**Chapter 5: Outsider’s abandonment**

Moonsow Daphine: The flower harvest on the brightest moon of the autumn. The application of this flower in herbology is closer to nothing. Thus the meaning is the flower is breaking of innocence because behind the beautiful petals and rarity of harvest lie nothing but an empty shell.

Magnus Twilight: Blue flower with snowflake texture, it is just a mutated version of a Twilight flower. The harvest of this flower is extremely difficult as one needs to imbue a large form of mana or create a large wave of energy to make a normal twilight mutate. It can be used for human renewal potions or high-end mana potions.

Literature Lily: The green flower looks like a normal lily, It can be found growing in the library where the more books there are, the greener the petals tend to be. Despite being tied closely to books and bearing the name of a field, it is commonly used to digest potions due to its dissolve abilities toward knowledge. Sometimes, mortals use them as a flower in graduation bouquets to congratulate one’s triumph before the study.

With those words, from Father, there is a revelation sent downward to the human kingdom which designation of the nearby stationary domain of Raphael at the branch between the mountain where dwarven reside and the human kingdom in the lower plain. Everything moves out in such a rapid succession that I have barely time to breathe.

In truth, I have done nothing to honor this quickened request of Father. I was thinking of something that Father would allow me to live among them with the watchful eyes of some angel guardians designated, but now guiding them away from temptation.

Gabriel’s visits became quite frequent at the news of my new duties, I knew he was just being considerate about my worries, but every time just saw him going and crashing into my bed was just both heartbreaking and… dirty. Especially when he stained the blood on the sheet, as a good elder brother I have to take him to a good bath and heal his wounds.

As dawn breaks into the freezing winter, Raphael comes to carry me with her chariot made of gold and held by two mighty pegasus. In her most well-off outfit, her clothes bathe in the morning sun in shimmering light. The brass curly brown hair dust like

“How are you feeling, Third? With the whole ordeal on your shoulder right it must have been quite heavy, shouldn’t it?” Raphael asks the chariot and begins to take off into the sky above.

These ceremonial garbs loosen the efficiency of the visit every once a day, Father can’t fuss over the feeling of unnecessity of the former “descend” of the former which sisters and brothers were using. For me not using this lessens the importance of my role, but I share the same disdain for such unnecessities.

“I am well, sister. Please worry not about me, I can assure you that I can’t disappoint Father.” My words don’t strike as trustworthy enough for Raphael it seems as if she wears a sorrowful face after hearing. Am I that inexperience or unfit for this descent?

A swarm of doubts and thoughts leeched my mind with the feeling of whether or not to resign the duty to someone else. I just need to clear my mind of intrusive things. The focus of the soaring sky and gushing clouds should prove enough distraction.

“Oh, Third. That wasn’t what I worry about…but you are a smart one to figure it out yourself, right?” Raphael clearly lying her sorrow away from my fault. Her amber speaks differently to my soul, as those feelings of disappointment linger.

The chariot descends down upon the white limestone castle and stands out magnificently. From there, I overlooked the entire realm, a colorful panorama of life. The royal gardens below flourished in vibrant splendor.

The glass dome on the tallest tower intrigued me, sunlight transformed into a breathtaking spectrum of colors, painting the walls with a magical touch. This view encapsulated the seamless harmony of humanity's ingenuity and nature's beauty. The glasses don’t have any trace of magic, yet they are still shiny with such luminosity.

Raphael says with a warm voice, her voice lingering with unknown regret like she has failed something: “If you are in need of help, there is the church in the kingdom to help ease your mind. Please don’t follow Gabriel’s footsteps and drown yourself in meaningless alcohol”

“I am thankful for such kind words, Eleventh. Don’t let my duty be your burden any longer. After all, you share the same if not for worse worries than mine.” I continue to push her words away. I know that her work at the monastery is quite hard these days.

The monastery in which took orphans and the wanderer is the worker and priestess as Raphael works her way as the archangel to watch over the unfortunate beings whether good or evil. Her work is admirable, but it lacks organization. The only thing I could do was help Raphael with assignments whenever she asked of me.

The ideal between good and evil is just distinctive from actions that one took, forgiveness is the privilege of the harmed. I who have not witnessed personal loss or experienced being wrong in any way, shall not dictate whether her actions are morally harmed or ethically unorthodox.

