

Pangea

Tail Wind

Sidebar

Vik and Omara underwent some changes in the six months since Arc 1 ended. Omara now keeps her hair shorter, while Vik is growing his out. I wonder what Eryk and Allura have done.

The sun rises over the eastern wall of Independence City, causing the western waters to glitter in the early light. Already, the city is bustling. Merchants prepare for the day. Dock workers are busy loading docked ships with their cargo. And above it all, in a high tower in the upper city, sits a familiar face.

A ink-laden quill dances over the page pressed taut to an old oak desk. Many more pages lie in discarded piles as the young author searches for the right words. As if on cue, a chambermaid enters with breakfast.

“Lady Omara, it is time to break your fast,” the young maid says with a soft voice as she sets the tray down. “Did you sleep well, Madam?”

Omara, dressed in neutral colored clothes unbefitting her station, sits back, setting the quill to rest. “How much trouble would I be in if I said I haven’t slept yet?”

“Madam Omara!” The maid sighs, knowing all too well how fruitless an argument would be. “Breakfast is served now, Madam. And when you are finished, you have a guest in the sitting room.”

Omara quirks a brow, running her fingers through her dark curls. “At this hour? Who in their right mind drops by this early?”

The maid straightens the tray of food, a light breakfast of toast, fruit, and eggs. “I’m uncertain, Madam. But he said you would recognize him by his glasses? Whatever that means.”

There is a pause before realization sets in. Omara grabs the toast off her breakfast tray and rushes out of the room. Sprinting down the stairs of her tower, Omara quickly makes her way to the sitting room.

The doors swing open with great force as Omara busts into the room. There before her is a face she would never forget. “Vik!!”

Omara’s oldest friend stands and smiles. His blue robes are cinched with a grey sash around the waist, and his book satchel is slung over his side. Vik wipes a loose strand of hair back into place, adjusting his latest pair of spectacles.

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“It is most pleasant to see you, ‘Lady’ Omara. I see you’ve faired well these last six months. Your letters mentioned a stroke of good luck, but this,” Vik motions to the room and the tower at large, “is beyond what I imagined.”

Omara clears a chair in a single leap, taking Vik into a deep embrace. She pecks his cheek before holding him by the shoulders, taking in the sight before her. “You’re letting your hair grow out! And I see ThereAgain has been kind to you. Blue and grey works for you, Vikkie,” she says, poking him in the arm.

“And you!” Vik exclaims joyously. “A haircut, a wardrobe change, and a tower of your own. I must say, I am glad to see you.”

“As am I, buddy.” Omara hugs Vik once more. “Please, sit. What brings you by? Surely you aren’t finished with school yet, are you?”

“No, of course not. I took a break from my studies to see the old gang. Speaking of which, we should probably head down, yes?”

Omara blinks a couple of times. “Down? Down where?”

Vik giggles that sweet boyish laugh Omara has heard a thousand times. “To the docks, you goof. Eryk should be back any time now. Assuming a good wind behind his sails.”

The blinking changes to wide-eyed wonder as Omara jumps up. “I didn’t know Eryk was coming back already! Hurry up, let’s go!”

Omara grabs Vik by the hand and drags him out of the room.

The early morning streets of Independence City slowly grow more lively as Omara and Vik rush through the town toward the docks. Bells are ringing throughout the port district as they arrive, with a small fleet of ships on the horizon. The closer the fleet gets, the larger the group becomes to greet their return.

Omara pushes to the front, with Vik just an arm’s length behind. They pause just shy of the docks, waving and hollering as the first Firebrand ship reaches the port.

Carefully, the crew lowers a plank off the deck, and the first soldiers step off after their long foray away. Omara and Vik’s gaze darts across the multitude of mercenaries disembarking, each passing emblem another knot in their stomach.

Then, as if waiting for the right moment, a towering figure with bright red hair and beard leaps off the ship onto the docks below. He tosses his hammer in the air before carefully catching it, then points at the awaiting crowd.

“Can’t get rid of us that easily!” Eryk bellows.