

# Enwa's Quest: The Cross of Ameran

Von Deamond

## Prolog:

*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.*

*~Requiem of Mana*

The 3 worlds of Asgard, Midgard and Utgard... Bond together by a history longer and darker than even the chronicles can tell.

Fighting each other in the 'Eternal War', the godly world of Asgard and the demonic world Utgard lived in war for what seemed to be eternity. Struggling for dominance amongst each other the world Midgard, located between the two fighting world, turned into their battle-field, making life impossible to exist on the wasted land, drained in blood of both fractions.

But one day, life returned to the lost world.

8 brave warriors, demons and gods alike, decided to end the meaningless fighting and sacrificed their lives, turning it into pure Mana, and binding it to Midgard, turning into the first 8 Great Spirits of Mana. With the new gained energy, the world buried the bones and corps under grass, oceans and forests, spreading with life.

Honoring their sacrifices, Asgard and Utgard worked out an armistice-treaty, that forbid them to fight on Midgard any longer...

Hundred-thousands of years this treaty kept the enemies away from each other until a new shadow rose over Midgard, almost causing a second Eternal War to start, but 7

heroes, known as the Heroes of Mana, stood united against the threat, unsealing the Great Spirits and returning Mana to the worlds. From this day on, the leader of the Heroes of Mana tried to bring peace between Asgard and Utgard...

And today, 500 years after the happenings on Midgard, he had achieved this goal...

*"Don't make this harder than it is already, Ledah! You know I have to go! No one should wield as much power as I and live in this world! I would use it sooner or later, causing nothing but harm!"*

"Please, don't leave me...Ary!"

*"With time you will understand that your place is in Asgard and Utgard... but I don't belong here any longer, Ledah..."*

"I will go with you..." Ledah lay in his bed, turning from one side to the other. Crawling his hands into his wild golden hair as if he wanted to wake up, he kept whispering under his breath. His back felt like burning. An aching pain that shot through the parts where his wings were hidden...

Suddenly cold water ran over his forehead and he snapped out of the nightmare, ripping his eyes open. Gasping for air he started to realize that it had only been a dream...

"..." He closed his eyes again, calming down... It had been the fifth time this week he had dreamed of the one faithful day that had changed his life forever...

"Are you awake?" A sweet innocent voice right next to his ear made the man looking up again.

"Dane..." Ledah smiled at the small blonde boy with cyan eyes, looking at the wet fabric in his hands... "You spilled water over me?"

"Yeah, you looked as if you had a nightmare... I don't like nightmares... I don't want you to have them..." Fiddling with his fingers nervously, the freckled child looked up at the elder, receiving a smile.

"Thanks!"

"!!" Giggling in glee at the reaction, Dane stormed out of Ledah's bed-room, down toward the kitchen.

"..." Resting in the bed just for a bit longer, Ledah looked up at the ceiling... "500 years..." A sudden tickling feeling on Ledah's chest caused him to sit up, looking at the two pendants hanging down his chest. One was an amulet of a cross, golden with a red gem in the center and a scythe-like blade attached at the bottom... The second one used to belong to a certain human girl, that once had unsealed the 8 Great Spirits

of Mana with this pendant's help. Ary's amulet... It was still connected to the spirits and as such sometimes tickled him, as if to remind him that it was still there... A golden moon with a sun at its center and an arrow pointing out of it...

He closed a hand around it, sighing deeply. Sometimes carrying this amulet was a harder burden to him than any duties he had to fulfill due to his special position in Asgard and Utgard...

"Mom asks if you want to have lunch or not before going back to Utgard?" At the sound of the voice, Ledah looked toward the door. Issney, Dane's older brother stood in the doorframe, looking just as indifferent and uncaring as always... He had a tender face that caused many people to mix him for a girl at first, but his slender tall figure made up for it. Bluish black hair hang over one side of his face, hiding one of his aquamarine-colored eyes.

