**Chapter 7: Day of descending**

*[‘Reinforcementis Mentis’]*: The mind reinforcement spell. One of the most basic kinds of fortitude spells. The user's mind is kept under kind of walls of memories and knowledge where the slightly and moderate kind of mind-controlling won’t preach such walls. Only a direct hit shall take those walls down.

*[‘Solitudo Sapientis’]*: Grant the user wisdom of the sage. The kind reinforces the casting and concentration of the user. The user’s mind is imbued with the experience and the knowledge of the sage who created this spell. The concentration can be broken if it is overused with overlapping spells or being tampered with too much disturbance.

*[‘Cor Leonis’]:* The heart lions, who were rumored as the king of non-intelligent beasts…Quite wrong but they have the great idea to make this spell symbolism for those warriors who need the strength of such beasts. The spell temporarily increases the user's strength and makes them “fearless”. Just continue attacking as those who are under the spell have no knowledge of self-preservation.

*[‘Incommutabilis Constantia’]:* Spell to increase the morality of a battalion, quite a delusional to make those fight with noticing the surrounding kind of battlefield. It’s the hardest mind fortitude spell to break once activated in a union. Isolation is the key to breaking such spells

The first light of dawn crept through the curtains, the servants began to assemble in my chamber. In a matter of seconds, they were dressed in garments as white as the moon's glow, a stark contrast to the King, Marvos, who adorned himself in a resplendent yellow, reminiscent of the sun.

These two celestial beings, symbolizing the celestial bodies that humans believed had collided over millennia, held deeper symbolism than the people comprehended. In many human records, there were references to ascending to angels through righteous lives.

Although this concept stemmed from a misunderstanding of the celestial order, it underscored the importance of celestial beings like the sun and moon in human culture.

"Your holiness, are these garments to your satisfaction?" a servant inquired, concern etched on her face. My wings were exposed, as the tailor had designed the attire with no consideration for concealing them.

"They adhere to your tradition and suit my vessel," I replied without any hint of displeasure.

However, my response seemed to unsettle them, as if they had expected praise for their craftsmanship. Fine, I thought, I would offer them the encouragement they seemed to desire.

"The robes are reverential and harmonize with my being, the silver threads mirroring the luminance of mercury enshroud divinity. My commendations to the artisan who crafted this masterpiece," I expressed, acknowledging the intention behind the robe. Their faces lit up with joy at my words, and I couldn't help but be reminded of my own past.

Within moments, the door swung open, and Darwen emerged, resplendent in his ceremonial golden armor. The plate, while appearing impressive, provided limited defense, featuring only a light chainmail layer beneath its golden exterior.

"I'm here to escort your holiness. You girls can scam now," he declared with authority, and the servants promptly retreated, leaving us alone.

"Is such urgency necessary, Darwen?" I inquired as I took his hand to descend from the chair.

"Time is of the essence, your holiness. If I allowed them to indulge in admiration, I doubt you'd ever leave the room," Darwen replied, his tone carrying a hint of jest. His words held undeniable truth; their enthusiasm was boundless, and I could easily foresee them becoming engrossed in praising the attire even further.

As we proceeded through the hallway, a flurry of moonsow daphine petals adorned our path, laden with symbolism. It struck me that neither the elves nor the harpies had embraced such intricate symbolism during the descents of Camael or Jeremiel.

Descending further, I readied my wings to take flight upon reaching the eastern side of the castle. The people had gathered, forming a sea of citizens outside the castle gates. Commoners stood beyond the golden threshold, while nobles were seated in their chairs of honor within the castle grounds. Only the highest echelons, including the king, had the privilege of seating themselves in the throne room.

From the perspective of the heavens, the sight was awe-inspiring. My descent would be timed to coincide with Darwen's arrival at the cardinal point amongst the humans. Cloaked in the colors of blood and gold, they made their way down the flowered path. As the sun reached its zenith, I executed a graceful landing just inside the golden gates.

I stood poised before the waiting cardinal, who offered his greetings with a respectful bow. His crimson robe shone more brightly than the day before. Amidst the chiming of bells and the strumming of harps, the ceremony for my descent commenced, accompanied by a shower of radiant petals.

The distinction between commoner and noble was made apparent through their display of riches in gold and silver, akin to the stars surrounding the sun and moon. The exuberant cheers of the gathered crowd were like meteor showers on a midday sky.

Darwen held my hands as the once-potent sword now served as a sheath to contain the archangel's divine presence. A carpet of white petals unfurled, symbolizing the youngest of the archangels' grace and their role as protectors from this day onward.

