

The crescent moon hung limply in the starlit sky, appearing as a glowing talon amidst the darkness. Up here, it felt like he could touch the stars, as if he was one with them. But alas, Ragnarok was not one for such romantic thoughts. Sure, he enjoyed the beauty of the night sky compared to the Aether sky he was accustomed to, but he had important things to worry about. Namely, he was searching for the elder dragon.

Ragnarok didn't necessarily believe in fortune telling, but Caelia certainly did. In fact, she loved the prospect of it. The Lich, on the other hand, was a closed book on the subject. Ragnarok never really knew what went through that beast's mind, and he didn't care to know.

**"Do you really think the elder dragon would be in the mountains? Or did you just come up here to try and be rid of us?"** Caelia smiled at the annoyance glistening in Ragnarok's eyes. **"Well, I have my answer there. But really, Ragnarok...why do you want to meet this dragon? I thought you hated fortune tellers."**

Sighing, Ragnarok padded into a cave, its mouth agape against the mountain wall. **"I don't believe in what they use their magic for. However, there usually is some truth to their powers. If this dragon can see into the future, they may be able to help me find what I'm looking for."**

However, there didn't seem to be any sign of the elder dragon in these mountains. They had been searching for an hour now, and they had come up with nothing to show for their effort. The Lich had been the most disinterested, but Ragnarok assumed The Lich wanted nothing. Then again, why was it here? What could that creature possibly want from a fortune teller?

Ragnarok narrowed his eyes, picking his way through the darkness. Water dripped down onto his coat, but he paid it no mind. He had had plenty of experience with water lately. Each drop of water that hit the ground echoed throughout the cave, indicating the emptiness. However, perhaps it was a huge cave system. Would a dragon choose to live somewhere that it could get easily lost?

But enemies could also get lost.

Ragnarok huffed, turning to Caelia and The Lich. What was it about them that made him stay with them? Caelia had proposed finding this fortune teller, and she had convinced Ragnarok that the elder dragon would be of some use to him. However, this could all be a myth.

**"Are you looking for someone?"**

A voice behind him made Ragnarok swivel around. **"Who are you? The elder dragon?"**

But this was a small, white wyvern, its body seeming almost transparent. **"Elder dragon? No, I know of no such thing here. I mean, this cave is haunted by yours truly, but that's about it."**

Caelia narrowed her eyes. **"Ragnarok, who are you talking to?"**

Great, she couldn't see the ghost. The Lich was staring in its direction, though, as if it had noticed the spectral presence. Ragnarok knew why he himself could see it, but The Lich...

*It must have experienced death before, too.*

Well, there was no time to waste. **"Do you know of a fortune teller in these parts? Have you heard any rumors?"**

The ghost snorted in amusement. **"Nothing of the sort. Though...you might try the village near this mountain. The people really love their magic, and I'm sure a dragon would be worshipped there, especially an elder one. Or maybe they're hiding out somewhere, one of the most unlikely places."**

Ragnarok nodded, turning to Caelia and The Lich. Caelia looked perplexed, though The Lich nodded casually to the specter. A chill ran down Ragnarok's spine, but all he wanted was to get away from the ghost and these two. He needed time alone.