

# Essence of Time - The Forgotten Journey

Von Deamond

## Kapitel 23:

### Chapter 23

„Which way, Morgana?“ Raven looked over from the demoness to her fatigue companion. Callo was on the edge of his powers... „We gotta hurry!“

“I know, I know! But it’s not that easy with all the demons around!” She grid her teeth, looking at the tan elf in frustration. “Can you go on?”

“We have no other choice...” Callo breathed heavily. The use of his powers all the time while still carrying Allen the whole way really got harder than he had expected.

“That’s not an answer!” Raven snapped, looking around another corner to check if it was safe.

“I...” Callo shook his head. “I can’t... sorry...” With a sigh, he placed Allen on the ground behind a bush to cover him a little. “Sorry, I need five minutes... then we can go on...”

“Alright.” Morgana nervously patted the wall with her fingers, keeping an eye on the surroundings constantly. “I just hope the goddess is alright...”

“what makes you so sure, Kyrin is going to help us?” Callo suddenly interrupted the silence. This question was burning in him ever since they had left for Galdor...

“It is you little Asgardian friend...” Morgana smiled evilly. “King Kyrin will not deny a wish of the Silver Orchid.”

“And why-“ Callo started.

“Didn’t you say you need a break!? If you can use your mouth this freely, then you can walk on as well!” Morgana snapped annoyed, shutting the baffled elf up. As reward she received one of Callo’s most finest deathglares he could effort.

“Oh no...” Narwa ran around a corner, trying to get rid of the demons following her. She doubted the flame-devils that were trying to get her knew that she was a

goddess, but her silver long hair still gave her a noble appearance... They came closer and closer. She could already feel the heat of their attacks surrounding her. Fireballs shot from everywhere towards her and she had a hard time dodging them. "What can I do!?" The outer circle of the castle was like a labyrinth made out of bushes, statues, walls and misleading paths... She crossed another corner as...

"We got her!" A flame-devil shouted amused as Narwa ran directly into another row of demons. They looked like tribes from the mountains... what were they doing in Galdor!?

"..." Narwa grit her teeth as she loosened her staff from her belt, ready to smack anyone who dared coming too close. The only advantage she had now was the fact that with the highlander-demons on the other side, the flame-devils weren't able to use their flames if they didn't want to hurt their allies.

"Come on, Hunny, drop your staff and we will make it easy for you." One of the demons stepped closer, reaching for the staff in Narwa's hand as suddenly...

\*SMACK\*

With a well-placed hit, Narwa brought her staff down right on the head of the demon, knocking him out cold.

"Alright... Who is next!?" She shouted with a demanding voice. A few flame-devils seemed rather hurt by the fact that one single woman dared standing against their whole troop. They rushed forward, attacking Narwa with their sharp claws. The goddess had a hard time dodging all of their blows. The flame-devils were much stronger than she had expected, but giving up was no option either... in worst case she just had to fly away! On the other side... how was she supposed to get away from all the other demons then? If anyone found out who she really was, the demons would ignore their fights and kill her off at first before attacking each other again.

One of the highlander-demons suddenly stepped in, bringing down his giant sword towards Narwa. She stumbled back, falling on the ground. The flame-devil attacking her before, grabbed her dress and pulled her down to the ground, placing his sharp claws on her neck.

"Any last words?" He laughed evilly before lifting his hand higher and higher, ready to hit.

"Yeah, rest in peace, pitiful creature!" A familiar voice suddenly broke through the thick air and ball of dark energy blasted away the enemy above the helpless goddess.

"Who-" Narwa tried to get up, but another demon rushed forward, pressing her down.

"Where are you!? Show yourself!" The highlander seemed nervous, looking around eagerly, but unable to find anything he concentrated on the woman again. "Was that you, witch!?"

"No, that was me!" Suddenly a shadow-figure appeared next to the startled demon, ripping with its claws through the enemy's chest. Blood streamed down over the mere shadow, revealing the shape of his arm. An evil grin formed on his face, as Zeyir slowly turned visible. "No one dares attacking my castle and just gets away with it!"

"Zeyir!" Narwa shouted. "What are you doing!? Get out! They are here because of you!"

