

Essence of Time - The Forgotten Journey

Von Deamond

Kapitel 30:

Chapter 30

„Hmmm...“ Allen turned around again and again, trying to find a comfortable spot to rest in. “Hmm...” He opened his eyes slowly. This bed was SO uncomfortable! “Huh? Guys?” Allen laid in the middle of a forest! And where were the others?! He looked around, hopping back startled as he saw the giant dead body of a basilisk near him. “Goodness...” Now he remembered again. The basilisk-attack, the fight,... “Callo! Zeyir!” He hopped up, running forward as... “UAH!” He tripped over something on the ground. A painful groan made Allen look back. “Oh, sorry, Callo!”

“Huh?” Sleepdazed, the tan elf looked up, blinking tiredly. “Oh... hey Allen...” He yawned, and leaned on his elbows.

“Where is Zeyir?” Allen looked around, unable to spot their companion. Callo just rubbed his eyes and pointed towards a spot next to the dead monster. Zeyir lay on the ground, rolled to a ball, breathing softly.

“Let him sleep a little longer. I had to use a lot of Mana on him, I guess he is still dizzy anyway if you awake him now.” Callo stood up slowly, patting the dust off his cloths.

“You... healed him?” Allen’s jaw dropped open. “How did you do that?”

“Well...” Callo sighed. Now that he thought about it... maybe making a pact with Drop wasn’t the best plan after all... “Let’s not talk about it, you will find out soon enough!”

“Hmmm...” Allen sat down, poking the creature.

Yaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaawn Zeyir rubbed his eyes. His body was aching as if a crowd werewolves had decided to run all over him...

“Are you alright?” Callo knelt down next to the fatigue demon, feeling his temperature.

“I feel as if I drank too much... Were we in a pub or something?” Zeyir flapped off the elder’s hand, looking around confused.

"You wanted to dance with a basilisk... So be glad you only have some morning-after-feeling." Callo grinned, patting the demon's shoulder. "You will be alright."

"Oh well..." The young man turned back towards the ground, ready to take another nap.

"Oh come on!" Callo complained.

"Let's just stay here for a little longer, Callo." Allen smiled and handed him over a plate with vegetables he had prepared in the meantime. "It's almost evening already anyway."

Callo prepared a campfire while Zeyir was still recovering a little – in fact he just didn't want to stand up... Callo couldn't understand how someone was able to sleep for a whole day!

"Are you going to wake up anytime soon?!" Callo barked while throwing a stick at the demon.

"As soon as you are done with cooking, I will stand up and run..." Zeyir turned a little, looking at the desert-elf, smirking.

"Hmpf." Callo couldn't suppress a smile while piling some wood. "Just watch out I don't tie you to the ground and force you to eat it."

"Hm... I think my claws are sharper than your tongue, my friend!" The demon looked up, leaning his head on his arm while watching the desert-elf work on their campfire.

"Oh man... This stupid rock won't work!" Callo tried desperately to set the fire with two firestones but none of them seemed to work properly.

"You know... you could have just asked me instead." Grinning, Zeyir summoned his flamesaber right on the wood-pile, causing it to burn.

"..." With a smack on the back of the demon's head, Callo sat next to his friend, enjoying the heat of the flames. "It's almost dark already... I wonder where Allen is."

"Didn't he say he was going on a hunt?" Zeyir yawned, not actually tired, but bored.

"Yes." Callo lay down next to Zeyir, looking up at the stars.

"Come on, old man! Tell me a story! I'm bored!" The demon grinned playfully while joining his companion, looking through the trees up into the wide dark sky.

"I'm not your grandfather!" Callo laughed, feeling uncomfortable...

"Yeah, but you are so old, you could actually be!"

Smack

"Okay, I will shut up." Zeyir muttered while rubbing his aching belly.

"How about you tell me something from Utgard instead?" The tan elf smiled interested. He loved old tales and he only knew very few from the World of Demons...

"Hmmm..." Zeyir thought for a second. "I can't really remember any interesting ones..."

