**Chapter 3: Heartfelt experience**

Dripping with the golden blood of angels, the demon cries out for relief. Finishing those angels who were torturing him and granted him an animal execution to die from.

Spared from that pitiful fate and getting revenge, he looks back attempting to finish the deal that fulfills his desire…why do now that black eyes stare at me with intensity?

“Little angel, what spell did you cast on them? Even as a demon, I can’t see what kind of black magic you have used.” Asking, the demon wipes off the golden blood. Clearing this place for good was not my intention so those who were fortunate enough not to laid witness to this massacre shall be spared of its horror.

“Oh I thought, it was common among you to use it. It’s…”

Before I can say more, the blowing horn of reinforcement has blown so he just grabs me and goes to the exit. Spreading his wyvern wings and both of us soar on the night sky above.

So this is the outside world, Even in the late summer, the air is so cold that it causes me to tremble. Sensing my trembling, he lands in the cave of a nearby mountain for shelter before going on with our escape.

The silent cold surrounds our tense atmosphere, the leftover angel army still rather stubborn against their abilities. Having no spell to pierce through our skins, they still scout after. In which common sense do they hope to capture us?

Turning around, the demon asks me something unhearable. His gesture seems to be more gentle than before. I can’t find the previous look of the rag-tag demon in his desperation trying to salvage what is left of his life. “Little angel, what did you say again?” asked again, this time much clearer

The question before the venture. The spell I used in the ancient book makes use of hell flame as it describes to bring agonizing pain to mortals. Was it not common enough for demons to manipulate it or I may have surprised him by casting it when being the angel myself?

“What were you asking of me again, Mr.Demon?” I feign my ignorance.

He is quite surprised by my changing demeanor. It is quite sudden, I admitted. But since we are now sharing something special as a companion in a slip of death itself, shouldn’t I treat him more respectfully?

“Mr?” he says while taking a breath out of the flame in front of him. The bonfire crackling warmed me up from the sudden cold of the outside work, it is quite peaceful to think about the uncertain future I will have after freeing myself.

“Shouldn’t you be respectful to the older person, Mr.Demon?” Asking, I look up and down at his physical features. In the books, most demons are older than me as the original kind of demon and angel would be from thousands of years before. From an outside look, I can’t find anything indicating him of a mortal dwelling in hell or a descendant as they would be much less mature than this.

He looks puzzled, it seems that he doesn’t expect me of being younger. This has changed something within his expectation of me for certain. But wouldn’t it be paradoxical that he has assumed me to serve an archangel prior to our exchange?

“I am not that old, I am just 623 years old to the human calendar,” the demons express flustered.

The human calendar revolves around the time that number of dawn and dusk appear each forming a cycle of “day”. For every seven days, there comes a “week”. Each cycle of the moon changes its forms, there are four weeks in which they accumulated a “month”.

In some ways, they count continuously the moon cycle of months to the twelfth one and are determined to be a “year”. How fascinating does the human accounting of the pasting event in the order of what they categorize time to be?

But must they not the time pa switch the wrong placement for the sun and moon? Errors such as eclipses must they choose to ignore debilitated…some of them display such fanatic reactions such error with sacrifices. Such barbaric praises suit the nature of their worship.

By the logic that he is less than 1000 years of human age, it must mean he is not the original kind of demon or their far descendants. I am no different in such impurity perhaps. “Well, I am 200 years old on the human calendar, Mr.Demon,” I confess reluctantly.

The silence continues after his last statement. It seems that both of our delusional views of others are significantly false. As the outside roar of frost dies down so does the continuous chase of the remnants ends, which may mean the end of our contract will come to an end. Parting time is drawing near as I don’t have one but lingering regret, may he have some part left of the journey to let me participate. If not then the human kingdom border is going to be where we say goodbyes.

“…Since we know this long.” he opens once again. Time for resting isn’t one to be alarmed of considering how little we have left of other companies.

“A night and a day, Mr.Demon?” Recalling, I reminiscence. I have no courage but blinded frustration of moving forward.

“No, I mean live past my execution” he laughs. It eases the previous misconceptions between us a little, it’s fun to use self-deprecating humor.

“Oh…” I sigh tiredly. His wholehearted laugh differs from my “brothers and sisters” wicked ones. This time I feel a strange sense of relief rather than fear or sorrow. Is this mean to have “friends”?

“I haven’t known enough to bless with a name. Just call me Blood Claw,” he introduces himself while reaching his hand out for me to shake.

“Mr. Blood Claw?” Reaching out for a handshake, I reconfirm his pronunciation.

“Drop the mister, please.” Blood Claw scoffs annoyingly. Demons must have hated that kind of phony formality. I will have to ease it when talking to him from here onward.

“Well then, what were you asking of me, Blood Claw?” I ask him to refer to the previous question. It would be better if he forget about it. I don’t want him to get the impression of my difference in demon knowledge of reality.

“What spell did you use, Mikhail?” he asks. Pulling the book from his magic space of his, he also brings the quill pen to record when he thought my magic to be something new.

I doubt that any demon would find it hard to mimic what I have done previously, after all, it was at the front of the high spell now that I think it clearly. He calls me by my name, which I thought he caught from the head angel’s rage.

“You call me by my name!” I excitedly say just to hide my unwillingness to explain the spell. He appears irresponsive to my façade, this must have meant something of great importance to him not to respond.

“Well, I call yours and you call mine,” he says as if he sees through my façade. I have taken him too lightly of a mercenary or a warrior to have a wise side to himself.

“It was ‘Infernium ignis’. It focuses on utilizing the hell flames to scorch an ever-burning flame to the victim’s soul,” I explain casually. His reaction is not something I would think up.

“Heel flames? How would a 200 years angel do that?” Blood Claw reacts quite violently. It’s quite irritating that he takes it as an unfunny joke, disbelief in such things to be possible. I find it strange to have not mastered such a spell even though being more experience than myself.

‘Infernium ignis’...for my memory wasn't such a hard spell to learn. It was in the 102nd book that I have read. It takes me less than a month to master such a spell. Tampering with hell flames was easy as they only need to think of a flame that scorched one’s skin until it has eaten a whole of its victim.

“ I was studying by myself a lot.” I lie, knowing that something should not be like that. Resent my lessons as I may, most of them are essential to explain my unnatural growth. Not many have my physique and none have life-taking lessons so many times as me.

“ No, what I meant is that how is some angel…no something learn it that quickly, my prince even struggles to learn in at least 500 years. Who exactly were you, Mikhail?” He explains. So he must be of some to the power of a demon earl or a normal retainer of some demon king.

“I was the 3rd archangel, the young prodigy.” After what I have said, he coughs violently “Archangel?”

**The end**

**As dawn breaks, so does dusk fall.**

**The moon shines brightest under the sun.**

**The jewel shines brightest when being wanted.**