**Chapter 1: To not see**

“What might exist outside the garden of promise?”. While lying on the cloud thread bed, the thought lingers in my mind. The soldier angels keep on patrolling while the garden angels are tending the garden diligently.

Closing my eyes I think of the wonderful place I can go to when the ceremony is over, these thoughts have been plaguing my mind with such thoughts, and I can barely contain myself. Better calm myself before this, Mikhail, you can enjoy the outside world and think of the duty that you left behind.

How grateful I am to have them as my servants. After my brothers and sisters have taught me those harsh lessons, the servants all crowed to tend my wounds. The garden of promise is the paradise to the mortals as Father has said. This place has not a bit of sadness but my doubtful self…Ah, I misjudge again.

Mortals are the ones who live below the cloud and mountains, their belief powers us through the hardship we shelter them from. Mortal lives are full of hardship from their foolish war with each other to their short morality. But they are free at least to do whatever they can and feel everything those lives can offer.

Why can’t they make the most of their lives, instead of competing for something that others possess? It moves me to tear up whenever think of it. Because conflict is born by the boredom of peace, would it not be better just to be restrained?

I am part of thirteen archangels known as the prodigy who stand for knowledge and knowledge alone. Magic scrolls and ancient tomes have I learned it all by heart. Being the youngest of thirteen, I somehow wonder about my other sibling. Even not bound by bloodline or similar species, we have established a worthwhile bond with each other.

A father has said to bestow on them important gifts before I was created, yet somehow they don’t learn the tome by themselves and ask me to recite them. I don’t ask much but this means I am useful to them as something. Enjoyment is not what I gain from it, just a simple purpose is nice enough.

It has been a while since Gabriel visited me. Father has assigned him many missions for paradise safety. Traveling around the vast world, I somehow envy him. But it’s understandable because of how delicate my father said me to be. Punishing heretics and sending judgment down on blasphemy, are hard work if Gabriel continues to cling to these useless emotions.

Gabriel on the other can train on and on, sometimes I sleep and wake up only to see him training and nothing else. As expected of my twin! But I still don’t understand why his rank is so low compared to mine, he is the 13th while I am the 3rd.

Far better I fear how he would be discarded if he didn’t do enough to ensure his existence. Don’t worry, Gabriel; I will never leave you alone to that kind of fate.

“Lord third.” the voice of the head angel echoes from behind the bedroom curtain. Cutting the veil behind my room in the middle, I always wonder why would he use it just to show his overall power.

“Yes, master,” I answer. He must be here to remind me of the routine that Father has given me. Though hard as it may be, it will make me more useful for the greater good. After all, Father must have seen something in me that makes me worth his gaze.

“The first task was given by the Father in paradise, you shall know the full details of it today. Fear not as I am here still for your guidance.” His prideful confidence cast a great shadow under my tiresome self.

As I know not to have great achievement as my twin, would Father banish me from the garden of promise if I fail? Cast aside your fear, Mikhail. You should be the archangel here, yet those words made you descend that easily.

“I shall do with my abilities, master.” Those words come with my head hanging low, a sign of reverie that is uncommon as the higher archangel shouldn’t bow before the lower angel.

“It will be done flawlessly, I swear it on my name.” With a dangerous smile, he explains the following execution of the used demons, my task would be observed in high noon.

The garden of promise shall become an official battalion after the execution being carried out by the domain’s archangel…which will the first blood smear my hand. It should be my duty that I follow in Gabriel’s footsteps, as his older brother.

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 drench of blood and guts disgusted me, how sorrowful that many have suffered here before their death. It’s not that I am oblivious to this kind of torturous behavior…just that I chose to acknowledge them.

The dead-end appears the creature, with red skin and blue blood. The creature straps down to the sliver chair of a source, the skin blustering violently while his blood continuously spatters blue around the room like a horrific painting of Kushiel, the god punishment, sixth of the twelve.

