

# Essence of Time - The Forgotten Journey

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## Kapitel 18:

### Chapter 18

Clang.

Clang.

Clang.

Allen and Callo stared at the giant entrance-door, awaiting the door to crush open with every single time their foes slashed against it.

Clang.

"I doubt it is going to hold much longer..." Allen sighed and leaned backwards against the statue of a former spirit of darkness. His gaze wandered off to Zeyir who was still concentrating his Mana. "Guess we can only wait now..."

"This is really bad..." Shade, Callo's small spirit of darkness, protested, hands at her hips. "How dare they damaging the Dark Chapel!?" She grid her teeth angrily. "I swear by Luna... If they dare-"

"It's alright, Shade..." Callo, eyes closed, moved his fingers through his long hair, trying to relax a little. He needed to collect his senses if it came to a fight again...

"I'm sorry... It just makes me so mad!" She hit the floor with her fist before shaking her hand in pain. "Ouch..."

"They are coming..." Zeyir suddenly opened his eyes and stood up. With another loud crack, the door crushed open. Demon-soldiers ran into the Chapel, waiting at the side-walls as their king entered Luna's temple.

"A very dramatic place for a showdown, don't you think so too, Zeyir?" Kyrin grit his teeth and looked right into his son's crimson eyes.

"Indeed... The birthplace of our country... Let us see if the legends are true." Zeyir replied and signalized Callo and Allen to stay back. Callo shot him a worried yet angry glare while attaching his rapiers on his belt again.

"Legends?" Kyrin summoned the mighty flamesword. In his hands it looked much more like a fearsome weapon than in the form it had in Zeyir's hands... "Do you really think you can beat me? Especially without the Faith of Asca on your side?"

"I can try at least." Zeyir smirked. "As demons of Galdor, we both have to follow some very useful rules... I'd like to take advantage of one of them. The right of prevention."

"You have no clue what you are—"

"Oh, I do know very well, father..." Zeyir closed his eyes for a second. "The rules are so easy... The generals of two armies are to fight against each other to prevent innocent victims amongst their troops. One of these generals has to be of royal blood and... oh wow, look, I'm a royal demon!" Zeyir laughed and pointed at his forehead. His father couldn't suppress a chuckle.

"I guess you got your stubborn side from me, so I won't blame you for that..." Kyrin's face switched into a warm smile for a second before returning to his cold gaze again.

"Zeyir! That is too risky!" Callo interrupted from aside. "You can't beat him!"

"I know..." Zeyir sighed... "But I have to do my best and maybe... if the spirits of darkness help me... I even might stand a chance!"

"That's-" Allen wanted to say something but Zeyir's eyes made him shut up again.

"The worst thing that might happen is that they take me back to Galdor. The rules say that they are not allowed to harm my followers. I know this might sound very weird to Midgardians, but for us Utgardians those rules are sacred. They won't harm you."

"..." Kyrin looked at his son in disbelief. He had never realized he had grown so much already... For him his son had always been a lazy spoiled kid that loved training his dark skills, but never had shown any interest in the old vowels of Utgard...

"Alright..." Zeyir entered his fighting stance, knives in his left hand, ready to fight with his claws with his right hand.

"You can't win this, so why even trying to fight?" Kyrin moved the giant sword in his hand with ease, even though it had nearly the same size as his son...

"We will see..." Zeyir smirked, running towards his father, throwing a knife right at his father's chest. The demon-king blocked the assault with ease and stepped aside. He slashed down the flame-sword, causing a wave of fire shooting towards the young prince.

Zeyir had a hard time dodging the shots of his father, but yet no shot had hit him even though the Chapel-walls had a rougher time in that... Shade bit her fist and closed her eye each time a pillar or statue was destroyed by King Kyrin's brute force...

With a side-roll, Zeyir managed to get behind his father while he was still stunned from bringing down his sword. He tried using a claw-slash but right before he managed to land a hit, Kyrin turned around with such an incredible speed, that Zeyir

had no chance of blocking the upcoming hit anymore...

"AH!" The young demon was sent back flying by the immense power behind Kyrin's slash. He crushed right against Nocturne's statue.

"ZEYIR!" Callo jumped up, pulling out his rapiers. Suddenly, 3 archers amongst the demon-soldiers targeted the dark elf.

"Put... down your weapons..." Zeyir coughed and tried to get up again. A strain of blood was running down his forehead and over his face. "I'm not done yet..."

"I don't want to hurt you, Zeyir..." Kyrin lowered his head a little and looked at the flat side of his blade with which he had just hit his very son.

"I know..." Zeyir sighed and stood up, leaning on Nocturne's statue. "It is time, I guess."

"Time for what? Your big surprise?" Kyrin smirked.

"You will see..." Zeyir shut his eyes and opened his arms.

"Are you going to summon upon Utgard's might? That won't work. I can summon upon it as well, remember?"

