

Essence of Time - The Forgotten Journey

Von Deamond

Kapitel 37:

Chapter 37

„No, I haven't!"

"You have!"

"Hey, if you need someone to pick on, go up and annoy Zeyir!" Raven barked while trying to steal Callo's piece of apple-pie. "You don't like it anyway!"

"Yeah, but you had two already! Besides, this is not mine but Zeyir's piece of pie!" Callo lifted the plate up as high as he could effort, causing Raven to try to jump up on him.

"And? He is asleep! If he doesn't know there was pie, he won't care!" The girl grit her teeth... Did she really have to use her secret weapon on the tan man again? Concentrating, she relaxed her face, preparing her ultimate weapon. Tears already started forming in her eyes as...

"Oh come on, you two!" Allen entered the dining-room of the Inn, followed by Nuramond, Narwa and Himikea. Kisu sat- napping on a cookie- on Narwa's shoulder.

"He started!"

"Huh?" Callo only rose his eyebrows, placing the piece of pie on the table. "That's Zeyir's desert. The bonehead of a mercenary here wants to steal it all the time!"

"Raven, leave it to Zeyir." Allen rolled his eyes... What a kindergarten... and Zeyir wasn't even around! Sighing, he left for the kitchen. The cook had agreed with him that the young summoner was allowed to cook in the Inn's kitchen...

"Yeah, run to daddy and go squealing..." Raven hissed towards the dark elf, hopping after the other girls.

"Hmpf." Callo's eyes wandered to a clock on the wall. Already 3 pm... Even for Zeyir that was late to wake up... He had felt tired after their return from Weyards' Temple.

Biting his lip, Callo took the piece of pie and walked towards the stairs up to the rooms... He couldn't explain it to himself, but he had a bad feeling... It was as if a shadow hung over the upper floor as he walked up the stairs. He slowly opened the door of the guys' room, finding Zeyir still asleep in his bed.

"Hey, Zeyir." Callo leaned against the door-frame. "What's wrong? Get up already! We are even done eating lunch by now!" Grinning, he stepped inside, pulling the blanket away from Zeyir.

"Hmmm..." The demon lay in his bed, rolled to a ball, holding his arms as if he felt cold. Even with his usual almost grayish skin, he looked damn pale right now!

Callo leaned forward, looking at the demon with a worried expression. "Hey, what's wrong?"

"Don't know..." Turing around and around again, the demon tried to find a comforting position. He felt so sick at the moment... and cold... "Would you mind... bringing me my vest?"

"Sure." Callo stood up again, turning towards the chair on the side. He carefully took the green vest and was just about to turn again as- "Hm?" He lifted his shoe... He had just stepped on something...

His face turning pale, Callo recognized the small red thorn lying on the ground.

"What's wrong?" Zeyir blinked from his bed, his blankets wrapped around him.

"Gosh, dammit! Misfortune really HAS her target pinned on your back!" Callo barked, throwing the vest on the ground before turning and running out of the room.

Clueless what the problem of the elf was, Zeyir only rose and eyebrow, snuggling himself into a ball again, trying to warm himself.

"NARWA?!" Callo sprinted down, taking the whole stairway with only one giant jump. Without losing a further second, he turned towards the dinning-room, rushing inside.

Narwa sat on a table along with the other girls, enjoying a cup of tea. Staring at the intruder in surprise, the girls only stood up from the table, knowing there had to be something wrong.

"Narwa! Do you know how to cure the poison of the flowers in the temple?!" The tan man walked up to the goddess, taking her hand, dragging her towards the stairs.

"U-uhm... there is no cure for river-death-poison. I told you it was deadly!" Suddenly her eyes ripped open. "Who!? Who is poisoned!?" She already knew the answer... their whole group was down in the kitchen beside... "Zeyir!" She sprinted past Callo, leaving the elder behind.

Callo waited for a second, unsure what to do. He only bit his lip and looked aside.

"What's going on?" Allen walked out of the dining-room, looking at Callo confused, his frying-pan with vegetables still in hand.

"Zeyir managed to get himself into trouble again!" The elf barked angrily. By Sol, this boy was going to drive him insane one day... if he had long enough to live that was... "He managed to get poisoned by these river-death-flowers!"

"!?! " Allen almost dropped his pan.

"And Narwa said she doesn't know about a way to cure it! Dammit, I can't even be mad on him right now!!" Crossing his arms, Callo shook his head. This felt so unreal! The boy was not healthy, that was for sure, but deadly poisoned? He didn't seem like that at all...

"..." Allen thought for a second... "Maybe if Narwa doesn't know a way to cure the poison..." He placed the pan on a cupboard on the side. "How fast are spirits in traveling?"

"Depends. They can travel to the spot their summoners are in an instant, as well as to their temples or to places they are absolutely familiar with, other than that they have to travel just as anyone else... Why are you asking?"

