

Essence of Time - The Forgotten Journey

Von Deamond

Kapitel 11:

Chapter 11

„...“ The three men stood in front of the gate leading to Nihil...

“What now?” Allen had a worried expression on his face while looking from Zeyir towards Callo and back to Zeyir.

“I have no clue... We can’t just... walk in there and the gates are closed. We can’t use the invisible-seal...” Zeyir scratched the back of his head.

“And I doubt you will be able to keep up the seal long enough anyway...” Allen sighed frustrated...

“Can’t we just... walk in there and hope no one notices?” Zeyir looked at Callo and back to Allen.

“Nope, I doubt that’d work.” Allen patted Callo’s shoulder. “And we can’t just leave him out here...”

“Would you mind stop talking about me as if I was a dog!? Okay, I am a desert-elf and Nihil is an enemy of our tribe but... Can’t we just explain them that I don’t belong to the tribe anymore?” Callo shot a deathglare at Allen who was looking with a weird gleam in his eyes at his precious long golden hair... “Don’t you even dare thinking about it!”

“Huh?” Allen tried his best to look as innocent as possible... but with his messy hair and the goatee he looked more like a little devil...

“Guess we have to hide him as good as possible then...” Zeyir sighed, offering Callo his short green vest. Allen took off his scarf and threw it towards Callo as well.

Five minutes and many stylistic suggestions later... Zeyir and Allen looked at Callo with a suppressed expression of pure amusement...

Callo used Allen’s scarf as cape now, hiding his long ears. The green vest of Zeyir was hidden under the soft fabric but the colors... just didn’t match at all with the tan

man...

"You look... unique..." Zeyir tried his hardest to hold back his laughter. Allen did way better than the demon though. He suppressed his giggled very well while trying to prevent looking into Callo's dangerous sparkling eyes...

"Guess... we can enter... now..." Allen bit his lips while walking past Callo towards the gate. He knocked on it and waited for a few seconds.

"Who is there!?" A knight opened a small window in the door to look outside.

"We are done with business in Yora and would like to return back to Nihil!" Allen replied formally. The door swung open and two guards welcomed them in town. Callo rushed inside, trying not to gain too much attention from the guards.

Allen and Zeyir walked next to Callo, leading him through the weird town.

"This town is... awful... I pity the people living here." Callo looked at the roof with a disgusted face-expression.

"Well, most people here pity your kind for living in the desert, I guess." Zeyir stated flatly before dragging the desert-elf towards the Inn.

"Three rooms please." Allen looked at his wallet and back at the Inn-keeper. "Uhm... maybe one room for three persons is better..." He sweatdropped and sighed frustrated. They were so broke...

"No, we take three single rooms." Callo stepped forward, taking 100 Gar out of a small pocket attached on his belt. Allen and Zeyir shot Callo a hopeful look. The guy was RICH!!! Their money-problems were over!

They followed the Inn-keeper to their rooms.

Callo sighed as he reached his room and closed the door behind him. He threw himself on the bed and stared at the blank roof.

"Callo? We will go to the market-place, buying some supplies. Mind if we get your... money?" Allen's cheerful voice rang through the closed door. Callo shook his head, smiling a little bit before loosening his money-pocket from his belt. He stood up and went to the door. Opening it a slit.

"Here." He said while giving them the wallet. "Can you buy some grid-stones for me?"

"Why can't you open the door a little more?" Zeyir pushed the door open to see their new companion a little better. "Gridstones. Okay, do you need something else?"

"Zeyir! I don't wear the cape!" Callo's ears went up in frustration as he tried to step back a little, just in case if someone came.

"I think it won't be a problem anymore..." Allen smiled. "You wouldn't have been able to enter the town as desert-elf, but if you are already inside town, it shouldn't be such a problem." Smiling, Allen entered the room, taking his scarf from the small table in the room's center. He also picked up Zeyir's vest and smiled. "We will pick you some new cloths, okay? You can't travel around with... well... nothing..." He chuckled and walked out again. Callo nodded before closing the door behind them again.

