

# Essence of Time - The Forgotten Journey

Von Deamond

## Kapitel 17:

Chapter 17

„You are!“

„I’m not!“

„Oh yes, you are!!“

„Noooo!! I’m not!!!“

„G... guys???“

Allen tried to walk between the two fighting friends of his... “Come on, this really isn’t a subject we have to argue about now...”

“Yeah, cause I am right!” Callo snapped and deathglared the angry demon.

“I’m not a wimp!” Zeyir growled while moving his fingers slowly over the hilts of some of his knives on the inside of his vest.

“Mind if I quote? ‘I’m so exhausted, I need a break!’” Callo did a really good job in imitating Zeyir there...

“Different from you, I’m not used to traveling or living in the open, okay?!” Zeyir lowered his head a little between his shoulders, trying to hide his face ashamed.

“You are really not fair here, Callo...” Allen tried his best to stop the meaningless fight. How did those two manage to find a reason to argue wherever they were!? Yet somehow, Allen could feel they came along with each other much better than most people might guess by their behavior... It was like... a twisted kind of friendship hidden between their words.

“Hmpf!” Callo crossed his arms in front of his chest. “Not being used to something is no excuse! You came here to help your world, so start acting like you care!”

“Callo, that’s enough!!” Allen yelled all of a sudden. The dark elf and the demon

looked at their companion, shocked by the unfamiliar harsh tone in the usually cheerful voice.

"S... sorry..." Callo muttered under his breath while turning towards the path again.

"Though I agree with Callo here. It is not even half an hour until we reach Luna's temple. We shouldn't make a break now... Let's rest in the Chapel later after forming a pact with Luna and Sol."

"This is going to be really rough, you know?" Callo glared at the summoner, worry in his eyes. "Forming a pact with one single spirit is rather hard already, but with two spirits at the same time? This is going to cost you all your energy!"

"I will bear it." Allen replied flatly.

"Just make sure you will be alright, okay?" Zeyir patted the human and looked through the thick woods ahead of them.

"Is it safe?" Allen asked Zeyir all of a sudden.

"Huh? Oh, you mean the monsters..." Zeyir was a little nervous. "My senses are rather good due to the dark Mana here but... something is blocking them right now. I can't sense much more than usual..." He scratched the back of his head.

"Right... you told us before..." Callo sighed... It was so much easier to travel while Zeyir had been able to sense any single movement in this area...

"I still can sense enough to... wait a second..." Zeyir stopped all of a sudden. "There is someone..." He stepped back. Cold sweat started running down his forehead.

"Zeyir-AH!" Allen suddenly was pushed down to the ground by an invisible force, but the familiar cold, wet feeling of something, holding him down told him that whoever pressed him down used a Shadow-Seal.

"Allen!" Callo drew out his rapiers, rushing forward, trying to hit whatever held his companion down, but whenever he tried to slash down, something was blocking his blows.

"I call upon the power of Utgard! Shadowland! Hear my call!" Zeyir opened his arms while chanting. A glowing white circle appeared all around him. "DARKSPEHERE!!" A sudden wave of Mana rushed through the air, like a strong wind, pushing away all magic. Suddenly, the intruders became visible...

"Demons!" Callo gasped and hopped back a little, blocking a spear-blow from the soldier, blocking his previous attacks. But suddenly... "URG!" A ball with dark energy hit him right in the back, sending him flying forward on the ground. The blades of three demons were pointed on him now, keeping him down on the ground.

"Callo!" Zeyir ran forward, his fireblade in hands. "Stop it! That's an order!" He tried to

yell at the demons, but no reaction. "Why..."

"As long as I am around, you have no right to order these demons around, Zeyir!" A deep male voice rang through the cold air. A white haired demon with a scar running over his left eye appeared in the dark.

"F... father!" Zeyir hopped back. Facing the King of Galdor, Kyrin.

"Lay down your weapon, young prince, and your companions won't get hurt." A young vampire looked at the pale demon, visibly sad about the situation.

