The tower was dark as the night is black. Its cracked and curved frame cowering within its own shadow, as if awaiting a sunrise that would never come. They had traveled in near darkness. An imitation of a blood red moon shined a silent warning for anyone who traveled underneath it. The only noise where the carful footsteps of the travelers as they made their way through fields of the unknown.

Standing at the back of group Adam gazed through the dark fields at the tower. A small candle light flickered through the very top window, its shadows impersonating multiple figures.

“You sure this is it?” Adam asked

Elyon nodded his head. “Couldn't forget this place if I tried.” He said

The howling wind almost drown out his words completely. Every spine in the group was tense, and every finger gripped their weapon to the point of cramps, awaiting movement from inside the tower. The minutes dripped through time and Adam was unsure how long they had waited in the dark field until the door at the base of the tower opened and Amon walked out, wearing a long trench coat wrapped around his body. He looked up into the sky and gripped the collar around his neck tight before he walked off into the distance.

“Well what are we waiting for?” Azreal growled, his hands gripping tightly on his blades.

“Wouldn't do any good here.” Leo whispered shaking his head.

Adam stepped in between the group making his way to the front. “Let’s just stick to the plan.” He said.

“I'll go in, and wait for him.”

The only disapproving notion came from Azreal, who stood on his haunches rocking back and forth shaking his head.

Leo chuckled. “That's what you get when you bring the angel of death to a killing party.” He placed his hand on Azrael’s shoulder steadying him.

“We'll be right here.” Athena said

Adam couldn't help but smile. He never had a group of people he could depend on, let alone give their life for his. He slowly walked towards the cursed tower and looked over his shoulder at the group hiding in the bushes, their figures slowly fading away, blending into the darkness becoming one with the nothing.

He reached the door and placed his hand on the knob, his heart pounding. Common sense told him to turn around and go back, but his will forced him forward, and he pushed the door open.

The aroma of surfer escaped through the open door as the gap widened, and Adam braced his hands in front of his face, expecting the worse to pull him in. When nothing came, he exhaled a deep breath and walked inside, the door closing itself behind him.

The room was pitch black, and his eye sight was useless. He waved his hands in front him like a blind child trying to find their way to a parent. His knee hit something hard and a table came crashing down to the ground. The sound startled him and he didn't move, afraid that something, anything could have heard him. After the seconds drew by and he was sure that the room was the same as when he entered, he ventured further. His hand touched a wall and he guided himself to a banister. His mouth was dry and he could have killed for a drink of water. If it was up to him, that action wouldn't be too far away.

His foot hit a step and he slowly took it, finding another one, and another, and slowly made his way up the steps to the top of the tower. Time bled through his pours until he could faintly see the flicker of a candle that the midnight man had neglected to put out. He reached the top of the stairs and found himself in a medieval bedroom, the candle sitting on a table with multiple papers spread across them. A bed with torn bed sheets lay in the corner, and smelled of sweaty body odor. Crinkling his nose Adam slid his way to the table, flipping through the papers that littered the surface.

The words inscribed on the papers looked like gibberish, nothing making sense. Some of the letters where in English, the rest could have been Chinese for all Adam knew. Sighing Adam looked out of the window, the reflection of the flame on the candle danced back at him in the glass.

*Can they see me?*

He looked out into the dark field trying to locate his companions, but nothing was visible.

Adam felt like he couldn't wait, like he couldn't stand another moment going by without his hands wrapped around Amon’s neck. He wanted so dearly to drive his sword into the midnight man’s stomach and watch him squirm until the last bit of his evil life wiggled out of existence.

*Patience young grass hopper.*

Smiling he looked back down at the table. The amount of papers where endless. Like the midnight man had been writing a book and couldn't decide what language to write it in. Page after page he moved and the same gibberish was written on each. He moved another and the text caught his eye. It was in big bold writing, and even though it only held two words, it took up almost the entire page.

“HELLO ADAM” It read.

Adam brought his face closer to the page, as if the words would change and say something different, but the text remained the same. Scratching his chin, he stood back up, his eyes still glued to the page.

“Hello Adam.” He said out loud.

A familiar voice echoed his and Adam immediately looked up. The refection on the glass window showed a panicked version of Adam's face. Behind him stood the midnight man, wearing that same sick smile that spread from each ear.

Spinning around Adam tried to grab for his sword that was strapped over his back, but Amon advanced quickly and pinned Adam against the wall, his forearm pressing hard against his neck.

Gasping for breath Adam clawed at the hard skin on the arm that held him captive, a deep toned laughter filling his ears. Trying to extend his wings against the wall Adam tried his hardest to release himself from the paralyzing grasp, but it was useless.

“You would have been great you know.” Amon said, bringing his hands toward his face, the talons from his fingers pinching his temples. “You got some fucking guts though, I'll give you that.” He said, extending his black tong from his cursed mouth, licking Adam's cheek.

The smell was awful and made Adam want to wretch.

“How confidant you must have been to come here, of all places, and think you could... Kill me?!” Amon snapped his head backward and laughed into the ceiling.

“I knew you were stupid, but... Pardon my pun... Jesus fucking Christ!” His laughter erupted through the room, the tension on Adam's temples grew tight and he could see stars in his eyes.

*If y'all were going to help me, now's the time.*

“Fuck you!” Adam growled through clenched teeth.

Amon laughed even harder. “Fuck me?” He asked still laughing. “Fuck me?”

Amon’s eyes glowed redder than blood. “No... Fuck you.” His other hand gripped Adam's throat, gagging him.

“Do you know how easy it will be to end you... right here... right now.” Amon tightened his grip on Adam's neck. “Takes all the fun out of it really.”

Adam couldn't breathe. His vision started to fade and he could feel himself on the verge of blacking out.

“Then... Don't be... A fucking... Coward.” Adam's response was forced and the words vibrated Amon’s hands as he spoke them.

Amon’s laughter stopped, and the smile disappeared suddenly. His grip on Adam's neck loosed and Adam was able to finally breath.

“Me?... A coward?” Amon asked.

*Got you.*

“Let’s make it interesting.” Adam said. “Meet me in the middle ground.”

Amon looked to the side and pondered the current invitation, his grip loosening on Adam's neck further.

“Unless you are in fact... A coward.” Adam whispered.

The smile crept back across Amon’s face again. “Are you suggesting I’m scared?”

Adam couldn't help but smile. “If the shoe fits.” He said.

Amon's grip released from Adams neck completely and he fell to the floor, gasping for air.

Amon walked away from Adam's collapsed body. “See you then...” He said, cutting a dark smile over his shoulder.

Bursting through the door Adam almost lost his footing, stumbling back into the dark field where his companions awaited.

“What happened?... Was he in there?” Azreal asked, taking Adam by both shoulders.

“Yes he was in there. I almost died!... Where the hell where you guys?”

Facial expressions where hidden in the darkness but the lack of conversation gave the impression that the four had no idea what Adam was talking about.

“Hello?” Adam said a little louder.

“No one... went in. Only you.” Leo said.

“Well it doesn't matter now!” Adam said starting to get irritated. “Let’s get the hell out of here.” Without any more words he took off at a brisk pace the way they had come, into the dark fields and back towards the caverns. Looking back over his shoulder his comrades where right behind him. The dark silhouette of the midnight man stood in the window of the tower, the soft candle light leaping behind him.