"I'll take the lunch I guess... When will it be ready?" The blonde grinned innocently, standing up and walking to his bag, taking out his formal Utgardian attire.

"It's 2 pm, Ledah!" Issney chuckled but regained his cool just a second later again. "We are done eating already."

"I see... Well, I will be down in a second!"

As Ledah entered the kitchen, a black haired half-demoness kept preparing a couple of toasts with pineapple, ham and cheese on a plate. Her golden eyes focused on the meal, she didn't notice the blonde man entering, followed by Issney.

"Looks delicious, Yuna!" Musing his meal from the side of the dinning-room, Ledah started walking towards her.

"!!" Jumping up from her work, she grinned wildly, hugging the man. "Good morning! Or rather midday..."

"Ha, ha..." The blonde rolled his eyes, sitting down on the table and starting to eat while the woman kept watching him. She looked like 27 maybe 28, but Ledah knew that it was her demonic blood that kept her young. Just as himself Yuna aged slower than humans, being only a year younger than Ledah. They knew each other for so long now, he hadn't to tell her what was wrong, she seemed to know already...

"Issney, would you mind leaving me and your uncle alone for a minute?" She looked up at her older son, smiling sheepishly. Grunting under his breath, the youth left the room, closing the door behind him. After a couple of seconds, Yuna suddenly took Ledah's hand. "It grew worse, didn't it?"

"..." Ledah nodded, avoiding her gaze. "The pain in my wings is growing worse, I can barely hold them hidden on my back anymore. Not to mention that I haven't had a night of decent sleep in almost a month..." He let out a deep sigh. "It's probably the

stress. With the preparations and all, I've been under a lot of pressure lately..."

"Pressure or not, this is not usual! You should tell Ifrit about it! Maybe he can help!" She moved forward, placing her forehead on his, sending a bit of her demonic Mana into him, hoping it'd make him feel better.

"How should my brother be able to help me, Yuna?! He is a full god! I'm an enwa -half demon, half god. My powers are completely different from his!" Ledah closed his eyes, secretly enjoying the pure dark Mana that came from her, sucking it in as if he had thirsted for energy for so long. "You know him. If I told him I felt bad, he'd start to panic and probably run against a door..."

"It could as well be something Ifrit knows about!" Yuna protested, defending her husband. "...But maybe you are right..." She sighed frustrated, remembering the many times in the past, Ifrit had tried to help his little half-brother, hurting himself in the progress...

"Is uncle Ledah sick?" Dane suddenly stood next to the table, looking with giant eyes at his mother. He had been so silent, they hadn't even noticed him entering. The boy's bright eyes started filling with tears, looking from his mother to his uncle, searching for comfort.

"N-no, I'm not, Dane! Don't worry!" Ledah chuckled, taking the boy up on his lap and cuddling him.

"Then it's okay!" The child whipped over his eyes to get rid of the tears, enjoying his uncle's hug. "Are you going to your kingdom again?" He chirped, looking into his uncle's blood-red eyes.

"Hehehe... It's not my kingdom, Dane! Galdor is a free country. The title of crown-prince doesn't make me it's owner, you know?" He smiled.

"But if you are a prince, then why Daddy isn't a prince too?" Hopping on his uncle's lap, the boy tried to grab the elder's hair to pull him closer without success. "We are one big family, aren't we? Then why Issney and me aren't princes either?"

"Dane, hun, I explained you so many times..." Yuna sighed, taking her boy back on her arms, freeing her brother-in-law from the curious little kid.

"It's because your father Ifrit has a different father from me, Dane." Ledah smiled. "But that doesn't mean, we aren't one family, right?" A grin lit his face. The boy was just as innocent as his older brother, if not even more...

"Awww..." The boy looked at his uncle disappointed, suddenly spreading a pair of small white wings from his back. "That's why Daddy and me have white wings and you have red ones, right, right? It's because you are a prince and we are not!" He chuckled, flapping a little, managing to lift himself from the ground already.

