

Chapter 202: Unearthing the Past

The sight of a Dragon coming towards her still felt unnerving to Marisha. She doubted it ever would not be unnerving, but equally it was something she most definitely didn't want to become a normalcy. But the Witch flying alongside the dog-sized pearlescent Dragon... she was ever-happy to see her, never more-so than now. "Thank the Gods," Marisha stated, as the pair landed next to the damaged Gambit – Ohno sharing a similar expression of relief.

"Same feeling here," Morgana stated, stepping forwards and swiftly and tightly embracing Marisha. Marisha faltered, somewhat startled by the sudden affection, but as she gently placed her arms around the young woman she was quickly reminded that – although she carried herself with far more maturity and styled herself more like an older woman – Morgana was young. More than a decade younger than herself.

Marisha raised her right hand, placing it gently against the back of Morgana's head, softly brushing her long black hair. "Good job on finding us," Marisha reassured. "With you and Soteria here we can start figuring out a plan to find the others." Morgana pulled back, her golden eyes watering as she looked directly at Marisha's visible eye. "I... I don't know if they survived. That Dragon, Kaina, she disrupted the teleportation spell. We could have been sent anywhere, the others could have teleported into the ground, or the skies, maybe even space or another dimension. They... they may not have even rematerialized..." Ohno stared at them both with horror. "No... Fenn... Wam..."

Marisha shook her head. "No, they're alive. I know it. I also know what you're referencing. That is likely the outcome for a pure teleportation spell - Wicke and Tempest used to argue over the theory for days at a time. They've probably been shunted out of random teleportation circles. I couldn't see anyway, but the one here could be ancient. They're alive. Have faith in them, and, if not them, then Tempest. That djinn has never let us down."

Morgana looked away, shutting her eyes before nodding as she steeled herself. "Right, of course. You're right, Marisha. You're right," she said repeatedly to herself. Marisha placed a hand on Morgana's shoulder. "We're alive, we can go from there." Morgana looked back at her. Marisha tilted her head to the damaged flyer. "Anything you can do to help us with the wing?" Marisha questioned, providing a task to focus on. "Let's see."

With a combination of magic, physical muscle – provided by Ohno, and reading a manual, the wing began to resemble its undamaged sibling, eventually leaving only the task of restitching the fabric. Marisha and Morgana wasted no time in getting to work. “So...” Marisha said eventually, Morgana glancing towards her. “You said your home is near here?” she questioned. Morgana nodded, her expression twisted into confliction as her mind became muddled with a mixture of feelings. “Worth a visit?” Marisha prompted.

“Ooh yes, bed and food,” Ohno said, from somewhere below them as they sat on the wing. Marisha ignored him. “It... might be,” Morgana said quietly. Her expression hardened. “Uh, yeah, we should go. There’s a good chance we could find help there,” she said more firmly. Marisha’s gaze lingered in Morgana’s direction. “So what’s the plan afterwards?” Morgana questioned back, turning to meet Marisha’s stare, a subtle warning in her expression to not press the topic.

“Sticking to the running theme of family, I figure we should make our way to a Guild outpost. I will contact my mother from there, we can use her contacts to try to reconnect with the others,” Marisha stated. Morgana nodded – it seemed reasonable. “There should be enough room for all of us in the flyer, right?” Morgana questioned. “Enough for Dragon as well. Food, however, is an issue-” “Food?” interrupted Soteria, drawing out a confused pause from Marisha as she leant over the edge and looked down at the Dragon.

“You speak now?” she questioned, before looking back at Morgana. “Always, just also now,” Soteria answered, her voice gravelly and deep. Marisha shrugged. “Does that mean you’ll actually follow my instructions?” she questioned, already knowing the answer. “No. Only by my bond. And so long as I am fed,” the Dragon warned. Marisha raised and pointed a finger at Morgana. “Your job.”