At the culmination of this path stood King Marvos, positioned before the throne, an heirloom staff cradled in his hand. Though this staff bore no overt jewelry or emanated any strong aura or mana, I sensed its unique magical properties. It was clear that this was no ordinary ceremonial weapon.

As Marvos moved, his actions conveyed both authority and submission, a delicate balance achieved through grand gestures. Unencumbered by the limitations of the fleeting human lifespan, he reached the center of a mystical circle.

Beneath me lay a soul contract, a binding pledge of one's essence. Here, the roles of contractee and broker were interchangeable, and violating the terms of this pact carried severe consequences, often involving the forfeiture of one's soul.

"Marvos Oswald Agnus, the 34th monarch of the Andrus kingdom, I pledge my unwavering devotion and authority under the guidance of the kingdom's moon," declared Marvos. Half of the circle radiated in golden light. This act signified not only his submission to my protection but also his responsibility to lead and safeguard this fragile realm.

"The third archangel, Mikhail, under the silver embrace of the night, I commit to protect the kingdom of Andrus. I shall remain steadfast until the sun itself is tainted, at which point, I shall sever our connection," I responded. The remaining portion of the circle shimmered with silver light. My acceptance carried the weight of a higher being's authority, pledging to safeguard this ever-changing realm while bearing the burden of cleansing it from any corrupting influences. This exchange of vows mirrored the sacrifices made by Marvos.

The ceremony concluded with the sovereign's blessing. Marvos knelt before me, an unexpected turn of events. I hadn't prepared any grand gesture or magical display for such a moment, which had not been part of the original plan.

"Is there something amiss, your holiness?" Marvos inquired, growing weary from kneeling.

*['Reinforcementis Mentis']*

*['Solitudo Sapientis']*

*['Cor Leonis']*

*['Incommutabilis Constantia']*

Numerous spells of mental fortitude were cast in plain view of the assembled crowd. The magic sparkled like stars, and the incantations were accompanied by the roar of lions and the rallying cries of soldiers. In this symphony of blessings, I took the quill pen, which had previously been devoid of ink.

With a scarlet line streaming from my fingertip, I sanctified the impurity and transformed it into a wine-like consistency within a golden goblet. I handed it to Marvos with grace.

"With this, you shall be blessed with a virtuous life," I intoned, my voice carrying the solemnity of the occasion.

"I... I accept the holy grail of his holiness's blood," Marvos replied, his hand trembling slightly. He took careful sips, and the ceremony unfolded amidst the murmurs of the citizens and nobles alike.

The night continued with a grand banquet, though I retreated to a quiet corner. It seemed that my status had cast me as an intimidating figure, deterring most from approaching. The festivities concluded early in the absence of King Marvos, who appeared to be struggling to digest the vitality-filled goblet.

Darwen escorted me back to my room, his demeanor less jovial than the previous night. His presence lingered, as if he had something left to convey.

"Ahaha, I can't keep a straight face even now," he burst into laughter, rolling on the ground like an unrestrained puppy. It was a stark contrast to my expectations.

"What is the meaning of this, Darwen?" I asked, puzzled by his behavior.

"I mean, your holiness went above and beyond today. Even the second blessing was quite a challenge for my old friend. Giving him a goblet of archangel's blood... unthinkable!" Darwen chortled, mimicking Marvos's struggles with exaggerated gestures. I realized that I had underestimated the toll consuming such a mentally taxing rejuvenator would take on someone of Marvos's age.

"Is it considered too much for someone worthy like him?" I asked with genuine concern.

Darwen pondered for a moment, noting that Marvos's ability to handle such a potent elixir had been surprising, given his age.

"The greatest humans have been granted no more than a single droplet of holiness by the sixth archangel. Yet you, your holiness, offered him a goblet, compelling him to drink it in front of the entire assembly," Darwen explained. My blood had been perceived as a potent elixir.

"I believe in granting those who are worthy, Darwen. Perhaps in the future, you shall receive a goblet as well," I promised, eliciting a smile from Darwen.

"Then it's a pact, your holiness. Please rest well until tomorrow morning," he said before closing the door behind him.

As I drifted into slumber, I reflected on the events of this eventful day. I found myself growing more optimistic about the future, despite my typically logical and cautious nature. While I did not easily place faith in empty promises

**The end**

**In the rain of white petals falling,**

**You brought the mourn of morrow's calling.**

**With a goblet of scarlet liquid held high,**

**I shall witness how our contract does comply.**