

Pangea

I'm Coming Out of My Cage

Sidebar

The Cage acts like a prison for some of the worst things in Pangea's history. Believed to be inescapable, the Appenendats are all too aware of how false that might be.

Vik blinks, taking in what Vith just said. "What do you mean Neardoll returned? He was in the Cage, and nothing escapes the Cage. It holds all of the world's darkest evils! Nothing is supposed to be able to escape it."

Vith tilts her heads slightly, smiling a wide, toothy grin. "If only your doubts made it not so. But alas, it is as I say. In the quiet of a mid-winter night, Neardoll clawed his way back to the world, with a great hunger for vengeance."

Allura listens, though her mind wanders to a night not that long ago. "High Priestess, if Neardoll can escape, could other beings escape from the Cage as well?"

Omara chimes in before Vith can answer. "Or vice versa. You know, just in case."

"I am not versed in the makings of the Cage, but I have no reason to doubt that if one can make its way out, they all may be able to." Vith clicks her tongue. "From what I know of the Cage, we should prepare for the worst days the world has ever known."

Omara shakes her head, forcing out the images of Raziel at her throat. If the Portent of Secrets can walk free, then what's to say Neardoll didn't find a similar path? "Okay, so. Neardoll is back. What does that have to do with the Wyrms Cult being on Agea?"

"It has everything to do with our being here, child." Vith motions to the young Sonic Dragon still held in the cistern. "Over time, the wyrms began to grow absent, distant. Those that kept active roles in the Cult's leadership were harsh and hateful. Eventually, the cultists grew tired of their masters, and usurped them."

"You enslaved the dragons, instead of the other way around," Vik states, matter-of-factly.

"Precisely." Vith lets out a sigh. "It was not unwarranted, but we carried it further than it should have gone. We bound those of the wyrms that we could get the upper hand on, slew several others, and drove a number more away from our enclaves. The Cult no longer served draconic masters, but instead utilized the dragons for our own means."

Omara furrows her brow. "That still doesn't answer why you are here. You had to drag your wyrms across a sea to get them here. Why not stay where you were, where the wyrms were abundant?"

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Vith glares at Omara with a fervent intensity. “When Neardoll returned, he made his lair in the heart of Acotar. Word quickly spread of his return, as did the widespread reach of his influence. We were our own masters, but the wyrms gathered under Neardoll’s wings in troves. Those that opposed his return were quickly dealt with. Many of those make up the bulk of his growing army.”

Vik shudders imagining an army of undead dragons. “Is there anything we can do to help? Surely there is some means of reasoning with Neardoll, or his lieutenants, or something, anything.”

“Unfortunately, child, there is nothing we can do. Neardoll will raise his army, slaughtering all that cross his path, until every last mortal is under his command.” Vith lets out an awkwardly chuckle. “We did not flee Acotar to claim a new home. We fled to buy us some time before the inevitable happens.”

“Can the gods not do anything to stop him?” Allura asks with a tremble in her voice. “They put an end to Neardoll and his army before, like you said. Can they not do so again?”

Vith holds up a hand to silence Allura. “A long time has passed since the gods ended the Blood War. From what we know, that was not the last time they acted on mortal behalf. But if the Cage has broken, then what good would trapping him once more do, hmm? I can’t imagine the Portents daring to slay Neardoll.”

“Why not?” Omara asks with an air of defiance about her. “If there’s trouble, then there has to be a stop to it, right? Surely at least one god has an interest in Neardoll’s soul, if he even still has one.”

“Moktar laid claim to that when their deal was struck, child. At this point, I doubt any god could rival the Portent of Power’s iron will.”

The air wavers, accompanied by a familiar scent of aged wine and rich perfume. The dark, handsome figure stepping out of the shadows hums an enticing tune, amused. “Oh, I wouldn’t be so sure about that, love,” Raziel thrums with a singsong voice.”