

Essence of Time - The Forgotten Journey

Von Deamond

Kapitel 32:

Chapter 32

„Oh and this is wonderful too!“ Raven held a long white dress in hands. Silver ornaments decorated the sleeveless top and a long silken scarf hang loosely down, almost floating in the soft breeze of the street. “Look Narwa! This’d suit you just perfectly!”

“Yes, it’s truly beautiful!” The white goddess looked through the other robes of the store they were currently visiting. The elven town was filled with so many wonderful stores... The girls could barely decide which one to visit next... There were shops with brooches, flutes, weapons and Raven swore she had seen one for hair-extensions! Not that Narwa needed any...

Grenlin followed the two girls, enjoying their lively behavior. She wasn’t used to this kind of company. The dwarfs she used to travel with were rather harsh and strict most of the time. These women were full of life and just spread of energy!

“Oh and this would match with you perfectly, Grenlin!” Narwa smiled and ran up to the woman that... barely reached her bellybutton in size... “This would look so nice.” She held a red dress with white ribbons and laces attached on it. It didn’t look too girlish, but enough to give her a feminine touch.

“It looks really nice Narwa, but... Nya, I dislike dresses... I need trousers to feel good.” Chuckling, the dwarf patted the disappointed witch, giving her a cheering smile. “How about we go to the Temple next?”

Nodding the girls agreed. They wanted to visit the forest-temple ever since they had arrived. The temple was built high on the giant tree around which the town was built.

“Here we are!” Nuramond smiled and pulled on Callo’s arm to lead him into the elven city, followed closely by Allen, Zeyir and Argon... first two just about to explode from suppressing their laughter... Argon felt more like crying though...

“If you’d mind.” The greenhaired man pushed himself between the tan elf and his sister. “Oh sorry, I mixed you with a tree-stump...”

"As long as you don't start hugging me or writing poems about me I don't mind ..."
Callo retorted sarcastically.

That was too much for Zeyir. He bursted out laughing, while leaning on Allen who now couldn't see any reason anymore why holding back as well... They kept chuckling and laughing the whole way till they finally reached an Inn...

Nuramond had offered them to pay for their rooms, but Zeyir and Allen had refused... at least that little honor was left in their veins so they wouldn't let a lady book their chambers!

"Alright, guys. I want to invite you to my home this evening as little thanks for helping my brother." The greenhaired girl smiled sweetly. The guys stared at her in disbelief and shock... 'HELP?!'

"W-well..." Zeyir blinked nervously and looked over to his comrades... "I... guess that'll be alright..."

"Fine!" Nuramond chirped happily. She took her little brother's arm and dragged him towards the exit. "I will pick you up at 6 pm if that's okay with you. In the meantime you might want to restock your supplies!" She smiled delighted and pushed the exit-door open, leaving the three men behind.

"My..." Allen sighed and fell on his bed. It's been so long since they had slept in a regular bed.... The last time was in... Utgard and he had been out cold then... Oh great... "Now that I think about it... I wish I would have been able to see Galdor..."

Zeyir and Callo stared at the human confused. What was this sudden change of subject?

"W... well..." The demon bit his lip confused. "I guess... it is kinda... impressive if you don't live there every day..."

"What impressed me most was the black marble. I have never seen a dark material this intense..." The desert-elf mused his demonic companion. "Besides I have to admit your father isn't even half as bad."

"Tse..." Zeyir rolled his eyes. "Makes me remember I should probably buy him some souvenirs and send them to him..." An evil smile formed on his face. "Wanna tease him a little..."

"Hehe." Allen chuckled and hopped up, preparing for going to the market-place.

The elven market-place was giant. Filled with all kinds of shops, the boys decided to check on the weapon-stores first... Allen needed a new set of daggers... his were rampaged ever since their grindstones had gone out... Lucky Callo and Zeyir they owned special weapons that didn't loose sharpness that fast...

"Alright! We need..." The summoner paused for a second, staring at all the wonderful weapons with glee written in his eyes... Man, this guy could be really creepy when it came to blades... "5 Grindstones, two of these daggers, oh and that sword is nice! This one looks great too! How about—mhmnmhm..." Callo covered his comrade's mouth hesitantly.

"Just 5 grindstones and these two daggers... thank you..." Zeyir tried to chuckle innocently, but getting hit by the angry human again and again made the effort rather pointless...