Morgana nodded. “Fair enough. Where are we going to connect with the Guild?” “The Gardens has a few major hubs, but there’s an outpost in the Mysts that I know my Mother visits and also has parts we can use for the Gambit. It should also have better communication systems, so I’m thinking there,” Marisha answered. “Perfect,” Morgana returned, finishing her final stitch before standing up. “I’ll lead the way.”

The Gambit sputtered to life, the mechanical beast letting out a wounded roar as Marisha took to its cockpit. “That doesn’t sound good,” she muttered. “Just hold.” She strapped in, glancing back towards the main hold as Ohno hung onto straps on the ceiling and Soteria lay on the floor. He nodded to her, giving a

nervous thumbs up. Marisha pushed the flyer forwards, the entire vehicle rattling as it began to skate along the grass towards the nearby cliff.

"Looking good," Morgana stated through her communicator, hovering in the air above them on her broomstick. "Doesn't feel it..." Marisha muttered, holding her breath as they approached the edge and then tumbled over it. Her stomach lurched as they fell, the ocean rising up to meet them. She pulled back on the stick between her legs, the wings catching the air and pulling them up. The sputtering stopped, settling into a steady purr as she took them higher and higher. She let out a sigh of relief. "I hate flying," she stated through her communicator, as Morgana came and flew alongside the cockpit, sitting casually side-on on her broomstick. She laughed, her hair whipping in the wind. "You learn to love it." "I doubt it..." Marisha muttered. Morgana accelerated, getting ahead of the Gambit and leading the way.

They flew for a few hours, rotating between pilots, before eventually coming down for a landing on the ocean. It was rougher than Marisha would have liked, but the flyer slowly came to a stop, drifting into the shore of a small islet. "Are we there?" Marisha questioned, as Morgana landed ahead of them. She shook her head. "No, we're only an hour or so away at our pace. I figured it best we arrive in the morning, they may not be there, but if they are then we can leave if we need to," she stated.

"You're nervous, is there anything we should know about before we get there?" "Uh," Morgana uttered, caught out by the accusatory question. She shook her head. "It's just been a long time. My sister might be there, so... it's fine," she lied, badly. "Arthuria?" Ohno questioned. Morgana shook her head, looking up at the emerging stars. "No, my younger sister: Morgause. The one I left behind. The one we all left behind."

They decided to sleep inside the Gambit. It wasn't particularly comfortable, and was a bit of a squeeze with all of them, plus the Dragon, but it kept them warm and out of the night-time rain. Ohno was by far the first to sleep, Marisha was the last – her eyes glancing through the darkness towards the huddled form of Morgana, her golden eyes still visible in the low light as she stared up at the moon.

She had lied, Marisha knew it. She wanted to go home, but she was equally afraid to. The golden eyes finally shut and Marisha glanced away. Morgana had always been complicated: she had been desperate to fit in when she first arrived, and willingly, and readily, abandoned her sister, as well as Mai Lu and Jeanne to do

so. She often had a habit of hiding her feelings from others, or fleeing when things got too much. She was reserved, but didn't want to be. She craved the attention when people knew she was upset. She wanted a hero: a rescuer to come and tell her it was all going to be okay. That often meant Arthuria, but now it meant Marisha, and family problems were far from Marisha's forte. Her own mind wandered, thinking back to some of the final words she had had with Bjorn and Jayce.

"What?" Bjorn questioned, interrupting the conversation she had been having, admittingly openly, with Jayce in the living quarters. Marisha flashed him a look of false irritation, lifting the leg she had been resting on a chair and sliding it out for him to sit on. He sat and Jayce leant forwards. "We need to destabilise the Guild," he said casually, as if it was something that was both possible and simple to do. Bjorn scoffed and looked towards Marisha, who shrugged back at him. "There's someone in the Guild, or maybe even the whole thing, who is helping the Sovereign. As long as that is the case she has a hold, not just on the Republic, but the entire world. The Guild is too big, too broken, and cares little about who they are helping to support. That needs to change," he stated. Marisha shook her head. "And just what do you suggest replaces it? Who could possibly rule the business world in a way that doesn't end up exactly the same way as it is now?" she questioned sarcastically.