"Servants of darkness..." Zeyir didn't chant or release his Mana as Callo had expected, nor did he summon any weird might as Allen had thought... He did not even prepare a dark sphere as his father had expected him to do... "My name is Zeyir Grozen, I am a descendant of darkness, one of the heirs of Nocturne... please lend me your strength! For Galdor and for Midgard's sake! May the bonds between us grow strong again!"

Kyrin stared at his son with opened mouth. Allen and Callo were just as shocked.

"We will listen to your call, young prince of Galdor..." A distant voice echoed in the destroyed Chapel-Hall. The only one it sounded familiar to... was Allen. "For the memorial of our dark mother, we shall lend you our strength in this one fight." Dark mist collected in the area between Kyrin and Zeyir, forming into a young woman with curly white hair. The crimson horns that framed her face glowed in a weird light while her silver-white eyes focused Zeyir. "I, Luna, 12th Great Spirit of Darkness, shall be your might for this one fight." Zeyir nodded and lowered his head in respect. The darkness in the room grew heavier with every single second. Callo and Allen had a hard time, seeing what was going on. The Midnight-Queen closed her eyes and opened her arms. Dark Mana floated from her towards the dark prince...

"No..." Kyrin gasped and hesitated for a second before charging at his son. He knew he wasn't going to stand a chance if Luna opened him the complete potential of darkness. But he was too late... before he was able to bring down the Faith of Asca... it disappeared from his hands, returning to Zeyir. He stared at his son in awe who was holding a giant red flaming sword now that resembled a turned cross. The shaft gleamed like liquid magma, flowing in waves around the hilt.

"Seems as if tables turned now..." The crimson eyes of Zeyir were much more intense than usual, glowing unnaturally bright in the dark surroundings. Kyrin gulped and took out his second sword that was attached on his belt.

"Now it is might against experience I guess?" Kyrin tried to keep his temper while stepping back slowly.

"This is incredible... The sword reacts on the Mana-potential of its wielder!" Allen's eyes sparkled with a weird light as he glared with love-dazed eyes at the flamesword. But he knew that Kyrin was right... It was not over yet. Zeyir had an advantage now due to Luna's might, but Kyrin had proved already that he was a skilled fighter and from the fact that he looked as if he was in his forties already, Allen guessed that he was several thousand years old in which he had more than enough time to collect all kind of experiences...

Zeyir rushed forward, sending waves of darkness towards his father again and again. Kyrin side-stepped each of his son's blows though. His sword swung around with such an ease that Zeyir in return had to watch every single movement of his opponent to not get caught off-guard. It was a farce. Kyrin didn't manage to land a hit and so did Zeyir. The demons watching the fight gulped at the hard fight of their leaders.

Will stood in a corner, his heart beating against his chest wildly... He followed Zeyir with his eyes while his thoughts kept spinning in his head. He felt so bad for the whole situation... If he hadn't told Zeyir about Midgard, none of this had happened...

"Zeyir, watch out! Phew, that was close... Now go get him! You can do it! GOGOGO!!" Allen cheered his friend from the side, receiving weird glares from the other persons around, including Callo...

Zeyir was exhausted already, so the chances for Kyrin to win grew better and better. He stepped aside while bringing down his flamesword again, sending another couple of energy-balls towards his father. As he lifted his sword again, he lost his balance for a short second and in this very second...

\*Slash\*

"ARG!" Zeyir lay on the ground, breathing heavily as the sword of his father pressed him down against the black floor.

"..." Kyrin closed his eyes for a second... "A very good fight, my son... but not good enough." He tightened the pressure of his blade. Even though it was only the flat side, Zeyir could feel an aching pain on his shoulder.

"Dammit..." Zeyir lowered his head, hiding his face with his long bangs. His sword disappeared and Luna's power seemed to leave him again, flowing all over the ground.

"Zeyir..." Allen gasped but remained where he was... If he got Zeyir right before, the rules of his land demanded him to stay off the fight. Callo closed his eyes and sat down, leaning against Luna's statue.

"M... Majesty..." Will suddenly stepped forward, his eyes fixed on Zeyir.

"What is it now again!?" Kyrin barked, glaring angrily at the servant.

"I... I'm sorry, I didn't mean to interrupt..." Will hesitated and lowered his head again, stepping back ashamed.

"Hmpf!" Kyrin glared at Allen and Callo before drawing back his sword, fastening it on his belt. He took the arm of his son, pulling him up from the ground. Zeyir avoided the gaze of his companions and his father... It was the end of this journey for him... Kyrin sighed and looked at the friends of his beloved son. "My apologies for the trouble. I wish you good luck with your journey, but Zeyir is too important to our country to risk his life in a cause of Midgard."

"I wish you good luck, guys... Seems as if I can't come along anymore..." Zeyir still avoided eye-contact with his friends. His heart grew heavy and as his father walked towards the exit of the chapel, he followed without further resistance.

"..." Callo and Allen both stared at their former companion, unable to find words. Their faces showed regret but also anger... They were unable to understand why Kyrin was so obsessed by the thought of keeping Zeyir in Galdor against his free will.

The demon-soldiers followed their leaders, but their mood was just as bad as Allen's and Callo's... They were torn between loyalty towards their king or their prince...

