**Chapter 7: Mortal lives**

A town of humans located on the beginning path to the Garden of Promise, they must serve some significant purpose to please Pa and Ma's intention. Despite being closed, I have never once set foot here. Spending time here will ease my vain expectation to live among mortals.

Why do they walk in a circle without orders of schedule? They must have simply forgo some kind of expectation of doing this, right? To increase their mentality or strength, but all I see is laughter…Is that what freedom feels like, such an exquisite experience to broaden my knowledge?

In the central water fountain, music is made through songs and dances. Humans dressed in ridiculous and extravagant costumes, in brimmed hats and satin cloaks, and songs about past heroes and powerful beings. They serve as reminiscent of primordial angels, who are Pa and Ma's siblings. Tales are distributed to prolong the legend of the angels.

While their legacy lives through those heroes whom they claim to be “sons” and “daughters”, such a dystopian view of the all mighty. To lead is to serve at their lowest, was a lie that I once believed. The only thing still holds true is that I was made in the image of lord Michael.

“Can you hear me, Mikhail?” Blood Claw screams into my ear. The obnoxious sound rouses me from those false tales spined by those humans. It’s terrifying how absorbing can they be, my thirst for knowledge has affected me greatly. Tossing a coin in the water fountain, I return to the task at hand.

“I took my eyes off you for a second to find a suitable inn, and you starts to wander off. What has drawn you so deeply, Mikhail?” Blood Claw complains as he dusts off my clothes, maybe noticing how I look at times. Then he takes a look at the water fountain.

“Those moral stories that one would have to live greatly to go to heaven…I was wondering when first being a demon, will I face the one that I have trusted in a hateful manner? You have proven those were wrong, you show me kindness.” He whispers those thoughts are considerate but those moral stories.

One doesn’t live through the history page and can’t make arguments about past choices but a historian can make amendments to their wrongdoings in future times. Hearing those moral stories affecting the mind of others just make my anger surge.

“Human’s imaginations have waved those stories from lies, thus they are deemed unreasonable. One shouldn’t dwell the entire moral compass on legends alone.” I say with a monotone to hide my rage. If such emotions are expressed now, I can’t guarantee his safety. Composing myself is one of the practical lessons that I was taught.

I follow Blood Claw to the inn near the exit of the village. The inn looks quite run-down and small. Well for an inn that is so accepting, I guess that not many humans paid a visit then.

“This is the only inn that accepts non-humans. I tried using ‘illusio’ but the best was a dragon-like appearance, not a full human. It’s a shame that you can’t stay somewhere better because of me.” Maybe the anger is boiled over, but I find his unnecessary apology quite irritating. Not once did I mention any discomfort yet he find me to be a snotty companion.

“Spending my first ever night outside in an empty cave with no sleep, and now just because we have entered a village my standard is raised? If I was that concerned about wealth, I wouldn’t accompany you with that vow.”I scold him as the big man just jolted.

“Treating me like someone so demanding, is that power you after to have such a desperate attempt to win my favor?” Ending our conversation abruptly, I walk straight to the inn, leaving him in the middle of the street. After a few minutes of waiting, he finally comes in with a sad look, at least now he understands the consequence of his words.

The innkeeper is an elderly female, her eyes are ruined by the passage of time. But how unsettling does she run an inn that welcomes non-humans, unless she is from a similar lineage? With a kind voice, she welcomes us “A guest? Please wait here for some hot tea coming up.” Those eyes scan us with heightened speed, and those raucous noises outside seem to serve as her distraction.

“No need ma’am, we only need rest for these tired feet,” I respond with a naïve tone, my innocent side has softened her gaze, and the noise outside has also died down. Someone has been following us until now.

“A courteous young man, what do you want this old lady to give you?” She asks with a polite tone. Seeing me as an easy lamb, she may come with the intention to exploit us. I am not short of coins so I am going to play along this trick of her.

“A room with two beds, please. I don’t mind the prices.” I comment along the way to show that we are not short of money, Blood Claw seems worried so I will have to take the coin that I have.

“I apologize, dear. It seems tonight is a busy night, there is only a single room left. You both gentlemen will have to share.” The innkeeper eyes the room key handler. There are many but they seem to be occupied, he seems quite flustered when hearing that he will have to share the same bed. Not going to happen, I don’t want to get squeezed.

“Do you have some straw to sleep on? I will have the floor while he will have the bed, you know dragon can’t stand the cold very well.” Blood Claw wants to object but to keep his disguise not to be discovered, he stays silent in humps of dissatisfaction.

