshots — *bang! bang!* — dropping two enemies instantly. She reloads without flinching, rolls under a table, and shoots through the wood, hitting one in the foot.]

[Samuel is now a wild force — jumping on tables, flipping over chairs, slicing with his knife like a possessed panther. He slashes one throat, kicks another in the gut, then *jumps* on a man's shoulders, stabbing both sides of his neck like he's playing a violin made of blood.]

[An attacker swings a bat at Jack — he ducks, grabs it mid-air, and breaks it in half over his knee. He then uses the jagged wood to *impale* another man through the stomach.]

Jack (shouting):

Sophia! Cover left! I'll handle right!

[Sophia slides on her knees, firing two rounds to the left, one bullet ricocheting off a hanging light into a man's chest. Blood sprays on the restaurant walls like a crimson mural.]

[One of the enemies lunges at Samuel with a sword — Samuel *catches the blade with his bare hand*, bleeding, but smiling.]

Samuel (whispers):

Now that's a real knife.

Mine's bigger.

[He drives his own blade into the man's eye socket. The body drops like a sack of bones.]

[The restaurant is now in shambles. Tables smashed. Walls splintered. The air smells of blood, smoke, and rage.]

[Jack runs up the stairs with two enemies chasing him. He kicks one down the railing, who lands hard on a broken table leg — impaled. Jack then jumps from the top floor *with a broken bottle in each hand*, stabbing both into the shoulders of the next man before rolling to his feet.]

Sophia (screaming):

Behind you, Jack!

[She throws a knife — it spins perfectly through the air and lodges into the throat of a man sneaking up behind him. Jack nods in thanks.]

[Samuel is cornered by three thugs — he picks up a burning lamp and *throws it into one's face*. As the man screams, Samuel grabs his rifle and turns it on the other two — *blam! blam! Done.*]

[Finally, the dust settles. Only three enemies left. They hesitate, seeing the carnage.]

Jack (voice low, blood on his face):

You really wanna be heroes?

[They drop their weapons and run like rats.]

[Silence. Broken furniture everywhere. The restaurant is nearly destroyed. The trio stand in the center — panting, bloodied, but alive.]

Sophia (breathing heavily):

...So much for dinner.

Samuel (grinning):

That was *better* than dinner.

Jack (wiping his face, then smiling slightly):

This is just the beginning.

[Scene: Inside the shattered Thakali Bansha Ghar restaurant. Smoke. Glass. Blood. Silence. And then—another crack. A blur of motion.]

[One of the last surviving gangsters sneaks up and—*WHAM!*—slams the butt of his rifle into Sophia's head. She crashes into the brick wall behind her, blood trailing down her forehead. Her pistol slips from her hand.]

[Jack spins to help—but *BANG!* a shot rips through his leg. He collapses, gripping his thigh, wincing in agony.]

[Samuel turns around, and time seems to freeze.]

[He sees Sophia—his sister, the only family he has left—clutching her head, trying to rise. Her hands were shaking. Blood dripping. And something inside Samuel...*snaps.*]

Samuel (eyes wide, voice trembling):

...You hurt her?

[Silence. A low hum fills his ears. His pupils dilate. His lips curl back like a wolf. And then he screams—so loud it echoes through the valley:]

Samuel:

AA
HHHHHHHHHHH!!!

FUCK YOU BASTARDS!! I'M GONNA RIP YOUR FUCKING SOULS OUT!

[The gangsters freeze. It's no longer a boy in front of them. It's something else. Something... wrong. Twisted.]

[Samuel *charges*, leaping like a mad animal. He tackles one thug to the ground, *drives his knife deep into his throat* and keeps stabbing, again and again, blood splashing across his face as he laughs like a man possessed.]

Samuel (grinning, eyes glowing with hatred):

Can't handle it now?

Suck it, baby! COME ON! Why so shy now, huh?

Didn't think I'd dance on your grave tonight, DID YOU?

[He licks the blood off his blade, tilts his head like a demented puppet, and flashes an *evil, crooked smile.*]

[He spits in the man's mouth. The thug tries to scream—*Samuel grabs his jaw and slices the tongue clean out.*]

Samuel (whispers):

Say goodnight, sweetie.

[Then he slashes the man's fingers off one by one—*snip—snip—snip*, the screams piercing the night—and finally cuts his throat open like carving a feast.]

[Another two gangsters try to run—Samuel doesn't let them. He *throws his blade*, hitting one in the calf. As the man falls screaming, Samuel *dives on him like a wolf*, fists pounding his face into the floor until it's a pulp.]

[He grabs a broken chair leg and *impales* the last one through the chest. Blood gushes. Samuel just breathes. Heavy. Eyes dead. Face emotionless.]

[Jack, barely conscious, reaches for a metal water jug nearby. He looks at Samuel—his hands soaked in blood, lips whispering something only he can hear, *completely lost to madness.*]

Jack (muttering):

It's over...

That's enough...

[He splashes the cold water straight into Samuel's face—*WHOOSH!*—a blast of reality, of humanity.]

[Samuel flinches. Stagger back. Eyes rolling. Then—*BOOM*. He collapses. Out cold. His body shaking from adrenaline, rage, and exhaustion.]

[All three of them, broken, bruised, and bloodied....]