"No time to explain!" He started running outside the Inn, followed by the elf.

"You stupid idiot!" Narwa barked at him with such a fury, Zeyir only tried to get a little further away from her, but as she was sitting on his bed and he didn't feel like walking at all, that was a rather hard task. "I told you to stay away from the flowers! I told you not to get close to them!"

"W-would you mind... explaining me what's wrong?!" The demon tried to escape the goddess's grip, but she had already wrapped her arm around his shoulders, holding him down while feeling his temperature and pulse.

"Hm, weird... By now the poison should have infected you much more... It is a miracle you are even awake!" She blinked confused before searching through her bag for some herbs...

Zeyir gulped at the sight of the weird liquids and pills... Seemed more like a poison-factory to him...

"Take this... This might help slowing the process down..."

"Which process?!"

"The one of the poison, you moron!" She hit him with her staff again. "Don't act so stupid all the time! I need to go to the library! Maybe the elves know about a way to

cure you!"

"And why should-"

"River-death-poison is deadly... They are growing on Asgard too, and, even though they are rare, they cost so many angels and gods their lives... There is no medicine against them in Asgard... but if the elves are familiar with them, maybe they have one..." Without a further word, she stood up and walked out of the room, leaving a shocked demon behind.

Zeyir's eyes were widened in shock. Deadly poison?! DEADLY POISON!? Oh great! Not again! He really was a bad-luck-magnet!!

Lying back down, he thought through all of this again... He felt sick, he felt cold, he felt weakened... but deadly poisoned? It didn't feel that bad to him...

Outside the room, Narwa stood next to the closed door, sobbing silently into her hands. Why wasn't she a better healer? Why couldn't she protect the people she loved? Why couldn't she even protect the man she loved...?

"Are you sure that's a good idea?" Callo hesitated nervously. "The Great Spirits aren't your footboys, you know..."

"Sure, but I don't care. If Zeyir is in trouble, I will help him! He saved my life often enough!" Allen barked, starting his chanting.

"But sending Sol to Yora and then to Nihil to find Morgana..." The elder gulped. His kind worshiped Sol... to think of him as Allen's gofer was really hard... "And Luna to Galdor? Are you sure? Don't you think King Kyrin will come right after us again, taking Zeyir back again?"

"Do you prefer telling him his son died because we were too afraid to ask for help of him??" Allen rose an eyebrow after finishing his chant. In the meantime, Luna and Sol appeared in their usual manner in front of their summoner.

"I... guess not..." Sighing, Callo rubbed his ankles... He just prayed no one of his former tribe was ever going to find out...

"Okay guys... I need your help! Luna, you go to Galdor as fast as you can and ask in the castle if there is a way to cure the poison of river-deaths!" With that, the Great Spirit of Darkness disappeared without a further word.

Sol already looked down at Callo and Allen with a gaze that told them, he wasn't very bemused about being a messenger for the summoner...

"I am doomed..." Callo only turned around, hiding his face behind his hands.

"Sol, you go to your temple in Yora! Fly to Nihil as fast as you can and find out if there is a demoness called Morgana still in town! If so, ask her the same, okay?" Allen grinned. The Great Spirit looked at him unimpressed before disappearing.

"I bet when telling them you needed pacts with them to save Midgard, they imagined something else than this..." Callo grunted while leaning on a tree. They were outside town to not attract too much attention... But then again... Callo imagined Sol flying through Nihil asking the people where Morgana was... What a grotesque thought. Shaking his head he tried to get rid of the image.

"Shade would do the same for you, right? So why shouldn't they do it for me as well?" Smiling sheepishly, the human turned and returned to town. This was all they could do right now...

Zeyir lay in his bed, staring at the roof in thought... Could it really be?! It felt so unreal...

Looking aside, his eyes fell on his hand... He summoned his flame-sword, looking at it in sympathy... The red sparkles fell around his fingers, tickling him when they touched the skin. The sword once belonged to his father... If he would see him aga-

"GRA!" Zeyir snapped up from his bed, gritting his teeth. "Come on, Zey! You can do it! You are a royal demon! A little poison won't throw you off your feet!!" He shouted at himself aloud. He was not the kind of person to give up! He would never give up to something like illness or poison! If he was going to die one day, it would be during a battle or because of his age, but never because of illness or poison! Not him!!

He jumped up from his bed, ready to get down to the others and travel on!!

The second he landed on his feet though, he felt them giving in... Landing on his knees, the demon prince had to admit to himself that even though he already had the spirit, staying in bed was probably the better choice... Pulling himself back up, he wrapped himself into his blankets, taking a nap... but as soon as he was awake again he was so going to kick that poison's butt and prove that he was stronger than this! ... uhm, yeah!

The library of the elves was indeed fascinating! So many books... It wasn't as huge as the library in Menel, but the fact that the bookcases were growing trees inside the giant tree in the center of the city gave the whole place an atmosphere of myths and fairytales...