"Any historical things you can remember? Or was the only thing you cared about on Galdor how to get rid of your watchmen?" Callo chuckled, remembering how annoyed Zeyir had been on Utgard about his servants following wherever he went....

"Tse..." The demon-prince rolled his eyes. "Do you know that Nocturne was the first person following the path of peace between Asgard and Utgard? That was because a general of the Gods spared her life in a battle. It is said that she fell in love with him that day, but rejected her own feelings. She wanted to make it possible for Asgardians and Utgardians to live together if they really loved each other. Soon she gained followers. Her courage and fame even convinced some of the Gods and angels from Asgard to follow this cause. Sol was the second one following this path..."

"You always say 'this path'. Don't you mean, they followed Nocturne?" Callo rose an eyebrow, wondering.

"No..." Zeyir bit his lips. "Most people actually say that it was Nocturne's ideals, but from what we know from old documents, there was someone else, leading them but no one actually knows who it was. And in the end... They sacrificed their lives to turn into pure Mana... I wonder how it feels to lose your body, all your Mana streaming into space and your very soul turning into the embodiment of this might..." The demon closed his eyes, a chill running down his spine.

"Guys?" Suddenly, Allen stumbled through the bushes.

"Now this took you a while!" Zeyir complained while trying to spot their dinner... "Didn't you catch anything at all?!" Disappointment was written clearly in his face.

"..." Callo and Allen both stared at the demon. "Can't you possibly think of anything different but filling your stomach?!" The elder's eyebrows disappeared somewhere behind his bangs in wonder.

"Let's not fight..." Allen interrupted and sat down. "But you are right, it is weird... It is as if something made all the animals in the forest hiding in their holes. Besides..." The summoner bit his lip nervously.

"Now spit it out." Zeyir yawned, unimpressed by some nervous animals...

"I told you that... I have the feeling as if something within me changed after forming pacts with Luna and Sol, right?" He waited for his companions' nods before he continued. "Well... I can feel something is not right, as if there is a danger lurking in this forest, waiting for us. It keeps sending chills down my spine and I can't get rid of the feeling as if something is about to happen!"

"..." Callo shook his head. "You are nervous, that's usual after a fight as the one we had before. Besides, maybe the animals are gone because of the dead basilisk. They still sense it as a danger maybe. Additionally to that, I had to use a lot of my own Mana on you. Maybe that is what you are feeling as chills! It should be gone by tomorrow..." He smiled softly, trying to comfort the young man.

"I disagree." Callo and Allen stared at Zeyir as he stood up all of a sudden, glaring down at the human with worried eyes. "If you say that something is not right here, then we should get out of this forest as fast as possible!"

"But-"

"Callo, don't interrupt me!" He barked towards the elf that blinked in surprise, unable to reply anymore. "If I learned one thing from the past, it is to trust in Allen's skills as a hunter. He was able to find food wherever we went. And he always was in rather good control of his own Mana... maybe beside that incidence with Luna and- arg- just forget it! He'd feel it if it was your Mana, Callo!" Zeyir pointed at the young summoner while still focusing on Callo. "We should get out of here as fast as possible!"

"Thanks..." Allen smiled and stood up. "The sooner we are out of here, the better I feel..."

"... So much for my campfire..." Callo rolled his eyes and jumped up, running after his companions.

They were almost sprinting through the thick woods near the river they were following since days. Allen rushed ahead of the group as he was used the most to such areas. He was followed by Callo, not used to forest, but still a good sprinter. As always Zeyir was the last one amongst them, trying his best to get after them.

"Huh?" The demon stopped all of a sudden, looking around nervously. "Guys! Wait!"

"Hm? -AH!" Callo ran right into Allen, crushing on the soft ground with the human. "Ouch..."

"Are you alright?" Zeyir ran up to them, helping them up.

"Yeah..." Allen shook his head. "What is it?"

"Can you feel that?" The demon-prince balled his fists nervously. "We got serious trouble!"

