

“Oh my god!” Anastasia exclaimed as she quickly unclicked the belt bag and let the blood-soaked bag fall to the ground.

She watched in terrified fascination as something writhed inside it. Anastasia kicked the bag away and tried to step backward but ran into the soldier who had pulled her clear of Ammit’s jaws. There was nowhere to go. The canvas bag ripped open and the golden dragon’s head with glowing, green eyes and red pupils emerged. The statue was alive. The miniature Quetzalcoatl rapidly expanded in front of her eyes until his head engulfed half of the passageway. The god’s golden, serpent body was as thick as an oak tree and coiled behind him. His feathered wings were folded back as they scraped the ceiling. Quetzalcoatl was motionless as he stared directly at Anastasia with glowing, green orbs that were now the size of volleyballs.

She could vaguely hear the shouts from the soldiers directly behind her. Anastasia was completely frozen with fear.

“What in Aten’s name is that?” the general said with a mixture of fear and awe as he slowly reached for his sword.

“It has been many centuries since I have been to this world,” a deep and ancient voice rumbled inside her head.

Quetzalcoatl is inside my head. He’s talking to me directly inside my head.

“You have paid the blood price and summoned me, child. What is your need?” the voice inside her head continued.

She had no idea how to talk to an ancient Aztec god. That kind of thing was much more up Edward’s alley. Anastasia stammered before finding her voice. “Mighty Quetzalcoatl, it is I who have summoned you. There is a demon blocking our way.”

The general stopped drawing his sword halfway when he realized that Anastasia was communicating with the beast.

Quetzalcoatl remained motionless. “What is your need? Ask quickly, child, before I grow weary of this, as I am forever hungry,” the voice echoed with impatience.