"Man, you are so unfair..." Allen stared at his new two daggers... "That sword looked so cool..."

"And how exactly did you plan on paying for something like that?!" Callo smacked his friend firmly on the arm, hoping to beat at least a little sense into him this way... But it was useless... he just kept staring at his daggers unimpressed.

"..." Zeyir closed his eyes. A weird feeling followed him ever since they had entered the marketplace. "Guys?"

The two men looked at their companion surprised. Zeyir had kind of fallen behind and the worried expression on his face showed them that indeed something was not alright...

"Are you alright?"

"Do you miss Utgard?" Allen's face took a worried expression, but as the other two men stared at him unimpressed, he added "Just wondering..."

"I can sense something strange in this town." Zeyir ignored Allen statement, concentrating on the subject again. "It is as... I can't really tell what it is, but we should make sure to stay on our guard." He sighed... He wished he was able to give them a better description of what was going on, but within him something really seemed to not be right... this weird feeling was like some kind of instinct, trying to tell him something... but what?!

"Well... then I guess we should return to the Inn after restocking supplies. If you want, I can do that." Allen wanted to take the wallet from Callo as the dark elf focused on Galdor's prince again.

"Could it be Gods?"

"M-maybe..." Zeyir hesitated. This could be it... maybe he was sensing a god!

"Then I better go restocking supplies." Callo swiftly snapped the wallet away from Allen, giving him a death-glare. "You are both on their black-list... for being a van Tirith, and you for being a Grozen..." He pointed at Zeyir's forehead. Even if it wasn't

Marduck and Yarna, some gods might recognize the blue mark on his head. "Besides, they haven't seen me yet, so I'm out of danger."

"Guess you are right." Allen sighed disappointed... this would have been the perfect chance to run back and buy that bastard-sword he had seen before...

"Okay. But if you are not back till 6 pm-" Callo already turned away from them, cutting Zeyir off. Of course he would be back until then!

"Meet you later."

"..." Zeyir rose an eyebrow. "I don't know... but maybe it wasn't exactly the best idea to let him buy our food..." Chuckling he patted the summoner, heading back to the Inn.

Their Inn was close to a giant tree in the center of the city. On top of it some kind of temple was placed... It looked nice with the white walls and the green and golden ornaments... and the soft shadow it casted over the houses was just perfect for the young demon. He disliked too much sun anyway...

They had almost reached their Inn again as the feeling within Zeyir grew stronger again. He stopped and pulled Allen into a side-alley, off from the main-street.

"What's wrong?"

"C-Callo..." Zeyir gulped. His body was shivering. "Callo was right. There really are gods in this town..." He bit his lip and carefully looked around the corner of the building. If Yarna or Marduck were here and found them they were doomed! Allen would never be able to cast a summon fast enough and without Callo, Zeyir couldn't take on both of them! Even one of them would be a really rough battle with unclear ending... probably him dead... He shook his head to get rid of these thoughts... but the fact that it was Marduck who was after them as well worried him the most...

Nervously, Zeyir moved his hand over the scars on his chest. He knew that aura... but was that really Marduck or Yarna? It was familiar, yet... having a godly aura could only be a bad thing! Yarna or Marduck... Yarna or Marduck... Suddenly he heard words from right next to him.

Zeyir turned around, just to see Allen casting the last words of his summon.

"Allen, are you crazy?!" The demon wanted to interfere but it was too late.

Luna, the Great Spirit of Darkness appeared next to them, sending an immense wave of dark Mana through the city.

"Oh great! Any god within twenty miles range will have felt that!" Zeyir hissed.

"Yeah, and so will have Callo. Besides, that way I can give you a powerboost right from the start! Maybe they will retreat then." Allen looked at the Midnightqueen in respect.

"..." Zeir slapped his hand against his forehead. Of course having Luna here from the beginning was an advantage, but maybe they wouldn't have found them anyway?!

"I know this is the harder way, but it is also the safer one!" Allen hissed. "I don't want this town to turn into a second Ardon!!"

"If there are really Yarna and Marduck in this city, it WILL turn into a second Ardon you fool!" Zeyir hissed, grabbing his hand and dragging him deeper into the alley to get away from the public masses.

"What if it is just a random god visiting this town?!" Allen barked. "Sensing such a strong dark presence as this of a Great Spirit, the god will retreat immediately!"

