

Chapter 3

The Journey Begins

The morning sun cast long shadows across the cobblestone streets as Elara made her way toward the ancient library. For three generations, her family had guarded the secrets contained within its walls, and now it was her turn to shoulder the responsibility.

She paused at the heavy oak door, her hand hovering over the iron handle. Inside, she knew, lay the answers she had been seeking since her father's disappearance. The old books held more than stories—they held the key to understanding the prophecy that had shaped her entire life.

Taking a deep breath, Elara pushed the door open. The familiar scent of parchment and dust filled her senses. In the silence of the empty hall, she could almost hear the whispers of scholars who had walked these aisles centuries before.