

Pangea

Bring Me To Life

Sidebar

All spellcasters on Pangea have access to the same spells. However, some casters are more adept at using certain types of spells. Vik was able to revive Allura by switching out one of his spells for a revive spell, but he is better at knowledge based magic.

“She’s alive!” Vik cheers as Allura gasps for breath.
“We did it!”

Halafalala slowly claps his hands together, each resounding smack louder than the last. “Bravo. The elfling lives to die another day. Such a good little flesh puppet.”

“And what of you, hmm?” Omara asks, twirling the black blade. “What can you do from within this cage?”

The Archlich cackles, his breath, raspy and broken.
“What are you going to do, little puppet? You can’t leave here without me, now can you? Admit it. You need me.”

Vik helps Allura to her feet, shooting a deathly stare at Halafalala. “No, we don’t need you. We only need ourselves. Ourselves and our minds. Look around you, Halafalala. We have the upper hand.”

“The others,” Allura croaks. “The ones that left you here. They-.” She falls into a coughing fit for a moment, still adjusting to new breath. “They escaped without you.”

The corner of Halafalala’s mouth twitches on a near imperceptible scale. Yet, the Undead’s stoic demeanor remains steadfast. “And you assume I didn’t place myself here. A simple mistake for a weak mind such as yourself to make.”

Omara chuckles, flipping the dagger in the air and catching it again. “You’d have to be a special kind of stupid to do that, my guy. No, I figure Allura is right. You were put here, forced in that cage. Then whoever shoved you in this tiny hole for the past however long it’s been walked out of here. On their own, as in, without you.”

“And I assume you can figure out how they escaped, yes?” Halafalala says with a bite to his tone. “It isn’t like this is a prison or anything.”

“It isn’t a prison,” Eryk booms from the corner, attempting to collect himself after his last outburst killed one of his friends. “You said this was a workshop. These aren’t prison cells. They’re holding cells for experiments.”

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Halafalala grunts softly, fighting a losing battle to compose himself. “That is a bold claim coming from the flesh puppet with the weakest mind here.”

Eryk stands, slowly walking toward the magical cage. “Is it? Because when I held that blade, I could’ve sworn it was showing me inside your head. It’s a key, isn’t it? Meant to open your cage, and some other things here.”

With a growl, Halafalala lurches for the edge of his cage. “Fool! Insolent flesh dribble!”

“Come on, you guys. Let’s finish looking around.” Omara smirks at Halafalala as she saunters out of the room. “Don’t go anywhere until we get back, okay?”

“Worms! Maggot-infested lifers! I will carve pustules into your brains! Filter your blood with tar!” Halafalala’s shouts continue as the group exits, returning to the laboratory itself.

Allura breathes, finally feeling well enough. “Where do we start looking? There must be an exit somewhere, otherwise how would his captors have escaped.”

Omara clicks her tongue, hesitant to speak out of turn, but eager to find what she came for in the first place. “Um, yeah, about that. Listen, I need to find the vault first, before he high tail it out of here.”

Eryk grumbles under his breath. “And spend more time here? This place already killed one of us. How many times can we come back from that?”

Vik lets out a nervous chuckle. “Not a lot if I have to do it. That nearly wiped me clean of power, just the once.”

“I can revive one of us, maybe two, but that will be the extent of my power for the day.” Allura sighs. “What do we keep getting ourselves in?”

“Listen, guys. I’m sorry. But, I have to find that vault. It’s... important.” Omara bites her tongue before she says more.

Vik tilts his head, curiously looking over Omara. He’s known her almost his entire life, and he trusts her, often times with his life. “I will help you find the vault, Omara. But we have to leave as soon as we can, okay? There’s no telling what other traps this place has hidden about.”

Smiling, Omara bows slightly. “Thank you, Vik. I know I can always count on you.” She turns to the others. “I hope I can count on you guys too?”

Allura rubs her throat, but nods. “Until our time together is complete, I will stand by you. I only hope to remain alive for the rest of that time, hmhm.”

Eryk huffs loudly, but seeing he is outnumbered, he resigns. “Fine. But I’m not gonna be happy about it.”

“What is it you are after anyway?” Vik asks with a curious tone.

Omara lets out a single chuckle. “Ha. Um. All I know is it’s shiny.”

Vik nods, accepting this fact. “Then let’s find something shiny!”



STONEHART

IRON SEA

THE RIFT

MT.
STORMBREAK

REAPER'S
REST

AGEA

DRIFT SEA

GREENWOOD

PANGEAN OCEAN