Shade appeared in front of Callo all of a sudden.

"They are really nice, don't you think so too?" She smiled innocently and waved with a small box in front of the man's face. "Wanna play a game of 'Tactics' with me?" She chuckled and flew towards the table, not awaiting his answer.

"Sure thing!" He walked towards the table and prepared the game together with Shade.

"ZEYIIIIIR!!!" A shrill female voice rang through the streets as Morgana spotted the pale demon...

"U-oh..." Zeyir knew that voice way to well. Something-or better someone- knocked him from his feet in the middle of the street, hugging him eagerly.

"Hey, Morgana!" Allen smiled and helped poor Zeyir up from the ground. "We are back~" He grinned and offered the demoness his hand for welcoming.

"Still the same gentleman." Morgana smiled and looked at the two men. "I can't believe you really made it! Did you form a pact with Sol?"

"Not yet..." Zeyir's face formed into a grimace. "We must go to Luna's temple to form pacts with both of them."

"Right, that is logical..." Morgana scratched her chin and smiled innocently.

"Hm? Spit it out, old witch!" Zeyir demanded harshly, trying to imitate Callo's deathglare.

"Just find out yourself why this is the best way." She spoke with a sweet honey-drenched voice while moving her fingers over Zeyir's cheeks. "By the way... What are those cloths? That's not your size, is it?" She grabbed for the bags in Zeyir's hand, snapping them out of it before the demon had even a chance to react.

"Morgana!" Zeyir hissed as Morgana looked through the bags, drawing out red boots, a white shirt, dark grey gloves and trousers in the same color.

"I'm sure this would look awesome on you!" She chuckled and held the shirt on Zeyir's chest.

"This is for a new friend of us." Allen stated before snapping the cloths out of her

fingers, returning them into the bag.

"A new friend? You don't mean a desert-elf, do you!?" Morgana shouted surprised. Everyone around them stared at them all of a sudden. "I mean... That was a joke, a joke!" She gulped, glad that the people around them turned away again, concerning about their own business...

"Yeah..." Allen whispered nervously.

"Oh, I gotta meet that elf!! I always wanted to meet one!" She shrieked and hugged Allen playfully. "Thanks for taking me to him!"

"We did not say to bring you to Callo!" Zeyir hissed with a poisoned tone.

"So, his name is Callo? Wonderful name! That means 'hero' in the arcane language!" She giggled and ignored Zeyir's bitter face-expression.

"This time you win, Callo, but next time, I swear..." Shade chuckled and threw her cards in the middle of the table, giving up.

"Then it is 194467 to 194464 for me." Callo grinned. "Seems as if I'm getting better than you!"

"Nya, that won't mean a thing! I just need more training!" She chuckled and put all cards back into the box. "Next time, you are mine! Mwahahahaha!" With a *plop* she disappeared into dark mist again.

"We will see." Callo chuckled and leaned back on his chair. The air was so cool here... almost as if it was night. He shivered a little.

"No, hey!" Callo could hear Allen's voice from far away.

"Wait, Morgana!" Zeyir's voice... Callo blinked a little. What was wrong?! He stood up and took his rapiers in his hands, ready to fight if someone dared attacking his new companions. He was just about to open the door as...

"Hello!" Someone ripped open the door with such a force that it nearly knocked Callo back from his feet as the door slapped against his chest. He coughed and tried to regain his balance and stared at the demoness entering his room.

"Who--?!"

"You must be Callo!" Morgana chirped and hopped forward, taking a closer look at the tan man. "Wow, you are... handsome!" She chuckled innocently.

"Huh?" Callo was confused, but he couldn't sense any danger coming from her, so... "Y... yes, my name is Callo, but how come you know?"

