

Essence of Time - The Forgotten Journey

Von Deamond

Kapitel 7:

Chapter 7

In the evening, Allen and Zeyir packed their bags to travel on through the desert towards the Temple of Light. Refreshed and restocked –they had filled their bottles with fresh water from the spring in the cave- both men were ready to travel another couple of miles through the soft sand of Yora. Their encounter with Serena and Callo had made them grow more careful though... Zeyir concentrated on the surroundings the whole time while Allen kept silence and watched the dunes for movements.

The first day they had slept at a set of rocks, but that was nothing compared the wonderful cave they had been in before... In the early evening they had traveled on towards the Temple.

"Are you alright?" Every once in a while Zeyir checked for Allen. He still felt rather cold during night.

"Yes." Allen replied flatly to re-concentrate on the desert.

They walked for hours. Somehow they seemed to not mind walking in the sands anymore. Refreshed from the long break before they just kept walking on and on.

The hours passed and the sun slowly started rising.

"Wow, it looks so giant here!" Zeyir stared at the horizon as the mighty sun arose from her sleep.

"Well, Sol's temple is here in the desert and he is the one, moving the sun, so I guess it is natural." Allen smiled. Now that the sunrise had started it was about time for them to search for a spot to rest for the day. Zeyir looked around as they walked, always trying to spot an old tree, a cave, rocks,... but no luck. They walked on for another hour and the heat started to return to the desert-air.

"It is... so hot... Why is it so damn hot here!?" Zeyir kept complaining about the heat and the intense light the whole time... He seemingly had forgotten about the desert-elves already...

"The more you complain, the worse it will be!" Allen snapped annoyed... He preferred the cold of the night as well but complaining would not make it any better! "As far as I know, Sol moves the sun in an ellipse-like route over his temple, so the sun shines directly on the ground here, heating it much more intense than usual..." He sighed... knowing this did not really make it any better...

"I know thaaaaaaat!!" Zeyir moved his hands through his hair and sighed annoyed. "That is the only way we will be able to find the stupid temple... Following that unforgiving, stupid lightball... CURSE YOU!!" The demon leaned on Allen's shoulder. "I hate light so much..."

"Awww..." Allen patted Zeyir's head playfully while grinning in his usual amused manner.

"You don't take me serious... do you?"

"Not a bit!" Allen laughed and looked up at the sky. "I wonder how those elves manage to survive under these conditions..."

"Don't complain about it... the less of them are able to live here, the luckier we are!" With a painful grimace Zeyir remembered the encounter with Callo... The desert-elf had been a real challenge...

"Maybe you are right..." The summoner sighed and took a look around. "Uhm... Zeyir...How far do you think we walked already?"

"We walked non-stop till yesterday evening..." Zeyir was too lazy to think about it right now... "But it sure had been kinda the distance! Why do you ask?" He looked at his companion in confusion.

"..." Allen pointed at something in the far distance... it looked like a spiral of light that shot directly into the sky.

"Is that... the Temple of Light already!?" Zeyir gasped and started running towards the light.

"Hey! Wait for me!!" Allen smiled and ran after him.

After a couple of minutes, the roof of a giant temple appeared over the edge of the dunes. Allen -faster than Zeyir again- stood on top of the dune, looking down at the gigantic temple. The golden roof sparkled softly in the sunlight and the white marble-walls seemed to be unaffected by the sand of the surroundings, they were white as snow. The whole temple was built as some kind of circle in which's center an altar was placed that was surrounded by light. This was the spot the light-spiral was coming from. Something like a small path seemed to lead away from the temple, marked with small torches.

"Wow, this is... amazing! Our summer-castle is small against that temple!" Zeyir looked down at the Temple of Light in awe...

"Summer-castle?" Allen looked at Zeyir, surprised.

"Uhm..." The demon blinked and tried to think of something... "I was working at a castle! Yeah, that's it!" Zeyir blushed a little and started chuckling embarrassed.

"Yeah... of course..." Allen made it pretty obvious that he didn't believe the demon, but it was none of his concern. "Well, we found it but... we have still one problem..." He pointed towards the temple. Zeyir looked over and stopped breathing for a second. At least a dozen of desert-elves patrolled around the temple, well-armed. Zeyir grabbed Allen by his scarf and dragged him to the ground.

"This is bad... well guess we won't have a chance to enter the temple during day-time... We will have to sneak in during night!" The demon growled frustrated.

"Can you keep your invisible-sign-thing up that long?" Allen sighed and lowered his chest to stay close on the hot ground... the heat seemed even more intense down on the sand than when he was standing!

"Probably not... It wouldn't be a problem if this was the Temple of Darkness, or if we were in Midgard... but I can't keep the sign up for long under these conditions!" The demon seemed annoyed by the fact that he wasn't able to keep the invisibility up for long enough... With a wink of his hand he symbolized Allen to retreat for now.

The two men waited on a nearby dune not too far away from the temple, covered by Allen's scarf and a piece of fabric in which Zeyir used to carry his food.

It had been an awful long day for them... The heat was unbearable! From time to time they took a sip from their water-supplies, but they did not dare drinking too much... they needed water for their way back, and who knew when they were going to find a well or a spring again?

Dawn came and Zeyir and Allen prepared for their trip inside the temple.

"Are you sure?" Allen looked at Zeyir, nervous.

"Yupp! The temple is well-guarded so we will need the shadow-walk to get inside the temple... From there on we must find our own way to its altar. If we manage to call for Sol, they won't be able to hurt us in his present! They worship him, so they won't dare intruding us if Sol already appeared. Then it is his decision alone if he forms a pact with you or not... It is risky, but we have no other choice!" Zeyir hopped up from the ground, enjoying the cool air around them.

