

Pangea

Call to Home

Sidebar

Despite being such a big tough guy, Eryk really has a soft spot for Allura. It isn't every day that someone can shake his resolve.

Omara laughs, snorting as she does. "You want to find some fairytale fantasy land? I thought that was a myth!" She continues laughing.

Eryk huffs, his ale-reddened cheeks flushing further. "It isn't a myth! It is ancient Dwarven folklore. And it exists! Only, no one knows where to find it. Well, almost no one."

Vik swallows hard, trying his best to keep his drink down. "Do tell."

"Well," Eryk says, scooting closer to the table. "The legend goes that only the kings of each Dwarven kingdom know where Kingshall is located, as Dane left that knowledge with each of his sons. So, we just have to go talk to one of the kings and we'll be good! As a Svanish dwarf, I recommend we go to Hadesland, to the south of Stonehart. The red-haired sons of Dane will be more likely to help me as one of their own."

Allura nods along, half asleep. "I hope we can find it for you, or something close to it. Wood elf folklore mentions holy sites in the Greenwood, but none as majestic as the fabled Kingshall of the dwarves."

Omara's mind lingers on the thought of adventure, with everything there is to gain from solving an ancient myth. "I'm in! But we should really sleep first. After all this celebrating, we aren't exactly in any shape to venture out into the wilds right now, haha."

Vik takes off his glasses, rubbing his eyes with the base of his palms. "If we are venturing out, we should probably prepare. It is a fair journey from here to the Stonehart Mountains."

"Yeah, that's not a bad idea. And besides, there's no telling what we'll face along the way. I can only imagine the glory and splendor when we finally find it." Eryk sighs, leaning back in his chair. "To think, we might be the first mortals to venture to Kingshall and leave with the stories."

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“Then it sounds like we have a plan!” Omara scoots her chair back to stand, her legs wobbling under her. “There are some guest rooms you guys can use for tonight. We’ll buy some supplies in the morning after breakfast.”

As everyone disperses to their rooms with the help of inadequately paid house servants, Eryk lies in a bed two sizes too small for him, excited for the road ahead. Before sleep can claim him, a light rasping echoes from the door.

“Uh, come in?” Eryk says in a surprised voice. He had not anticipated visitors this evening.

The door opens, and there stands Allura. The faint glow of the streetlamps below shines through the small window, basking her in a soft yellow light. She enters, closing the door behind her.

“I hope I am not disturbing you, Sire Eryk. I was hoping to have a word with you, in private.” Allura stands in the middle of the room, swaying slightly as if moved by a breeze that does not exist.

“Yeah, of course.” Eryk sits up, making room on the bed for her to sit beside him. “What, uh, what did you want to talk about?”

Allura moves toward the bed with an Elven grace unhindered by the night of drinking. She sits down next to Eryk, barely adding weight to the bed. “It has been some time since we last saw each other. I wanted to catch up, just us.”

Eryk swallows, not out of discomfort, but out of confusion. It is not often that he is out of his element with a lady. But Allura has never been just a lady. “Actually, there is something I left out earlier, regarding my desire to find Kingshall. I didn’t want to sound crazy, but...” he trails off for a moment. “...I trust you enough to tell you.”

Allura rests her hand on Eryk’s, the size disparity apparent to both of them. “Of course. You can tell me anything, Eryk. I hope to always be a safe space for you.” She squeezes his hand. “What did you want to tell me?”

Eryk stares off into the darkness of the room, suddenly finding himself very out of his comfort zone. “Promise not to judge me for what I’m about to say.”

“On my honor, you have my word.”

Eryk sighs. “When I was in Acotar, after we had dealt with Neardoll but before we had a date to return, I was sleeping in my tent one night. I was missing home a little more that night. Missing... you. But I slept that night, and I had a dream. I saw Kingshall, and a voice beckoned me inside. Allura, I think Dane sent me a vision.”