"You are here too, Will!?" Zeyir tightened the grip on his sword.

"Zeyir, what are they talking about!? Who are those demons!?" Allen tried to get up, but the demon on his back kept him on the ground.

"I..." Zeyir felt as if something cold grabbed his stomach, he was shivering.

"How about I explain?" Kyrin glared at his son with angry eyes. "My son ran away from our castle to play with you guys and now I'm here to pick him back up!"

"I won't come with you! I must stay. Please understand that!" Zeyir grew visibly frustrated. Just a few minutes ago, the world was alright for him. The only thing he had been worried about had been a break or not before entering the Dark Chapel...

"You have responsibility for your country, Zeyir! You are a member of the Grozen family, no matter if you like it or not! Galdor needs you in Utgard! No one is helped if you stay in this wasted world!" Will stepped forward, trying to reach for the sword in Zeyir's hand.

"Zeyir..." Callo tried to push off the demon-guards around him, but he was in a clear disadvantage. Another demon came to help his mates, pressing his sword against Callo's chest, keeping him down.

"You look like a decent fighter... the only one amongst this little group." Kyrin walked over to Callo, eying him curiously. "You are from the desert-tribe."

"No longer..." Callo hissed. "They closed their eyes from what was real, not concerned about this whole world, preferring their tribe to stay in idle harmony, praying to Sol for Mana and supplies while the whole world around them falls apart! And as it seems, you are just as ignorant as the desert-elves."

"Hmpf!" Kyrin looked down at the warrior in front of him, rising his blade.

"No!" Allen shouted, looking at the King, shocked.

"Father, stop!" Zeyir ran in between his father and his new companion. "If you dare hurting them..." He rose his blade as well, taking a fighting-stance. He had made his decision. "I will fight you right here if necessary!" Eager muttering ran through the

demon-groups, unsure why their beloved prince acted this weird...

"Well then!" Kyrin stepped back. "You really think you can beat me!?" He snapped with his fingers. Suddenly, the sword in Zeyir's hands began to fade.

"No!" He tried to hold it but it was too late. The flames surrounded his father's hand, forming into a giant red broadsword with nearly the same size as Zeyir. The demon-prince gulped and stared blankly at the giant sword...

"Did you forget already? The Faith of Asca is my sword as well." Kyrin's face turned into a twisted smile that reminded Allen of the first time he had met Zeyir...

"Dammit..." Zeyir looked over at Will who was lowering his head, avoiding his friend's gaze.

"Zeyir... You didn't tell us you were a prince..." Allen interrupted all of a sudden. "That explains a lot!" He started chuckling, receiving confused glares from the surrounding persons.

"Allen!?" Callo stared over at the young summoner. "This is not the time for—"

"Oh yes it is!" Allen grinned and looked up at the demon that was pressing him down. "Can't you see it? This one might be their King..." Allen pointed with his head towards Kyrin who was listening curiously. "But all those demons here... seem to feel more loyalty for their Prince!"

Kyrin dropped the flamesword all of a sudden, glaring at the young human. Callo shot a confused glare from Zeyir to Kyrin while Zeyir's gaze flew over the surrounding soldiers that seemed to feel awfully nervous in their position.

"Yeah, they would not dare letting their prince get hurt." He chuckled about the weird situation. His gaze met Zeyir's...

"Got it... Get out of my way!" The demon turned all of a sudden, attacking the soldiers that were holding down Callo. They stepped back, panicking. Callo jumped up from the ground, throwing a knife at the demon that was holding down Allen. The demon dodged but let go of Allen in the process. "We must reach Luna's chapel!" Zeyir shouted, running past another couple of soldiers, followed by his companions.

Kyrin and his knights only watched them escape, unable to follow them.

"M... Majesty...?" Will interrupted the silence all of a sudden. Kyrin glared at him with a distant expression in his eyes.

