

Pangea

Gang's All Here

Sidebar

Each one of the Appenendats has a secret from their time away these past six months. Can you guess what they are?

Eryk's demeanor drops like a stone in a lake. "What? What happened?? Is Allura okay?! Answer me!!"

Omara feigns wiping a tear, taking in a big sniff. Then she bursts out laughing. "I'm just messing with you! She's fine. Last I heard, she was handling some religious political nonsense in Everglade after Le'san failed to return. Turns out the crown prince joining a cult is bad for business. Who knew."

Eryk lets out a long sigh of relief, his features softening at the comforting notion. "That's good. Glad she's okay. Any chance she'll be joining us soon?" Eryk asks, trying not to sound too eager.

Vik nods excitedly. "She should be, yes. When I heard word of your return, I sent a missive to Everglade to send for her. She should be arriving any day now."

"Phew, that's a relief. It's been a while since I've seen her." Eryk straightens in his seat. "I mean, since I've seen any of you. Yeah."

Omara chuckles, raising a hand disarmingly. "It's fine, Eryk. You're allowed to have a favorite. I mean, I've known Vik my whole life. While I would stand beside both of you in times of trouble, he and I have a different connection. Makes sense?"

"No, yeah, of course. I just..." Eryk trails off. "It's complicated."

The corners of Vik's mouth tweak into a faint smile, then a soft chuckle escapes his throat. "It is 827, Sir Eryk. All those ancient disdains between elves and dwarves are outdated and misguided."

Eryk scoffs, sticking his tongue out at Vik. "It isn't that, you book wyrm! We just... had a rough start is all. We both made a fair share of mistakes, though I may have made one or two big ones. I just worry about what she might think is all. I'm sure you can understand."

A knock at the chamber door interrupts the conversation, saving Eryk from any more embarrassing feelings. "Lady Omara? A woman is here to see you. She says she is from Everglade."

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Eryk's face lights up as Omara smirks. She nods to the servant. "Send her in."

A moment passes before the door opens once more. Standing in the doorway is the familiar face of Allura. Her appearance is nearly unchanged, with her usual priestly robes adorned in simple iconography of the Nature's Tribunal. Her hair is slightly longer, dotted with moonstone ornaments throughout her braids. She smiles with the light of a full moon twinkling in her eyes.

"Hello, everyone. It is so good to see you again."

In a flash of speed unbecoming his size, Eryk leaps from his seat and rushes to Allura, taking her in a full embrace. He lifts her up, spinning around twice while laughing. As quickly as the moment occurred, it ceases as the embarrassment of the action hits Eryk.

"Oh, um, uh. Hi. I, uh, I'm gonna..." Eryk goes back to his seat.

"I missed you too, Sire Eryk. It has been some time. How fared Acotar?" Allura takes a seat beside Eryk and Omara, gladly accepting a glass of wine from her host.

"It fairs, you know. Lotta mountains and snow. But we did what we went there to do, so all should be good now. Neardoll wasn't as scary as I thought he'd be. Crazy huge though. Real monster of a dragon. He had teeth as big as me!"

"Oh my!" Allura chuckles. "It isn't every day that you feel small, hmhm."

Eryk lets out a bark of laughter. "Ha! You got that right. But no, we did fine. Between the Firebrands, the Cult of the Wyrms, and the natives, it wasn't too hard to do. I've never seen a dragon die before. I can't say I've seen weirder things, haha."

Vik nods, chuckling. "Ah, yes. Dragon biology is a fascinating thing. I attended a lecture on it. Incredible stuff."

After a few more rounds of drinks, the day begins to wind down. Omara lets out drunken sigh. "So, now that the gangs all here, what do we want to do?"

Vik and Allura look around, sleepy-eyed. They both go to speak, then laugh as they let the other go first. After a moment's pause, they both try again. Eventually, Eryk speaks up.

"I actually wanted you guys' help with something. I'm not sure how dangerous it might be, but I wouldn't trust anyone else with this."

Allura slurs out her words. "Of course we will help you. Whatever it is, we will do together."

Eryk nods, suddenly looking nervous. "Well, do you remember last year when we were at that goblin camp celebrating Komfortabel? That old guy talked about King Dane's Kingshall. Well... I want to find it."