"You."

Marisha shook her head, shutting her eyes. Jayce was a fool. A naïve, stubborn, stupid fool. How could she run it all? How would she even begin to unravel the World Guild? It wasn't possible, it couldn't be... could it? "Stupid idiot," she muttered, turning onto her side, herself uncertain as to whether she was describing her idiot Captain, or his idiotic faith in her. "Maybe... maybe it's possible."

They took to the skies, hungry for anything other than the fish that Soteria had helped capture for them, and - as Morgana had predicted - they landed again a little more than an hour later. Their arrival was neither subtle nor unnoticed, and before long countless villagers and their children had arrived to see the unusual sight. "Soteria, guard the flyer," Morgana said almost immediately, the Dragon letting out a huff before clambering out of the hold to sit on top. The adults almost immediately dragged their children away, leaving Marisha, Morgana and Ohno unhindered to walk towards the village.

Morgana led the way, the group passing by countless, newer, brightly-coloured wooden buildings amongst the older stone and thatch houses. They came to a stop outside of a pale blue wooden house, standing by the gate leading through the white picket fence surrounding the two-story building. "Th-this is it," Morgana said quietly, her hand hovering over the handle. "It looks nice," Marisha said softly. Morgana shook her head. "It's just got a fresh coat of paint, it creaks at night, the wood is full of holes and splinters," she said quietly, her head angled towards the floor. "I'm sure it's still shit," Marisha said softly to her. "Even worse without you in it." Morgana looked at her, a soft smile breaking through. "A quick hello, and we'll head onwards," Marisha offered. Morgana nodded, opening the gate and stepping through. She muttered as she walked up to the porch, reciting lines she had thought up countless times over the years.

She knocked on the door and stepped back, holding both hands behind her back and standing up as tall as she could. The door opened and she opened her mouth, only to falter as a middle-aged man looked down at her with confusion. "Yes?" he questioned, a thick dark beard on his chin, his head bald and shiny in the light and his brown eyes curious and also cautious as they flicked from Morgana to Marisha and finally towards Ohno. "Uh, um," Morgana stammered, the words gone in an instant. "Is this Morgause's home?" Marisha rescued, stepping forwards and placing a gentle hand onto Morgana's back. The man frowned and then stepped back. "One moment, please," he said gruffly, before shutting the door.

Morgana deflated. "Hard part done," Marisha reassured, looking back to Ohno and gesturing for him to come closer. The door pulled open quickly, a figure stepping forwards in a flash of silver hair, a pair of arms wrapping themselves around Morgana. "Morgie," said the middle-aged woman softly, tears in her eyes as she held Morgana tightly before pulling back. The trio stood stunned, the woman in front of them young, early forties at most. Her eyes and hair were both a shiny silver, her skin pale and features petite. She wore an apron, over a casual blue dress and her hands were covered in flour – that now covered Morgana's back.

The woman pulled back, the relief switching into immediate fury. "How dare you!" she stated firmly and quietly. "You run away without a word, fine – but you come back without a warning, and with guests! The house is a tip!" she leant to the side, looking past a red-faced Morgana at Marisha. "Anna," she introduced. "I'm Morgana's... aunt," she said with a smile, extending her hand before pulling it back as she realised it was covered in flour. "Marisha, this is

Ohno, we're crewmates of your niece," she returned civilly. Anna smiled warmly, before pulling back and glaring at Morgana. "Please come in, my husband will make some drinks."