"Hm?" Callo leaned on a tree, trying to sense whatever Zeyir felt... "I can't feel anything..."

"Are you serious?! I can sense the pestering smell of Asgardians on all of this place!" He barked.

"Asgardians?!" Allen stepped back. He remembered their last encounter with Asgardians... Not Narwa, but Yarna! "Y... you mean...?"

"Look!" Callo pointed upwards all of a sudden. Through a small gap between the trees, a few shootingstars lightened the dark sky softly, almost floating through the darkness.

"They are around us..." Allen's heart started beating so hard. Cold memories came up within him and the urge of just running away pulsed through his body.

"..." Zeyir stared from Callo to Allen and back to Callo... "I think I have a plan!"

"So... Where are they?" A white haired, armored god stood in the forest, looking around at the darkness of the nights on Midgard...

"Somewhere here in this forest, Marduck!" Next to the white haired man, a God with black hair appeared, followed by some angels.

"Don't tell me we are going to search through this whole forest, Yarna!" Marduck's eyes gleamed dangerously. "I have better things to do than to hunt down a human and his demon-friend."

"You forget how important the obliteration of the 'Blessed Clan'. No one is supposed to unseal Twila's might ever again!" Yarna growled in return. "Of course I know their average position."

"Very well." Marduck grinned sheepishly. "It has been a while since my lance tasted some fresh demon-blood! And additionally to that a noble. Sounds great!"

"Noble? This little pest we have to deal with here is probably one of the most famous living demons of Utgard!" Yarna laughed, playing around with some light-mana in his hand. "And as soon as this little hunt is over, our quest is completed." The violet gem on his head gleamed dangerously. "The end of Utgard starts with the end of the Grozen-family."

"They won't stand a chance indeed." Marduck laughed while walking into the darkness. "Let's end this!"

"Now come on, Zeyir!" Allen ran ahead through the woods while grabbing the demon's arm to dragger him along. "Hurry up already or do you want to end up fried?!"

"I try to run as fast as I can, okay?!" The demon barked exhausted. "I need a break! Please! Two minutes won't kill us!!"

"Are you kidding?!" Allen stopped all of a sudden, staring at the demon in disbelief. "You can't be serious!!"

"Oh, I think he is..." Suddenly, Yarna appeared between two trees, crossing his arms.

"Unfortunately... he is totally wrong." Marduck appeared on the contrary side, his spear gleaming in the surreal light surrounding the god.

"Oh sh-!" Zeyir's eyes doubled in size. "Hey..." He smiled nervously. "Marduck, still Yarna's message-boy? I already heard you two are kind close. Why don't you two go book a room in a nice little Inn while we go and save Midgard, huh?"

"Why you little-"

"Stop, Marduck." Yarna growled. Zeyir was certain, if gazes could kill, he'd die on the spot. "I knew you were grouping up with that summoner-brat." He stepped a little closer. The angels accompanying them, remained in the shadows of the trees. As it seemed Yarna and Marduck wanted to finish this on their own... And Zeyir was aware, that these two were very well able to do so. "Now let me pay you back for your twisted game near Ardon!"

"Oh, you mean the one when I send you through half of this world, fooling you like a complete idiot?"

"Zeyir!" Allen hissed nervously. "Don't make them mad!"

"Who cares? They want to kill us anyway, so why not hurt their pride a little before dying?" Zeyir shook his head unimpressed. "How about it, guys? Are you coming now or can't you handle with an adult demon?!" His eyes almost burned as he deathglared Marduck. "Or can you only capture little kids?!"

"Hmpf." Marduck smiled. "You wear these scars rather open. I must say that surprised me. After all it is a mark given to you by my hand."

"As if I care! It shows that I escaped a whole army of Gods. And that while I was still a little kid." Zeyir lolled out his tongue. "Let's see if you get me again!" His voice was unnaturally loud... "Now charge already or do you want to chit-chat with us the whole time?!"

"Then let's end this already!" Marduck stormed forward, his spear spinning around in incredible speed.