"Finally we meet eye to eye..." A demon, about double the size of Zeyir, stepped forward, broadsword in hand. "Give up, Prince of Galdor, and I will spare your life."

"Nya, I'd rather date that old grumpy witch on the ground than giving up." He pointed at the blushing Narwa.

"Oh you just wait you little..." She shouted in annoyance, causing Zeyir to chuckle. "Alright! Fine! Get yourself killed by those bastards, but don't come running to me crying if you get hurt, snob!"

"Say, how many times do I have to save your neck before you start watching out which enemies you dare insulting? I mean, come on! First those monsters back in the Dark Forest, now this..." He laughed, patting some dust off of his shirt.

"That was just a coincidence!" Narwa felt her cheeks turning red. She grabbed her staff and hit the dead demon lying on her away with a smack.

"Would you mind discussing your relation-problems after giving me your throne, Prince of Galdor?" The highlander seemed annoyed and it didn't get any better as Narwa totally ignored him, continuing their fight.

"I can watch over myself! Got that!?"

"No you can't! Otherwise you would have stayed away from this place!! What are you doing here in Galdor anyway!?" The annoyed young demon started shouting now as well. Oh how he hated that woman!

"I thought I might be able to use some of your powers as I thought you were a rather mighty demon, but as it seems you are nothing but talk!" She balled her fists, twitching her eyes angrily.

"Listen, old woman, I-" Suddenly, Narwa's staff landed right on Zeyir's head. "Ouch..."

"You know, I like your hair... the way it is I just have to hit right between your bangs to know I hit bull's eye..." Narwa chuckled.

"That's enough!!" The highlander suddenly started attacking the two team-mates, swinging his sword wildly.

"Gotta talk about that later!" Zeyir shouted as he pushed Narwa out of the way to prevent her from being sliced into two halves.

"Agreed!" Narwa shouted as she hit another demon with her staff.

"We could use some of your supporting powers!" The young prince gasped as he dodged some more blows of a row of flame-devils attacking him.

"But then they will know that I'm a—"

"Alright, alright!" Zeyir interrupted.

"We don't want your life! Only your throne, so give up already!" The giant demon sliced through some of his companions by accident as Zeyir jumped up, dodging another hit of him.

"And what exactly would be the use of this!?" He grit his teeth while piercing through the chests of some more enemies with his claws.

"We must unite Utgard to stand the upcoming war against Asgard!" He shouted before bringing down another blow. Zeyir wasn't able to dodge that one. He summoned his sword to barely block the hit, but he had to go to his knees to stand the brute force.

"That's ridiculous! Asgard and Utgard can't lead a second war as long as Midgard stands in between us!" Zeyir felt his arms turning numb at the pressure of his enemy.

"Zeyir!" Narwa was too far away by now to help her companion, but maybe... "I call upon the holy powers within me... help me regaining my strength... LIGHT OF ASGARD!"

Callo was ready to walk on. Packing Allen back on his back was hard work though. He still felt a little weak, but the sooner they found Zeyir, the sooner they were able to wake Allen up and return to Midgard!

"Alright, let's go." Raven smiled and walked on carelessly.

"Wait, not that way!" Morgana shouted, trying to reach the young human before she turned around the corner. Too late...

"U-Oh..." Was the only sound Callo heard from his companion before the sound of metal rang through the air.

"Raven!" He shouted, running around the corner along with Morgana. Kyrin and his elite-guards, -Will was along with them as well- stood ready to attack the mercenary.

"Wait!" Callo shouted, jumping in front of Raven, hoping Kyrin would recognize him and NOT killing him on the spot for being one of Zeyir's companions from Midgard...

"What in Nocturne's name are you doing here on Utgard!? This is not your world!"

"Neither is it my wish to be here, but we have to speak with Zeyir!" Callo laid Allen on the ground, to kneel down in front of the king. He knew how to act in the presence of a king way too well, so he tried to show his respect. "King Kyrin, I know you are worried about your country and especially about your son, but we need his help just this once again, to awake our friend. He formed a pact with Luna and Sol and the energy was too much for him to take... Please, we will never ever return to this world again if you grant this one wish to us!"

