

Elmer's eyes follow Neo's gaze towards the snowstorm raging just outside of their shelter. "Do you hear something?" The firbolg asked, his hand drifting from the holy symbol that hung around his neck to the hand axe strapped to his waistband, fingers plucking at the strip of leather that acted as a safety. If something had managed to make its way through this storm they likely followed Neo and Elmer's path.

Neo is silent for a moment before both of his ears swivel back towards the firbolg hidden further inside the cave.

"No, I do not hear anything outside of the wind. Neo was just listening."

As the crowned clown cat turned back to face his companion, a series of cracks quickly began to spread across the rocky surface of the cave just beneath his feet. Before he could react, the lanky creature went plummeting down into the hole that had opened up beneath him. Neo let out a short yelp, followed by scratching of his nails against the rocks.

Elmer quickly scrambled to his feet, rushing towards the hole where Neo fell. Hurrying to grab Neo's hand and try to haul him back up, Elmer grunted with exertion, the crowned clown cat heavier than he looked. "Neo don't panic, I've got you." He said through gritted teeth, attempting to pull him out of the hole and not get scratched in the process.

"There's a cavern down here!" Neo called, his arm grasped firmly in Elmer's grip. Despite the circumstances Neo seemed unbothered, hanging limply from Elmer's hand. Elmer readjusted his grip slightly and pulled Neo up out of the hole after a moment.

"I can see that," he sighed, out of breath. Settling down next to Neo, Elmer peered into the pitch darkness of the hole, still a little unnerved by the sudden collapse.

"Might as well see what's down there?" He scanned the area they had made came in, quickly reaching to grab a nearby rock. After a quick prayer a magical light began to illuminate around the rock itself; a cantrip. The rock was then sent hurtling down inside the hole to illuminate the area below.

Once Neo was back up on solid ground, the crowned clown cat peered after the newly illuminated rock, ears forward as he listened to the rock bounce off of the stone walls below. One. Two. Three. Finally, the rock could be heard clattering against the ground beneath them. "Does not sound too deep. But I am light on my feet. Cow-friend not so much."

Elmer peered over the edge, trying to catch a glimpse of anything illuminated by the rock. "I'm no stranger to taking a tumble. Shall we go investigate?" He turned back towards Neo, "Could be what we're looking for down there."

"Let me go first, since you do not have dark eyes." Neo replied, choosing to remove the scarf around his neck to give back to his friend. With minimal concentration, the purple markings across Neo's skin began to glow a deep neon purple, the designs constant across his body; Most were currently covered by the various furs that kept his lanky body warm through the cold. Once Neo had managed to maneuver down the rocky shaft, the crowned clown cat's body lighting the way, he glanced up at Elmer who had begun to tie a rope around his hips.

Elmer could hear the sound of the frigid wind howling just outside the cave, the snow likely still falling before glancing down the hole after his glowing friend. The firbolg had anchored himself to a large boulder on one side of the cave, giving the rope a test yank before feeling confident enough to lower himself into the shaft. Elmer's years as a camp counselor had allowed him to gather an array of skills, from whittling to rock climbing, he had the confidence to attempt most anything. After some time descending, Elmer eventually reached the bottom of the shaft, Neo standing off to the side, ears pointed forward as he listened for any signs of movement within the chamber that didn't belong to them.

Once Elmer had managed to untie himself, the two began to cautiously make their way further into the cavern, Neo's glowing markings lightning the way.

The two watched as the rough rocky wall scape began to turn into smooth tiles, meticulously carved into the rock. Elmer's eyes widened in awe at the sight, stopping occasionally to observe their surroundings in full.

"I can't quite make out what would have done this but it definitely looks man-made." He mumbled to himself, fingers scratching absentmindedly through the scruff around his face.

"Man made?" Neo chirped in response, walking closer to a large rocky structure Elmer had stopped to look over, a series of etchings carved into its surface.

"A beast wouldn't have been able to accomplish something like this, something with the ability to think and follow precise patterns. Like an owlbear or something. If you painted a picture that would be considered man made."