"Callo! Are you alright!?" Zeyir jumped through the door in high-speed, a worried expression on his face.

"Aww... you are so sweet when you are jealous!" Morgana chuckled sweetly and leaned against Callo's chest.

"What... is she talking about!?" Callo was visibly confused about the whole situation... "And who is that demoness!?" He tried to push her off but instead of hugging his chest, she now embraced his arm.

"Oh, right..." Morgana grinned. "My name is Morgana! I'm a spy from Utgard, but don't worry... I won't stand in your way!" She moved her fingers over Callo's cheek, causing him to blush slightly.

"She helped us to get to Yora!" Allen entered Callo's room with a smile. "She is really... unique... but she is really nice as well." He grinned and gave Callo the bag with the new cloths and his wallet.

"Ui! You must be one rich elf!" Morgana chirped as she saw the wallet of Callo, filled with 100-Gar-coins. "A prince? A knight? A Lord?" She hugged his arm tighter.

"Uh..." Callo looked down at her, not sure what to answer. "I guess none of it anymore..."

"Callo, leave the old witch alone! Take our new cloths and let's go celebrate a little!" Zeyir moved his fingers over his knuckle. "I want to have some fun!"

"Oh, awesome idea! I know a wonderful restaurant with Utgardian food! You sure must miss your home-cuisine, right?" Morgana patted Zeyir playfully and moved out the room.

"And... this is a friend of yours...?" Callo shot the two men an unbelieving glare.

Allen, Callo, a very annoyed Zeyir and cheerful Morgana sat around a table in the middle of a restaurant at the plaza of Nihil...

Allen kept shooting the people that dared staring at Callo evil glares while Callo did his best to just ignore them. He liked his new clothes though... Zeyir had a hard time keeping Morgana away from him... a hard task, even though Callo sat between the two of them...

Shade popped out above their heads every now and then amusing herself about the weird situation.

"This must be a nightmare..." Zeyir shook his head in disbelief while trying to get rid of Morgana's hand on his arm. "Can't that stupid cook hurry up, or what!?"

"Patience is—"

"Oh Callo, just shut up..." The demon interrupted the elf with an annoyed hiss.

"Well, well..." Morgana finally let go of poor Zeyir... "Now back to what I wanted to talk about with you guys!" She chirped in her sweet honey-drenched voice. "You said Luna was your next destination?"

"Exactly. Sol wanted us to meet him there... why though I have no clue..." Allen sighed and looked at the demoness in curiosity. What did she know?

"Very well... but I must warn you! Utgard is searching for you guys... a demon has seen you here in Nihil before you entered Yora... They sent message to Galdor right away." Morgana looked at Zeyir. The demon grew paler with every word she said.

"You... you mean they know I'm here!?" He hissed with a shaking voice. "And not only that we are on Midgard but here in Nihil!?"

"What is wrong? Did you do something wrong, Zeyir?" Allen glared at Zeyir in concern.

"N..no... I just..."

"Maybe it is about time you tell them, my dear little—"

"I got you, Morgana!" Zeyir interrupted the demoness just in time. Callo couldn't decide who he should death-glare... Morgana or Zeyir? He decided for the 'old witch' how Zeyir used to call her...

"I don't get what you mean..." Allen looked confused... He felt that it was a delicate subject though. "But you don't have to tell us of course!"

"He doesn't have to!?? Allen are you serious!?" Callo looked at the summoner with a mixture of anger and concern... anger because he wanted to know and concern cause he could not understand how the human could survive all the time if he was that naive in the choice of his companions!

"It is his decision! If he doesn't want to talk about it, he doesn't have to!" Allen barked at Callo with an unusual hard tone in his voice. This made the desert-elf shut up immediately...

"I..." Zeyir hesitated. "I will tell you... one day... okay? I promise!" Allen smiled at the demon.

"It is alright! Anyone has secrets he doesn't want to talk about!" With a grin, Allen leaned back in his chair, enjoying being part of the little group.

