

Essence of Time - The Forgotten Journey

Von Deamond

Kapitel 24:

Chapter 24

It was a really nice dream... Zeyir turned around in his bed again and again. He didn't want to wake up... He had dreamed his Midgardian friends had come to Utgard and even Raven and that stupid goddess Narwa was there...

Eyes still closed, Zeyir hugged his pillow. The mattress was a little cold today... and he heard silent steps around him... Did the maid or Will dare entering his room again while he was still asleep!? What a nuisance... They knew he hated that...

"Ugh, I told you to—" Suddenly he stopped and looked around. He wasn't in his room... Not even in a bed! He slept on the floor! "Where..." As his gaze drifted off to one of the beds on the side, he saw a familiar person lying on the bed. It hadn't been a dream: Allen and Callo WERE in Utgard!

A bright grin formed on the demon-prince's face. He looked around to search for Callo. The tan elf stood in the doorway, that lead towards the bath, trying to pull on some cloths that the maid had brought them before.

"Too small for you?" Zeyir chuckled and slowly got up. Callo took off the jacket he had been trying on and looked at Zeyir.

"You awake already? That's not like you at all... I thought you were going to oversleep half of the day again!" He grinned playfully, mocking on the young demon.

"You have to open the buttons on the inside to get in." An evil smile as response formed on Zeyir's lips. He lolled his tongue out and helped his friend with the long robe. Zeyir had to chuckle at the sight of Callo in a demonic tunic... it looked really great, but as he was used to Callo in more loosen clothes, the skin-tight shirt and robe seemed a little weird to him... The long black robe Callo was wearing over a tight sleeveless white shirt and the black trousers gave him the appearance of a noble. It was not the same kind of atmosphere around him as in his moon-guard-robos, but yet, he could have really been one of the knight-lords of Galdor.

"They gave me this for you. Seems as if your father already guessed you were going to stay in our room instead of your own chambers." Callo handed over Zeyir's usual

prince-robles. The black tunic with silver ornaments, the long gloves and boots and the dark-blue cape.

"Oh man... don't you want to trade?" Zeyir laughed and took the cloths, disappearing in the bath-room.

Callo leaned on the wall, looking over at Allen. "Not long anymore, my friend... then you can join the fun again."

A knocking sound on the door made the two men looking up from their game of 'Tactics' which Callo desperately tried to teach Zeyir who –much to Callo's amusement though- seemed to be totally untalented for the complex game...

"Come in!" Zeyir curiously blinked as the door opened. A white figure entered the room. Narwa wore a long white dress and her silver hair was knotted into two long pony-tails, giving her a childish appearance, yet, she looked incredibly cute this way...

"Good morning everyone!" She entered the room, followed by Raven. The young human had seemingly refused to wear one of the demonic dresses and stayed with her dirty mercenary clothes.

"Good morning." Callo replied, standing up from the bed, ordering Shade to take away the tactic-cards again. Nodding, with a clap, she let the cards disappear. Zeyir still stayed on the bed, staring at Narwa in awe. "What is wrong? Does it look weird? I knew I should had just left my hair open..." The goddess nervously brushed through her hair with her fingers, blushing lightly.

"N-no-no... uhm, I mean..." Zeyir flushed and hopped up. "It's fine. You just look like... uh... a... kid?" With a loud smack, Narwa's staff landed right on Zeyir's head as reward for the kid-comment. "Ouch... Hey! I'm just stating the tru—" With another smack he shut up...

"Hehe, alright guys!" Raven chuckled and helped the dizzy demon back on his feet. "Shouldn't we go, see the king now? We need to wake Allen up!" The team looked over at their still unconscious friend... silence fell like a curtain in the room...

"Riiight..." Zeyir suddenly broke through the unpleasant muteness in the chamber. "Would you mind filling me in how you intend to wake him up?"

"Right, you are the only one who doesn't know yet..." Callo scratched the back of his head and looked over at Narwa for aid.

"The surplus of Mana that entered Allen's body during the pact must be eliminated." The goddess looked deep into Zeyir's eyes, biting her lip nervously.

"And how are we supposed to do that?"

"You and Narwa have to eliminate the light and darkness within him." Raven took

Zeyir's arm. "It is the only chance!"

"B-but..." Zeyir suddenly realized why they were in Utgard after all. "My father will never agree with that! He won't help Allen a bit! Galdor isn't allowed to influence Midgard! Nor is Asgard!"