"..." Ledah only smiled, hiding his thoughts from the little kid... He didn't want to

bother the child with his worries. He was still young, so why should he bother him with the true meaning of his crimson wings. "Dane, could you go out and look for your father? I need to talk with him before I leave back for Utgard!"

"Sure thing!" Overwhelmed by happiness that he had been elected to do such an important duty, the freckled boy rushed out of the house as fast as he could.

"Now back to what we've been talking about..." Ledah was just about to say something as Yuna interrupted again.

"It is hard enough to rule over a country, Ledah! Preparing a celebration for 300 years of peace between Asgard and Utgard as well as fulfilling your usual duties in the same time is just too much!"

"First f all..." The blonde leaned back in his chair, staring at the half-demoness with narrowed eyes. "I'm not ruling Galdor. My father was the real crown-prince of Galdor and after his death the country was declared a democracy, so it has nothing to do with ruling! I only take action in case of an emergency!"

"Oh pish-pash! You know that's--"

"Secondly..." Ledah interrupted her, having a hard time to suppress a chuckle. "I've been working on peace between the 3 worlds ever since we freed the Great Spirits 500 years ago. I've been elected representative of this peace, Yuna. I vowed I'd do anything to get the worlds closer to each other." His hand closed around the cross-shaped pendant around his neck. "They entrusted me to become the keeper of this symbol of peace."

"The Cross of Ameran..." Yuna sighed...

"Exactly, and I can't let some aching wings let me--" He paused, looking at the door. He could hear steps from outside, and a very familiar thud that announced his brother, tripping over the doorstep again.

"H-Hello..." Ifrit, a blonde, freckled man with cyan eyes, entered the kitchen, a few leaves and branches stuck in his hair. "Dane said you wanted to talk with me, Ledah?" He grinned just as brightly as his little son... The childlike behavior of his had often brought them into trouble, or causing people to think Ledah was the older of the Ainu-brothers, but Ifrit Ainu was over 1000 years old by now, and god or not, age slowly started giving him a more mature appearance.

"I just wanted to say good-bye until the festivities!" Ledah grinned, suddenly getting hugged by his brother.

"Wah, you leaving already?! No fair!!" Not wanting to let his little brother go, Ifrit crawled on the enwa's arm, looking from his wife to his brother. "C-can't you stay a little longer? You visited for only 2 days... We haven't even had the chance to fly a race..." His eyes seemed as if they were about to fill with tears as Ledah stepped in, knowing his brother way too well by now.

"Don't worry, If, I'll come and stay with you for a whole month as soon as this is over!" He grinned, knowing he would not be up for a race right now with his wings, not regarding the fact that Ifrit usually crashed into random trees or tripping in midair anyway...

"You have to promise..." The man snorted, giving his brother one last hug in good-bye, before Ledah headed for the Otherworld-Gate to Utgard.

Darkness... For too long he had kept staring at the skies outside the moon-palace already... Just gazing off into the streams of Mana in which giant almost marble-like shapes drifted through the air, he didn't even notice the light any longer, concentrating only at the black space between the giant prismatic streams... All the worlds surrounding them... He had been in so many already, and none had been like the other...

But who cared about the worlds... Mana itself was way more important... if Mana died, there was no way to restore it... and one day all Mana would be wasted. It was his duty to ensure this wasn't going to happen....

With a deep sigh, he turned his head, looking at the pink-haired cat-woman that had just entered his balcony.

Shivering in the cold air, she rubbed her slender arms, hurrying over to the brown-haired man who had focused her with his poison green orbs, giving him a couple of papers.

"T-the report you asked for, Master Deamond..." She trembled, breathing in and out heavily, white mist coming out of her mouth.

"Arisa, you could have just placed it on my desk..." Deamond smiled and took off his jacket, placing it around the girl. Wagging her tail thankfully, she snuggled herself into the still warm fabric, looking at the man in front of her.