“Including the straw that you have requested, it will be seven copper a night.” I hand her two slivers without hesitation. The treatment is certainly better with a few coppers to spare. The key lead to room 202, which is one of the few to have an outside balcony.

The built-in bathhouse too, seems to be the highest luxury that she can offer. Going to the bath, how water melts away all of my fatigue and stress. This seems to be the highest satisfaction that an adventure can experience. Nothing beats a hot bath after a long day of traveling. Washing the dirt and frost from my feather, I remind myself of Gabriel.

Through Pa’s influence, he will come to and drag my body back to paradise. It would be better to kill him and save myself the trouble…it was cold-hearted to think of a way to kill my own twin.

There will come one day, I face the dilemma between accepting my damnation and the collapse of paradise. I hope when that comes my brother will awake from his delusion and fight against his faith of the being want him dead.

Coming back to the room, I eavesdrop on the conversation between Blood Claw and his prince. It seems the prince's patience is running thin by the day that we haven’t reached the kingdom yet.

“Where are the two of you? I have grown tired of sitting around like this.” The growling voice comes from the crystal ball. I assume it’s none other than the prince judging how Blood Claw describes his personality. Curse his massive shoulders, I can’t see the appearance of the prince over them.

“The town near the east mountain range, we have escaped pursuit thanks to the eleventh protection.” The village is protected under Lambert’s authority it seems. It starts to make sense for the traitor when he is the only one who keeps his true name after becoming an archangel.

His story isn’t recorded but being the last giant must mean something diabolical that Pa has done to make him join the archangel’s cause. Unlike my outburst making the betrayal so obvious, his is the constant pouring of Pa’s actions. Visiting him maybe provide information about the age before, but let it be later.

“The small and eerie town? Our friend will just be bored from the façade and phony of it.” The prince's tone glazes with playful malice. Is it simply to move forward with the process of my recruitment or something more sinister? Anything would be fine at this point, they won’t interfere with my intention.

“Bards…They are their current enjoyment. To make such judgmental conscience after hearing even a little play, I think their entertainment aligns with you, my prince.” Blood Claw’s statement intrigues me, what does he mean by my interest aligning with his prince? Does he also want to peaceful life as well?

No, think carefully about my previous refutation, my reasoning is about the chaotic nature of the moral compass. Then his intention based on my deduction should be chaotic and unpredictable, combine with his said laid-back personality, I meagerly understand Blood Claw’s exhaustion.

“They are interested in bards, our little friend should enjoy their new life. As for the mention of a new life, I have never seen you drop your guard so low, even for me. Have you fallen yet, my friend?” The prince teases Blood Claw about seeing me as a possession of love.

That won’t be happening any time soon, the most he will feel out of our relationship is camaraderie; judging how it is now, he still thought of me as his savior. The compassion is one-sided, I can’t think it is platonic at the moment as well.

“Oh no, the communication device seems to break from my restraining rage. I didn’t think to have heard you carefully, my prince. Can you say it again?” Those words send a bloodlust so dense that they crack the crystal ball. I will stop those jokes about me being in a relationship with Blood Claw.

“Fine, fine. I am not going to butt in with the relationship between you and our little friend, Eugen. Be careful with that artifacts, they are very few left in my parent’s treasure.” Saying in a desperate tone, the prince pleads for the safety of the artifact.

Eugen is quite a nice name that Blood Claw possesses, it doesn’t mean any omen known to mankind, on the contrary, it means one with noble birth…Oh, I understand now, I can’t blame him to carry on such a legacy on his shoulder.

“Please stop using that name, Kryos. The name no longer suits me anymore, I prefer the title of Blood Claw; you should return to use it.” He shakes his head in disappointment. His prince’s name is Kryos, it doesn’t ring any bell from those books, must have been the far descendant of a noble demon, possibly the Ars Goetia may give an answer to his heritage.

“Well then, Blood Claw. I won’t let your time with the sliver hair maiden be wasted any longer, she has been waiting for your response since before.” Look like my eavesdropping is about to end now. He forcibly removes the door to take a closer look at the maiden that is “waiting” for him.

“I have never talked to a f-“ He stops mid-sentence as he adjusts his vision enough to see me “Mikhail!?” With a rushed demeanor, the crystal ball is forcibly shut off and shoved into the sub-space. Does the conversation really affect him that much?

**The end**

**Good and evil, are the two sides of the same coin.**

**Evil brings chaos that pleads the good intervention.**

**Good bring order that stirs the evil intention**