VANTACORE: Unleashing The End

Part - 2

Chapter- I = He Wasn't Who You Thought

Chapter- II = The Journey of love

Chapter- III = The War In Tibet

Chapter- IV = The Mystery Of Shadow

TO BE CONTINUED!!!!

Chapter-I

He Wasn't Who You Thought

Samuel's eyelids fluttered open, blinking away the blur. A soft light flickered above. The room was dim, the walls old stone. He turned his head slightly and saw Jack and Sophia—whispering, worried, sitting across from him. They looked tired, but alive.

Sophia (*rushing to him, hugging tightly*):

“You’re awake! Thank God... Are you okay?”

Samuel (*still groggy*):

“Where... where are we?” (*his voice cracked with confusion*)

Jack (*tense, watching him closely*):

“I wish I knew. But more than that—what the hell happened back there? You... you lost control, man. You were like some kind of—”

Samuel (*eyes wide, interrupting*):

“What are you talking about? I don’t remember anything... I don’t even know what you mean!” (*genuinely shocked*)

The air grew cold. A faint shadow moved behind the doorway—silent and deliberate. Then, a tall monk in dark robes entered, flanked by three armored guards. His presence was calm, but his eyes... they held centuries.

Jack (*standing up, guarded*):

“Excuse me... Are you the one who brought us here?”

Monk (*with a slow nod*):

“Yes.”

Sophia (*firmly*):

“Why? Why did you take us?”

Monk (*gesturing gently*):

“Because you were all injured. You needed shelter.”

Samuel (*staring hard at him*):

“I’ve seen you before... somewhere.”

The monk paused. For a moment, silence echoed louder than any words. Then he stepped forward, eyes fixed on Samuel.

Monk:

“How... Did you use the power of **Vantacore**?”

The name hit the room like thunder.

All Three (*almost in unison*):

“Vantacore?!”

Sophia (*narrowing her eyes*):

“How do you know that name? How do you know *us*?”

Monk (*calmly*):

“Are you the son... of Arin?”

Samuel (*snapping*):

“Who the hell is Arin? Our father’s name was Dev.”

The monk reached into his robe and pulled out an old photograph—creased with time. He handed it over.

A man stood in the picture. Dressed in a sleek black outfit, a gun in his grip, a smile on his face. Three guards stood beside him like shadows. Jack and Sophia leaned in. Their eyes widened.

Samuel (*pointing*):

“That’s our dad. That’s Dev. Why do *you* have this?”

Monk:

“Because your father was not just a man named Dev. His real name... was Arin. And he was the Guardian of Vantacore.”

Samuel froze. The photo trembled in his hands.

Samuel (*angrily*):

“What kind of twisted game is this? My dad was a businessman. Not some warrior! Not some... Guardian!”

Monk (*smiling faintly*):

“Come closer, little boy.”

Samuel (*fuming*):

“I’m not a *little* boy. And you didn’t answer my question. How do you know him? What’s Vantacore? And why... Why was *your* photo in my dad’s study?!”

Sophia turned sharply, shocked.

Sophia:

“What?! You saw his picture in Dad’s study?”

Samuel (*ignoring her*):

“Who *are* you? And did you kill our father?”

Monk (*eyes softening, almost sadly*):

“As I expected.”

Sophia (*stepping forward*):

“What do you *mean* ‘as I expected’?”

Monk:

“Arin—your father—was not only the Guardian of Vantacore... he was its chosen protector. The fighting style you used, Samuel... It is not random. That power, that rage—it’s been passed down through blood. Through generations. Vantacore chooses its Guardian... and it seems... it chose again.”

Samuel (*shaking his head*):

“No. No, this is insane. He ran a business. He filed taxes. He made pancakes on Sundays! He—”

Monk (*interrupting gently*):

“He also trained in silence. Fought in shadow. Hid who he truly was... for *your* safety.”

The monk stepped back and motioned toward a set of cushions around a low table.

Monk:

“There is much to explain. And very little time left.”

Jack, Samuel, and Sophia exchanged stunned glances. The past they'd known was already unraveling... and something deeper, darker, and far older was rising to the surface.

23 Years Ago.....

Location: City Park | Time: 1:00 PM | Weather: Clear skies, but storm in the air

The park was still. A man sat alone on a rusting bench beneath a maple tree — face hard as stone, dressed in a charcoal coat. Arin. His eyes scanned the world like a hawk. Kids played nearby. Birds chirped. Lovers whispered. But something in the air... something was wrong.

Then —

CRACK!

A single gunshot shattered the calm like lightning splitting a grave.

Screams. Running. Chaos.

Second shot. Then a third. Then a storm.

Automatic fire echoed across the park. Bark exploded off trees. A mother cried out, dragging her son across the grass. People collapsed, some alive, some already gone.

Arin didn't flinch.

He rolled sideways over the bench, bullets splintering wood as he ducked behind it. From beneath his coat, he drew his weapon — a black steel pistol, modified, brutal, *his signature*.

Two men emerged from a van across the field.

Black suits. Assault rifles. Expressionless faces.

Arin (*muttering coldly to himself*):

“You picked the wrong damn park...”

He darted toward the stone pathway, low and fast. Bullets chased him like angry bees. A kid's balloon popped mid-air — not from joy, but from gunfire.

