**Chapter 2: Open my eyes**

* Lux: use extreme light to cause blind the opponent within 15 meters. The demonic creature will be damaged due to the holy magic involved.
* Aimia: Contreated light into weapons made of light. Depending on the user's mana output. Light magic of this level will not cause harm to those demons of “marquises” and above. Upon making contact, the weapon will become a remote control bomb that will detonate as the user will.
* Infernium ignis: create an unending flame caught on living creatures spread by contact in 5 meters, the only cure is light healing spells from the **Intermediate level above. Fast-healing creatures are only rendered unable to move until cured.**

The garden is deafeningly quiet as the execution, which will be the first one held here, approaches. If it was not already stated loudly and clearly by the inhabitant here, it will finally declare this place to be held by the angel fraction to the world by this very event.

Most of the weapons that had been hidden from "that child's" eyes were finally unsheathed by the guarding angels. The garden stumbles with trumpet horns welcoming the dawn of a new era.

The emotion I am experiencing right now is conflicting. For someone who dealt with the demon themselves, I find myself quite trusting of the other side. Despite the fact that both of our identities scream out how unwilling we are to form a contract with each other,

Wagering my existence for something that wavering, I feel like a child again, trusting someone who will not manipulate me like my family.

The glass dorm emits an irritating ray of sunlight. Even with the mountain covered in snow, the sun shines harshly today. How presumptuous of them to assign only two angel soldiers to drag the demon who is being dragged on with a chain surrounding him steeping on the execution stage.

The head angel approaches me, holding the halbert. He wants me to carry out the execution. What a convenient thing to have at this time. The halbert in my hand weighs heavy on my small hand. This form is inconvenient when handling weapons; it has been a long time since I changed my form using mana, so this could be a thorn in my escape plan.

"Illusio," I cast as my physics grow to the size of an adolescent angel. This form's strength allowed me to carry the halbert while also emitting a calming pheromone around me.

This body, thanks to ma and pa's design, may save me from a hypnosis spell when I escape with the demon. The head angel places his hand on my shoulder, his breath engulfing enough pheromone to cause severe pheromone attachment.

One can compare this to mana addiction, where they can’t live in an environment that has less than pure kind of mana once their bodies dissolve partly into the pure

"Lord third, please finish what father in paradise requests," he says, struggling to grasp the air. My pheromone's calming effect is gradually permeating him. They have certainly created the ultimate weapon for turning the tide, but their egoistic nature would put an end to their fantasy by deceiving me of the truth of this world.

"Yes, master," I say as I step onto the property. The demon is unaware of my new appearance. On that note, he would have been better off succumbing to my pheromone and falling asleep than assisting in our escape here.

It would be plausible for pa to arrive at any time before the execution...except for the letter I sent a few weeks ago. Because of my undeniable forgery, the head angel would be unaware of the existence of that letter.

Suddenly, the blood odor stained the air with my pheromone. The scent of blood awakens the angels who surround the execution site. Gabriel, the god's spear, has returned from his mission. Oh, why is my twin returning now? Must he also hinder my escape?

For a younger brother, he sure likes to pretend to be older than me and protect me from "the evil" of the world. At the very least, his heart remains true to his desire to protect me, unlike the others who play with my existence. His words towards me have always been gentle even when hurting and sheltering the world's wounded state.

As unusual as his return may appear, he is one of the regular residents of this garden of promise, remaining as a chain for the weapon known as me to escape. It’s codependence of our relationship, having to share the same source of core material we would have known other feelings and treasure them greatly as oneself.

Oh, he's the only person who genuinely cares about me. The one who listens to my concerns, even if half of them are lies I told naively to comfort his tender soul. If he discovers the truth, it will be devastating.

The god's spear drowns in his blood, unable to find peace. That childish nature is only known to me; perhaps Pa saw through Gabriel's act and placed him in 12th place, but I see how he musters his apologies every time he first engages on the battlefield. On that day, blood stains wrapped his existence as he broke down in my arm. Speaking of apologizes not to the fallen allies but also to his enemies.

His kindness may come back to bite him one day. I wish I could bring him with me, but I'm afraid he'll become powerless in the face of Pa's command. So I vow only not to cause him pain, in turn, he will know nothing about this escape of mine.

Gabriel smiles quietly as he walks to his quarters to rest before another call. His golden helmet shields his emotions from view. If he has shown any weakness, please bring it to Pa's attention and request his replacement.

Because I've decided to flee, facing him in battle is unavoidable, but he must not witness the bloodshed that I cause next. The smell of Gabriel's blood seems to agitate the demon. So I cast "mitis tenebrae" just to calm him down. The holy chain slows regeneration, preventing the guard angels from being alerted.

"All residents of the promise garden have gathered around where Lord Third now stands!" declares the head angel. The extra effort he put into this is so laudable that I almost feel sorry for him. The row of angels marched to a complete halt before me like a military maneuver.

"Today, brothers and sisters, may we gather around Lord Third, who is here as a representative for paradise itself to announce that the Garden of Promise will directly join the angel battalion above as the magical battalion to the front line."

As the head angel rises to stand beside me, the crowd cheers. He grabbed my shoulder and forced my hand to hold the halbert high up. It hurts exceedingly.

“Lord third here will be the first one to purge the demon on the execution stand. Let's have a standing ovation to bless this execution.”He motions for me to approach the demon, who is kneeling with both of his hands chained to the wooden board.

The demon is ready to break free and kill anyone who gets in his way. Without Gabriel's bloodstained armor earlier, there would be no bloodshed. It now appears that doing so is unavoidable.

However, I despise these angels for making my life a living hell, and I don't want to stain my hand with their blood. Please forgive this brother's actions, Gabriel. I only do what is needed.

Cutting the chain on the demon's hand, the crowd is in awe of what has happened; the guard angels pointing their spears at me, the head angel pointing his staff at me. This would have been expected as would do something like this.

“Lord third, would you dare anger father like this?” the head angel furious asks. I only come to the side of the demon, “illusio” dispel as my hand put on the demon.

“This has been a long time coming, master,” I say while looking down at him, the one who torments me this long now looks small like a grain of sand in my eyes.

“Mikhail, I ask you once more time. Do you intend to throw away it like this?” The head angel asks again as his staff prepares a low-level holy spell “Lux”

“Oh? Using my name, to master? And yes, I intend to do just that.” I laugh, somehow the man before me looks so pitiful against me.

“Little angel, I think they are surrounding us real fast.” The demon mentions as the guard angels prepare “Amia” to pierce through us.

"I know." I giggle. When the spell "Infernium ignis" hit the ground, anything alive caught fire. The unending fire that can only be cured by strong holy magic, its victims can only squirm in pain and terror as the fire slowly eats away their flesh and soul...of that only mortals are aware.

Because they are angels, it simply causes them unbearable anguish, leaving them vulnerable to the demon's execution. The blood of the angels was caught on the demon's claw one by one, only to flick up to the ground. A great sense of joy is coursing through my body; may it be the joy of finally seeing my much-needed justice.

**The end.**

**Powder snow reveals what should have never been kept hidden.**

**As blood drowns the eyes of a white angel.**

**Which truth should you yield?**