

Nyxarith

Nyxarith's scales shimmer in the moonlight, the glowing light reflecting off the deep abyssal black of her scales, an aura of shadow billows around her form, absorbing nearby light like a black hole. Her gaping maw drips the quintessence of darkness, pure shadow oozing from her jagged fangs, glistening like sharp, freshly polished obsidian daggers, a swirling black hole growing in the back of her throat, pulling in and devouring any light nearby. Her eyes cast shadows on anything she fixates on, absorbing the light of anything she sets her sight on, causing it to wither and die. Her eyes glow with the omnipotent power of the deep, dark abyss, swirling like miniature black holes. Black horns jut from her head, as dark as midnight, the jagged tips pulling in the nearby light and forming it into a vibrant crown of coalesced light and darkness. The air around her swirls like the depths of the abyss, stretching shadows across the ground.