He moved like shadow and steel.

Jumped over a bench. Spun. Fired.

BOOM — headshot. One down.

Blood sprayed the grass. The man dropped like a puppet cut from strings.

Another enemy popped out near the fountain —

Arin took two to the chest, rolled behind the fountain, came up fast, and **fired three clean rounds to the jaw**. The body fell, skull caved in, weapon slipping from limp fingers.

But they weren't done.

More arrived. A whole damn strike team.

Thirteen armed. Tactical gear. Laser sights scanning for a ghost.

Arin wasn't running.

He was hunting.

He sprinted up the side of the pedestrian flyover like death on feet. **Boom, boom** — shots fired at his heels. One grazed his shoulder — blood soaked into his coat, but he didn't stop.

At the top, he knelt. Looked down. Found the target.

A bald man in a grey coat giving orders, surrounded by bodyguards.

"That's him," Arin hissed.

Deep breath. Aim.

And then—BANG.

The bullet kissed the skull.

The man's head **snapped back** like a broken clock spring. Brain and bone scattered like gravel on concrete.

Screams from the men below. Panic.

But Arin was already airborne — diving off the flyover like a demon unleashed.

He hit the ground. Rolled. Came up firing.

One in the leg — he dropped.

One in the neck — he choked on blood.

Two more — clean chest hits. Straight to the heart.

They tried surrounding him.

They thought he was just a man.

But he was **Arin**.

The **Guardian** of Vantacore.

The man who made steel afraid of silence.

Bodies littered the ground. Park benches broken.

Children's toys covered in blood.

And Arin...

...stood in the middle of the massacre, coat torn, breath heavy, gun smoking in his fist.

Only one enemy left. Crawling. Pleading.

Arin (*coldly walking up*):

“Who sent you?”

The man (*bleeding, coughing*):

“I-I... I can’t...”

Arin:

“You already died the moment you missed.”

One last shot.

Silence.

Arin (brushing dust off his jacket, eyes darting):

“Who the hell were they?”

Lucas (checking his bleeding arm):

“No idea, boss. But they weren’t just some street punks... Are you okay?”

Arin (gritting teeth):

“Who can hit me, huh? They got guts.”

(He glances around, then freezes as he sees someone — a girl, sitting quietly by the edge of the chaos. Alive. Untouched.)

Arin (concerned, walking over quickly):

“Wait... look. That girl—is she okay?”

(He starts walking before Lucas can answer.)

“What the heck... I can’t just sit quietly.”

[Arin walks up to the girl, his confidence slowly turning into awkward hesitation.]

Suzuna (calm, composed, with a mysterious softness):

“...Hello.”

Arin (blinks, heartbeat suddenly louder):

“Uh—Hi...”

(He scratches his neck, suddenly aware of his messy hair and bruised lip.)

Suzuna *(smiling)*:

“Thanks.”

Arin *(confused)*:

“For... what?”

(He chuckles nervously.)

“Do we... know each other?”

Suzuna *(head tilted slightly, teasing voice)*:

“So you mean... we *should* know each other?”

Arin *(trying to recover)*:

“N-no! I mean—yeah. No! I just thought maybe we’ve met before or something...”

Suzuna *(giggling softly)*:

“You’re not as scary as you look, you know.”

Arin *(smiling shyly)*:

“Yeah, well... I’m full of surprises.”

Suzuna *(stepping closer, whispering just loud enough)*:

“You saved people today. Including me. I don’t forget faces like that.”

Arin *(frozen for a second)*:

“I... I just did what had to be done. Anyone would.”

Suzuna *(soft gaze)*:

“No. Not everyone would.”

(A beat of silence. Her hair dances in the wind. His heart skips a little.)

Suzuna *(smiling again)*:

“Tomorrow. 2 PM. Cozy Café on 7th Street.”

Arin *(blinking)*:

“Wait, what?”

Suzuna *(already walking away)*:

“Be there. Or I’ll assume you’re just another soldier who hides behind a gun.”

(She looks back one last time. A wink.)

Arin (*softly to himself*):

“...What just happened?”

(*Then smiling, caught off guard by his own feelings.*)

“Cozy Café... huh? Damn.”

Lucas (*from a distance*):

“Boss! You okay?”

Arin (*grinning, dazed*):

“Yeah. I think... I just got hit again. But not by a bullet this time.”

Chapter-II

Journey of love

Time: Next Day | **2:00 PM** | **Location:** Cozy Café, Corner Table, Rain Tapping on Glass

Arin sat at the table early. He couldn't stop looking at the door.

His hands were calm, but his chest?

It was chaos.

She walked in.

Suzuna.

The bell above the door chimed like a melody written just for this moment.

She wore a cream-colored dress — simple, yet she lit up the café like it was painted around her.

The world slowed. Even the music in the café lowered its voice.

Suzuna *(smiling)*:

"You came early."

Arin *(standing up nervously)*:

"Time runs slow when you're waiting for something beautiful."

Suzuna *(blushing)*:

"You always talk like that?"

Arin *(laughing softly)*:

"Only when I'm sitting in front of someone who makes the rest of the world disappear."

She sat. Their knees brushed beneath the table — a small spark, but it set his soul on fire.

Suzuna *(looking into his eyes)*:

"You saved lives yesterday. But I think... you just saved mine too."

