

Essence of Time - The Forgotten Journey

Von Deamond

Kapitel 4:

Chapter 4

„Come... on... Why the heck are you so heavy!?” Allen had a hard time, carrying the unconscious Zeyir... the demon was out cold for hours by now... Allen had checked on his injuries, but the light-beam somehow had knocked him completely out without injuring the outer body...

Allen needed a break every once in a while... Zeyir wasn't heavy for his size –not at all– but he was not used to carry weights like this over longer distances, and it was a good chance to check Zeyir's heart-beat every once in a while...

“Don't dare dying, you hear me?” Allen smacked Zeyir's shoulder, hoping he might wake up... of course he didn't. There were so many open questions! Who was this Yarna-guy? What is the Holy Senate? Why weren't they allowed to kill each other? – Though Allen was really happy that there was some law or something that prevented Yarna from just killing Zeyir!

With a sigh, Allen swung Zeyir over his shoulder again, ready to march the next mile. “Just a little longer... we will be in the town soon...”

It was a cold evening. Even though the area used to be rather warm, the air felt so cold today... The streets of the small town Lorwangen were nearly empty, only few persons were out.

“I need a healer... A healer...” Allen breathed heavily while walking through the townsgate. A guard wanted to stop him, but as he saw the wounded demon on his back, he called for aid. Allen just sunk back on a wall, trying to regain some power... how had he managed to drag Zeyir along all the way?! He was surprised about that himself...

He watched the guards, carrying the weak demon to a small house with a sign over the door that showed an Dieo-leaf. Allen remembered his mother telling him that the Dieo-plant was a flower that contained the highest Healing-Mana-concentration within its veins on whole Midgard, and that most healers gain their medicine from it. That was the reason why it became like a multifunctional sign for all kinds of healers.

Allen was too exhausted to stand up and follow the guards to the healers house right now... He wouldn't be able to help anyway, probably only standing in the way even!

One of the guards left the house of the healer, walking towards the sitting man.

"Your friend should be alright... Morgana is a very good healer. She should be able to heal him in no time! Want me to bring you to the INN in the meantime?" The soldier offered a hand to Allen and helped him stand up.

"Thank you..." Allen leaned on the wall again for a few seconds to bundle his power before following the soldier to the next Inn. It was a small wooden Inn, nothing special at all... The Inn-keeper, a small dwarven woman –not that any of them were very tall... - greeted him friendly and brought him to a room upstairs. Just then, Allen suddenly noticed...

"Oh noes!!" He slapped himself against the forehead. "I'm sorry, but... I can't stay! I don't have money with me!!" Allen remembered that he had left his wallet in his house in Ardon when he had gone to the forest for hunting...

"Don't worry about it. The soldier said your companion is at Morgana's house? Then you may stay for free tonight!" The Inn-keeper shrugged a little before receiving a confused glare of Allen. "Let's just say, Morgana... is very special in such things..." She laughed and opened a room with a small silver key on her belt.

Allen entered the room and let himself fall on the bed. It felt so nice and soft... and he was so tired...

It took only a few minutes before Allen drifted into soft slumber.

"And to Yora?" It was morning already. Allen talked with the son of the Inn-keeper about the routes of the slikwalker-station in Lorwangen. He was looking for a good root to either Yora-desert or Titanu-Fortress... The Temple of Light was located in the hot desert of Yora, but in Titanu-Fortress, there was a station to the Eternal Woods, the forest of elves and location of Weyard's temple, the Great Spirit of Plants.

"To Yora? Hm, there is the a slikwalker traveling there tonight. It brings you to Iowa first and from there on it is only a half-day-trip to Nihil, the underground-town on the edge of Yora. Guess that is the fastest route, but the slikwalker travels there only once a month..." The dwarven man scratched his beard, so did Allen with his goatee.

"So either tonight or we will have to go for Titanu..." Allen thought for a few seconds... so it was probably going to be Titanu... he didn't know in what conditions Zeyir was yet... and traveling tonight? This was probably way too early for him... "Thanks a lot. I better go to the healer now... Thanks for the room!" He smiled and waved the nice dwarves before leaving the Inn.

Allen knocked firmly on the door of the healer... a weird scent came from inside... It

smelled like different herbs and medicine but also like flowers and perfumes...

"Come in!" A rough female voice shouted from inside. Allen opened the door slowly and a tall demon woman greeted him with a smile. She had long black hair that fell around her back like a scarf. A small black mark on her forehead was visible through her silky bangs. The violet robe she wore fell around her body with almost liquid softness. "Oh, you must be the one who carried this boy here, right?" She opened her mouth, showing off her demonic teeth. "Do you have a clue who this is?" She asked curiously.

"Uhm, he said his name is Zeyir Grozen..." Allen was a little surprised about the question.

"He is from Utgard, right?" She laughed and patted the shoulder of the still unconscious man. She moved her fingers over his forehead, tracing his demonic mark. "Thehehe... very interesting... You are just in time. I want to wake him up now. I restored his Mana inside and fixed it a little. It needs only a shove of Mana to wake him up now."

"You restored his Mana?" Allen was confused... he knew Mana of course, but wasn't the Mana within the body of a living being unchangeable?