"Follow... Follow them and get Zeyir back no matter the price! Kill his companions!" He shouted all of a sudden, summoning the Faith of Asca back to his hand, running after his son.

"Hurry!" They rushed through the trees, praying the temple was going to appear after every single wall of trees they passed.

"I... can't run anymore..." Allen tried his best to keep up with his friends, but he had a really hard time... Callo turned, grabbing his friends arm, pulling him with him.

Voices, steps and the sound of metal came to their ears. The demons were coming closer!

"Why didn't you tell us you were the prince of Galdor!?" Callo shouted all of a sudden.

"I thought you might want me to return to Utgard if I told you!" Zeyir pushed some bushes out of the way. "I can see the temple!" Relief entered Zeyir's voice and his heart grew lighter with every step they came closer to the temple.

"How are we supposed to get rid of them in there!?" Allen questioned while running up the giant temple-stairs.

"You will see!" Zeyir smiled evilly and stopped all of a sudden. They had reached the Chapel-entrance.

Suddenly, Kyrin and his demon-army rushed through the woods, spotting the three companions.

"Hurry!" Zeyir shouted, pushing open the doors. They ran through it into the dark temple, blocking the door from inside.

The temple-inside was dark... the black walls resembled the night-sky. Small crystals spread all over the walls gave an impression of stars in the sky and the floor... a black floor, so dark as if they were walking over a never ending abyss.

"Shade!" Callo shouted to summon his small spirit. The little creature appeared in front of them, rubbing her eye.

"What's wrong?" She yawned, symbolizing that she had been asleep up until Callo had summoned her.

"Would you mind!?" The elf hissed. Shade looked around, realizing that this was not the ind of situation to annoy her master...

"Whoops, yeah, of course!" She listened to the sound of someone hammering with weapons against wood... "Ran into trouble? Okay, I'll shut up..." She waved with her hands, lighting p the room.

Statues of former Great Spirits of Darkness ornamented the surreal hall. And the two most giant one amongst them... were the statue of Luna –current Great Spirit of Darkness- and a familiar-looking woman with long hair and an even more familiar sign

on her forehead.

"Nocturne Grozen..." Zeyir ran forward towards the statue.

"GROZEN!?" Allen and Callo both shouted at the very same moment.

"You must be kidding!" Callo shook his head. "Nocturne was the very first Great Spirit of Darkness on Midgard! How is she supposed to be—"

"Come to think about it, Callo..." Zeyir interrupted. "The Eternal War ended with the sacrificed lives of 4 demons and 4 gods. Do you really think they had no family before?"

"..." Callo lowered his head.

"My family is one of the oldest ones of Utgard... After the end of the Eternal War, the demons decided to split the land into countries, giving the biggest countries to the remaining families of the demons that gave their lives and turned into the Great Spirits. The remaining land was split between their former companions. Galdor is the land that has been given to the Grozen-family." The demon-prince turned around, facing his companions. "You were right, Allen. The soldiers really didn't want to hurt me... My father is not a member of the Grozen-clan... He married my mother and after her death, the demons of Galdor wait for me to enter the throne. They wish for a Grozen to be their king."

"I see..." Callo sighed. "His head was aching from all the happening of this past hour..."

"Now that you mention it... I heard stories about that too..." Shade flew up and down.

"I never knew Utgard honored the Great Spirits..." Allen sat down, leaning against a statue exhausted. "How exactly are we going to get out of here? It won't take long anymore until they enter this temple..."

"I pray my plan works..." Zeyir sighed, sitting down to Nocturne's feet, leaning back. "I need to collect some energy first..."

"You won't have much time for that..." Callo looked over at the entrance. The door moved more and more with every single low of the demons outside. He looked back at Zeyir. A dark aura surrounded him... He was collecting Mana...

"Let's pray it will work..." Allen sighed. He knew he had no time to summon Luna and Sol now... A pact was not just formed within a few minutes... I needed much more than that...

"It will... I'm certain of it... or my name is no longer Zeyir Grozen!"