

Essence of Time - The Forgotten Journey

Von Deamond

Kapitel 31:

Chapter 31

„Now come on already!“ Raven barked while walking on. “They have to be here soon, so we have to hurry!” The dark-haired woman looked back while looking up at the dragon that had carried them here.

“Bye, sweetheart.” Narwa patted the creature's head thankfully and looked up at the person riding it. “Thank you very much for your help!” She smiled softly.

“No problem!” The rider was a small human-like person... Narwa had never seen a dwarf before, but this dwarf-woman called Grenlin had offered them their help right away as she had heard they needed someone to carry them to the elven-capital. They had been stuck in Corrun, a city close to Raven's home – Wehrheim. No dragon-rider wanted to bring them to the elven capital Titania in the middle of the ‘Ocean of Trees’. Grenlin however had offered her help right away when she heard the girls wanted to meet their friends.

“You were such a big help! How can we ever pay you back?” The white-haired woman walked up to the dwarf, offering her a hand.

“You know...” Grenlin giggled playfully. “I would love to see the guys who are worth it for two such wonderful women to travel through a whole continent just to find them again.” She laughed. “Besides, I needed to cross the forest-ocean anyway to get to my homecountry.”

“Right, the Mirror-Mountains aren't too far away from here, aren't they?” Raven smiled and walked towards Narwa, taking her on her hand. “Come on! We don't want to miss our... dream-guys!” She laughed, receiving an evil glare from a very blushing Narwa...

The three dream-guys were still totally lost in the forest...

“Do you think they will find us again?” Allen rubbed his arm nervously.

"You asked this over five times by now, Allen." Callo sighed. "Why are you so nervous about them?! This forest is giant! They won't be able to find us again!"

"..." Zeyir walked up to Callo, smacking him. The tan man deathglared him in return, yet a little confused about the demon-prince's reaction. "You have no clue... Yarna and Marduck are well known in Utgard. Yarna is a strategic master-mind with spies in every world and kingdom if you believe the rumors... Marduck however is a veteran. He was leading many attacks and fights between Asgard and Utgard, even though they are forbidden. His assaults are famous, his eager tries to lead Asgard to the top are well known and his loyalty to the Holy Senate is pure idealism."

"Besides... They found Ardon as well and it was said to be a village unable to find for anyone who wasn't there before..." Allen sighed. "This black haired god... Yarna... He killed my whole village... If it wasn't Zeyir to lead me out of there back then, I'd be dead now as well."

Zeyir rose an eyebrow. "Wow, don't tell me that was some kind of thanks."

"What do you mean?" Allen blinked confused.

"Oh, I just remember you yelling at me for having no feelings, being a mean-"

"Okay, okay, we got it..." Callo barked. "Can't we just... get out of this forest?! If I start singing or writing poems, please kill me on the spot..." He sighed heavily. Allen and Zeyir laughed at that one. The elf had truly managed to lighten the mood just now.

"Haha, just how comes desert- and forest-elves hate each other just as much as Gods and Demons?!" Allen chuckled while looking at the demon next to him.

"Hmm..." Callo thought for a second. "No clue."

"I have a theory there!" Zeyir's evil smile didn't really please the desert-elf at the moment... "The desert-elves and the forest-elves are like cats and dogs. While dogs are more of the strong type. They are strong when hunting in a group, but they rather bark than bite. Cats are independent and freespirted. They love being out in the open but if they dislike something they crush their claws into your flesh. Aaaand they hate each other especially for these differences."

"And I would be..." The expression on Callo's face grew darked. Allen was holding back his laughter...

"One word: Bark."

"I give you 5 seconds before I crush your skull..."

"Theeeen I better run!" The demon rushed ahead, grinning brightly.

"JUST SO YOU WAIT!!!!" The elder rushed after him, rapiers drawn.

"Oh guys! Wait for me!" Allen laughed, running on... he was stopped by a high sound, like the sound of a cat or more like a squirrel... "Hm?"

A white little creature eyed him curiously, looking at his bag. The long ears waved slightly in the wind and some orange furr-parts gleamed golden in the sun that shone through the leaf-roof above them. It looked like a squirrel, just a little huger, like a small dog. The intelligent eyes followed him wherever he went.