Zeyir stopped. Allen was right. The strong dark presence would scare any other god beside Yarna and Marduck away... and even if this had just shown off their location, with Luna on their side, he was at least able to hold against the two warriors for a little...

Suddenly he snapped back into reality. Panick filled his stomach as he sensed the godly aura coming closer to them.

"Prepare, they are coming!" Zeyir summoned his flamesaber in hands, ready to attack at any second their enemy was going to show his face.

"Luna, are you ready?" Allen looked up at the emotionless maiden, receiving a nod as an answer.

"There you go!" Zeyir rushed forwards as he felt the godly presence entering the alley.

"So there you are!"

Zeyir tried his best to stop, unsummoned his sword, but the ground was too wet to stop anymore!!

"AAAAH!" He ran directly into a very familiar god indeed... or to be more exact into a goddess...

"Uff!" Narwa landed on the ground, Zeyir landing right next to her. Raven came running up to them worried, but as she spotted Allen in the darkness, decided to greet him first.

"Allen! Hey!!!" She hugged him playfully, looking up at Luna in awe. It was the first time she had ever seen the Great Spirit and her dress of darkness and stars impressed the young girl far more than the awful situation her friend were on...

"You stupid idiot!" Narwa smacked her staff down on Zeyir who was still lying flat on the ground...

"Heyy! You are lucky I didn't slice you into pieces!" He retorted annoyed. "You could be dead by now so be grateful I reacted faster than you di-" Another hit with the staff made him shut up...

"You are such a rude person, it-it... Gra! I can't even find words for what you are!" The goddess snapped annoyed, standing up and trying to get her white dress clean again, but the muddy ground was just too wet to get off again... "That was my favorite..."

"Yeah... sure..." Zeyir rolled his eyes, receiving a smack from behind. "Ouch! Hey, who..."

As he turned around, he couldn't see anyone... until he looked down.

"Hey, that's not the way to talk with a lady, ya moron!!" The dwarfen woman smacked him on his arm again –not reaching the higher parts...

"Zeyir!" Callo came running through the street, two bags with supplies hanging around his shoulders while he held his rapiers in hands. "Uh... Narwa?" He looked confused at the goddess... so she was the cause...?

"Good midday, Callo!" The goddess smiled politely, waving with one hand over her skirt playfully. "I am terribly sorry for causing this--- incidence... I didn't know that stupid demon..." She gave Zeyir an angry glare. "...couldn't realize the difference between my aura and the one of an enemy." She hissed dangerously, promising revenge.

"I..." Callo looked from Luna over to Allen and Raven, back to Zeyir, Narwa and the unknown dwarf. "...see..."

"Hey, Callo!" Raven grinned brightly, waving the desert-elf.

"So you are the guys they were looking for? My name is Grenlin!" The dwarf smiled. "They were right, you guys really are handsome!"

"GRENLIN!!" Narwa's face grew just as red as Zeyir's eyes...

"Aw..." Allen looked at Raven, chuckling, receiving just an agreeing smirk from the mercenary.

"Well, you guys are way handsome, hehe~" Raven giggled innocently and hopped towards Narwa, hugging her playfully. Narwa looked away, nervously. Grenlin chuckled at the sight of the white witch. These youngsters were so cute...

"Anyway..." Grenlin interrupted the funny scene.

"How about we go to the Inn to talk...?" Zeyir sighed frustrated. This was getting more and more complicated...

Inside the Inn, the men entered their room, followed by three girl – receiving weird glares from the other guests.

“Raven threw herself on the bed on which she spotted Allen’s packs, making herself comfortable. There were no chairs or tables in the room, so Narwa hurried over to Callo’s bed, using her hat to sit on, to not sitting directly on the elf’s blankets since her skit was still dirty from the little encounter with Zeyir before... Callo sat down next to her while Allen jumped on his bed, next to Raven. Zeyir made himself comfortable on his own bed. Grenlin leaned on the doorframe, watching the –what she believed- couples interested.

“Hehe, you two make a nice couple!” She pointed at Narwa and Callo.

“Excuse me, but you must have misunderstood something there...” The desert-elf rose an eyebrow smirking.

“Oh...” The dwarf chuckled nervously. Could she really be that wrong...? Narwa had acted so nervously when it came to the three guys... She was so sure she had a crush in one of them!