"Correct. Some really strong lightmagic destroyed his whole Mana-balance. He was filled with Light-Mana! He is a demon! He needs darkness, not light!" She grinned evilly. "Now he should be alright... The Mana within a body is a floating substance that varies depending on race, family, personality... And if the flow of the Mana in your body is suppressed, stopped or even replaced, your body can't contact with your soul anymore. You are seemingly unconscious but still can hear, feel, see, taste, smell... Most people don't know that, but the demon magic of Utgard works with this kind of phenomenon, to heal themselves from nasty wounds that are deadly usually... If your soul can't die through your body, you are still able to survive even if your body is mostly destroyed. It is a technique from the old Eternal War that once drove the lands into chaos." Morgana moved her fingers through Zeyir's silver hair. It felt like silk around her hand.

"Who are you..." Allen stepped back a little, not sure what to think of this woman. She knew too much about all of this to be an ordinary demon! Was she going to try to kill them too?! But why would she heal Zeyir in the first place then?

"My name is Morgana Farsey. I come from Utgard, as you might have expected... just like your little friend here... But my family left Utgard ages ago... now I am a healer. Dangerous, life-saving and undying..." She laughed and leaned back a little. "Other than you humans, we demons live very long!" She grinned and took a little bottle from her desk. A green liquid that looked awfully much like poison was filled in it... "Guess it is rude to let your friend wait any longer, right?" She opened the small bottle and let a few drips of it fall into Zeyir's half-opened mouth.

The demon flinched a little, shivered but then slowly opened his eyes.

"Ugh... I feel horrible..." He gasped and looked around. Allen couldn't effort not to grin with glee and hopping forward towards him.

"Zeyir!! You are alright!" He helped the dazed demon up. "Don't dare startling me like that ever again!!" He hugged Zeyir in enthusiasm.

"A...Allen! Get off!!" Zeyir barked a little confused. "I'm alright! I'm not hurt, okay?" He needed a few seconds to orientate himself. He felt like he knew this scent... as well as the woman... but hasn't he been out cold? How could he know this room?

"Very well. You seem to feel good again. This looked like the work of a very strong light-magician... an Arc-angel or God I presume?" Morgana walked towards Zeyir, pushing Allen out of the way a little before tracing Zeyir's mark on the forehead with her finger again.

"Hey, Zeyir! If you feel alright, we can travel on tonight!! There is a slikwalker traveling to Yora! Otherwise we can take the slikwalker to Titanu-Fortress tomorrow evening!" Allen grinned, trying to start a conversation with his companion. He felt so glad that Zeyir was alright again...

"That's great... which temples are close to there?" Zeyir moved his head aside to prevent Morgana from staring at his mark all the time.

"Light is Yora, and from Titanu we can take another ride to an area around the Plant-Temple!" He grinned proudly before remembering his previous conversation with Morgana... "Maybe we should go to Titanu then... You must have had a hard time with Light-Mana..."

"No, I think Yora would be perfect for you two!" Morgana interrupted Allen harshly and looked at Zeyir again. "Cause I will travel with you there. The only way to enter Yora-desert is a so-called 'adventurer-passport' that is given to only very few persons from the knight-guild of Nihil. They want to prevent pilgrims from dying in the desert... and I know the guild-master, so you can travel right on! That is a great chance for you! Besides, Zeyir can stand such a little Light-Mana very well! Additionally, if you have got a pact with the Light-Spirit, you can heal a Light-surplus yourself! Now how about you get out of here and get our tickets and such? I need to check on other wounds on Zeyir, so get out of here!" She pushed Allen out of the door before he could react, pressing him her wallet in his hands. "Tell them Morgana sent you and they will give you a discount!" She slapped the door and sighed after a few seconds. No one seemed to enter again... Allen must have gone... "Finally alone again..."

"Who are you!?How comes you know about the Light Spirit!?" Zeyir stepped back, preparing his claws just in case.

"My, my... you are really as handsome as everyone says..." Morgana grinned and sat down on her desk.

"Huh?" Zeyir was caught by this comment totally off-guard.

"Well, I have heard a lot of you, Prince Zeyir!" She giggled and leaned back. "I visit my old home Galdor every once in a while and as Galdor's beloved Prince you are the crush of most girls there!"

Zeyir stepped back a little more. It was dangerous now! No one was supposed to know he was here!!

"Don't worry, sweet-heart, I won't tell anyone your little secret... your human friend doesn't know about your origins, right? How should he...? But you have to watch out... a blue gleaming mark on the forehead... only royal demons have them on their head. Wherever you will go, if a demon sees you he will know that you are a mighty descendant of Utgard's royal demons. And the shape of yours... So clear... that is just as rare! You have to watch out a lot better, my dear..."

"How comes you know that we are headed for the Great Spirits?!" Zeyir relaxed again... she seemed to be no danger for him.

"Will." She grinned.

"Will?"

"Correct. I'm one of his informants on Midgard and he kept asking me questions about the Great Spirits lately... and this boy... I can feel a strange Mana-constellation within him! This kind of Mana inhabits summoners, very strong summoners. So I just combined 1 and 1 and came to the conclusion that this must be the person that is able to solve your little spirit-problem." Morgana grabbed some bottles from her desk, putting them into a small bag. "Mind sitting down so I can check your chest?" She laughed and stood up.

"Ch...chest!? NO WAY!!" He barked trying to step back... but there was the wall already!

"Awww... too bad... you are really cute, you know that?" Chuckling she continued packing her bag. Zeyir let out a deep relieved sigh... "You should check for your little friend!" She grinned and pointed towards the window.

The young hazel haired human waved on the other side of the window with three slikwalker-tickets