"My king." Morgana stepped forward all of a sudden. "I brought those Midgardians here because they are not only former companions of our prince, but also friends of the Silver Orchid of Asgard. She is here with them, and it is her wish as well, to bring this human back to life, to prevent another war between our worlds."

"..." Kyrin looked from Morgana over to Callo and the unconscious man on the ground. "This is no reason to—"

Suddenly the air was filled with a weird energy, interrupting the demon-king. Callo and Raven stared at each other in shock. They jumped up, running towards the source of the holy energy, knowing who just had revealed her true self.

Kyrin hesitated for a second before he decided to follow them, leaving Allen and Morgana behind with the guards.

"Guardian Shell!" Narwa kept supporting Zeyir with more and more spells that strengthened him, yet didn't weaken his powers with holy energy.

"And now... THIS ONE!!" Zeyir slashed through another highlander, ripping off the arm of the unfortunate victim.

"This... this is impossible..." The highlanders and flame-devils slowly stepped back in fear of Zeyir and Narwa. "Traitor! How dare you teaming up with an Asgardian!?" The leader of the highlanders seemed rather nervous, seeing how well the two of them worked together.

"Well..." Zeyir chuckled evilly, nabbing on the blood on his hands a little. "I've learned that we can't decide as what we are born, but who we turn to be. I don't care if she is a goddess as long as we follow the same goal... and right now, this goal is to defeat you unfortunate pack!" He rushed forward, trying to slash the demon, but his claws had nearly no effect on the strong armor and sin of the demon. Yet, if he managed to slash the softer parts, it would be his end!

"Better luck next time!" The highlander groared as he brought down his sword on Zeyir.

"Holy shell!" Narwa blocked the blow for her companion, but her might was running thinner and thinner with each time she had to do this... Utgard was just no place for her!

The flame-demons shot balls of fire towards the young demon, trying to keep him in place. Zeyir couldn't leave Narwa's shield surrounded by flames... He grit his teeth and broke through the shell, summoning his dark might to get out of the flare-center without getting burned to ashes.

Galdor's young prince was a decent fighter for sure, but alone against this whole bunch of foes was hard work... even his powers started running out slowly. He knew if he didn't manage to kill them off fast, not even Narwa's spells would help him anymore. At the same time, he had to concentrate on the goddess the whole time. She flew above their heads, out of reach for the demons down here, but if Galdor's guards reached the bridges and towers, their arrows would hunt her to the ground again in no time.

"Zeyir, watch out!" Narwa screamed as the leader of the row attacked the young man with his fists this time, while fireballs made an escape for him impossible again. "Guardian Seal!"

A thin glass-like wall appeared between the demon and Zeyir, shielding him against the hit. But the highlander crushed his fists against the shield again and again in madness and fury. Cracks started forming, slowly breaking through the shield.

"Get out of there!" Narwa tried to hold up the shield but it was too weak already. Yet she saw the situation in which Zeyir was in. It was no use! He was trapped this time. The flames around him were too strong to be pushed away by darkness anymore!

"Thanks for the advice!! I have some problems here as you can see!" The prince grumped under his breath while collecting dark energy as fast as possible to get out of the fire-trap.

With a cracking sound, the fist of the highlander-leader broke through the seal, crushing down right on Zeyir. With a gasp, the young man was sent back flying into a burning bush.

"No! Zeyir!" Narwa wanted to get on the ground again, but the demons waited for her already. She had no choice but to hope he was alright.

"Ouch, that hurts..." A groan was heard from the burnt plant as Zeyir arose behind it slowly, half of his shirt burnt away, revealing the scars on his chest freely.

"Thank goodness..." Narwa sighed and prepared for her next supporting-spell.

"Next time, you won't get away this easily!" The demon shouted, attacking Zeyir again, this time with his sword again. Narwa didn't even manage to summon a shield, this time the demon-prince was on his own, blocking the sword with his flame-saber. Shivering slightly, Zeyir did his best to hold against the pressure of the well-trained demon.