"Still, we both are here." Narwa stepped forward. "And I wasn't talking about your father, Zeyir. We need your might."

"Hey! Woa, time out!" The prince stepped back, blushing more and more. "You know, I'd love to help Allen! I'd give my life for it! But I haven't even discovered one quarter of my might! I won't be able to stand against you for a minute, even here in Utgard!"

"As much as I love the fact that you recognize how weak you are compared to me..." Narwa paused for a second, enjoying the moment. "You have the power... I felt your might through all of Midgard when you combined your might with Luna, I saw your abilities back in the garden yesterday. You are mightier than you guess... and as you said before: For us Gods and Demons, age doesn't matter anymore. I could be 500 years younger or you could be 800 years older, we both would still be the same!"

"..." Zeyir seemed really nervous. "You know, if we make one single mistake there... we are going to kill not only ourselves but Allen too!" A hand suddenly rested on his shoulder. He looked over into Callo's serious face.

"We trust you in this."

"Sigh... I almost guessed so..." The demon-prince shook his head and left the room, heading towards the throne-chambers.

"You are late... but I should have guessed that, concerning I didn't throw you out of your bed..." Kyrin shot an evil glare over to his son, yet a grin was placed on his lips as the prince and his friends entered the throne-room.

"I had a little chit-chat... I wasn't asleep! I swear!" Zeyir grinned and sat down on his throne. "So, you wanted to talk with us?"

"Yes. I wanted to talk with you about... her." Kyrin looked over towards Narwa, his eyes turned soft.

"Oh please... I know she's an annoying, good for nothing goddess, but hey, can't we just make this one excuse!?" The young prince looked over at his father, but received the smack of a flying shoe. "Damn... and she's good in targeting..."

"Wow, I didn't guess I was going to actually hit!" Narwa chuckled and looked innocently over towards King Kyrin.

"Of course I won't imprison you, Silver Orchid." Kyrin smiled at her. He seemed to enjoy Narwa's behaviors towards his son. "However, you attacked demons in Utgrad,

you've been seen by so many of our guards,... And you know what this means for the armistice-treaty between our worlds... it is a clear break. And the consequence is written down in this contract: Death."

"Father! No!" Zeyir stood up, growing even paler than he usually was.

"Sit down, Zeyir. I said I wasn't going to execute her!" Kyrin rose his voice. "But we have to think of something to excuse this behavior. Our rules are strict and the people of Galdor that have felt her presence will long for her head, and as she even used her powers, this is about all of Galdor!"

"I'm sorry..." Narwa lowered her head. She was aware of this just way too well...

"But as I said: I won't let you die. I owe you too much... How about..." Kyrin thought for a second. Zeyir was the only one in the room that seemed confused by the fact that Kyrin said he owed her something... "Maybe we can take this flame-devil-attack to our advantage!" He smirked and stood up. "How about you came down here for the search of new medical herbs, with the allowance of the royal family of Galdor of course. During an attack of the flame-devils you had no other choice but to defend yourself. You were an official guest of mine, so there is nothing to it!"

"You are kinda the trickster, right?" Raven grinned and looked over from Kyrin to Zeyir and then to Narwa.

"This sounds like a very good plan to me." The goddess smiled satisfied

"Now back to the topic with your 'friend'..." Kyrin sighed and rubbed the back of his head while staring at his son. "How exactly—"

"Father, I know you will not agree with this, but I have to go back with them to Midgard." Suddenly, the room grew silent. Callo looked at his friend nervously. Couldn't he have tried to tell it to him a little... more thoughtful? Coming up with that just like this...

"Zeyir. You are—" Kyrin bit his lip nervously.

"You are trying to protect me and you are trying to protect our country, but if our world dies, Galdor will be gone as well." Zeyir stood up and walked over to his companions. "Tell the others I'm... at Will's place, or at my former teacher's house or whatever. But I belong to them now."

"..." Kyrin leaned back in his throne again. "Will, send message to your family's house that Prince Zeyir of Galdor will pay you a visit for a certain time." Zeyir couldn't believe his own ears. His jaw dropped open, he could have just jumped up to his father and hug him right away.

"Thank you!" Callo finally disturbed the silence and patted his friend. "Then let's go. We have to save three worlds!"