"Hey, you... you are a spirit, right?" Allen smiled softly and leaned forward. "You are staring at my bag...?" The summoner followed the animal's gaze. "You smell this, don't you?" He took out his last portion of chocolate. "Here, you can have some..." He broke off a piece of the brown substance, handing it over carefully. The little spirit stepped closer, smelling on it a little, before placing its little feet on Allen's fingers, taking the piece of chocolate with the small yet sharp teeth. As the human wanted to draw back his hand, the small creature ran away as fast as possible, disappearing behind the trees.

"Sweet." Allen smiled before rushing after his friends again.

"Man!! Why did you have to form a pact with a healing-spirit?!" Zeyir complained. "Now you can beat me up with the insurance that you can flick me together afterwards again!!" His annoyance was clearly visible in his face.

"Just sit still..." Callo chuckled and healed the spot on Zeyir's head he had managed to hit with a summoned piece of steel.

"You guys are so childish... Sometimes I feel like a babysitter for two hyperactive 10-year olds you know..." Allen leaned on a tree, watching the show. Drop eyed Callo dreamdazed all the time, not concentrating on the healing, so it healed the wrong spot most of the time, not really using anything... Callo didn't notice, so he thought it was Zeyir's fault, moving too much which caused Zeyir to freak out even more now actually causing the healing to heal the wrong spot, which caused Callo to- "Arg! Drop! Concentrate! Callo, shut up! And Zeyir just sit still already!"

"Gotcha, boss..." Zeyir lolled out his tongue.

"Do you have anything to eat?" Callo looked over to Allen. "I think it's time for dinner..."

"Summoning makes hungry. I heard of that already." Allen grinned. "Yeah, shouldn't be much of a problem. We came across a few fine mushrooms before. I picked them up while you were busy killing each other..."

"Great!" The demon clapped his hands, receiving another smack from the elf.

"You know, I can help you!" Suddenly, Shade appeared on Callo's shoulder, looking over at Allen. "If you want, I can take a look for some herbs. I'm sure that will be

tasty!" She grinned in her usual slightly evil manner. The way Drop deathglared her made Allen believe she and Callo were a perfect match...

"Sounds like a good idea to me. If it's alright with Callo."

"I don't care as long as I finally get a hang on this healing-stuff..." The tan man sighed, now finally noticing why it didn't work. "Would you mind not wasting my Mana?"

"Oh, sorry!" Drop hesitated, concentrating on Zeyir again.

"Hehe, okay, I will take a look around!" Shade rolled her eye before disappearing with a quite 'Plop'.

"This must be heaven..." Zeyir smelled on the pot Allen was currently preparing. In fact it was their desert, they were already done with lunch, but after their previous encounters with basilisks and raging Gods, Allen thought they deserved something special today!

"Out of the mouth of a demon... is that a good or a bad thing?" The human chuckled and threw his remaining piece of chocolate into the pot filled with apples and berries. It turned into a cream like substance, smelling wonderfully sweet.

"Hehe, if he was a dog, his tail would wag like a tornado..." Callo grinned and leaned on the treestump.

"Bleh!" The demon lolled out his tongue.

"I'm done!" Allen laughed and filled the sweet substance into three bowls, handing them over to his friends. Before they even had a chance starting to eat, Zeyir was already wolfing down his portion. "Hungry?"

"Nowily." Zeyir swallowed. "Not really... but I love this sweet fruit stuff!"

"..." Callo smiled and leaned forward, handing him over his bowl.

"Huh?"

"As reward for your previous masterplan." The tan man grinned, enjoying the bright eyes of his friend. He really looked like a dog at the moment...

"Awwwww, you are so sweet, Ca-chan!" He tried to look as innocent as possible, but failed miserably...

"Hahahaha!" Allen held his belly while eating the rest of his fruits.

"Whatever..." The elf rolled his eyes, sighing.

Zeyir was just about to eat the second bowl as... Something white rushed through the leafs, smacking Zeyir on the back of his head, causing him, to fall forward.

"UAH!!" He dropped his bowl but the white little creature caught it before it landed on the ground. "Ugh, what the-"

The squirrel-like creature rushed off, disappearing between the bushes.

