

Essence of Time - The Forgotten Journey

Von Deamond

Kapitel 38:

Chapter 38

The days that passed until Zeir was finally back on his feet went on rather slow, especially for the taste of the very enervated desert-elf of the group...

It took Callo all of his mental strength not to kill every forest-elf passing his way, starting to whisper about his weird looks or about the 'desert-barbarians'... Even the demon felt pity for him by now.

"Is he back on his feet yet?"

"No, he isn't!" Narwa hissed at Callo as he entered the Inn again, coming from a trip through town with Allen in which he had bought supplies for their journey –which they would start as soon as Narwa gave her 'ok' on Zeyir's condition... Weird though that even though she was responsible for his condition –after all she was a healer- she barely dared entering the demon's room...

"Hey, I got you the herbs you asked for." Allen smiled softly and handed her a couple of leaves he had brought from the market. Their sweet smell filled the whole room. Smiling happily, the goddess took over her herbs and started working on them right away. The guys didn't even dare asking what she was preparing... When they had asked two days ago, she had given them a lecture full of enthusiasm for over an hour about the healing-theory of some of the greatest healers of Asgard and how this one special potion was created by them and that it was one of the strongest potions against neck-aches that existed in all three worlds –whatever they needed that for anyway... They wouldn't do the same mistake again for sure!

As they continued into the kitchen, Raven sat on a giant piece of cake already, licking over her lips while staring at the delicious looking sweet.

Allen sat down next to her, taking a fork from the neighbor-table, targeting Raven's dessert.

"Don't you dare even thinking about it, Mister." The young mercenary chuckled and took away the plate from the curious hunter.

"..." Callo only watched the two of them while leaning back, relaxing. He'd never get humans... Why fighting over a piece of sweet cake?! Besides, if Allen really wanted one he could easily order one... Himikea had managed that they stayed in the Inn for free, meals included...

"Hehehehe, ah, come on! Just one bite!"

"No way!" The human girl laughed and pushed the 'thief' away again and again.

"Oh wait now I get it!" Callo suddenly looked at them with widened eyes. "It is not because of the cake, it's because of the fun!"

"Wow, did you find that out all by yourself, Mister Genius?" Raven rolled her eyes and took a last giant bite of cake in her mouth, leaving Allen with a disappointed face-expression.

"Hm... Humans are truly weird..." The elf rolled his eyes while leaning back into his chair.

"I could say the same about you." Allen chuckled and ordered a piece of cake for himself.

"Huh? What do you mean?" Rising an eyebrow in confusion, Callo deathglared the young summoner, just in case of course...

"Ah, well, first of all there is this habit of yours." He grinned. "I already gave it a name! The Callo-stare... But deathglare matches it pretty well too... Secondly... You live the dream of 90% of male beings on this world and don't even notice it!"

"Huh?" Now the elder really was confused.

"You can't go through a crowded street without at least a half dozen women turning their heads for you. Any of them would sell a limb for going out with you and you wouldn't notice if they came running to you flowers and heart-shaped pralines in hands." Allen had to laugh at that one. But it was true! Callo was clueless in such things! It was as if he had never ever met another female being on this world but Serena! He wouldn't even notice anyone else! "You are kinda helpless in heart-matters, that's for sure."

"Suuure." He rolled his eyes. "You are just kidding me, right?"

"You think so? Then I bet with you that you haven't notice that someone from this little group has a crush on Zeyir. If you give me the correct name, I owe you 20 Gar, otherwise you owe me 20, deal?"

"Huh?" Callo rose his eyebrows so high, they disappeared behind his hair. "Uhm... sure... Grenlin?"

"Are you kidding?! Come on, I give you a second try!" The human's grin grew wider. He

was sooo going to win this bet!

"N-Nuramond? Come on, don't tell me it is Raven!"

"See what I mean? You didn't even notice Narwa had a crush on Zeyir, but that's soooo obvious!"

"W-w-what!?!?" The desert-elf yelled and jumped up in shock. "You MUST be kidding! This is just not possible... Zeyir and Narwa?! That is like... like... Ugh, there is nothing like this!"

"You mean like day and night, fire and water, darkness and light?" Raven stated from aside. They hadn't noticed she was back again...

"Y-yeah." Callo added hesitantly.

"I can assure you, it is the truth." She sighed. "Though I didn't get it in the beginning either... But by now... I think they are a great match! If you get to think about it, they are so sweet together! Narwa, the silver flower of the Holy World and Zeyir, the dark Prince of Asgard. It is like this old story from two families that hated each other but their children fell in love and all hate was forgotten and... ah, I love this story!"

"Didn't... they both die in the end?" Allen added, receiving a smack for the comment.

"Well, we won't let THAT happen of course, but it is about the idea! The spirit within the story! Love can make the impossible possible!" Clapping her hands together, Raven started day-dreaming...

"Ya, sure..." Sighing, Allen stood up. "You owe her 20 Gar by the way, Callo."

"Huh?! Why her?!" The elf's ears snapped up.

"Because I bet with her that you would get it was Narwa..." Grinning, Allen left for Zeyir's room.

In his bed, Zeyir played poker with Grenlin, Himikea and Argon while Nuramond kept complaining about how bad Argon was in playing this game... It was really bemusing! And if it went on like this, Zeyir was sure they could head off tomorrow! If Narwa didn't interfere that was of course... The demon had to wonder what was wrong with her anyway?! Why didn't she keep bugging him in every free minute about how stupid he was?! ... Ah right... Blushing, he lowered his head as the memory of three days ago entered his mind... He could feel his heart racing with two times the speed than before!