Arin *(voice low, sincere)*:

"Fighting is easy. It's this—sitting across you, trying not to fall deeper—that's the real battle."

Suzuna *(softly, leaning closer)*:

"Then stop fighting. Just fall... with me."

Their hands met on the table. Warm. Nervous. Real.

◆ Later That Evening — Long Walk Under the Rain ◆

Suzuna and Arin walked under one umbrella.

Not speaking much. Just listening to the rain and each other's breathing.

Suzuna (*whispering*):

"Tell me something no one knows about you."

Arin (*after a pause*):

"...I pretend to be strong. But every night, I wish someone would hold me and say, 'It's okay to stop fighting now.'"

Suzuna stopped. Held his hand tighter.

"Then let me be that someone."

Rain is falling harder now. Thunder low in the distance. The taxi pulls up outside a modest apartment complex, dimly lit and wrapped in ivy. Suzuna takes Arin's hand and leads him inside.

INT. SUZUNA'S APARTMENT – EVENING

They step inside. The place smells like lavender and old books. The walls are painted with soft, melancholic colors. Rain patters gently against the window.

Arin (*looking around, surprised*):

"Woah... this is your place? It's... beautiful."

Suzuna (*smiling softly, kicking off her shoes*):

"Thanks. It's my sanctuary."

Arin (*gazing out the window*):

"Mind if I sit here for a while? Something about rain and quiet rooms... they slow time."

Suzuna (*walking toward the bedroom*):

"Of course. Make yourself comfortable."

(A pause. The sound of drawers opening.)

Arin (*voice soft*):

"Do you... live alone?"

Suzuna (*voice distant*):

“Yeah. Lost my parents when I was nineteen. Since then... it’s just been me.”

Arin (*turning toward her*):

“I’m sorry for your loss. That’s... that’s heavy.”

(He pauses, words lost.)

Arin (*whispering to himself*):

“Damn, the line’s gone.”

Suzuna (*from behind the door*):

“It’s okay. Sometimes silence says more.”

(Then: a beat. The lights go off. A single bedside lamp flickers, then dims.)

Suzuna (*softly*):

“Mind if I change? The lights are off.”

Arin (*caught off guard*):

“Uh—yeah. Sure. I’ll just... close my eyes.”

(He sits, eyes closed. But he hears the subtle sounds of clothing falling to the floor. The room now smells of her perfume—soft jasmine and stormwater. Then, suddenly... warm skin presses to him. Hands gentle. She guides his head to her bare chest.)

Arin (*eyes fluttering open, startled*):

“Suzuna... what are you—”

Suzuna (*voice trembling, but determined*):

“I can’t lose you... My love.”

Arin (*heart pounding*):

“Your... love?”

(She doesn’t answer. She just holds him tighter. His head on her skin, her heartbeat loud like thunder. It calms him. Silences him. He closes his eyes. Then—flash—lightning outside. The power flickers on. Arin, reacting on instinct, pulls his gun and fires at the bulb—CRACK!—the room falls into darkness again.)

Only rain, breathing, and heartbeats remain.

Suzuna climbs into his lap. Not with lust, not with haste — but with a reverence. Like he’s the

whole world cradled in her arms. Like if she lets go, the stars might fall. She doesn't speak. Her silence says everything.

She holds Arin close — tighter than fear, gentler than sorrow — like he's something rare, precious... something she's been searching for every empty night.

Her hands tremble as they trace the line of his jaw...his lips and suddenly she can't hold it and kisses him...it was not a rough kiss it was a passionate one..not sudden not rushed but slow aching and endless .Their lips met like ..it was meant to be ...they not only exchange a kiss but an emotion..a feeling that was untold by the words

Arin's hands rise, tangling in her hair, gripping softly — grounding himself in her touch. His mind is a storm, but her breath becomes his calm.

Clothes are forgotten. Draped over the edge of the bed like fallen leaves in autumn.

She's above him now. Eyes locked. Breath synced. A long kiss begins again — deeper this time, as if they could speak through their mouths, tell stories through skin.

In that room, time didn't tick. It throbbed. With heat, with longing, with years of what-ifs crashing into a single moment.

Suzuna lays him back slowly. Her touch is fire and healing all at once. She lowers herself to him — not for hunger, but for connection. The room dissolves into velvet shadows. Only their hearts remain.

Blankets twist around them like vines, the stormlight dancing on bare shoulders, fingers slipping along the edge of trembling skin. There's no noise, no battle — just two souls unraveling in the quiet.

Can you hold me here like this until tomorrow morning “Arin told and sleep”
Suzuna smiles and sleeps in his hand.

Two weeks later — the same cozy café where it all began. Rain still painted the glass, but this time, **their world felt fuller.**

Arin sat across Suzuna, fingers laced with hers.

She was glowing — peaceful, laughing at something silly he said.

Then...

His phone rang.

He hesitated. Then answered.
His eyes narrowed. His smile faded.

Arin (tense):

"Hello?"

On the other end — a familiar, gruff voice. His father.

Arin's Father (urgent):

"Vantacore's seal... it's been breached. They've got their hands on it. We need to act fast, Arin."

Arin:

"How? How did they open it?"