They stepped into the house, the walls covered in photos and artwork and otherwise very nicely decorated. They were guided to the living room and Anna gestured for them to sit before hurrying off towards the kitchen. Marisha leant forwards, looking directly at Morgana. "Your aunt seems nice," Marisha said quietly. Morgana nodded. "She wasn't the problem," she returned quietly. The door opened and the large man who had been at the door peeked his head in. "Tea? Coffee? Hot chocolate?" he offered.

"One of each, thanks," Marisha answered for the group. He nodded and stepped away, only to almost immediately be replaced by Anna who took to an armchair opposite the trio. "So, where have you been?" she interrogated immediately, her face full of both worry and relief. "I, uh, found work. Ended up with the Rising Aces – if you've heard of them?" Morgana returned quietly. Anna's gaze slowly and cautiously turned towards Marisha. "Oh," she said quietly, the colour draining from her face. "That's... nice."

Marisha flashed a gentle smile. "Morgana's been a wonderful addition to the crew, she's saved more lives than I can count." The colour slowly returned, her husband entering the room. "Dear, Morgana has been with the Rising Aces." "Huh, oh. I see. Is Morgause with you as well?" asked Anna's husband. "She's not with you guys?" Morgana questioned with sharp alarm. Anna looked down. "She followed in your footsteps Morgie, ran away from home not long after you did," stated the husband.

"Don't call me Morgie!" Morgana growled, her ears burning red as they peeked through her hair, her eyes to the floor. "Gar, could you bring the drinks? The water should have boiled by now," Anna suggested, the pair exchanging silent words. He sighed and stepped out of the room. "You'll have to forgive my husband, he and Morgana have always struggled to get along," Anna said to Marisha and Ohno. "Not my fault..." Morgana muttered childishly.

"It wasn't, you were young – still are. But you had a home here, Morgana. I know it was different without... without your mother. Gar was there for me, he was there for Niamh when she got ill. He's a good man who you never gave a chance to," Anna said firmly. The door opened as Morgana opened her mouth to retort, Gar walking in with a tray of drinks. He set them down passing a coffee to Ohno, a tea to Marisha and a hot chocolate to Morgana. As he turned to sit down,

Morgana passed her hot chocolate to Ohno, who passed his coffee to Marisha, who passed her tea to Morgana.

"Have you had any contact with Morgause? We've been worried, it has been... a long time," Gar questioned. Morgana shook her head, looking down at her cup. "No, I've not seen her... I thought she was here. I... hoped she wouldn't follow me." Anna and Gar both nodded, sharing a worried expression between themselves. "We put out messages through the Guild, perhaps we should try again," Gar suggested.

"Leave that to us, I have contacts and we'll try to find your daughter," Marisha stated. "Thank you, her brothers have been asking about her, they keep wondering who the girls in the photos are," Anna said with a soft smile. Morgana twitched. "They ask about you as well Morgie, they're at school now, but if you stay for a bit I'm sure they'd love to see you," Anna offered. Morgana shook her head, Anna's hopeful face falling into a sharp look of hurt. "We've got a lot to do, Captain's orders," Marisha stated. "Um, by any chance are you also in contact with Morgana's other sister, Arthuria?"

Anne choked on her tea, coughing heavily as she regained her breath. Her wide eyes glanced from Marisha to Morgana. "No, why would I be?" she questioned, confused anger in her voice. Marisha hesitated, unsure of what she had said wrong. "I... found her," Morgana said quietly. "We, uh, found each other. And We're also on the hunt for Elaine. Arthuria and I got separated – don't worry, it's nothing."

An uncomfortable silence permeated throughout the room. "Good hot chocolate," Ohno said with a naïve friendliness. Gar cleared his throat, Anne's cup rattling as her hands shook. "Ohno, was it? Could you help me in the kitchen?" Gar suggested. Ohno glanced towards Marisha who quietly nodded. The pair of men leaving the room. "Have you... had any contact with her?" Anna asked quietly. "She's dead, it's just Arthuria and Elaine," Morgana said quietly, glancing towards Marisha with a warning glare. "Ah, I see. A pity," Anna said with distinct malice, her cup steady as she sipped her tea. "Have you found your father?"

