

Nekomancer
by Holo

The halls of the dungeon seemed to stretch out forever before the three adventurers. The paths were twisted in a maze that seemed to slope deeper and deeper into the earth. The group of three was diverse: a necromancing cat, a draconian amazon, and a human mercenary. The path spit again up ahead, and the cat slowed her pace to admire the statues that stood on either side of the passages, as though they were guarding the halls.

By the time she looked back, her party had vanished, and she couldn't tell which tunnel they had chosen. With a shrug, she picked one at random and wandered down it. There was hardly any light, but her cat eyes were still able to pierce the darkness better than a human's could. After walking for a few minutes, the hallway opened into a larger chamber with a high ceiling. The walls were adorned with old tapestries, and braziers burned in alcoves in the stone, lighting the room. A door was set into a wall on the far side, and she approached it as she called out for her party members.

Her shouting got the attention of a bugbear on the other side of the door, and with a roar it kicked the door down and burst into the room amid a cloud of dust and splinters. The necromancer yelped and leaped back, but regained her composure and locked eyes with the beast. The bugbear let out a terrible screech charged at her, swinging a club over its head. There was an entire room of distance between them though, giving her the advantage.

Her hand glowed, or rather, darkened. The light around it seemed to dim, like a torch being snuffed out. The braziers in the walls flickered. "Shadow Bolt!" she shouted as she fired a stream of black energy beams from her palm. The shadow magic hit her target square, blasting the bugbear in the chest and making it reel. The club fell from its hand with the stunning force of the spell. She closed in to get a better shot, and cast the spell again. Another stream of shadows leapt from her hand and blasted the bugbear in the legs, toppling it over. It landed on its back with a crash, crushing a wooden crate under its body.

That was as good as chance as she was going to get. She took in a deep breath, closed her eyes, and raised her hands above her head slowly. As her arms rose, so too did a black smog begin to rise from the floor and swirl around the bugbear. It hissed up from the cracks in the stone and thickened into a shroud. The bugbear coughed and hacked and swept at the cloud with its hands to try and dissipate the miasma, but it was no use. The thick cloud was too toxic, and in seconds, the bugbear expired. With a sigh of relief, the cat ended the spell, and the miasma faded in a second.

She approached the body, smirking, hands rubbing together. She put her paws on the fresh corpse and the mouth popped open. Her hands glowed with another spell, and a shimmering, white fog lifted out of the bugbear's maw with a wail. The necromancer opened her own mouth and guided that soul into her jaws, devouring it. She felt energized.

Not a minute later did the massive draconian amazon burst into the room, a frown on her face. She approached that cat with heavy footsteps and grabbed her by the arm, dragging her out of the room. They had a dungeon to conquer, and this was no time to be splitting up.