"Are you okay? Are you feeling worse again?" Himikea asked worried.

"Ha, that is because he is afraid of loosing against me of course!" Grnelin laughed and played out a royal-flush.

"Haha, sure thing." Argon rolled his eyes. Beside Callo, he liked the little group... They were fun to talk with...

"Y-ya... of course." The demon rolled his eyes and threw his cards on the pile.

Suddenly they heard heavy steps from outside the room, followed by the sound of metal...

"Where is my son!?" A deep voice growled from outside the door.

"That's not funny anymore, Allen..." Zeyir shook his head and looked unimpressed at the chuckling human that stepped inside.

"Oh, but it was two days ago!" The summoner laughed and patted his friend.

"I have to wonder what kind of problem you have." Himikea started shuffling the cards again. "Why should your father come here to get you anyway? Did you do something wrong?"

"No, but this genius has sent Luna herself to my father informing him that I was poisoned by river-deaths!" The demon barked annoyed. Ever since Allen had told him, he had been nervous... He was really wondering why his father wasn't here already with an army to get him back to nice, save Galdor...

"Hehe..." Chuckling innocently, Allen sat down next to Zeyir on the bed, taking some cards as well to join the game.

"I still don't get it... But you should be really happy that your father is worried about you. Well, at least I guess he is if he'd take the journey to this place to pick you up..." Smiling, Nuramond sat down on Argon's lab, participating in the game now as well. "What is your family's job anyway? I mena, yeah, you are from Utgard, but do they have the same jobs there as here?"

"Ah, right you don't know!" Allen blinked, realizing.

"Know what?" Everyone got curious now... Ah great...

"Uhm, I'm the son of... a diplomat from Utgard. I'm not supposed to be here anyway! That's why!" Rubbing over his forehead, the demon lowered his head again... He couldn't dare letting people know who he really was... If it came out, not even he was endangered, but his whole world... A royal demon interfering in matters of Midgard... a real disaster if someone wrong got to know!

"Uhm, may I come in?" Narwa appeared on the door-frame, nervously holding up a few herbs, showing that she just wanted to check on Zeyir.

"Alright, time to go, everyone!" Allen hopped up from the bed, taking the cards and leaving, followed by the others. Only Himikea remained in the room.

"Phew..." The demon stood up from the bed, stretching his limbs.

"Can I assist you in any way?" Himikea smiled. After all, she was a healer too.

"Thank you very much. I'd be glad for any advice." The goddess smiled. She was a great healer herself, but she was more specialized on Asgardian plants than Midgardian ones.

Preparing a crème made of herbs, Narwa was glad Himikea looked over her shoulders, giving her advice every here and then. Zeyir felt rather useless, watching the women mixing different herbs together, but he wouldn't interrupt their chit-chat... He even enjoyed seeing Narwa a little more relaxed around him... After the incidence from before, she... seemed to be just as nervous as him when they were together in one room...

After a couple of minutes, the girls were done. Happily musing their work, Himikea complimented the goddess about her mixing-technique... How could these girls actually getting so excited about these things?!

"Well then... I will join the others now. As soon as you are done I guess it is time for dinner." Smiling, the half-spirit left the room.

Silence fell in the room again... The seconds passed, slowly turning into minutes... Until finally...

"Uhm, ya, the herb-crème." Zeyir stuttered, pointing at the green substance.

"R-right..." Narwa almost dropped the bowl, catching her just in time before it hit the ground. "Uhm, would you mind turning? I... need to... well, you know..."

"Y-yeah. Same as yesterday, I know." The demon turned, taking off his shirt while sitting on his bed again. Narwa started slowly rub the green liquid on Zeyir's back. The silence grew heavier again... Only the sound of soft breaths filled the room...

"Zeyir?"

"Yes?" Turning around fast, the demon hit the goddess's hand by accident, sending the bowl with medicine right on the ground. With a loud clang, the green liquid was sent all over the ground. Cursing mentally, Zeyir wanted to fix the mess, leaning forward... in the same moment as Narwa...

"Ouch! Hey, watch your head!" The demon hissed while rubbing his forehead.

"Says the one with the melon-head!" The goddess hissed in return. Though suddenly, both had to start chuckling. What an awkward situation!

"I'm sorry..." Sighing, the Prince of Galdor rose from his bed, picking up the remains of Narwa's bowl while she got a towel from the bath.

"You don't have to be. It wasn't your fault... At least not alone." She smiled softly while joining him on the ground.

"You know... if I didn't have to save you all the time I might even start liking you."

"Hehe, says the right one." The white witch smiled and smacked the man kneeling next to her. "If I remember correctly, you are the one poisoned, right?"

"Ah, well... but I survived without your help, right?" Grinning, he leaned forward, looking right into Narwa's deep blue eyes.

"..." Trying to avoid his gaze firstly, Narwa decided that it was no use... She faced him eye in eye, staring at those deep rubies that focused her.

"What is it?"

"Was that... that embrace... Did you mean it or did you just... wanted me to stop crying?"

Zeyir blinked, wondering about it himself... now he was the one turning away... Staring aside he asked himself the very same question... What had gotten into him three days ago? Was he really just unable to stand Narwa crying or was there more to it?

"Please..." The goddess bit her lip. "I need an answer, Zeyir. If you can't answer me now, I am just... unable to travel with you any longer. But no matter what your answer will be, I will be able to stay with you, as long as you can just... tell me... if it was real or not..."

"So... you feel... for me?"

"I do."

Ballng his hands into fists, Zeyir couldn't stand it any longer. He had to risk it all. Reaching for Narwa's hand, he pulled her towards him, proving the truth of her guess with their very first kiss.