**Chapter 6: A new start**

"clairvoyance": A spell that looks into a future, in which that is unstable and changeable. Despite having an impressive incantation, the spell can only show a piece of an uncertain future. At least it has low mana usage, the only point of looking for something that is unchangeable like puzzle clues or locations nearby.

The restless blizzard has subsided over the night over a bonfire, but the flapping wings of angels never did stop. So Blood Claw makes a judgment regarding our departure. "Very well, we should start at the break of dawn, and you should be well prepared for the journey."

"Did you notice anything, Blood Claw?" I point outside at the sliver of sunlight peeking through the crack between the mountain columns. Despite having only this vessel to move on, I am given time to groom and rest myself. I am grateful still for this suspension in time, a moment of peace at the onset of the storm.

"Say whatever comes to mind, Mikhail." Facing the bonfire, the tired crimson face lit up before the withering bonfire. The grim foretold of its cinder goes out soon enough to bring a fate of capture. Any more of this would sully my mind, I just want to be calm.

The approaching dawn mocks me of its foretelling. Shine its irritating light down marks a sense of betrayal, why does my heart ache so much of irrational fear? Maybe Blood Claw is too tired to carry out like this; I don't mind carrying him if it saves us both some trouble.

"Dawn has already come." I point to the dusty sky, where the sun has finally reached the cave entrance. Blood Claw scratches his tired eyes and looks out of the entrance, the scales falling off as he does so. The breathtaking scenery has an unsettling effect on the half-asleep demon.

“As time dawn before us, the ‘Abaddon’s ritual’ that I learn from the royal librarian should help me lessen the fatigue. But ever so inform when your condition worsens, I will send a message to his majesty about our latency.”

While pulling a crystal ball from his sub-space, Blood Claw makes a sacrifice. His soul weakens as the trade for the hastening of recovery he receives. For mortals like demons, it is quite an alarm if there is no supply to heal one’s soul besides the condensed mana.

“This should be enough before a stop, would you like me to carry you like before as we start departing?” Blood Claw extends his hand. True, his body temperature is warm and comfortable to hold onto, but wouldn't it be strange and inconvenient to just carry me to the palace?

“Want me to carry instead? My body can still keep as it hasn’t burned a drop of energy when you keep on carrying me like that.” I suggest a different way that flustered Blood Claw completely. Is it so embarrassing for one to assist another or is that my current problem?

"Then I shall follow you by flight then, my wings are in fine condition for flying." I spread my wing to the side. The white feathers dance around the air like pure snow falling down the mountainside, and Blood Claw focuses his attention on my wing, as if he has been drawn to it, and begins to caress it.

"To see an archangel's wing, how rare and pure it is." When he says that, he puts his face on my wing. Some of my feathers are sharp enough to pierce his skin and rip a few Blood Claw pieces.

"Wasn't it before the Garden of Promise that you were at the 6th Archangel's place? Didn't you see him wearing it?" I push him away and pull the feather from his face. I'm not sure if it's my pheromone's euphoric scent or pure curiosity that keeps him from feeling pain. He gradually emerges from the mirages.

"Do you mean the wing of the god’s punisher? They are quite hard and made of an unknown metal. He has made use of them as my punishment." Blood Claw stumbles a little as he recalls such a torturous experience. As his condolence, he tries to comfort me with an embrace.

I find his comfort both cynical and warm at the same time. When comparing his experience and mine with the subject of Kushiel’s “art”. His near-death experience is very much a sketch while my countless death and my mental resilience being tested are “masterpieces”.

I will let his fantasy of us be at the same level of sorrow as I was with Gabriel. This time is for convenience only, as I will someday tell that truth once we settle down.

I follow Blood Claw without looking back, saying one last farewell to the garden. The valley opens up before my eyes, far away from the endless mountain range. Once we reach the valley below, a pine forest begins to appear.

After a few hours of constantly flying westward, we reach the lake at the valley bottom. I sit down on the grass near the lake’s surface, the crisp air of autumn flows by as the smell of fresh pear peaks in my nostril.

Blood Claw freshens up at the stream nearby. He change his clothes again, this time a little adventurous with a pair of shorts and a large tunic. Judging from the appearance only, it’s hard to distinguish him from a dragon-born adventure without the pair of horns.