Arin's Father:

"We don't know. But if they harness its core... the entire continent could fall. The world—no, time itself—could collapse. You, Sabitri, Aakash, Lucas... You must leave for Tibet. The battle starts tonight."

A pause.

Then, Arin stood. Serious. Changed.

He placed money on the table, and looked at Suzuna — the storm returning to his eyes.

At his father's war room — maps glowing, men prepping, plans in motion.

Arin's father turned from the screen, raised an eyebrow.

Arin:

"Papa... this is Suzuna. My love. Please... keep her safe until I return."

His father, half-soldier, half-father, smirked.

Arin's Father (teasing):

"So... My boy finally fell. What's next, you'll write poetry?"

Arin (smiling):

"Only for her."

Suzuna stepped forward. She hugged Arin tightly.

Suzuna (softly):

"Come back. Not just for me. For us."

Arin:

“Us?”

Suzuna took his hand. Slowly.

Placed it gently on her stomach.

Suzuna (eyes wet):

“We two are waiting for you.”

His heart skipped a beat.

He hugged her, eyes closed, forehead resting against hers.

Arin (whispers):

“You’ve already given me the greatest reason to come back alive.”

Chapter-III

The War in Tibet

The Himalayas stood like silent gods, watching below as man's greed and relics of power awoke something that should've never breathed again.

Team Vantacore had arrived.

Their intention? Simple. Brutal. Final.

Unleash 0.5% of Vantacore — to test its pulse, its *hunger*.

Arin, Sabitri, Lucas, Aakash, and the elite strike team stood at the Monastery of Shavrang, where the final seal had cracked.

Lucas (whispers):

"Why is it... so quiet?"

Sabitri:

"Because death is listening."

Then—

The mountain roared.

Not snow. Not an avalanche.

But the sky cracking open — lightning like jagged screams.

A *red beam*, thick as a building, shot out of the monastery's core.

Arin (shouting):

"They've released it! Vantacore's pulse!"

Aakash:

"That's just 0.5%?! THIS?! THIS?"

And then came the scream — not human.

A *frequency*, so sharp it shredded the sanity of men.

Soldiers dropped to their knees, bleeding from the ears, mouths, eyes.

Boom. Boom. BOOM.

Explosions rained like hellfire.

The snow turned black.
The skies bled ash.
The monastery imploded, sending shards of ancient rock through necks and skulls.

Lucas (gasping):

“I... can’t move... I see them... my mother, my sister—NO! NO!”

Vantacore didn't just kill the body.
It invaded the soul.

Arin watched as Aakash burst into flames, laughing, screaming, then silence.

Lucas fell to his knees, whispering Arin’s name before his chest exploded — like a flower of fire.

Sabitri (grabbing Arin’s collar):

“We have to RUN! NOW!”

The valley had collapsed.
Half of Tibet is gone.
Forests vaporized. Rivers boiled.

What remained was a crater of silence and two broken figures:

Arin — with blood on his hands, dust in his lungs, and screams echoing in his head.

Sabitri — eyes blank, holding Lucas’ dog tag. A tear carved its way down her soot-covered cheek.

Sabitri (quiet):

“We didn’t fight for Vantacore... we fought against it. And we still lost.”

Arin (dead stare):

“This is just 0.5%... What happens when it’s 100?”

They stood. Just the two of them.
Out of hundreds, only two returned.

The world would mourn Tibet for centuries... but none would know the truth.

Vantacore had only just begun.

Location: Arin's Father's War Room – Underground Base

The screens flickered — all showing the same thing:

Tibet. Gone.

Not just a land, but history, culture, millions of voices turned to dust.

Arin walked in like a ghost, his body present but his soul... somewhere still screaming in that valley.

Sabitri followed, eyes red, fists clenched around Lucas' charred dog tag.

Arin's father stood frozen, hand trembling as he turned off the feed.

Father:

"Tell me it wasn't Vantacore."

Arin:

"It was... not even 1%. We lost everyone."

The silence that followed was heavier than the death toll.

Sabitri (cold):

"Aakash... Lucas... they didn't die. They were erased."

Suddenly, the emergency siren *howled*. A red light bathed the room.

A voice cracked through the speakers:

ALERT: A Global Broadcast has been Hijacked. Source: Unknown.

The monitors lit up.

A *figure* cloaked in dark armor — face hidden, voice metallic.

???

"Tibet was a message. You all called it a relic. A myth. A god-machine. You were wrong. Vantacore is evolution. Submission is survival."

He raised a sphere, pulsing with dark energy.

??? (smirking):

"I used 0.5% and erased a continent. Imagine what I'll do with 5%."

The feed cut.

◆ Scene: Suzuna's Moment

Far from the war rooms, Suzuna sat in a small room in Arin's home, watching the broadcast.

Her hand slid gently over her stomach.

She whispered:

Suzuna:

"He's out there... in that fire... fighting the end of the world. Come back, Arin. We need you. Not just me—we."

She looked up.

A tear rolled down, but her voice stayed strong.

Suzuna (to herself):

"Our child will know what kind of hero their father was."

◆ Final Beat – Back to Arin

Father:

"Son... there's a second core. Buried in Tibet. One we sealed before you were born. It's not awake yet. You need to get there first."

Arin gripped the edge of the table. His knuckles turned white.

Arin (softly):

"This time... we fight to end it. Not survive it."