Morgana shook her head. "I haven't looked, neither of us have. He left Arthuria's mother not long after Elaine left their home," Morgana said cautiously, uncertain whether the information would cause more harm than good to share. Anna scoffed. "Of course he did. The scumbag." She set her drink down and the warm smile returned, the entire room seeming to regain both colour and warmth.

"You're all welcome to stay, we have a guest bedroom. Your therian friend may have to squeeze onto a sofa," Anna offered.

Marisha looked towards Morgana, who shook her head. "Uh, no, sorry." Anna nodded. "I understand. It is still your home, I hope you don't forget that. In fact, I still have some of your things upstairs if you want me to get them for you," she offered. Morgana nodded and Anna stepped out of the room. The faintest of sighs and a sniffle reaching only Marisha's trained ear. Morgana looked similarly upset, her entire body tense as she fought against her emotions. Marisha leaned over to her, placing a hand into Morgana's and squeezing. "You've done very well," she reassured. Morgana shook her head, silent tears dripping from her eyes.

Anna and Morgana stood in embrace with each other for what felt like a lifetime to Marisha, but she knew they needed it more than Marisha found it uncomfortable. "Send Morgause home if you find her, her mother misses her. She misses all her girls, even those two," Anna said quietly to Morgana. She then looked over to Marisha and Ohno. "Take care of this one, I know she's trouble, but she's good trouble and means well by it." Marisha nodded and Ohno stood up tall. "We'll do our best," he stated with a big grin. He then looked towards Gar, the pair nodding to each other, with a firm layer of respect for one another. "Come on, let's go," Marisha commanded.

Marisha waited until they were back at the Gambit to ask the questions that had been populating her mind. "So what was that all about?" Marisha questioned as Morgana sat down inside the Gambit's hold, Soteria waddling over and resting her head in her lap. "It's messy, and complicated, not worth discussing," Morgana stated. That certainly wasn't true in Marisha's mind, if anything it made her want to ask even more.

She faltered, taking a slow seat near Morgana as Ohno did the same, the large panda munching on food they had bought from the village. "Look, I understand what it's like to have a strange family, to be inundated with messy relationships." "Sure you do," Morgana said unthinkingly. Marisha sighed, leaning back and looking out of the Gambit. "My mother had me to trap my father," Marisha stated honestly. Morgana glanced over to her.

"She only ever cared about her career, and he was an obstacle to it. So she seduced him, slept with him and had me. There was even a contract on it. In the biggest mistake of his life he traded away everything, and she trapped him with me, slowly sapping every resource from him before discarding him. I think I

was... eight. I never saw him again, I think he killed himself," Marisha stated. "That's awful," Morgana said quietly, Ohno staring at both of them with alarm. "When your mother's business name is the Serpent you get used to it."

"I tried everything to be in her good books, to get her to be a real mother to me. I danced, I sang, I cooked for her. I was the perfect doting daughter, but it never felt enough. She would always train me with some tutor, push me to be like her. She said my beauty was an asset that we could both use to dominate the world of men with. But I burnt myself whilst cooking for her and some guests. Poured boiling oil on my face. That... beauty vanished. And then so did I. So I know messy. And I know whatever happened won't have been your fault. Because it's the same with me. I blamed myself for years for everything that happened in my family, long after Bjorn's tribe adopted me. So what happened?"

Morgana faltered before she let out an eventual sigh. "Has Arthuria said anything about it to you before?" Morgana questioned first. Marisha nodded. "Only a little bit. It's never been a topic she would share outside of a select few." "I'm not surprised. Her side will be a little different from mine. But basically, our father is a manwhore: a serial adulterer who seduces women, even when committed to others. He cheated on Arthuria's mother after she had Arthuria, and so came along me. He faked being committed to my mother, switching between our house and Arthuria's house, whilst also sleeping with Anna."