"Zeyir!" The voice of King Kyrin echoed through the air. The sound of swords slashing

through flesh came closer. Zeyir didn't dare looking away from his opponent now, but help was just about to come! He needed... to stay strong... for just... a few more... seconds...

With a loud clang, Zeyir's sword was sent away, landing on the soft ground. Breathing heavily, Zeyir held his arm, it was too late. Kyrin broke through the row of demons, spotting his wounded son, cornered by a highlander-demon.

"Well then, King Kyrin. With this, the bloodline of the royal Grozen-family is obliterated!" He lifted his sword again, rushing it down towards Zeyir.

The prince closed his eyes. This was truly the end of his journey... But at least he died fighting... not as aristocrat or sick and old in a bed... No, young and in the bloom of his life. Destiny was so weird...

He waited for the final strike... but it didn't come! Opening his eyes, slowly, a familiar figure floated in front of him, blocking the sword. A small creature with light-grey skin and a dark head-scarf. Shade used the ends of her head-scarf like two twin-rapiers just as Callo used to do, blocking the hit of the enemy with all her force.

"Watch out!" Callo's voice rang in Zeyir's ears as a silver rapier bursted through the neck of the highlander, killing him on the spot.

"Callo! Shade! What... what are you doing here!?" Zeyir leaned back against the wall he was standing on. Now that he thought about it... "And what is the old witch doing with you!? And where is Allen and... and you are... Raven was the name, right?" He pointed at the human girl that just killed off the last remaining flame-devils that had managed to escape King Kyrin's rage so long.

"Uff... that was tiring..." Narwa whipped away the sweat from her forehead. Her white appearance gave her an even more glorious look, surrounded by all the ashes, flames and darkness.

"Are you alright?" Callo cleaned his rapier on the highlander's trousers, fixing it on his belt again.

"Yes... a little fatigue but all in all I'm alright..." Zeyir sighed.

"I wasn't talking with you." Callo patted Shade with a serious look on his face. Zeyir couldn't hold back a chuckle and now even Callo had to start laughing as he smacked his long lost friend. "Man, I missed being annoyed by you..."

"And I missed your deathglares!" Zeyir smiled and rubbed his arm.

"I hate to disturb your little chit-chat..." Kyrin coughed a little, to gain their attention. "But there are still flame-devils and highlanders running through Galdor's fields. It is safest for you, to go back in and talk about it there." The demon-king didn't really seem pleased by the thought of a human, an elf and a goddess as guests in his throne-room, but he had no other choice.

"Alright." Zeyir nodded. "Let's hurry back!"

Narwa received nervous glares from every guard they met. Zeyir had to order them each time they met a new troop, to put their weapons down. It was annoying... but after picking up Allen and Morgana, they made their way into the throne-room where, beside Lean and her parents, no one else was able to disturb them.

Zeyir fell on his throne exhausted, letting himself sink into the soft silk-chair. Callo was so free to place Allen on the giant throne in the middle while he sat down on the smaller throne to the left.

"Man, I'm beaten..." Raven sighed and lay down on the floor, using her cape as pillow. She received weird glances from the vampire-family but she couldn't care less. Narwa flew up and lay herself down on a roof-rug of black silk, hanging between two giant pillars.

"M... My prince, what are those... things... doing here?!" Lean stepped forward, unsure what this whole situation was about. By now, her face had turned back to normal, to her sweet and innocent face...

"Just ignore them... Oh wait... I have a better idea..." Zeyir got up a little. "Can you ask some maidens to prepare some rooms for my guests? Thanks..." He yawned and fell back into his chair again.

Lean, unsure if she should be mad or honored that Zeyir asked her so bluntly of a favor, walked outside, followed by her parents.

"I feel like I could sleep for a week now..." Callo muttered from his chair, Shade and Steel both floating above his head, worried.

"I feel like sleeping for a year..." Narwa yawned from above their heads, swinging playfully with her arm from her little 'bed'.

"Time is too precious to oversleep a whole year..." Raven sighed. "On the other hand... Why am I the only friggin'mortal among you guys!? I want to live over thousand years as well!!"

"Don't forget about Allen..." Zeyir turned a little from his throne, lifting his legs p, rolling himself to a ball.