Sabitri stood beside him.

Their eyes met — allies now bound by loss and vengeance.

Sabitri:

"Let's go to Tibet. Let's finish this."

And with that, the next war began.

The Mountains of Tibet, Night.

The winds howled across the desolate expanse. Snow, thick as ash, swirled through the fractured sky. The ruins of Shavrang Valley lay before them—half of Tibet’s sacred land, erased. Nothing but a crater, where a once-proud history was buried.

Arin and Sabitri stood alone.

The weight of the world seemed to settle on their shoulders, like a thousand tombstones.

They had returned, not to flee, but to **end it**.

Vantacore. The very name that had destroyed so many lives. A weapon beyond comprehension, an ancient god of power, born of death and destruction. Arin and Sabitri were all that remained of the army that once stood against it. The few that survived the war's fury, but this time, they wouldn't just **survive**.

They would finish it.

The Final Confrontation – The Second Core

Inside a buried temple, far beneath the earth, Arin and Sabitri descended into the heart of the storm. The **second core** was the true key to the world’s salvation or its final destruction. It lay hidden, encased in ancient rock, its pulse beating in time with the very land itself.

The temple walls trembled as they approached, the core humming softly beneath their feet. It had awakened—its power had called to them, just as it had called to the enemy.

Arin (eyes dark with resolve):

“This is it, Sabitri. We destroy it, or the world dies with it.”

Sabitri looked at him, her gaze steady, unwavering. She had seen the cost of this war. The lives, the destruction, the loss. **Lucas. Aakash.** She would carry that weight, but today... today, they will end it. **Together.**

Sabitri (quietly):

“We destroy it. But we do it right. No more half-measures.”

The core pulsed again, louder, the power threatening to consume them both. They stepped forward, each with a piece of the world’s hope in their hearts.

A thunderous crash echoed through the temple as the **Vantacore Force** arrived.

The armored figure—**the Overseer**—a shadow draped in chaos and dark technology, appeared in a burst of black lightning. His eyes burned with the promise of oblivion, his voice cold and cruel.

Overseer (smirking):

“You think you can stop this? This is evolution. The next step for humanity. The ultimate power. You are nothing but insects.”

Arin (fury building):

“Your evolution ends here. Today, humanity chooses its own fate. Not you.”

A roar of power erupted from within the core, and the ground split open, spewing energy so pure it bent reality. Arin and Sabitri stood their ground, their weapons raised, their minds locked on the target.

The battle was nothing like they had ever fought before. The energy from the core surged, a tsunami of force that split the air. Sabitri’s blades clashed with the Overseer’s weapons, sparks flying as steel met steel. Arin’s fists moved like lightning, every strike fueled by the memory of his fallen comrades.

They fought with everything they had. They fought not for survival, but for **the world itself**.

But the Overseer was a force of nature, his power amplified by the core’s dark energy. He swung his sword, and it seemed like the very air would tear apart.

Sabitri (screaming):

“Arin! The core—destroy it!”

Arin (eyes burning with purpose):

“Not yet. We need to contain it first. We can’t let it escape again!”

They had learned the truth. The core wasn’t just a weapon. It was **a prison**, a containment system designed by ancient guardians. Only those who understood its power could wield it.

Arin and Sabitri had to use the **Vantacore’s power** against itself.

The Overseer lunged. But as his blade descended toward Arin, a burst of light flared in Sabitri’s chest—**she had activated the ancient seal**, the key to locking the core’s power.

The battle seemed to stop in that moment, as time itself held its breath.

Sabitri (with strength beyond measure):

“We finish this... together.”

Arin dove forward, slamming his fist into the heart of the core, channeling every ounce of energy, every ounce of grief into it. **Vantacore’s pulse** faltered, its power twisting in the air like a dying star.

The Overseer screamed in rage. He hurled himself toward them, but it was too late. The core **exploded**—a burst of pure light, of pure destruction.

But where there had once been death, there was now **life**.
Silence.

The core collapsed in on itself, **sealed** once again, its dark power drained.

The **Overseer** was nothing but ash in the wind, his ambitions crushed under the weight of Arin and Sabitri will.

Victory: The Aftermath

The sun rose over the destroyed temple. The battlefield was quiet now, save for the distant winds. The **final battle** was over.

Arin and Sabitri stood together, bloodied, bruised, but victorious. The war was finally won, the world saved—**for now**.

Sabitri turned to Arin, her eyes filled with both exhaustion and relief. She had lost so much. **They both had**. But today, they won. Together.

Sabitri (softly, almost a whisper):

“It’s over, Arin. We did it.”

Arin (with a haunted, yet determined smile):

“No, Sabitri. It’s just the beginning. But we’ll face it together.”

They looked out over the horizon—at the world they had saved. There was no applause, no cheering crowd. Only the quiet, resolute feeling that, though they had won this battle, the war was never truly over.

But for today, they had **fought to end it**.
And they had.

Epilogue – The Return Home

The world would heal. Slowly. There were scars that could never be erased, but the future was theirs to shape.

Arin and Sabitri returned to the place where it all began. Their journey, their fight, their sacrifices... now, they would build something new.

A legacy. For the fallen. For the living.

For **humanity**.

The war had ended. But their story had just begun.