The only demon left in the chapel-hall now was Will who still stood in a corner, staring blankly into the deep darkness...

"Tell me this is not happening, please..." Allen shut his eyes, hoping, praying he was just waking up from this nightmare. Callo bit his lip as well, having a hard time to resist the wish of just storming after the demons, trying to fight Zeyir free... but he knew he was not going to stand a single chance...

"I'm sorry..." Will suddenly turned towards the two men, stepping forward towards Nocturne's statue. "It is all my fault... I didn't know Zeyir wanted to stay so badly... but please understand... we need him!"

"You!" Callo couldn't suppress his anger any longer. He grabbed the vampire's vest, pulling him towards himself. "What do you know!?"

"Please..." Will caught and gasped for air.

"Callo, let him down!" Allen interrupted, patting his friend's shoulder. "We can't change what happened..."

"But you are right... I am to blame..." Will closed his eyes. "If Zeyir was not the last member of the Grozen-family, I wouldn't have told King Kyrin about your next destination..."

"How did you know we were heading for this temple anyway?" Allen blinked, eyeing the demon curiously.

"One of my spies told me... Her name is Morgana. She-"

"This damn little..." Callo hit Nocturne's statue with his fist in anger.

"You must understand! The laws of Utgard accept only a member of the Grozen-family on the throne of Galdor. After Queen Mellin's death, Galdor had a really hard time accepting Kyrin, her husband, on the throne, but Zeyir was just not ready to become king back then! If he is going to die, Galdor will fall apart as nation and fall to the hands of the surrounding countries! We can't let this happen! Please don't judge over our acts without considering this..." Will felt Callo's grip opening slowly. "Thank you..." Sighing he walked towards the exit, leaving behind Allen and Callo.

"You know, I only do this for our country..." Kyrin sighed as he tried to meet his son's eyes who turned away his gaze angrily every time. "Don't act like a little kid... you will be a king soon, you should start acting like one... As royal demon you can't just run away. As hard as it sounds, but your life belongs to Galdor."

"My life belongs to myself and no one else..." Zeyir muttered angrily. He bit his lip so hard, it started bleeding. One side of his face was still covered with blood and his arms were aching from the hard fight.

"You are never going to learn it..." Kyrin shook his head frustrated.

As they walked on through the thick woods, Zeyir already missed the fights with Callo and Allen's tries to stop them from annoying each other... He was going to miss Allen's cookery for sure, and even though he was sure he was not going to miss Callo's food, he regretted that he had only been able to tease Callo with it that one time back with Narwa and Raven... Heck, he even missed Narwa!

He shook his head as his thoughts drifted off to the Goddess... She had been searching for someone... Alena Vanthrith or something...

"Wait..." Zeyir stopped all of a sudden... Kyrin looked at him confused. The guards rose their weapons just in case, but no one dared attacking or hitting their prince for just stopping... "Alena van Tirith... No... It is Allen! She was looking for Allen!" He suddenly blinked and looked up at his father.

"What are you talking about!?" Kyrin grew really worried about his son there...

"It... it is nothing..." Zeyir looked up at his father. "Do... do you know a goddess with

the name Narwa?"

Kyrin, surprised by the sudden change of subject, nodded hesitantly. "Yes, she is the daughter of Bel'Zath Ainu, one of the Master-Members of the holy Senate in Asgard. Why are you asking?"

"I see... and... how is she?"

"Uh... She is very kind. She likes old books and magic... She once even saved..." Kyrin stopped, looking at his son's chest. The three scars of his were visible slightly on the edge of Zeyir's shirt.

"So, not the type of God that'd just try to start a war?" Zeyir smiled relieved.

"Not at all..." Kyrin really didn't know what to say or do anymore... Why was his son interested in such things all of a sudden!?

"Good..." He sighed... "Father... would you mind... allowing me writing one last letter before we return to Utgard? I need to tell someone something!"

"S... sure..." Kyrin shook his head and looked at his soldiers. "We set up camp here for an hour..."

"But your majesty..." A female soldier stepped forward. "We are only a few minutes away from the Otherworld-Gate that brings us back to Utgard!"

"You wouldn't dare questioning my orders, right?" Kyrin shot her a burning glare and she shut up, bowing in apology.

"Thanks!" Zeyir smiled, running towards a tree-stump, pulling out a pen and a piece of paper from his bag. The other demons sat down and started their camp. Only Kyrin stayed away from them, leaning against a tree while watching his son writing something.

Zeyir was not sure how to start his letter... He had never been good in such things...

"Uhm... Hey, Narwa. I know you remember me. It is me, Zeyir, the demon you met before." Zeyir shook his head at what he was just writing there amused about his own inability to write proper messages... But as he kept writing on, he knew she was going to understand and as he finished and sealed the letter with the royal emblem of Galdor, a small smile lit his face.

"Will?" He stood up, turning towards the demon-soldiers. Will was sitting a little away from the group, eating a piece of fresh meat. "Can you deliver this for me?"