"Being immortal sucks... honestly..." Narwa looked down from the roof, towards her human friend. "Time becomes so... meaningless! You just can't enjoy your life as you would if you knew you have only fifty more years to live..." A heavy sigh was heard above their heads. "When I turned thousand last decade, no one even remembered cause it is just nothing special... Not even my own father or son remembered it!"

"Wow, sounds like you have a really nice family up in Asgard, huh?" Raven chuckled



innocently. Maybe being mortal wasn't that bad after all... but... Wow, thousand years old... "I never guessed you were that OLD!"

"I- I'm not old!" The goddess shrieked from above. Zeyir could swear he saw her blushing through the roof-rug.

"Why do you even care, Narwa!?" The demon-prince muttered from his seat. "A thousand years compared to the life-span of a god or demon is like... like... 2 or 3 years in human life! So stop caring about age..."

"Maybe you are right..." The last words of the goddess echoes still through the throne-room as a soft breath was heard from above. She was asleep. And from what he could hear, Callo was off already too. Raven seemed to sleep as well, and Allen? He was still out cold... So why bothering... Zeyir yawned one last time before drifting off into deep slumber.

"Mmm... mmmmmm... Shade, stop poking me..." Callo turned round and round, trying to find a nice position to sleep on in. He couldn't remember his bed was so short...

"Uhm, Callo..." Shade seemed a little nervous.

"Who cares if I oversleep... I'm the leader of the moonguards, so—!" Suddenly Callo remembered: He wasn't a moonguard anymore! "Where-!?" He hopped up just to see the annoyed face of king Kyrin hanging over him.

"Do you enjoy my throne?" He asked with anger in his voice.

"M... my apologies!" Damn he sounded like Narwa already. He shook his head to get refreshed just to see Narwa and Raven chuckling over his sleep-dazed face while Kyrin nearly bursted out in anger. Will was desperately trying to poke Zeyir awake on his throne, but the young prince was still rolled to a ball, taking a nap. Allen was carried by one of the confused guards. A demon-maiden looked nervously from Narwa to Zeyir and back, not sure what to think of the goddess. Morgana on the other hand was nowhere to be seen. Had she even returned with them? He couldn't recall...

"Mmmmm...." Zeyir grumped on his 'bed' as Will started violently poking him even faster now.

"Where does this boy get his sleep from!? He is like a stone!" Kyrin shook his head frustrated.

"If you mind..." Callo stood up, walking over to the sleepy demon. He packed him by the remaining of his shirt and his trousers and threw him off the seat.

"Ouch!! Hey, what was that for!?" He shouted in annoyance while his face still lay flatly on the ground.

"We finished your rooms." Kyrin helped his son up.

"You are so sweet when you are sleep-dazed!" Raven had to hold her belly about her two companions. They were just so awesomely funny without even noticing it!

"Well, let's talk about the rest tomorrow, alright? My guards are fatigue from the fights and so seem you are as well. After a little rest, we will all be in a better mood, hopefully." It was pretty obvious that Kyrin was mainly talking about himself concerning the mood... he seemed really furious.

"Let me lead you to your rooms, please." Will smiled warmly and offered the companions a way towards the exit of the throne-room. Zeyir yawned a little more before following his companions.

They went through multiple corridors. The walls in the dark palace seemed to be either black or silver. But the ornamentations were breath-taking. Sparkling gems, diamonds, silver and gold,... Galdor was the richest country amongst Utgard's kingdoms. And it showed this wealth with precious beauty.

"Alright, this corridor leads up to my tower." Zeyir interrupted the silence all of a sudden. "I gotta get something new to dress. But I will pick you guys up later. Which room are they going to stay in?" He turned to Will.

"The guest-rooms of the silver-wing. We decided that it is best to keep them together in double-rooms. You never know how the guards react on... well..." Will hesitated for a second, throwing a nervous glare over to the Midgardians and the goddess.

"No question about that." Narwa smiled. "I owe you my thanks for even letting me rest in your castle. It means really much to me. Please tell King Kyrin about my gratitude."

