

Nyx, Me, And The Temple

Nyx and I had heard the scream just down the hallway of this gloomy, deep temple. Nyx, being the – literally – bright guy he is, illuminated the corridors as we raced to the source of the scream, switchblade in one hand and duffle bag in the other. With a friend like Nyx, I've learned to not ask questions, at all. As we arrived at the source, there was nothing. It was silent. Outside of the sound of the harsh sun and the crickets, it was silent.

“We lost it,” grumbled Nyx. He was the type of guy to get mad easily.

Momentarily, as we turn back to leave, we see something. The figure was hard to distinguish, but it was tall, and its right eye was glowing a bright shade of magenta. Its legs were warped and looked to be dislocated. Its neck seemed to be sprouting tendrils from the sides, impaling it. The lanky creature looked right at Nyx and I, and it did not take long for us to conclude we've been ambushed by an inhuman *thing*, and we were – most definitely – in for a wild ride.