"Eventually the scumbag was caught and the whole thing was revealed. Three women, three sets of children. We all moved in together, a... weird big family, but Arthuria's mother wasn't happy. She was the first wife, the oldest woman, with two children: Elaine and Arthuria. She gave him a choice, either she'd leave and take everything or he'd come with her. So my mother and Anna were left behind. The Pendragon's departed, shunning our existence and pretending like we never existed."

"That's... horrible, I'm sorry," Marisha said, a heavy sobbing coming from Ohno. "That's so sad!" he cried, both Morgana and Marisha reached out and placed sympathetic hands on his knees. Morgana shook her head, her mind and body numb to it all. "We lived together, the abandoned girls. But my mother grew ill and died, and Anna moved in with her partner. It didn't feel like my home. I felt like a stranger, so I left. I guess Morgause did the same sometime later, but I don't know where she could have gone. I think Jayce mentioned something about Wicke encountering a girl called Morgause, but we've been out of contact with her for so long that I never got it verified. It's really unlikely even if." Marisha

nodded. "We'll see if we can track her down. But for now, let's head to the Mysts. Let's send a message to my mother, and then we'll make our way back to the Old World. I think a visit to the Guild mothership is in order."

Seize the Seas Tales: Seeing What's Buried

Bjorn's eyes flickered open as he found himself sinking in very cold water. His body hurt, a rib or two cracked, if not broken, and the world around him was dark. He looked upwards: he saw sunlight and the hull of a small vessel. A cloud of bubbles escaped his mouth and he grabbed upwards, swimming to the surface before taking in a deep gasp of air as he grabbed onto the side of the small boat. "Bjorn!" cried a familiar voice, an elderly woman reaching over and grabbing his arm. "Doc?" Bjorn questioned, another pair of hands taking his other arm and helping him to climb aboard.

He immediately collapsed onto the floor, transforming out of bear form and looking up at Yuthura and Jeanne as they both stood over him, also soaking wet. "What happened?" he questioned, his head and body still hurting, but his ribs healed. "In better words, we had our arses handed to us by a Dragon," Yuthura stated, checking him over for wounds. "In lighter words, Tempest's teleportation spell went awry and now we are in the middle of nowhere."

"Great..." Bjorn muttered, groaning as he got to his feet, Jeanne handing him a towel after emerging from somewhere in the Last Card's hold. He looked around: they were sat in the middle of a large canyon, the mountains on either side of them dark and craggy. The Last Card drifted forwards, following the natural flow of the channel, a small whirlpool was to their left in an alcove. "Not, nowhere, the New World – I think," Bjorn stated.

Yuthura paused, looking where he looked before turning and looking around. Her purple eyes narrowed and she shook her head before looking away. "The Maw," she stated. Bjorn and Jeanne looked at each other before back at Yuthura. "Are you certain, Doctor? How do you know?" Jeanne questioned. Yuthura rolled her eyes. "Trust me, this is the Maw. The air, the lands, the waters, it's the Maw."

"Doc, we need more than that. Whirlpools are not enough to be certain," Bjorn stated, sitting on the edge of the boat. There was hesitation on Yuthura's face, both Jeanne and Bjorn observing her closely as she clearly concealed something from them. Eventually she sighed. "I used to live in the Maw. A long time ago.

This is Crackling Canyon, in winter it freezes over, apart from the whirlpools that break apart the ice and make the whole region crackle."

"You didn't think to mention that last time we came to the Maw? We could have stopped off at your home," Bjorn stated. Yuthura shook her head, looking up at the cliff walls. "It's nothing worth wasting time on," she said quietly, a slight tremble to her old body. "Your family?" Bjorn questioned. Yuthura's gaze snapped towards him, quick anger on her face. "What did Jayce tell you?" she demanded. "Nothing. Doc, I've known you four years now – do you think I'm that unobservant to not notice your pendant? That image of that child. Your grandchild?" he questioned.