“I... I would appreciate it if you didn’t...” Narwa’s face grew red. So she was right after all, but then who was the one?! Grenlin looked over at Zeyir. Nya, couldn’t be him... She would have tried to sit next to him then... teenager always acted that way. Yet, maybe it was Allen, and Raven had been faster. That had to be it!

“Gotcha, girl.” She smiled and walked over to the window, looking outside and up to the forest-temple. The air was already a little cool here in the shades of the giant trees. Evening was coming...

“What are you doing here, girls?” Allen smiled, lying next to Raven on his bed. The mercenary chuckled innocently, rolling her eyes.

“Juuuust to see you again of course!” Grinning, she made herself comfortable.

“Haha, sure.” The summoner looked over to Grenlin surprised, noticing her worried glare on him...

“To be honest...” Narwa interrupted. “I talked with a goddess in Asgard and strange things are happening in all three worlds...”

“Woah, wait a sec!” Grenlin interrupted. Narwa slapped herself mentally. She had totally forgotten Grenlin didn’t know anything about what they were doing here! “Asgard?! Goddess?! What are you talking about?!”

“You haven’t filled her in, huh?” Zeyir grinned evilly. Narwa didn’t like the look on his face at all... These almost bloodthirsty eyes announced a mean plot that was definitely going to turn against her again...

"Grenlin, I'm sorry I didn't tell you earlier." The goddess stood up nervously, not taking her observing eyes from the demon-prince.

"I am a summoner." Allen stated, noticing the waves between his best friend and the nervous goddess. "And since a few months my friends here and I travel through Midgard searching for the Great Spirits." He smiled at the confused expression on Grenlin's face. "Strange things are happening here lately and it seems to have a close connection to Asgard and Utgard as well."

"That's why I am here as well." Narwa spread her wings, showing her godly beauty.

"I... think I..." Grenlin rubbed her forehead in deep thought. "And... that guy's an Utgardian then?" She pointed towards Zeyir who snorted at the 'guy'...

"I'm not just a random Utgardian, okay?! I'm the Prince of Gal-" Interrupted by a smack from Narwa and a thrown boot by Callo, Zeyir shut up...

"Haha, honestly you'd really make a sweet couple!" She chuckled receiving a deathglare from the dark elf.

"Anyway, I hope it is alright for to keep quiet about it." Raven smiled at Grenlin. She already trusted the dwarf and didn't mind her filled in at all.

"Of course!" She smiled. "You can count on me! But I have to ask you to come along with you then! I can't leave the fate of our world in the hands of such youngsters as you are! I might be already over 30 years old, but you can count on me!"

Callo and Narwa snorted at that statement... That dwarf was clueless...

Suddenly someone knocked on the door. Taking a look outside, Allen gasped. It was already past 6 pm!

Nuramond opened the door to the room shily, getting rather shocked by the amount of girls inside.

"O-oh, hey Nuramond! Come in!" Zeyir grinned, hoping for Argon to be with her. Kisu rushed past the elf, hopping into Zeyir's arms. "Oh, hey little chocolate-thief!" He rubbed the spirit's ears playfully while receiving some affectionate smudges from the little squirrel-like creature.

"..." Narwa blushed as she watched the demon playing with the spirit. By now it rested on his shoulders, watching Nuramond happily.

"I wanted to pick you up for dinner..." The forest elf looked at Callo nervously and a little saddened.

"Right, we are really sorry. We met some comrades of ours here, so we totally forgot about time!" Allen tried to rescue the situation. Poor Nuramond...

"Exactly!" Zeyir got the hint and hopped up, taking Narwa's hand, leading her away from the desert-elf. "At least try acting like my girlfriend for a second, k? I will explain later?" He whispered almost unheard towards the goddess. Now her face grew even redder.

"I see!" Nuramond chirped happily, walking over towards Callo. "I'm sure you will love my cooking! I prepared something I heard was a typical desert-elf-dish!" Trying to impress Callo, she leaned forward a little taking his arm. "Come on!"

"As long as it doesn't taste like his cooking, I'm alright with it..." Allen whispered towards Allen, chuckling.

"If you want, you are invited as well!" The forest-elf smiled happily towards the other girls in the room.

Things really grew stranger with every single day...