Arin's Father stood alone in the dimly lit war room, his face pale and drawn. The once-formidable man now looked smaller, broken—his hands trembling as he stared at a flickering screen that had once been the heart of their operations.

Arin (voice trembling, the weight of all he'd lost crashing down on him):

"Father, what happened? Why... why are you alone?"

But the answer came not from his father's lips, but from the cold, chilling silence that surrounded the room.

Arin's Father (voice cracked, hoarse):

"They... they came for Vantacore. They came for revenge."

He turned slowly, revealing the truth Arin had feared but never imagined. His father's eyes were hollow, empty with the grief of a thousand deaths.

Sabitri (eyes wide, voice tight with fear):

"No... Suzuna...?"

His father nodded slowly, the truth settling between them like the weight of a thousand lifetimes.

Arin's Father (whispering):

"Your wife... Suzuna... she's gone. They came for her, Arin. They came for your family."

Arin's heart pounded in his chest as he forced himself to step closer, his hands shaking. **Suzuna**, the woman who had fought beside him, believed in him when no one else did, the mother of their child... **gone**.

She had stood strong, never faltering. But the **gang**—the merciless group loyal to Vantacore—had come for vengeance. They had found her. Suzuna had been caught alone in the chaos, just as she had prepared to welcome Arin home.

The leader of the gang, a vicious man known only as **Zahir**, had led the assault. Their orders were simple: **end the line of Arin**. The family was a symbol. And in the darkness of the night, they had snatched away the future Arin had dreamed of.

They broke through her defenses, ambushed her in the house, and as Suzuna fought back with everything she had, her last moments were spent **protecting** what remained of her family.

But in the end, the gunshots rang through the night. She died fighting—just as she had lived.

As Arin and Sabitri stood in the war room, frozen in shock, **another scream** ripped through the silence.

Arin's Father (voice breaking):

"It wasn't just Suzuna. They... they took him, too. Your son. The second twin."

The loss was too much to bear.

Arin (whispering, the pain too great to speak aloud):

"No... no, not my son. Not *both* of them..."

His father stepped forward, placing a shaking hand on Arin's shoulder, offering a broken comfort. **The second twin**—the son who had never even had a chance to live, now stolen by the same darkness that had already claimed so much. The family's legacy, shattered.

Arin (falling to his knees):

"They took everything. Everything we fought for..."

Sabitri's heart shattered as she watched the destruction unfold around them. She could feel the weight of Arin's grief, a man who had already lost so much, now standing at the precipice of losing it all.

But in the wake of this devastation, **Arin's fury** ignited. The fire within him, already a raging inferno from the loss of his comrades, now became a **force of destruction**.

Arin stood, his face a mask of fury, pain, and unwavering resolve.

Arin (eyes dark, voice low and deadly):

"They think they've broken me. They think they've taken everything. But they've made a mistake."

Sabitri, ever at his side, locked eyes with him. She understood. **No more running. No more mercy.**

Sabitri:

“They will pay, Arin. Every last one of them.”

And so, they set out. This wasn’t just about Vantacore anymore. This wasn’t just about **survival**. **This was vengeance.**

They hunted the gang down—every last one of them. Zahir and his mercenaries, the ones who had dared to cross the line. They found them hiding in the shadows, thinking themselves safe.

But the shadow that Arin carried with him was a shadow of **death**.

Arin and Sabitri were unstoppable. They left nothing but a trail of ashes in their wake.

When they reached Zahir, the man who had taken everything from him, Arin stood over him, his voice cold and devoid of mercy.

Arin (growling, eyes blazing):

“You took my family. Now you pay with yours.”

The final battle was over. But Arin, Sabitri—**they had lost everything**. And they had nothing left to lose.

The world had been changed forever. The war was over. But the personal war that had begun when Suzuna was taken, that fire would burn in Arin's heart forever.

And this time, there would be no mercy.

As the sun set over the war-torn land, Arin and Sabitri stood together, watching as the world slowly began to rebuild. They had **won**, yes, but the price had been too high.

The war was over. But what was left?

Arin (whispering, almost to himself):

“We lost more than we’ll ever be able to give back... but I’ll keep fighting, Sabitri. For them. For our family. For the world.”

Sabitri stood beside him, her face a mask of quiet strength. **She, too, had lost everything**. But together, they were a force of nature—unbroken, unyielding.

Sabitri (with a quiet resolve):

“And we’ll make sure that the world never forgets. Not just the war we fought, but the family we lost. We’ll fight until our last breath.”

And as the night fell, the stars above seemed to whisper their silent promise.

The war had ended, but for Arin and Sabitri, the **battle of the heart** had only just begun.

It was a silent evening, long after the bloodshed had dried and the cries of war had been buried beneath the soil. Arin sat alone by the grave of Suzuna and the son he had lost, his eyes hollow, heart heavy.

But beside him stood **Sabitri**, not just his comrade-in-arms, not just a warrior who fought beside him in shadow and flame—but the last soul who truly understood him.

She stood quietly, her hand resting gently on her stomach, eyes soft.

Sabitri (gently, voice trembling):

“Arin... I know what you’ve lost. I know what it cost you. But I also know... what still remains.”

He turned to her, eyes weary, but listening.

