

Pangea

Cult of the Wym

Sidebar

Eryk is a dwarf, which are descendants of Dane Durgoth, the first dwarven king. Dwarves of Pangea stand between 7 and 8 feet tall, towering over most other creatures. The name was given to them because dwarves make everyone else look small.

As the chuckle continues, echoing around the empty cavern, Omara grimaces. All this... for what?

“Le’san?” Omara squeaks out.

The chuckle grows into laughter fueled by malice.

“Don’t you recognize me, my bride-to-be? Tsk, tsk. To think, the likes of me betrothed to... the likes of you. It’s laughable almost, were it not so sad.”

Allura’s eyes dart around the chamber, trying ever so desperately to find the source of the voice. “My prince! We came for you! You are safe now!”

“Um, Madam Allura?” Vik calls out meekly. “I don’t think his safety is the problem.”

Omara takes a breath, her mind a swirling vortex of a thousand different things. “What is this, Le’san? A trick?”

Prince Le’san of Everglade laughs maniacally. “Ha! As if it would take much to trick the likes of you! No, this is no trick, not by your sense of the word, my betrothed. This is simply another step in a long line of plans our masters have.”

Eryk grips his maul, ready to pummel anything that moves. “Come out and face us, you pointy eared muck bucket!”

“Heh. Patience, my oversized mole rat. We will have use for you, in due time.” Le’san’s voice echoes across the dragon’s lair. “You would make a fine lunk, you would. All muscle, and not a bit of brain, hehehe.”

Eryk growls, smashing the cavern floor with his hammer. “Face me!!”

Allura’s legs shake, her mind clouded by this betrayal. “I-I don’t understand. What happened to you, my prince?”

Prince Le’san sighs, not out of defeat, but out of boredom. “What happened to me? You want to know what happened to me?!”

A bolt of lightning bursts out from one of the lamps, crashing dangerously close to Allura. The elven Priest just barely jumps out of the way in time.

Pangea

Cult of the Wyrms

“I became a true paragon of power, that’s what happened to me! The Cult of the Wyrms needed cultists, fanatics. Priests to lead the lesser masses into war. Our draconic masters chose me, hand picked me for this role! And I know have power you plebians can only dream of!!”

“Cult of the Wyrms...?” Omara utters under her breath. Her gaze rises, fixing on the altar she spotted behind the illusion. “You faked a kidnapping to worship dragons?”

“Ha! If that’s what you think, then you’re as big a fool as I imagined you to be!” Another lightning strike shoots from one of the lamps to a random spot in the cavern. “I staged a kidnapping because I already worshiped the great wyrms of our world. My kidnapping merely saved me from that gods forsaken betrothal to you! Imagine, me, a Wyrms Priest, married to you, a second-rate farmhand with a mother all too eager to pawn you off. Sin City itself couldn’t fabricate a worse hell for me!”

Thoughts of every word her mother shared fill Omara’s mind. Each hateful comment, each pitiful wish for a better life. Omara’s mind locks on the wedding, how Prince Le’san wouldn’t even face her before the ceremony. Omara’s mind yearns for meaning, any meaning whatsoever to this betrayal. And in a single moment’s time, Omara finds one reason for someone to act in this manner.

With a large, swiping motion, Omara knocks everything off the altar. Candlesticks clatter to the ground, sticks of incense snap and crumble under their own weight, and wooden relics of a land far off crack as they cascade onto the stone floor beneath.

“NO!!” Le’san barks, lightning bolts blasting in all directions. “You fool! You utterly useless fool!”

With tears in her eyes, Omara grips the stone slab of the altar itself. She heaves, fighting to lift it with every muscle her small frame possesses. Her arms burn, legs trembling as the heavy slab barely budge.

“I hate you!!” Omara shouts into the void, slumping to the ground. “I’ll end you!!”

Vik and the others give pause, each at a loss for words at Omara’s unusual display of emotion. Allura extends a hand, as if to calm the girl, yet stops herself in a moment of uncertainty.

Eryk doesn’t think, doesn’t stop, doesn’t pause. His every instinct says to act at all times, even when a better judgement would say to pause and plan. Yet, in this moment, his lack of thought is his saving grace. Eryk lumbers over to Omara, looming over her shrunken form. He slides her out of the way, Omara gnashing at him in her anger. Once Omara is moved, Eryk grabs the stone altar with both hands, gripping rough stone with the calloused, muscular hand of a warrior, a soldier. He heaves, flipping the altar with only slight effort.

The stone slab that makes the altar teeters until it tilts past the point of no return. Almost as if time slows, it falls.

“NO!!!” Le’san’s voice echoes, right until the altar cracks and breaks, cutting off his connection.

“Man. That guy sucks,” Eryk says, dusting off his hands. “Why don’t we pay him a visit and teach him a few more lessons, yeah?”



STONEHART

IRON SEA

THE RIFT

AGEA

DRIFT SEA

GREENWOOD

PANGEAN OCEAN