At Nuramond's house, the group enjoyed a really nice meal. The sauce with lamb and something that looked like pancakes was really spicy but it tasted awesome. Allen had taken a third dish, Zeyir was even at his fourth. Callo, Raven and Grenlin –who had gladly taken the offer for a free meal- were at their second take while Nuramond and Narwa only ate from the pancake-like bread...

"You don't want any of the meat, girl? You are going to fall from your flesh!" Grenlin looked at Narwa worried.

"I'm vegetarian, Grenlin. And besides, it really is not as if I had any weight-problems." She chuckled innocently.

"That's what you are saying now..." Zeyir rolled his eyes, receiving another smack from Narwa's staff.

"Somehow I really start thinking you like being smacked." Callo grinned. Nuramond took the chance and hang right by his arm again.

"And? Do you like the food? Did I make it right?"

"For your first time trying a desert-dish it was good." He grinned. Man it felt as if it had been ages since he had gotten something like this to eat last time... Not that Allen's cooking was bad –not at all- but it was great eating something that tasted so familiar. "Next time try to get the Matzen not all burned up." He pointed at the pancake-like bread. "And a little less spice will do as well." He smirked. He didn't mind the spice at all, but the others' heads were all red already...

"Alright, I will try my best to become better!" Nuramond smiled delighted and returned to the table, taking another Matzen.

The group sat together until past midnight. Argon had only interrupted them once, picking himself some fruits from the storage-room next to the dinner-room before returning to his room again, grumpy. He would never eat a desert-dish nor would he sit next to a brainless bloody barbarian, a word he thought as kinda matching for the desert-brute sitting on his table... He had received a firm smack from his sister for that comment and some good laughs from the rest of the group...

Nuramond had started a conversation with Allen and Raven about crafting and blades. She seemed to like ornamenting all sorts of weapons, buying rather simple ones and refining them with very well-trained methods. Callo had to admit, Nuramond was –despite the fact she was a forest-elf – not even half that bad.

While Zeyir and Narwa sank into an argue again about whatever reasons they could find again, this time it was about Zeyir's short shirt and how rude it was to show off his belly that freely, Grenlin mused Nuramond and Callo. That desert-elf really was clueless to no end... he wouldn't even have noticed the girl was interested in him if she overwhelmed him with red roses and pralines. Allen and Raven however were a perfect match! They came along greatly and seemed to have the perfect mixture between differences and similarities to come along with each other greatly. But what made Grenlin worry was the fact that Narwa seemed to have a crush on Allen too... this might cost the girls friendship in the end even...

The dwarf sighed and leaned on the table, tiredly.

"You are so silly!" Zeyir barked annoyed while crawling his hands into his hair.

"No, you are the one who is totally reckless and childish. You behave like a kid!" Narwa took her witch-hat in hand and twisted it a little, trying to get rid of her aggressions.

"Mind me reminding you? Compared to you old lady, I, in fact, am almost still a kid!" He lolled out his tongue, and so did Narwa...

Suddenly Grenlin realized it!!

"Wait, so you have a crush on Zeyir, not on Allen!" The dwarf chirped.

...

A long pause in which anyone stared at the woman in utter confusion, shock and surprise.

The first sound that broke the silence was Zeyir's laughter.

"Yeeeeeeah, sure, nice on, Gren!" He laughed a little more, now having Allen and Raven join in as well, though they more did it because they saw Narwa's face-expression, trying to save her from an uncomfortable situation. The goddess snapped out of her almost trance-like state, back into reality.

"Hahaha, no, not at all, Grenlin!" She smiled innocently. In her 700 years of life she had

learned to suppress her actual emotions in times necessary... but this was so hard... Hearing Zeyir laugh at it like this was almost like a knife in her heart... If she would have let go of her feelings, she would have been crying... Why did she have to fall in love with someone who would never feel the same way for her?! Why did she always had to try reaching the impossible?!

Allen stood up from the table all of a sudden, rubbing his belly. "The food was really great, Nuramond! Thanks a lot!"

"You are most welcome!" The forest-elf smiled, pleased.

"Right, for tomorrow ... or better today..." Callo looked at the clock hanging on the wall... almost 1 am... "We need to get to the Cathedral of Nature. Do you know how we might get there?"

"The Cathedral of Nature?!" She blinked shocked. "You... will need permission from the Dukes to enter it."

"And how-" Raven was just about to ask as Nuramond continued.