The anger faded and she slowly sat down on a bench, her gaze low and head shaking slightly. "My child," she said reluctantly. "She would be... sixteen, no, seventeen about now," Yuthura confessed, a physical change of relief coming over her body as she finally admitted it to someone other than Jayce. "How?" Jeanne said stupidly. Bjorn flashed a glare at her but Yuthura held up a hand. "No, no, it's a fair question. I'm not exactly a young woman anymore, and I wasn't then either."

"I modified my body after years of miscarriages, but no matter how much I wanted her – I just wasn't fit to be her mother. The reality wasn't right, so I left." "Doc..." Bjorn said softly. Yuthura shook her head, letting out a sigh and wiping her eyes. "It's fine. I don't need your pity. Since we're here, let's pay my home a visit – I know you won't let me get away with not doing so. We should then head to the Capital, if anyone else landed in the New World then that's where they will head. Agreed?" Yuthura proposed. The other two nodded, uncertain of what to say – what they could say.

It took a few days of cautious navigation, but fortunately Bjorn always kept the Last Card stocked with food, water and other resources. It felt all the more gratifying to actually use the boat for its purpose again, and compared to sailing the Stacked Hand it felt ridiculously easy. But eventually they docked at the foot of a large mesa. Following the wooden steps zigzagging the outside of the cliff walls they eventually made it up to the grassy top, where a large village sat out of view. Bjorn set Yuthura down. "This is nice," he said quietly, stretching after carrying her up so many stairs. "Don't push it," she warned, hobbling forwards.

They approached a small cabin-like house, the various villagers observing them curiously from afar, but, as they came up to the door, Yuthura faltered. "No one's home," she said quietly, and with confusion. Jeanne stepped to the side,

approaching a window and looking inside. "It's covered in dust," she said when she returned. "Strange..." Yuthura muttered. "Maybe they moved?" she questioned to herself.

"Excuse me," said a voice from behind, one of the villagers approaching. "Are you looking for someone?" he asked, the man of a similar age to Yuthura, his body hunched over a wooden cane. "Saman," Yuthura said. "Where is he?" she asked. The old man faltered. "Yuthura?" he questioned, his eyes widening as he recognised her. "It is you, you came back – after all this time?" Yuthura remained silent. "Where is Saman, Yosef?" she said coldly. His eyes narrowed, confusion crossing his face before it relaxed in realisation. "Ah, I see. You do not know." "Know what?"

Yuthura stood stunned as she looked down at the grass-covered grave in front of her. "Your daughter left this place not long after. She did not say where she was going, and has not come back since. I'm sorry," Yosef said softly. Bjorn nodded to him and the old man walked away. Bjorn then turned to Yuthura, blood dripping from her chin as she bit her lip with considerable force, her knuckles white as they rested on her cane. "It's okay, Doc. It's okay," he reassured, placing a soft hand on her shoulder. She shrugged it off, shaking her head. "No, Bjorn, it's not. It's not okay."

"We could try to find her. There are connections we could use," Jeanne suggested. "I don't need pity. Let's go, we've got a crew to find," Yuthura stated, turning and hobbling in the direction of the Last Card. Bjorn and Jeanne watched her go. "Will she be alright?" Jeanne questioned, looking from Yuthura to the grave and then finally towards Bjorn. "Probably not. The only thing preventing her from feeling even more guilty was that her daughter was with her father. That reality has come crashing down on her. Yuthura didn't even know that her husband was dead. Would you be alright after learning about that?" he asked. "No, I guess not. Is there anything we can do?" Jeanne asked, worry on her face. "No. She likes to help others, not be helped."

"You two coming? It's a lot of steps that I don't want to walk down!" Yuthura yelled back at them. "You were saying?" Jeanne said with a side eye and a small smile. Bjorn rolled his eyes. "Stubborn old crone."