

Pangea

Debtor Nor Lender Be

Sidebar

Everyone's favorite man with a plan is back at it again! What does he know? And what lengths will he go to get what he wants?

"I see," Allura says, slowly nodding as Eryk explains his passion for Kingshall. "Well, visions calling us toward a goal are nothing new, though in my experience they usually come from one of the Portents. That said, I can't deny the importance Sire Durgoth has for your people, and it would be ill of me to say he could not speak to his greatest warriors."

Eryk sighs in relief, then quickly turns to face Allura. "You really think I'm one of his greatest warriors?"

A wispy chuckle escapes Allura's throat as she pats Eryk's arm. "Don't let the sentiment go to your head, my dear. But you did face one of the greatest threats this world has ever known. The myths I've heard of Neardoll, especially since you ventured out to stop him, do not paint a pleasant picture."

"Yeah, I guess you're right. It was a group effort though, stopping him. But still." Eryk stares off into the dark room, flashes of his time away penetrating his mind. "Sure am glad to be back though..." he says, trailing off.

Allura rests her head on Eryk's shoulder, just the two of them in the quiet moment. After a little bit, she takes to her feet. "Well, I should be getting back to my room now. Rest well, Eryk. I look forward to seeing where your path takes us."

After giving a peck to Eryk's cheek, Allura leaves. Eryk lies back down, tired, but unable to find rest just yet. He tosses and turns for a while, troubled in both body and mind. After maybe an hour of restlessness, Eryk sits up. With some time still before dawn, he debates what to do.

"Hmhm, well. Trouble sleeping, Love?" An old, familiar voice echoes in the chamber.

Eryk groans, lying back down and covering his face with the pillow. "Why are you here? Haven't we had enough trouble out of you? Go jump in a hole!"

Raziel laughs, a deep, hearty laugh that exudes command. "Now, now, Love. After all I've done for you, this is how you repay me? Need I remind you of our little deal, hmm?"

"As if I could possibly forget. What do you want, Raziel?" Eryk sits back up, glaring at the Portent of Secrets. "Come to cash in on your favor?"

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“In a manner of speaking, yes. Hmhm.” Raziel snaps his fingers and all of the candles in the room ignite. “You owe me quite a bit, young Eryk. After all, how would you lot have been able to drive old Neardoll back into the Cage were it not for me, hmm? Quite the good show you put on though, I must say.”

“So, are you going to tell me what it is you are after or not? I’ve got logs to saw, not that you know anything about that.” Eryk stands, towering over the puny god. “Get on with it.”

Raziel smiles with just a few too many teeth. The heat coming off him is palpable. “Six long months, I’ve waited. Six long months, that gods-forsaken thief has prospered off my birthright. Well, I grow tired of waiting. Fetch me the Score, once and for all, and your debt will be repaid in full.”

Eryk stands, some foot and a half to two feet taller than Raziel, depending on how fervently the god is speaking. He laughs, right in the face of one of the vilest beings Pangea has ever known. “You honestly think I have a clue where that is? Look at this place! Omara could have sold the Score to buy a place this nice for all I know.”

Raziel’s smile flickers, a crack in the mask that threatens to show his true nature. “I know for a fact she did not, Love. Even she is not that stupid. But you should ask her how she came to possess such a fortune. Specifically, what she had to sacrifice to get it, hmhm.”

Eryk nods disingenuously, smirking the whole time. “Doesn’t sound important to me. But it is to you. So, for something as big as the Score, you gotta sweeten the deal.”

Raziel barks with laughter. “You dare question me? I, who made your problems go away? I, who kept your secret so you could be the hero? I, who has done nothing to harm you since you dared to defy me? That is the god you dare bargain with now, yes?”

Eryk’s smile wavers. He knows he’s been caught. “Just tell me where to find the Score. I’ll see what I can do.”