**Chapter 1: Escape the nest**

"What might exist outside the garden of Promise?" While lying on the cloud thread bed, the thoughts linger in my mind. Outside the room, the soldier angels are marching around, while the gardener angels are tending to the garden. They always say that sticking to the usual routine will keep me safe.

That's a funny lie when they've been always deafening my cries for help in all of my "brothers" and "sisters" lessons. This place, according to pa and ma words, is the ideal place to live, and "mortals" consider it to be their paradise. Why would any even the twisted ones want to live without a sliver of freedom?

"Mortals" are those who worshiped us, the fabled archangels, as ma and pa drew power from their belief. The mortals should not be worshipping someone as egoistic as them. Every time they told me how they rendered a mortal's life miserable or praised how their favorite mortals have a certain quality that was worth playing,

It changed my perspective on the life I had considered to be "mortals”. Are they just toys to be playing with? Or livestock to be farmed for nutrition? At the very least, they have some semblance of hope that they will continue to exist while I go on with my meaningless life until something changes, something that breaks my detrimental calculation that I am cursed to be so good-verse in.

The system of 13 archangels also includes I: the fabled prodigy who stands for knowledge and knowledge alone, while at the same time having no knowledge of the world outside the ceiling of the Garden of Promise. Such hypocrisy to be known about, how easily adaptable my authorizes are unjust. I can be the keeper of secrets while also the teacher of minds.

Ancient spells and secret powers have gifted the rest of the archangels, explaining how my "siblings" arose. My "siblings" are nothing more than mortals who have accomplished something worthy of "the gaze of gods" and ascend to godhood. Even though they are considered archangels, they will never amount to the first or second…or even me or thirteenth.

It has been a long since my twin, Garbiel returns from his mission. I was envious of how he was able to walk freely outside as pa command him to go, but now I only feel pity for him. Weighing over such gruesome tasks yet to be so undermined just because of his status that was given unfairly by pa. Usefulness was what determined, neither strength nor merits were he after.

Thriving on the endless battles that thirst their curiosity while he is too low on the archangel's anarchy. Pa and ma have said that both of us have been birthed by themselves and are loved equally, but with him being nothing but a tool for conquest while I am the ultimate weapon by them. No wonder how Garbiel, the god spear is the 13th while I am the third.

“Lord third.” the voice came from behind the white curtains behind my cloud chamber. The voice of the head angel who constructed the garden of promise. So far concerned, he was my caretaker or so I naively call master. For the sake of the weapon being properly developed as ma and pa wanted, they have ordered him to make this garden of promise. Not to taint me with the “impurity” of the outside world was his mission, yet he always assume superior over my learning.

“Yes, master?” I answer gleefully, this has been second nature to me that answer innocently to the angels when being asked. If they know how much my conscience has grown, surely they would try to remove me as the other failed experiment as the prodigy.

“Today the father upon the paradise has given you your first task,” he announces with joy, picturing himself being pardoned from this cursed job that has cost him 200 years and returning to paradise above.

“Then can I go out?” I ask. This may come as the only chance to escape from this hell-bound place. Once the task has been completed, I may escape to the human world disguised as a human hermit living among them.

“Yes, then you can go, lord third,” he answers reluctantly. I can see both his seething anger and joyful plotting of once returning as the one who raised the weapon. I guess as important as that mission, he will come as someone of honor or may become an esteemed “archangel”.

The task is to execute the captured demon. It seems that this drag-out war has finally spread here. The war between dark and light. The angels and the demons are all the same. Both flourish under each other. If not for the scorn subject as that, I may have learned truly from the side of the demon.

Walking from the cloud thread garden deep into the dark corner where the light has never shone into. The head angel infuses his mana onto the rearing stone, a secret door open before your eye. A spiral staircase leads down the dark hallway, of some empty steel cells laid before your eyes with dim-lit torches.

The dead-end appears the creature, with red skin and blue blood. The creature ties down to the sliver chair of a source, the skin blustering while his blood spatters blue around the room like a sadistic painting of Kushiel, the sixth archangel. Still, I see something from this near-death creature.

“Lord third, this is the demon that lord sixth has captured. He has done playing around as the father has said. The execution shall be carried out by the high noon.” All time, I am left with my “brother” leftovers but this demon may find them useful in the escape. It will have to cooperate if he would have the both of us getting out alive.

“Master, may I ask you to leave me with him a little,” I suggest while using my softening tone. How disgusting I lie to my very nature.

“For what reason may I ask, lord third?” The head angel grunts. He may consider what I am going to say at this point of release. I have to be very careful of what about saying because of how they are going to pa directly through the head angel.

“I want to try some knowledge that my brother has taught me.” Kushiel has never really taught me how he punishes sinners, he was always using me as practice. Those scars won’t go away easier even with ancient magic.

“Very well, milord. Be sure to participate on time,” he gets out of the darkroom left me alone with the demon. Looking around the cell, there isn’t much instrument of torture or alchemy so this must have been a prison cell only. Does Gabriel have taken one before without my knowing?

I woke him up with a splash of water, he screams with pain as the water was blessed. How careless of me, it would greater hinder this escape device of mine.

“You filthy angel, kill me if you want but don’t touch my family,” he screams at top of his lungs. How fascinating, to demon have a family that wants to protect. This is what is the opposite of what pa has said, I have known from the start not to trust wholely what that egoistic freak of my creator to be said.

“Listen closely.” I come up close and he bites my ears as I get closer, it hurts so much with his deformed teeth. The fact that he was missing his bottom teeth spared me extra work when regenerating my flesh. Shattering front row and the missing bottom row…Kushiel has performed well on crippling this one greatly.

“Do you want to get out of here unscathed?” I ask. He acts as if my promise isn’t something worth considering. Wasn’t he going to die without my offer?

“I don’t believe your kind lies, you angels are always turning your back on the deal.” True the angels while in the good eyes of most “mortals”. The long-lived kinds they famous for their sudden temper in making deals while the demons are famed for twisting the deal, both are untrustful when it comes to deals.

“Can’t just shut up and listen! We are being watched right now.” you point to those torches on the wall, these labyrinths rendered with spying spells.

“Fine, what do you need?” he sighs knowing that is the only chance to survive this. Finally, he is calm enough to listen.

“Just take me with you when you leave, that is all I ask.” I hold out my hand and use my blood to heal with my mana. Since the spell I used was so low that it needn’t be a chantless kind or a particular form of reconstruction.

My mana simply enters his body as a type of healing agent and heals his physical deformities. For the soul core…it wasn’t so much damaged just a crack in his ego.

Demons can’t proceed with normal healing magic, so dark spells must be used to heal them. Dark magic isn’t something I particularly tell anyone, even ma, and pa. So for the demon to see me use it, he is quite surprised by the healing.

“Why do you help me? Don’t you scared your archangels will be furious when they know?” he asks. Somehow a demon has more empathy than my family actually, how ironic fate work. And he would say the other archangels, has he not known I am also one of them?

“I have my reason. About them don’t worry much, I am capable of surviving on my own.” “When the execution begins, I will unlock your chain. You will just have to grab me and run to exit on the south. Understand?”

“Understand, little angel.”

**The end**