In the evening, Zeyir lay in his room, ready with the preparations for his return to Midgard. He stared at the roof blankly, thinking about how he was supposed to help his friend reawakening back in Midgard...

Suddenly, someone knocked on his door. "Come in!" He got up slowly, facing the person entering his private chambers.

"It is rather far to walk up here to your room." A woman with white hair smiled softly as she closed the door behind her.

"That is to keep unwelcome visitors away..." Zeyir smirked and offered Narwa a place next to him on the bed. "What is it?" He slowly buried his head in his hands.

"I wanted to see if you are alright..."

"Alright? I will have to test my might against you, and that not even in Utgard but on Midgard. And if I fail, not only I will be dead, but my friend as well! So, yeah, all in all I'm alright!" The demon bit his lip and lay back on the bed, stretching his arms away from him.

"You can do it. I know you will be alright." Narwa now lay back as well, looking at the prince of Galdor. "We have to do this on Midgard to have an equal amount of light and darkness in the surroundings. Otherwise we won't be able to control the process..."

"Yeah... sure..." Zeyir shook his head in disbelief. "I'm 1000 years away from your experience, how am I supposed to show the same might as you!?"

"700!" Narwa smacked the young man and grinned bemused. "You should sleep now."

"Tse, stop talking to me as if I am a eight-year-old!" Zeyir yawned and looked over to the goddess. "I can't sleep..."

"Awww... do you want me to sing you a good-night-song?" Narwa grinned innocently but with a mocking tone in her voice.

"I bet you can't even sing. I bet it sounds worse than a crow!" Zeyir smirked.

"Oh, now I'm really hurt." She giggled and leaned over the demon, leaving him no space to escape. "Now you will have to suffer a whole song of my crow-voice!"

"Oh great powers of Utgard! Help me! I'm going to die!" Zeyir started to laugh, rolling aside.

"Hmpf! As if those powers are a match against my hyper-echoing-turbo-voice!" The goddess smiled but then started singing with a wonderful clear voice.

For Asgard is good, it shines with light.
The God's light is life.

Yet came they to the palace of light calling:
'There is no life in light alone.'
Time passes by and for the sun it was
That came down from heaven's sky.
The Gods have died,
But with the night, came back to life.
All through the night,
The worlds are singing, praising the skies,
Thanking for day and for night.

Silence settled between Zeyir and Narwa as the last words of the beautiful song faded into the darkness of the demon prince's room.

"That was really beautiful..." Zeyir turned his head, facing Narwa. "What is this song called? I have never heard it before..."

"It is the 'Requiem of Time' by Ameran." Narwa smiled and stood up. "An ancient song my parents taught me when I was still a little girl."

"Ameran..." Zeyir rolled over in his bed, lying on his belly now, letting his arm hanging down loosely from the side. "Anyway... I guess it is best we get some rest now..." The demon yawned and rubbed his hands.

"Yes... I guess you are right. Good night, Zeyir." She leaned forward and kissed his forehead firmly. "I trust you. You can do it!" She left the room and closed the door.

"Yeah... I just wish I would trust myself..." The young prince touched his forehead slightly before falling asleep.

The next morning, Callo stood in the Great Hall, unconscious Allen on his back. He still wore the black suite the maid had brought him the day before. Raven slowly entered the hall as well, still mumbling on her breakfast.

"I can't believe those demons have nearly only meat for breakfast!" She yawned and looked at Allen. "Lucky him..." Smirking, she gave Callo her puppy-eyes in response to his death-glare.

"Seems as if you found an equal glare-rival!" Zeyir chuckled and entered the hall from the entrance, followed by his father and Will. "Will will go to his parent's castle and stay there. They will be my alibi. How about we leave now?"

"We still have to wait for Nar-"

"I'm here!" Narwa interrupted, flapping down the stairs on the side with high-speed. "I'm sorry... I somehow overslept this morning!"

"Don't worry about it. Are we ready?" Raven smiled and hopped up and down in excitement.

"If you are ready, we can head off now." Zeyir's grin grew wider and wider. His father patted the prince on the shoulder, wishing him a safe journey as they left the castle towards the dragon-port in the city.

As they took some dragons towards an Otherworld-Gate that led to a gate close to the elven forest on Midgard, they took a last glance down on the demonic world. It had been so different from Midgard, yet so much the same...

"Alright guys!" Raven laughed on the back of her dragon, patting the animal gently.
"Back to Midgard!"