Sabitri (eyes glistening):

“I never meant to cross this line. I never thought I’d say it. But now... after everything... I don’t want to fight alone anymore. I want to raise my children in a world you helped save. And I want them... to know a father’s love.”

She paused, heart pounding.

Sabitri (whispers):

“I want to marry you, Arin. Not out of pity. Not out of duty. But because I believe in you. I want our children to grow up in a home where love still survives. Where it lives again.”

Arin said nothing at first. The silence hung heavy—but in that stillness, he wasn’t mourning anymore. He was healing.

Arin (softly):

“I lost everything, Sabitri. But maybe... just maybe... we can build something again. Something worth fighting for. Something worth living for.”

And so, under the whisper of the stars, where once war drums echoed, **love found a new rhythm.**

Arin’s surviving child, his second baby born from Suzuna but saved by fate, would now grow under Sabitri’s care.

The children, though not bound by blood, would **grow as siblings**, sharing not only toys and dreams, but a love that came not from bloodlines—but from choice, from pain, from healing.

A Family Forged in Flame

Together, Arin and Sabitri built a home. Not a palace, not a fortress—but a **home**.

A place where laughter returned.

Where **Sophia chased butterflies**, and **Yosef built wooden swords**, and the youngest, Arin's baby, learned to walk with both Sabitri and Arin by his side.

They were not a perfect family. There were tears. Nights when memories haunted them. But there was **love**. A love that was not loud—but constant.

And in the end, that was what mattered.

A Final Whisper from Arin

One night, Arin sat outside, his child asleep in his arms. Sabitri stepped beside him, Sophia and Yosef already tucked in.

Arin (whispering, watching the stars):

"I thought war took everything from me. But maybe... it just cleared the path for something new."

Sabitri (smiling):

"Something stronger. Something that lasts."

Chapter-IV

The Mystery Of Shadow

[Scene: Inside the Monastery – Cracked Walls, Flickering Flames]

Samuel (smirking nervously):

“Mr. Monk... My dad was naughty back in the day, huh? You seem to know him well.”

Monk (turns slowly, voice like an old whisper):

“I should. I am Aakash’s brother... and once, I fought beside Arin as a friend.”

A sudden wind howls through the broken arches. Candles flicker. Something old stirs.

◆ Scene Shift: The Dark Cave – Somewhere Unknown

The cave is endless — walls slick with ancient blood, lit only by a dying crimson flame. A figure stands with back turned, clad in a long red coat, tall and still as death itself. Nothing about them is clear — they are the outline of dread, a rumor of wrath.

Servant 1 (bowing, breath shaky):

“My Lord... they made it inside the monastery. Monk... Samuel... and the girl. They’ve killed all our guards. The monk... he’s telling them about Arin’s past.”

A long silence. The red-cloaked figure doesn’t move. The flames flicker more violently.

Mystery Shadow (chuckling darkly):

“Hehehe... Well, well, well... *Did he tell them everything?* Did he tell them what Arin became? What he did? ”

The voice is not human. It’s layered — a chorus of pain and secrets.

◆ Scene: Monastery – Sacred Ground, Now Bloodstained

Jack (reading old war logs):

“Wait... This means... Samuel... you’re not Sabitri’s biological son.”

Samuel (shocked):

“What are you talking about? Are you drunk?!”

Monk (stepping back, eyes wide):

“Wait... what did you just say... right now?”

Sophia (softly, almost afraid):

“Sabitri... She's my mother. She sent Samuel and me... to stop the Vantacore. To protect it...”

The walls groan. A bell chimes by itself. Something ancient has heard the truth.

◆ Scene: The Cave – Hell Begins to Boil

Servant 2 (rushing in):

“My Lord... our mission—our control—it’s slipping! The children... they’re unraveling everything!”

The mystery figure slowly turns. Smoke pours from the shadows. A gloved hand raises a sleek black gun — the kind that ends loyalty in an instant.

BANG!

The servant crumples, head split open like a cracked egg.

Mystery Shadow (low growl):

“Call Yosef. Send the army. I want that monastery turned to ashes.”

And as she steps forward — the light reveals her face.

SABITRI. Alive.

Her eyes are black suns. Her smile... is war.

◆ Scene: Monastery – Chaos Erupts

Monk (stumbling backward):

“No... it can’t be. Sabitri is alive?!”

Jack (voice cracking):

“But she died... she... died...”

Samuel (rage rising):

“She raised me... she was *good*. What happened to her?!”

Monk (voice trembling):

“She didn’t die, child. She became something else. *Sabitri*... became the thing she feared.”

◆ **Scene: The Cave – The Goddess of Vantacore**

Sabitri (laughing wildly):

“They all *worshipped* Arin... his battles, his sacrifices. They never saw *me*. I bled. I burned. I raised the children of a dead woman. I buried my dreams for a world that spat in my face.”

She steps to the ancient Vantacore altar, now pulsing like a beating heart.

Sabitri (screaming):

“VANTACORE! I WANT IT! I will destroy *EVERYONE* for its power!”

She turns, eyes glowing red.

Sabitri:

“Yosefffffffffffffffffffff!”

The name rips out like a war cry, like thunder tearing through bone.

The screen fades to black, leaving only one word in ancient Tibetan carved on stone:

"Aenigma" — The Unknown Begins.

To be continued...