"HEY!!! Bring back my desert!!!" The demon jumped up, sprinting after the creature.

"Zeyir, wait!" Callo and Allen ran after their companion.

"Kisu? Hey, Kisu!" A greenhaired elf walked frustrated through the forest. "Come back! You need to train with me!"

Suddenly the white creature jumped through the bushes, hopping on the young man's shoulder.

"Hey, there you are..." He sighed and patted the little spirit. The orange fur-parts of the little forest-spirit gleamed golden in the evening-sun. "Hm? Where did you get that bowl from?"

"CALLO, GET IT!" Zeyir's voice echoed through the trees as the tan man came running through the bushes. He was much faster than the demon...

"YOU!" Argon pointed at the tan man in shock, stepping back.

"You are—" Callo stopped on the spot, blinking confused.

"That's the guy wanting to force me to form a pact with him!" Drop appeared all of a sudden, her shrill voice warning Allen and Zeyir that entered the spot now as well.

"What's going on here?" The summoner blinked confused, looking from Drop to Callo and over to Argon.

"That little beast has my bowl!!" Zeyir barked stepping forward towards the elf and wood-spirit.

"Watch out!!" Allen grabbed Zeyir's ponytail in reflex, pulling the demon back as an arrow missed Zeyir by only a few inches.

"ALLEN!!!"

"Oh, sorry..." The human let go of the demon's hair, immediately starting a summon.

"Where did that arrow just come from?!" Callo growled, summoning Steel. "We need your help!"

"Gotcha!" The little spirit's power floated through the air, creating some kind of cell-shaped shields around the companions.

"Haha, now it is over for you!" Argon laughed evilly... compared to Zeyir's usual mean laughter it sounded just pitiful...

"Damn you little- ... No one dares trying to kill me and just gets away with it!" The demon formed a shadow-seal ready to hunt down whatever had just shot at him.

"Gleam!" A female voice echoed through the trees as a flashing light blinded the companions. As Zeyir re-opened his eyes he was clearly visible again. The light had burnt away his magic seal...

"Dammit, where is she?!" The demon bit his lip, stepping back to remain in the shielded area.

"... the burning King of the Sun. I summon you by our pact! Sol!!" Allen's voice grew louder all of a sudden as he finished his summon. Light streamed out of Allen's amulet as the Ruler of Light appeared in the middle of the forest.

"WHAT?!" Argon jumped back in shock, dropping Kisu by accident. "Nuramond! Get away!" The elf was just about to turn and run, as Callo grabbed the greenhaired man's arm, dragging him to the ground.

"You stay where you are!" The former Moonguard growled dangerously while Drop and Steel floated above his head.

"No!" Another greenhaired elf jumped off a tree, this time female, and stopped in front of the group. "Let Argon go! You... can do with me whatever you want, but let go of my little brother!" The elven woman knelt down in front of the Great Spirit, lowering her head.

"Nuramond! What are you doing?! Get out of here! You won't stand a chance against a Great Spirit!" Argon started panicking, but he didn't stand a chance against the well-trained grip of the desert-elf.

"Be quite, Argon!" Nuramond hissed. "It is your fault you got yourself into this situation, but still it is my duty as your sister to get you out of this!"

"..." Allen felt dizzy from the summon, placing a hand on his forehead. "Ugh... I don't really feel like doing anything at the moment..." He closed his eyes.

"Hmpf." Sol eyed his summoner and disappeared back into the spirit-world

"Hey!" Zeyir barked. "Where did he go?!"

"I can't hold him up for long yet, Zeyir, it was the best choice." Allen focused Nuramond. "We don't want to hurt you or your brother. We just-"

"We don't?" Callo rose an eyebrow, receiving a death-glare from Allen... Man, the human became better and better in deathglaring!

"Of COURSE we don't!!"

"Awww..." Both, Zeyir and Callo looked rather disappointed...

"GUYS!!" Allen shouted. "Anyway..." This was worse than kindergarten, that was for sure...

The woman called Nuramond glanced towards Callo, recognizing the kind of elf-tribe he had to belong to.

"We are looking for a town. Can you bring us to one?" Allen smiled softly, helping the green-haired elf up. She looked at him blinking for a few seconds seemingly thinking about her decision.