"Wowowow!" Zeyir had to laugh at that one. "Stop being so formal! Neither my father nor I are snobs, alright? Just talk like any other normal living being, alright? Thanks..." He sighed and went into the corridor leading to his chambers.

"I agree with Zeyir, Milady. Galdor owes you its gratitude, even if only few know about what you did for us. You are always a welcomed guest to our country." Will lowered his head in respect a little. This was enough...

"Just what did you do to gain the respect of a whole country?!" Raven interrupted her companions. The curiosity was just way too immense.

"Didn't she tell you?" Will looked at them in confusion. "Well, I guess it is the best not to talk about it in front of Zeyir but..." He looked around to make sure no one else was listening. "Is it alright if I tell them?" He blinked a little unsure towards Narwa.

"Yes, I... I will tell them..." The goddess smiled softly. "About eighteen years back, a little demon-boy came to Asgard to see the holy world with his own eyes. He got

caught by angels of course. They wanted to use him against Galdor, demanding of the queen to give over her throne to one of the Gods of Asgard. She refused back then and as a warning to never mess with Asgard, they wanted to kill the boy. I asked the holy senate to leave this quest to me and they agreed, but instead of killing him, I brought him back to Galdor and to his family. This is why the queen said, whenever I need any help, I should come to her and ask for whatever it is." Her smiled turned into a saddened face. "She is dead by now... Poor Mellin... She was a really good queen..." Narwa sighed heavily before turning to her friends again.

"Wow, that sure was risky." Raven seemed concerned. She took the hand of her friend, cheering her up a little. "But now this will help us getting Allen back to normal!"

"I have to wonder though..." Callo interrupted their chatter. "How comes Asgard tries to threaten a country like Galdor with a boy..."

"If it is the last remaining heir of Galdor's throne..." Will complemented while walking on ahead.

"You mean... ZEYIR!?" Raven looked from Will to Narwa and back. "You gotta be kidding! So... so... Zeyir was saved by Narwa when he was a little kid!? Haha! That's awesome!"

"Please, let's not talk about it..." Narwa blushed a little... Not to mention how many times Zeyir had helped her in the past few weeks... She would have never guessed back then, that this little boy could help her in so many ways...

As Will, Narwa, Raven and the guard who had carried Allen all the way left the room, Callo closed it carefully, glad to finally get some decent rest. Allen laid on a bed on the right side of the room, the bed to the left was taken by Shade and Steel...

"Come on guys. Get out of there. That's my bed!" He chuckled while putting off his shirt and boots to go to bed.

"Awww... but we want a nice little bed for ourselves as well!" Steel chuckled innocently.

"Then go and ask the maids." Callo grinned and threw himself on the bed, causing the two spirits to fly away. It felt so good to rest in a bed again...

Suddenly someone knocked on the door.

"Hm?" Callo didn't stand up to open the door. Probably only a maiden asking if anything was alright, but he couldn't care less... The door opened slowly without anyone announcing their entering.

"Hey... Is it okay if I sleep in your room as well?" Zeyir stepped inside the room. A pillow and blanket hang over his right shoulder while he carried his formal 'prince suit' in his left hand. He wore a long black shirt and baggy dark trousers.

"S... sure..." Callo looked at the young prince in surprise. "After all it's your castle! Uhm, do you want my bed?"

"If you dare treating me like a princess now, I swear by the cold blood of Nocturne, I will throw you into a hole with hungry hell-hounds!" He grinned. "I'm still the same person, 'kay?"

"Alright." Callo wanted to smile but it turned into a deathglare by accident. Damn habits!

Zeyir made himself comfortable on the ground, rolling into a little demon-ball again.

"What happened anyway since I've been gone?" He muttered sleepily.

"In the temple, Allen formed a pact with Luna and Sol, but the energy was too much for him to take. Since then he is like this. Narwa gave him this weird amulet that enables him to form pacts through the amulet, so that it won't cost Allen's whole energy to form pacts with the Great Spirits but guess that was a little too late... Anyway, we came to see Morgana to find a solution for this problem and came to the-" Suddenly a soft snore interrupted the dark elf. He looked down. Zeyir was asleep already. Callo shook his head, smiling softly, hitting the sleeping demon with his pillow in amused frustration.