"I wanted to talk with you about the report... I've read through the papers again and again, concerning the 3 worlds Asgard, Midgard and Utgard, and what's going on in Nayshir..." Her face took a serious expression, much to the man's amusement. "If you plan on traveling there, I must stop you! You are linked too closely with these worlds! I will not let you do this!"

"This matter is way too important to let anyone else taking over this duty." Deamond's eyes narrowed dangerously, though he didn't lose a certain grin on his lips. He knew that if he wanted to go, Arisa wouldn't have the strength to stop him. "I am linked to these worlds more than you can imagine... but it will need an Enwa to bring back balance!" Without waiting for an answer he hopped on the railing of the balcony, looking down the black abyss beneath his feet. A sad smile run over his face

before he let himself fall forward, spreading a pair of silver-blue wings, flying off into the Mana-Streams.

"Utgard to Ledah... Hey.... Lord Ledarus, the audience awaits your delightful opinion on the matter... LEDAH WAKE THE HELL UP!"

"!!!" Snapping out of his nap, Ledah almost hit his head against the man standing in front of him. "I'm awake, I'm awake, Iska..." He shook his head, looking at a red-haired vampire with pale skin that had a hard time not to laugh at his sleepy prince. "W-what's wrong?"

"You napped off during Lord Yanem's speech about the problems concerning the festivities in Asgard..." The vampire rolled his eyes in a manner that didn't please Ledah at all... But he knew Iska.. he didn't mean it disrespectful, it was just the way the vampire was!

"W-would you mind repeating that, King Yanem?" The blonde felt his cheeks turn crimson. He still felt weird sitting in the Council of Utgard, a meeting of all demonic nations' leaders to discuss what was best for their world.

"Of course, Prince Ledarus." The elder looking demon nodded, eyeing the younger man bemused. "Asgard's capital Menel is usually laid out for... well... Asgardian festivities. They don't have the capacity to host an event that is open for their world as well as ours. Only few demons would be able to take part in the ceremony."

"I see your point, but the High Senate of Asgard already decided to move the angel-guard out of the Tower of Eternety for the time of the festivities, so at least a significant amount of demons can take their quarters there for the time being." Ledah nodded proudly that he had actually thought about that beforehand, discussing it with Asgard's leading power before heading back to Utgard. "It is all set already."

"Then how about the High Kings? You don't expect them to sleep at an ordinary guards-quarter, do you?" The demonic king rose an eyebrow, making the enwa feel utterly uncomfortable all of a sudden.

"W-well, I haven't spoken with the Senate about that yet, but I'm sure--"

"It is a matter of respect from both sides!" Another demon-king interfered, dangerously glaring at the Prince of Galdor. "We agreed on celebrating the 300 years of peace in Asgard, so it is only a matter of respect, that the Asgardians give the High Rulers of Utgard the same kind of quarters they'd give one of their highest gods!"

"O-Of course, and I understand that, but--" Ledah wanted to bring the situation back under control, but it was out of hand already. Most of the demons sitting in the council were a few thousand years old already, living in war with the Holy World their entire life. They still had trouble just accepting Asgard as their ally... Millenia of hate

couldn't just disappear like this...

"You will have to travel to Asgard immediately and talk with the Senate about it, Lord Ledarus! This is not acceptable!" Another king grunted from the chair right next to Ledah... By now all eyes of the rulers of Utgard rested on him, making the enwa feeling like a little child, slowly sinking deeper into his seat, wishing to just disappear.

"I will set out for Menel as soon as the meeting is over..." He muttered under his breath... It has been the same game ever since weeks! From Asgard to Utgard, and back to Asgard, back to Utgard, a side-stop in Midgard and back to Asgard just to return to Utgard again,... It made him insane... But what other choice did he have? He was the keeper of peace and as such responsible for the success of the festival... "Shall we continue then? The sooner we finish, the earlier I can travel to enel and talk with the Senate about it..."