"Are you tired yet, Mikhail?" Blood Claw asks while taking a look at his drenched journal, the thing must have drowned by the water splashing from his bathing. His skin doesn’t as waterproof as the book said it to be.

Another falsehood is found in the library again. Without a journal to write by myself, I can only remember this when I can make one.

"No, I'm just getting my wing ready to keep flying." Looking down at my robe, its color stretched with the color of forest dirt. However, it doesn’t emit any smell due to my natural perfume. If I can theoretically remove it, the smell would be worse.

The trip is more important than my physical condition. However, it would be problematic if "rebirth" ever became active. So, for the time being, my main goal is to avoid dying as much as possible. Anything would be served for this vessel's self-perseverance only, not its convenience of its.

"It should be nighttime soon; I've already marked the inn on the map, so we should fly about fifteen minutes," he says, pointing to the forest to the north.

As I declare, "clairvoyance" The scene flashes before my eyes as the two of us enter a small house on a busy street. There is an inn as he has said, this should be close to his homeland, right? Since we have no time, we should have a short rest onl- No, I have made far many false assumptions, let's observe the situation unfold for now.

"Shouldn't we keep flying to your homeland, or would it be dangerous as it is now?" I inquire, and his reaction should be sufficient to know what will happen next. Blood Claw makes a curious expression as if I've asked an intriguing question.

"How long did you think it would take us to fly to the capital?" Blood Claw confuses. He may think I am still too weak to continue in this state but I will answer with my guess. The east blocks up to the path of the garden so maybe…

"Wouldn't it be a day or two? Kushiel has always arrived at the garden on time." Geography is not my strong suit because my desire to flee was not strong enough to even dream of doing so, let alone plan for it.

The book is now nothing more than a collection of falsities, but the demon legion was supposed to be in the south, while paradise is in the north. So he requests that it be relocated from its original location. The remark about Kuishel is merely a diversion from my ignorance of the current state of the world.

“Kushiel?” The mention of his name surprised Blood Claw. After all, why should one say their name in front of their adversaries... with the exception of my naive twin? As a result, Gabriel was constantly chastised by pa, and a million curses were directed at his name. Dispelling them was the closest I got to the true lesson I was taught.

"Ah, I forgot, the sixth archangel, I mean" I reveal Kushiel's identity to weaken those I will fight from now on. It's possible that one day I'll wipe that fake smile off his face.

"I believe he used a teleportation spell, Mikhail." Blood Claw suggests, but that damned fool of a brother never used spells above the 8th and 7th, the title bestowed upon him due to the usefulness of his personal spell when he was a human inquisitor.

"That makes sense." At the very least, he was capable of casting such a simple spell. "How long is it exactly?" I reluctantly laugh it off.

"A simple spell..." For the nature of the thing that I judge whether the thing to standard, Blood Claw constipates. He goes on. "About four or five days if we skip sleeping and resting, which I would not recommend; otherwise, seven days."

"Can't you use teleportation spells then?" I wonder if, while the teleport spell is a high-level one, Earl shouldn't be able to use it with less than just mana support.

"I can't...only Duke or better can do that." Magic At best, I'm an earl. Can't you do it as simply as you said, Mikhail?" Another deception. Nonetheless, I've found the book to be a source of comfort for years, only to be let down by reality.

"I, too, am unable. I haven't even been there, let alone familiarized myself with the area enough to cast an accurate spell." The teleportation spell "collocatione" works on the basis of mental and weight transport, mana regulation over a long session, and knowledge and familiarity with the location to be teleported.

The lesser version "wrap" only requires the regulation of mana flow and only transports oneself within eyesight.

"Then it's seven days." We can't take the risk because I'm on the run." Ambushes by other archangels are difficult to predict, especially the fourth, so we must blend into mortals if we are to be released from the constant pursuit.

"I was also on death row." While laughing, Blood Claw says.

"Don't worry, I'll save you at the very least before they get both of us." I also tease him back, and he takes it well.

"Knowing the third archangel is on my side is reassuring." He teases once more.

"Don’t tease me, Blood Claw!" This time, I hide my agitation behind the white wings. We're not far from the small town nestled among the pine forests. The first time I ever stepped inside a human town, we were slowly flying toward the bright light of the night.

**The end**

**The frustration of dissociation.**

**Being alive but dead, experience but forget.**

**Staggering as their existence continues to waver.**