"You are weird..." Callo and Morgana said at the very same second.

"Phew~ I'm starving! I wonder what takes them so long to get us some meal..." Allen sighed frustrated to change subject.

"Uhm... we all ordered the special plate... right?" Zeyir scratched his cheek a little embarrassed. "You know what an Udgardian-special plate is... do you?"

Allen and Callo both shook their heads as answer... How were they supposed to know anyway!?

"Haha, I was already surprised they even took the plate!" Morgana chuckled. "Anyway, what I wanted to talk with you about... if Utgard knows that you are here, they will guard the slikwalker-stations as well as the dragon-ports. It is best you walk by foot so they can't catch you." She grinned eagerly.

"Fine, fine... but... what is the thing with this special plate?!" Allen grew nervous... and Zeyir's evil grin did not really make it any better...

"Oh, you know what demons love to eat? Raw flesh, eyes, bones,... Such things!" The demon's eyes twitched evilly.

"You... are kidding, right?" Callo gulped at the thought... Though he was used to pretty bad meals, this really sounded ugly to him...

"Haha, of course I'm kidding!!" Zeyir started laughing, wnjoying his companions face-expressions.

"A special plate is with blue flesh only. Means nearly no vegetables or such things, basically meat. Demons need flesh much more than vitamins or the-like... And we prefer our meat with a nice crust and in the middle half raw." Morgana's eyes had a weird gleam in them...

"I..."

"...see..." Callo completed Allen's sentence for him. "Well... I guess I can live with that..."

"Yupp." Allen stated while waiting for his plate.

"One last thing, then I will drop the subject..." Morgana's eyes grew to little slits. "It is best you get going after meal... It would be best you get out of Nihil as fast as possible. Not only because you are running around with a desert-elf..." She pointed at Callo and leaned on the annoyed elf's shoulder again. "But also so that sweet little Zeyir won't get caught! That'd be such a petty..." She grinned and blinked in a charming way towards the demon.

"Very well..." Callo replied and looked at Allen. "Guess our real journey begins here then!"

"Yupp! Midgard eternal!" Allen rose his glass with sparkling water, receiving weird glares from the other three persons on his table...

"Midgard..."

"...Eternal?!" Morgana and Zeyir couldn't stop laughing anymore at the stupid sentence...

"I thought it sounded cool...." Allen mumbled under his breath while taking a sip of his glass. Callo and Zeyir drank something as well, celebrating the beginning of their journey.

"We already faced gods, evil death-glare-desert-elves..." Zeyir grinned at Callo. "...and even thousands of shadow-spirits and we made it out alive! This journey will be a piece of cake!"

In the evening, the three men had packed all their stuff and prepared for leaving Nihil. Callo ignored the curious glares of the towns-people with ease by now and said good bye to Morgana. Allen hugged the demoness and smiled at her with his usual eager grin.

"I'm sure we will meet again one day!" He moved his fingers over his goatee while looking into Morgana's deep eyes.

"Sure thing!" She replied and waved for good bye as the three companions walked up the stairs that lead out of Nihil.

Morgana blinked for a second and turned back to the Inn. She entered her room with an evil twisted smile on her face.

She searched through a little cupboard on the wall of her room, drawing out a crystal-ball that looked as if it was filled with mist.

She looked inside it, moving her fingers slowly over the crystalline material.

"Master, Prince Zeyir is now moving towards the Temple of Shadows with his group. He has a new companion... this man looks like a good fighter, so if you want to take care of them, make sure you don't go there alone." She chuckled satisfied.

Suddenly the mist inside the crystal-ball turned black. A male, dangerous voice echoed through the chamber.

"Good job, Morgana... I will take over from here on. I will be gratefully paying you your reward next time I see you in Galdor."

"Oh, you are always welcome... I'm looking forward to make business with you again!" Morgana chuckled and hid the crystal in the cupboard again.