

Pangea

Dragon's Lair

Sidebar

Omara is a human Agean. She has shorter, brown hair in loose curls, and a darker complexion than the other human in the party, Vik. Her eyes are dark brown, though they shine like amber in the right light.

Our heroes camp at the foot of Mt. Stormbreak, the lone mountain at the southwestern most end of the Iron Sea. Light drizzle makes its way down the mountain, dampening the stones and grass that make their camp. Thunder rolls over head, as the stationary storm marking the Storm Dragon's lair rages unendingly. One night of rest is all that lies between our heroes and a battle of the ages.

Thunder pounds in tandem with Omara's heartbeat, as fitful dreams plague her rest. Tossing, turning, the storm above matches her ever-growing inner turmoil. Lightning strikes a stone a few hundred feet above Omara and the group's camp, sending shattered stone cascading downward.

Omara sits up with a start, beads of chilling sweat pouring down her face. Dreams. Dreams are often seen as omens by her family. Her mother's mother was known for predicting crop patterns within her slumber. And Omara's mother claims to have seen time and again the pain the poor girl's father would cause.

As the group rises from their nightly slumber, Omara prepares a quick breakfast before their climb begins.

"Usually, I'm inside the mountain when I'm going up," Eryk grumbles as he reaches for a new handhold.

"Omara," Vik sputters between gasps of breath, "why is it I always seem to be climbing when we go out?"

Omara chuckles, banishing her earlier torment with humor. "I don't know, Vikkie. Maybe you just love me that much, heh."

Vik grabs a rock, which comes loose as he puts his weight on it. "AH!!" He yelps before catching himself.

"You alright down there?" Omara calls as she notices the stones becoming ever more slick.

With a nervous chuckle, Vik responds. "Yeah. Never better."

Allura keeps pace with Omara, her slender elven form light enough to avoid trouble. "I think I see a landing! Just a bit further!"

The storm continues, getting worse and worse as the group climbs ever higher. But, with a bit of luck, a dash of cursing, and a heaping of prayer, the group reaches the landing Allura spotted.

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Omara pulls herself up, then helps Vik. “You see that?” She motions to the mouth of a cave some several dozen feet in size. “Looks like we found our lair.”

Vik wipes his glasses on his sleeve. “How could anyone miss that? Let’s just get inside.”

As Eryk and Allura reach the landing as well, the group heads inside as quietly as they can. The smells of char and electricity are potent, mixed with something else. Something almost incense like.

Allura takes the lead, her elven eyes accustomed to darker environments. Eryk’s eyes are equally accustomed, yet his short temper endangers the group should he take point. Allura follows the path, eventually coming to a wide open cavern. She stops short, gasping once.

In the middle of this dark cave lies a massive wyrm, a Storm Dragon with claws like great swords and teeth bearing the might of a maelstrom. Its dark grey and blue scales, combined with its size, show its advanced age. And under the wyrm is a pile of gold and jewels, some centuries of treasure gathered in hoard.

“Zzastigeth, the Maelstrom,” Vik whispers. “The Black Book showed me. He’s dangerous, even for a dragon.”

Eryk readies his maul, hungry for a fight. He shifts his weight, mere heartbeats away from pouncing.

Omara’s eyes lock in on a faint light to the left and behind of Zzastigeth. She peers, trying to make it out. Right as it clicks in her mind what she is seeing, Eryk lets out a roar, leaping out of hiding and rushing toward the dragon.

The dragon’s eyes peel open, a sick grin pulling across its maw. It raises its head, taking a deep breath as Eryk runs headlong toward it. Lightning pulses in the dragon’s throat, illuminating the scales on its neck in a pale, crackly light.

“Eryk!” Allura shouts, emerging from hiding. With barely a second to spare, she summons a shield of moonlight around the hotheaded dwarf.

Eryk swings his hammer with the full might of a dwarven soldier, yet he loses his balance as the maul passes harmlessly through the dragon. “What in the ice-cold forge is this trickery?!” Eryk booms, righting himself to swing again.

Omara rushes toward the faint light she spotted as the room begins to glow. Crystal lamps illuminate the empty cavern, aside from this very real altar. “It’s an illusion! Zzastigeth tricked us with illusion magic!”

An echoey chuckle flits about the room. Not that of a wyrm, but a person.

“That he did, my bride-to-be. That he did.”



STONEHART

IRON SEA

THE RIFT

AGEA

DRIFT SEA

GREENWOOD

PANGEAN OCEAN