"DARK LIGHT!" Allen shouted all of a sudden. The darkness grew so thick around them for a short second, that Marduck and Yarna lost sight of their victims.

"Dammit, where are they?!" The white-haired god turned around and around, searching for Allen and Zeyir.

"Oh, they are still here... somewhere..." Yarna stepped forward, a sphere of light forming in his hand. "This trick won't work, Grozen!"

Suddenly two shadows rushed through the bushes into two different directions.

"Get them!!" Yarna and some of the angels rushed after whoever ran to the north, Marduck and the rest of the guards ran after the person that flew towards west.

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"Are they gone?"

"Yes, and for goodness sake, if you don't step off my leg already, Zeyir, I will throw you into a pack of raging basilisk!!" Callo's voice growled dangerously through the shadows of the night as Zeyir lifted the shadow-seals off of them.

"Oh, right! I'm actually sitting on you..." He laughed, still shaking from nervousness. "Sorry, I thought it was a tree."

"Sure." Callo sighed and patted both Allen and Zeyir who were almost unable to move anymore.

"These were the worst 2 minutes in my whole life..." The summoner buried his head in his hands.

"I'm grateful they were total noobs concerning summoning..." Zeyir sighed.

"True... If they'd noticed that it wasn't me, summoning the dark light, we would have had a real problem..." Allen tried to stand up while balancing himself on a tree. "Who did you send off into the shadows now?"

"I sent Shade towards north and the other shadow was Steel." Callo stood up now as well, offering Zeyir a hand.

"Let's get out of here before they notice we fooled them again." A weird grin appeared on the demon-prince's face. "Pretty ironic indeed..." He muttered under his breath.

"Agreed. Come on!" Callo rushed ahead, following the riverside.

"Hello?" Narwa knocked on the wooden door of the treehouse while walking inside. "It's me! Are you home?"

"!!" A door slammed shut in an upper floor. "Narwa!!" A raven-haired woman, clawed in a blue dress stood on top of the stairs, smiling brightly as she recognized her friend. She rushed down the stairs, hugging the goddess playfully.

"Raven!" She smiled softly and hugged the human mercenary back. "How have you been?"

"Rejected every job I got offered until now cause I hoped you'd be back soon!" Grinning she ran into the kitchen. "I made some cookies!! Want one? Where are we going to be headed next?"

"Sure!" Narwa smiled softly. "Uhm... Raven... I think I..." She blushed deeply. "I..."

"What's wrong?" The human returned into the living-room, throwing a cookie towards the goddess while mumbling on one herself. "You are getting awfully red there!"

"I probably will join the boys again." Narwa tried to smile, but it was as if a cold hand embraced her stomach.

"You don't really sound happy about it..." Raven sat down next to the goddess, taking her hand. "If there is something bothering you, you can tell me. We are friends after all, right?"

"..." The white witch smiled softly and leaned her head against her friend's shoulder. "I think... I have a crush..."

"Oh shut up!!!" Raven jumped up, her mouth wide open yet the amusement was written on her face. "Don't tell me you fell to that Casanova!!!"

"W... well... I... can't really tell how that happened as well..." She muttered, blushing a little more.

"You know that he's got a girlfriend, don't you?" The mercenary rose an eyebrow questioning.

"He does?!" Narwa's mouth clapped open in shock. "B-but..."

"Yeah!! That girl in the desert! Don't you remember? He wears her necklace all the time!"

"NO!!!" Narwa yelled. "I wasn't talking about Callo, I meant Zeyir!!!"

"..." Now it was Raven's turn to change face-color, though her face turned pale instead of red... "But you two keep fighting whenever you see each other! You even smack him with your staff all the time!"

"..." Compared to Raven, Narwa's face looked like a tomato at the moment.

"Okay, okay, okay... I couldn't care less. Just go ahead and live through this weird relation-thingy or whatever you want to call this hate-love-relation..." She sighed frustrated. "shall we go?"

"Sure!!" Narwa smiled and watched Raven packing her bags for their travel.