

Pangea

This Wine Is Divine

Sidebar

Minor gods of Pangea are called Portents, meaning a person of importance. They are powerful in nature, but not all-powerful. Each Portent has their limits, and very few have overlapping domains.

As the night creeps on, a blanket of darkness covering more and more of the Agean land, our adventurers march on until exhaustion finally claims them. Setting up camp for the night some few more miles away from the bandits' resting place, they allow themselves to collapse.

"Gods are my feet sore!" Whines Eryk as he kicks off his boots, allowing their rank odor to permeate the air.

"Tribunal bless me. There is not enough incense to mask that horridness." Allura covers her nose, pulling her bedroll away a few feet.

Vik mutters an old incantation, cascading sparks onto some dry timber to make a fire for the camp. Omara sits in silence, staring into the crackling flames as if each ember might hold some unforetold secret.

"Omara?" Vik asks timidly, his voice cracking slightly. "Are you sure you're okay?"

Staring deeper into the flames, Omara closes her eyes. Her side aches below the ribs. Her skin itches where that evil blade had pierced through. Each breath hurts. But Omara knows she cannot show weakness. Not now, not ever.

"We should take watches, just in case there are more bandits in the area," Omara says dryly.

Allura nods while straightening her prayer beads. Three charms hang from the necklace, each a representation of a member of the Elven Tribunal. On the left, a carving of a fawn, the symbol of Fauna, Portent of Animals. On the right hangs a budding seed, the symbol of Flora, Portent of Plants. And in between the two, nestled at the center of the necklace and revered as the greatest nature Portent in Elven culture, is a small disk with four colors. Going clockwise, it has green, red, orange, and white. The symbol of Gaia, Portent of Seasons.

"I will take first watch," Allura says softly while holding her charms. "I need the prayer time anyway."

"I can take second watch." Vik chimes in, though weakly. His focus still on his lifelong friend.

Omara nods, letting the firelight lap over her face, taking in the warmth of the flames. "I'll take third. Everybody get some rest. We need it."

As the others drift into the domain of Dormir, Portent of Dreams and Nightmares, Allura cups her beads. In her native tongue, she utters near-silent prayers wishing for good tidings and peaceful roads ahead. The night continues on as Allura's words slip past the confines of her fine lips. Each prayer, a request to the gods of her people.

The night air falls silent, as if Allura had gone deaf. No air stirs, no grass rustles, not even her companions' snoring can be heard. Allura opens her eyes, looking around with a twinge of fear in her heart. And to the side a short walk, Allura spots a figure smoking a pipe while reclined against a tree that wasn't there before.

He waves, his lips parting in a devilish smile. There is no denying his handsomeness. Sculpted jawline, rugged dark skin, and sharp eyes that burn with fiery passion. He motions for Allura to approach.

"Well now, Love. All this prayer time should have you thirsty. Wine?" He asks, holding an unlabeled bottle up for Allura to see. "Good vintage, I assure you. Nothing but the finest honey passes my lips, hmhm."

As if drawn to the man and his charm, Allura makes her way to him. "Is this a dream, Sir? I didn't think my kind able to do so..."

"What is a dream, Love, but the mind's temporary reality, hmhm? Come, drink. Sit a spell and relax. It will be our secret, hmhm." The man's chuckle sends a thrill up Allura's spine, as if his mere voice were a siren's song.

"I shouldn't, Sir. I should awake my friend for his watch." Allura fiddles with her beads, the charms not shining quite so bright at the moment.

"Of course, Love. No pressure. I just figured this hundred year Elven vintage would be better shared with an amicable palette. Forgive me assumption, Dear." He sips the wine straight from the bottle, running his tongue over his lips to not lose a single drop.

"Well..." Allura pauses, trailing. "I imagine one sip won't hurt."

The dark figure smiles with sparkling teeth, handing Allura the bottle. She presses the mouth to her lips, taking in the succulent liquid. Elderberries, grapes, and a dash of spice and honey.

"My. This is indeed delicious. Thank you for sharing, Sir...? Might I ask your name?" Allura asks then sips again.

The man lowers his gaze, meeting Allura's eyes with his own devilish eyes. "You know me best by the name your people gave me. Call me... Raziel."



STONEHART

IRON SEA

THE RIFT

AGEA

DRIFT SEA

GREENWOOD

PANGEAN OCEAN