Narwa searched through so many books now... but anyone of them said that the poison was incurable with midgardian or asgardian herbs. What made her wonder though was... an old book in an ancient demonic language. She could read very few words of it... and she was certain there was a recipe of how to cure the poison... but she just couldn't read it! Dammit!

"M-Milord?" A blue haired vampire came into the great hall, rather frightened and clueless what to do... King Kyrin sat on his throne relaxed while going through some reports about the latest attacks of the surrounding kingdoms.

"What is it, Will?"

"Uhm... There is... a Great Spirit with a message for you..." The vampire-knight opened the door to the hall, revealing the sight on the Midnightqueen of Midgard. Kyrin blinked confused, gulping nervously. How was that possib-

"Zeyir!" The king jumped up, remembering the fact that his beloved son was with a summoner!!

"Lord Kyrin, my oath-master sent me to you to ask you a question." With her unnatural voice, Luna seemed to fill the hall with darkness with every word she spoke. Kyrin only nodded, now just as confused as Will. "My master wanted to know of you, if there is a cure for Riverdeath-Poison for demons."

Kyrin almost got a heart-attack at these words. "W-well... No, there isn't, but..."

"I'm back!" Narwa came running into the room, pushing Allen and Callo aside. Zeyir lay in his bed, looking up at her in a way that reminded her more of a hurt fawn than a proud prince...

"... Did you find something?" He blinked tiredly while holding his belly. "I feel so siiiiiick!"

"Stop acting like a little kid! And you two guys get out now!" The goddess barked at the two 'friends' of Zeyir that had a hard time to decide between being totally worried or laughing at the whiny demon... "I think I found something, but you need to translate it for me! Maybe I can cure you!!"

"That would be awesome..." The demon turned around in his bed, looking at the roof.

"I'm just glad you are still in such a good condition..." Searching through the book, Narwa tried to find the page she had seen about the poison... "Here it is! Can you translate it for me?!"

Zeyir tiredly took the book. Narwa held it for him carefully as she was afraid he might drop it... He was weakened without question...

After a couple of seconds, Zeyir started chuckling. He even had to laugh all of a sudden.

Allen and Callo waited outside the room nervously, along with Nuramond, Raven and

Himikea, as suddenly darkness filled the corridor. Luna appeared in the shadows, unimpressed as always. Only a couple of seconds later, Sol, appeared next to her in a flash of light. It was funny watching Callo to suppress the urge to kneel down just the way he had learned it all his life long...

"We... did as you ordered us." Sol started. Callo shot another deathglare at his companion...

"The current ruler of Galdor told me the answer to your questions." Luna's calm voice gave them all a chill...

"So did the demoness you sent me to."

Allen nodded, praying there was a way to cure Zeyir's poisoning. They needed him! Not only as fighter, but as a friend!

"There is no cure for river-death-poison." Luna stated uncaring. Allen sank to his knees, his throat closing slowly. No... not him...

"However..." Sol continued. "Demons seem to have a certain kind of resistance against the poison. A little fever and sickness, but it is more like a cold. With enough rest, it will go away after few days."

"W-What?!" Callo took a couple of seconds to realize what they had just told them as-

"YOU STUPID LUCKY DEVIL YOU!!!"

They ripped the door open just in time to see Narwa smacking Zeyir with a book while he laughed so hard he had to hold his belly.

"Zey!" They all ran inside, filled with glee and joy.

"Bad weeds grow tall, guys!!" The demon grinned and pointed at the book Narwa had just hit him with.

"We heard demons are resistant against it already." Callo leaned forward, smacking his friend. "No matter how much misfortune you seem to have, luck is on your side none the less, huh?"

"Luck is with the stupid!" Narwa grunted while mixing some other herbs again. "If I knew that before, I wouldn't have had to be so worried!" She tried to bark but in between her words, they clearly heard her suppressed sobs... Allen looked at the others and showed them with a nod to get out.

"Don't tell me you were worried." Zeyir stated as the others were out again. He watched the goddess making another medicine for him while he leaned back into his pillow again. He felt hot and cold at the same time... ah great... "Admit it, you would have run around in joy if I had died."

"You stupid idiot..."

"?!" Zeyir snapped up as he saw tears rolling down the goddesses cheeks.

"You honestly think I would be happy to lose you?! You really think so!?" Staring at the demon with her deep blue eyes, she let go all her emotions, breaking out in tears.

Zeyir was totally helpless. What... what should he do? He suddenly felt his arms closing around her. It almost seemed as if his body reacted without him thinking even...

"I'm sorry..." Holding her in his arms, the demon felt his heart beating with the exact same pulse as Narwa's. For the very first time in his entire life... he wouldn't have wanted to change anything. Not being anyone else, Not being anywhere else... Just right here, right now...