The light-spiral at the temple's center was gone by now, it died when the night came.

It was dark around the temple. Only a few torches and gleaming rocks that reminded Zeyir of the star-crystals in Utgard, lightened the area. Allen and Zeyir sneaked through the sand as slowly as possible to not attract the attention of the guards.

Once they were pretty close on getting caught by a female guard... They didn't have noticed her right away, so she was dangerously close to them. Walking while someone was around was suicidal as the sand would start whirling around on the ground and she was walking right towards them... fortunately she had missed them by about two meters...

Inside the temple, Zeyir loosened the seal and they had to make their way through the hundreds of hallways guiding through the temple. The many statues, paintings or wall-carpet gave them an advantage to hide if someone came...

Allen slowly sneaked towards a giant door that looked pretty much like their destination... The oaken door was decorated with crystals, golden ornaments and a giant symbol that Allen recognized as 'Sol's blessing', a sign that symbolized Sol's unleashed might and the sun itself.

"I think this is it, Zeyir." He whispered towards the demon who sneaked towards the door now as well.

"Great! That was easier than I had thought!!" Zeyir grinned and placed his hand on the door, pushing it a open a little. He looked outside. Allen was right! There was the altar! They had made it!! And not a single guard around! That was a piece of cake!

Zeyir opened the door a little more, so they could enter the altar-room. The giant stairway in the middle that led up to the altar was made out of pure marble. Allen had to keep staring at it all the time while walking up towards the altar.

Zeyir hurried up the staircase, eyes always watching the doors leading to the altar-room to not miss any entering guards...

The altar was made out of a material the demon did not know... it seemed to gleam from inside but wasn't a crystal, more like marble with a certain intense white that seemed too strong for a natural mineral though...

Allen reached the altar now too looking at the weird table...

"See, I told you someone was sneaking around inside the temple!" A female, almost devilish voice reached their ears... but what made both men even more nervous was the awfully familiar voice that spoke from seemingly out of nowhere now...

"Right, Shade. Good job." A black hole formed in front of the altar. A small little creature that looked like a kid with too short legs and only one eye floated out of the darkness, followed by a golden-haired tall man with tan skin...

"Callo!" Allen gasped and stepped back, almost falling down the stairs...

"!!" Zeyir prepared his fightingstance right away just in case the elf was about to attack them.

Callo only grinned evilly and snapped with his fingers. The doors that lead towards the altar-room pushed open and from every door, one guard stepped in. Zeir gulped. He counted a total of twelve guards plus Callo...

"This time, Serene won't be around to save you." Callo was surrounded by a dark aura as he loosened his belt on which his rapiers were attached and threw it on the altar. "I told you... next time we meet you are mine... But I must admit, this was way faster than I had expected."

"Lord Callo, what do you intend to do?!" The female guard that they had nearly run into before looked at her superior in surprise.

"I will give them a chance." He grinned in a way that Allen and Zeyir both disliked for some reason. "I will fight them with only the help of my summon-spirit... if they manage to defeat me, I will let them go! Otherwise... well, let's say they won't get out of here in one piece!"

The small shadow-spirit giggled and floated around in midair. It wore a headscarf with two long pieces of fabric hanging down the spirit's back in the same way as Allen's scarf.

"But, Lord Callo, that is against our tribe's rules! I..." The female guard shut down as Callo shot her a deathglare.

"I know. But they managed to intrude Sol's very altar. This is immense. We have to be more careful in the future if two mere... kids... manage to break in here!" Callo looked at the two intruders and then towards his spirit. "Are you prepared, Shade?"

"Any time!" She giggled and faded into dark mist that seemed to float into Callo's chest.

"Who do you call a kid here, huh!?" Zeyir felt how his head turned red. How much older could that elf possibly be!? Five years? Six? But not enough to call them kids!

"And... if we win, we are allowed to go?" Allen ignored Zeyir's outburst of anger and tried to stay as calm as possible.

"You have my word as leader of the Moon-guard." Callo nodded and leaned against the altar. "Now what about it? Will you come already or do I have to wait here till sunset for you to act?"

Zeyir closed his eyes for a second... 'Please, send me some might! I need it!' He silently prayed to the depths of Utgard but he knew that it was useless... Their only chance was to attack Callo together and to knock him off his feet while he was concentrating on only one of them...

Both men waited for a second, looking at Callo... he had a dark aura surrounding his body... and he did not move an inch... almost like a statue.

"What is he waiting for!?" Allen whispered towards his companion while glaring at the desert-elf.

"I have no clue, but something is wrong. His aura is... different from before..." Zeyir blinked a few times... He felt dark Mana coming from the man, but how was that possible. "Wait a second... That... is not him!" Zeyir wanted to turn around, but in this moment, the edge of Callo's hand hit into Allen's neck, knocking him off out cold. The human sank on the ground, unconscious. Zeyir gasped and stepped back a little. He looked over at the 'Callo' standing at the altar... it formed into the small spirit again. Shade chuckled amused and flew towards its master.

"That was fun! Now to you!" The eye of the spirit focused Zeyir and the demon was not quite sure if he should concentrate on Callo or the spirit first... but why fighting anyway!? He had lost already... and he knew it. He had used most of his Mana while sneaking into the temple and his fighting skills alone were not enough to defeat the skilled warrior... Zeyir breathed heavily. They had lost. There was no hope left for them... He closed his eyes.

A forceful hand knocked the demon out. The world grew black around him once more.