"Well... Of course. Why not." Giggling, the forest-elf looked over to Callo and her brother, walking up to them.

"If you dare touching my sister, I swear by the great trees, I-" Callo pressed Argon's head to the ground making it impossible for him to speak on.

"Hello, my name is Nuramond Whisperwind, and this is my little brother Argon." Smiling the elf offered the tan man her hand. The knight-like way he was raised, Callo greeted her in the manner he was taught to greet a lady, with a kiss on the hand. Zeyir just lolled out his tongue in disgust, turning away before anyone got the idea of greeting him the same way...

"Callo Moe-"

"HEY! What are you doing with my sis-"

"Argon!" Now it was Nuramond's turn to shut her brother up.

"Anyway, my name is Callo, this is Allen and that demon over there is called Zeyir." A rusper was heard from above their heads. "Oh, and this is Drop and the grey one is called Steel. Two of my summons."

"Nice to meet you." Nuramond didn't even look at the others. Somehow Callo got a strange feeling with this elf. "The little guy over there is my summon-spirit Kisu. So seems we are both summoners, right?"

"I thought that was nothing special amongst elves." Zeyir whispered towards his human friend.

"It isn't but you know, if you got a crush, you search for any kinds of similarities." Allen chuckled, recognizing immediately why Nuramond was acting that way.

"As long as she doesn't start with 'we both have pointed ears' I'm alright with it!" The demon laughed and watched the show. "Anyway, guys, would you mind showing us the way to the next town now?"

"Hm?" The greenhaired girl looked over to them, a little confused for a second. "Right, of course!" Smiling, she helped her brother up. "Let's hurry, so we get to Titania before night."

"B-but, Nura!" Argon seemed a little desperate now that they started walking towards south, following Nuramond...

"Argon, you just will have to try tomorrow again." She patted the boy, giving an impression of a caring mother more than a sister.

"I wouldn't even be in this situation if the stupid brutal of desert-bully didn't pretend me from forming a pact with the little thing up there!" He pointed at Drop who glanced at him dangerously.

"Sorry but I don't understand." Allen walked up to them, getting interested in the whole situation. This seemed like lots of fun!

"To an elf's 18th birthday, an elf has to for a pact with his first spirit to be seen as a true adult amongst us. Otherwise he will stay one of the youngsters for us." The woman took Callo's arm interested. "Is there anything like this in the desert as well?"

"Uhm..." Callo hesitated. Why did this elf hug his arm?! "Not... really... It is an honor to form a pact with a spirit and usually only the nobles form pacts with other spirits, so... it is more a symbol of royalty or at least knighthood."

"So you are a prince?"

"A knight." Callo sweatdropped. This conversation went to a direction he didn't like at all.

"Hihi!" She chuckled a little more and leaned on the other elf. "A knight, huh? Sounds great!"

"..." Zeyir and Allen were almost bursting out laughing, Argon though couldn't find of this as funny at all.

"I just pray we will get to Titania before he gets why she is acting like this..." Rolling his eyes, he glanced over to Zeyir and Allen who had a really hard time not to roll on the ground, amusing themselves.

"Is she like that often?" Zeyir held a hand in front of his mouth just in case Callo was looking.

"Not at all, but I guess she has an issue with tanned men..." Argon's mood sank even more. "Why the hell a desert-elf?!" He added desperately.

"Hahaahaaaa, come on, that's not THAT bad!!" Allen laughed shutting up again right away as he noticed how loud he was.

"Yeah! Imagine she would date a god! That'd be even worse! Hahahaha!" Zeyir received some weird glares for that one...

"Zeyir, I guess for forest-elves, desert-elves are just the same as gods for demons." Allen rolled his eyes.

"Oh..." The demon blinked for a second thinking. "I wouldn't want to date either one!!" Laughing, he looked at Callo, suddenly getting a shoe thrown at his head.

"I wouldn't want to date you either!" Callo barked from ahead of them. "You are so loud these god-warriors would have noticed you if they were even miles away!"

"Whoops..." Zeyir chuckled, rubbing his head.

"... You are a really strange group, aren't you?" Argon eyed the human summoner curiously.

"Yeah, we are a pretty unique group."