"Tomorrow is a ball at the forest-temple to praise the glories of nature." She ran to a cupboard searching for something. As she returned she held three letters in hand with golden ornaments and sealed with a blue flower that, despite the color, reminded Allen of cherry-blossoms. "I and Argon got three tickets plus partner."

Zeyir stared at the tickets. This was the perfect chance! "But won't you and Argon go there with a girlfriend or something? Then only two of us were able to get there."

"Argon won't go. He won't go without a summon-pact." She smiled. "And... I could go with Callo, so the other tickets are for you to use!"

"I-"

"Great!" Allen, Raven and Zeyir interrupted before Callo got a chance to reject. "So, then we will have to go shop some new cloths tomorrow!!" Raven added happily. How came this girl was always thinking about shopping?!

"Very well. Shall we meet therefore tomorrow again? I will pick you up at midday!" Nuramond was so happy, she hugged Kisu so tightly, the poor thing escaped panicking into the trashcan at the other side of the room.

Back in the Inn, the guys were booking rooms for the girls.

"They have only two double-rooms left. You have to decide who will sleep with who." Callo handed over a key to Raven and one to Grenlin. Narwa had been silent for the rest of the evening, so maybe it was best if she wasn't alone...

"I'll take a room with Raven." Anyone stared surprised at the human summoner as he

spoke up all of a sudden. "I need to talk with Raven about something important, so it'd be best if she had the single-room. I will go to my room again as soon as we are done talking, but as I don't know how long it will take I-"

"It's alright." Zeyir just patted his friend. "I need a nap now so just make sure you are not too noisy when returning to our room, okay?"

"Sure." Allen smiled and walked to the highest floor with Raven. The guys' room was located in the middle-floor while Grenlin's and Narwa's room was at ground-level. The team split, going to bed after a great evening...

Raven shut the door behind them as Allen sat down on the bed to the side. The mercenary placed herself next to him, worried what he might want to talk about.

"Is something wrong?" The tone in her voice gave Allen a chill, she was really worried about him.

"There are... two things I need to talk with you about..." He sighed deeply and covered his face with his hands. This was burning on his soul now ever since he had re-awoken from his deep slumber after they had returned from Utgard... and now he had finally met the only person again he felt like talking about with...

"Go ahead, what is it?"

"You see... first I really have to wonder..." He rose an eyebrow, grinning innocently. "Since when does Narwa develop feelings towards Zeyir?!"

"Oh... that..." Raven chuckled bemused. "I was kinda shocked when I heard it as well... I think she realized it after her return from Asgard... must be really rough for her... Zeyir is not really the person to... you know... rely on..."

"I have to disagree in that on. He is absolutely reliable, even though his cold-blooded attitude gives me a chill..." Allen leaned back on the bed, his hands on his belly. "To be honest, I doubt he really dislikes her... In fact I have the feeling as if he likes her much more than he'd dare to admit. The fact that they are Goddess and Demon is the only thing that stands between them... but I guess that is none of our business... They have to figure that out on their own."

"But we could at least help them getting to the point to figure it out." Raven smiled so sheepishly, it was creepy!! The summoner felt a chill running down his spine. "Anyway, what was the second thing you wanted to talk about?"

"..." Allen closed his eyes. His heart was pounding so hard, he couldn't take it any longer. "Raven... what would you say... if I changed...? If I... was not human anymore all of a sudden?"

"That's completely ridiculous! You are you and that's it!" She smiled and kissed his forehead. "So don't be silly."

"Ever since I made a pact with Luna and Sol my body feels like changing. I don't grow tired anymore that fast and my senses grew sharper. My whole body feels like changing. It is almost as if I became a different person... and it scares me..." Once again, he took up his hands, covering his face from the woman, almost as if he wanted to hide whatever was lying underneath them...

Raven looked at him with saddened eyes, pulling on his wrists, getting free sight on him again. "That is none-sense! You are yourself because you are Allen van Tirith! You are still the same person! It doesn't matter what you are, it is important who you are and even if the what is changing, the only one to decides what becomes out of the who is you!" She almost barked at him for having such dark thoughts. "What are you so scared of?! You will make pacts with all of the Great Spirits, and even if your body changes, you can ask them easily to turn you back! I'm sure they can do that! So what's your problem?"

"Raven... this journey... will cost my life."