Empathy I can share the pain of the demon. I am to the subject to brother Kushiel’s lesson. The scars can’t be erased by the helping angels, only I can live through it and rebirth the very next day. Even as its executioner, I want to give him some relief before it’s left to be carried out.

“Master, may I stay behind for a bit?” Without any hidden intention, I just want to see my unlucky prisoner, at least to ease his pain.

“What for lord third?” the head angel asks, looking for the way of my reason. For some reason, he seems tense every time I make a request. This time I have to lie even when I hate doing it.

“I want to look over the captured demon. He may help me with some study of mine.” The books about demons describe them through the eyes of the angels. Even though I want to look them up close, I seldom did what my father said about how their vileness affected my fragile mind.

“A taken to your authority, lord third. However, please keep in mind the execution time.” The head angel steps out of the room as I sigh relieved. While I am not as cruel as my brother, this specimen shall be studied still.

The scars and hits did a number on the dying demon. He limps away as his consciousness is merely a few moments away from death. May this must be the mercy of Kushiel as he did not what to dirty his hand but force mine to be.

‘Mitis tenebrae’ as the wounds temporarily closed just enough for him to come back to consciousness. The sneer directed at me indicates the demon's disdain toward the angel, even though I am not one. It’s somewhat of an honor to be included in that hatred.

“How less they thought of me to have a single one make work of me.” He chuckles in pain as blood continues to fall from his mouth. The teeth have been destroyed to be neutralized and the mouth is deformed from consider to be normal.

His stand as my presence here to finish Kushiel’s work isn’t far from the truth. Intention or not death awaits him when I am done with my study, my hand still drowns in his blood.

“Mr. Demon, please don’t think of such days. Please relax for these moments, as I never want to prolong your suffering.” Answering in a gentle manner, I wish not to agitate him with further resistance.

In vain wishes, some executioners in books made their victims some sense of relief. As their death appears, only they know when the neck is severed.

“Doing this won’t gather you a single piece of information, les you want to waste your time. Do continue on your futile attempt.”

He mistook my kindness as a kind to grant some information from him. Even as a scholar, I won’t step that low to take advantage of someone for needed knowledge. So I stay silent and focus on the healing process. The blistering from holy magic stopped affecting him, and the wounds slowly closed up.

“May you release me if you wish not for my suffering?” The demon ridicules my doing. The fondness in question is expressed with a softer tone, which hearing my words later damned his hope of returning.

“It isn’t within my judgment of whether innocence or guilty be damned,” I answer. He dims at the hope of return being crushed, I feel guilty for giving him the false hope, but the sooner he understands, the better he takes his time in this rotting cell.

“Then you are doing vain works of someone who will perish much sooner, I have heard their tease of my execution.” Sighed, the demon invalid my actions of before, I don’t feel lost of appreciation

“Because shouldn’t I give you some pride as your executioner?” I answer. However, it doesn’t seem to be an acceptable one.

“You? Did they give you this task to get rid of you?” he says with a sad tone almost as if feeling pitful thing for me to fulfill this great task. Even a cleaner must have the pride to take in as the one who keeps the cleanness of others.

“Why would they want to get rid of me, Mr.Demon?”

“Well, little angel. The angel always disposes of the one whom they deemed useless.” Those words affect me greatly, my whole existence I have been taught to be a part of the family and always ridiculed for my usefulness.

So if this demon is said to be true, the father will dispose of me if I failed this first mission. Such words make me cry and make the vile demon before I feel sympathy for me. That isn’t possible…please do anything but this.

“Little angel, you can escape with me, if you want. We can travel together as I care for you. Those angels don’t deserve someone like you to their pawns.” he suggests. But I have made up my long ago, for my brother and myself.

“ I am sorry, Mr. Demon. I can’t do that. As the third archangel, I must fulfill my duty.” I whimper

“Archangel?” the demon grasps

**The end**

**By not seeing those horrific that happen in my everyday life…my life becomes susceptible to their absolute teaching.**