“Just don’t push yourself too hard… Though we share nothing in common I still want you unharmed.” Raphael said before leaving in the white chariot. A concerned warning, mentioning Gabriel’s indulgence, and looked at me with such pitiful eyes. It’s puzzling to determine whether Raphael’s actions were.

In the round of bells and harps, the ceremony for my descendant begins. In an escort of “divine light” *[lux]*, a rain of pedals. Moonsow Daphine, the flowers bloom at the brightest moon of autumn. The scent of tea fresh tea drifted in the air as the white petals signaled the break of innocence.

Honestly, I was hoping for something like Magnus Twilight or Literature Lily. But those are just vain dreams of a mortal scholar. As one of the thirteen, I must act according to my title.

“Greeting your holiness.” Speak the man wearing the red robe with golden embroidery, with the staff at hand should this be the cardinal of humans? Knights in plate armor stand in rows behind him like a parade site, only now do I notice the carpet under his feet.

“I suppose you are the cardinal, proceed with the escort accordingly per tradition.” I come before the man in red, revealing my wings. The feathers were as soft as the cloud as enchanting, their sharp roots piercing through the toughest of armor. That is the difference between angels and archangels.

“There is a fatal misdemeanor to the descend today which renders our king not to properly greet your holiness.” The cardinal bows before me, as two of the knights step forward. The knights, who step forward, are considered sinners for the foil of plans. Something like this would be punishable by the death of incompetents but I don’t wish for such meaningless things.

“That would be dismissable, but is my station properly arranged?” I say with the most authorial tone I can muster, all to façade my own distasteful punishment for a normal unlikelihood. Sighs of relief come from the pardoned sinners as the cardinal stands up to meet my sight.

“Your temple has been properly under construction, the resting place as per The Oberservator of Mortals asked we built inside the castle for proper resting, your holiness.” The cardinal explains the castle layout as they dictate the whole wing of the castle to be my “domain” in the current unfinished temple of Mikhail.

I would prefer the temple to be separate from the castle for the king needn’t be the direct protection of the archangel, wouldn’t this add me into the current king's power? But evermore, Father has deemed the ruler to be worthy of protection, I shall fulfill his wishes.

“Then I shall be resting, the official announcement shall be tomorrow's sorrow, is it not?” I ask wanting to know how long should I stand at this entrance. The descent means a lot for the blessed mortal kingdom so a proper way should show their appreciation.

Only Kushiel cared for such things as his pride was “blinding”, my other brothers and sisters couldn’t have cared less for how these things proceed. But they are flaunting tradition so I guess they are a necessity.

“What you have said is true, your holiness. If you pardon them for their tainted being, they shall be your escort for tonight.” The cardinal claps his hands together.

The two knights from before stand up and begin to move in my direction, they request to make their arms into a small “carriage” for my bottom. I guess they have some preverted ways to welcome but fine with my exhausted state.

The way above the castle is less but a common one, as whisper chattering about how deceitful my appearance to be as they expect an elder version or at least a more mature appearance as one known for knowledge.

My resting is the dead end of the east hall, the door is laid with silver and sapphire. However, the lock cages don’t seem sturdy enough to be “secrecy”. In fact, I may bet a strong gust of wind should make this door collapse onto itself if not careful. The two knights left in a hurry after returning me to my chamber.

As I contemplate my new prison, the door opens once more as a man with an eyepatch comes into the room. Wearing a gold plate, the man speaks in a loud and prideful voice.

“Bwahaha, as first I thought I was in the wrong room. But seeing how small his holiness is, I thought I was going into a children's room.” The man loudly proclaimed, the tone of his voice still carrying something of fear toward me

“And you are, rude one?”Asking, I assess his posture.

“I am here to give my greeting, your holiness. The name Darwen Gaucher, the king’s sword. I was given the honor to be your holiness’s knight.” Darwen salute at me in the manner of a common knight. The king’s sword was quite a strange thing. But I am quite flimsy at holding one so I don’t know what his abilities mean

“The archangel of knowledge, Mikhail. We shall see your abilities in the future but first pledge your loyalty to me.” I command

Kissing my feet in the pledge, not of knighthood but master and servant, Darwen vows “In my name as the kingdom’s sharpest sword, Darwen Gaucher pledges my life, my body, and my spirit to the archangel of knowledge, Mikhail.”

**The end**

Bathed in day's resplendence, blinding to embrace glory,

Past wounds, now faded, letting go of reminiscence's story.

As dawn breaks anew, he renews his spirit to embark,

On unsteady feet, like a soaring bird, towards a brighter arc.