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"Wait." Yosepha nodded down at her before guiding them down another tunnel. Lots of remnants, screaming in their constant agony, grabbing and tearing at anything they could get their hands on, sometimes even each other. They covered the floor, the ceiling, the walls, everything.

Mia looked away from them. "I hate remnants."

"Hate? Why?"

"Hate's not the right word. I just... I feel so bad, but there's nothing I can do. It just, it really sucks, seeing them like that."

Yosepha looked down at her again, her expression softened, and the tiniest smile emerged, before she slipped an arm around Mia's waist, and hugged her to her side.

"Hold on."

"I--what!"*www.NovE1wor@.c0m*

The angel took off, and air blasted Mia in the face as Yosepha's gorgeous, enormous white wings spread and flapped. She didn't have to flap often. Each stroke of her wings summoned enough air the angel catapulted forward, and Mia squeaked and hugged her close. The cave walls and the remnants flew past, a blur she couldn't focus her eyes on, and their screams disappeared into the roar of air hitting Mia's ears.

A second later, it was over. Yosepha set her down, and Mia summoned her senses back enough to let go. Behind her, the tunnel went on for a good while, and the remnants were distant and quiet.

Wait. That wasn't just behind her. That was below her. Mia stared down the huge hole before looking back up at the angel, and unless she was going crazy, Yosepha was quick to wipe away a proud little smile.*w0W.N0VElw0(r)m.c0m*

"No demon is coming up here," Yosepha said, "not easily. Demons can climb, and they can kill remnants, but doing both at the same time is not so easy."*0w0w.N0vElw0rM.c0m*

"I can imagine."

"Now, come." The angel gently unfurled a wing and gestured down the tunnel. It opened up into an alcove, and judging from the lack of remnants, either she'd been clearing them out, or chose the place because it lacked them. And it was a safe place to rest where demons wouldn't get you.

If Mia could fly, finding a high place she could rest safely would be the first thing she looked for.

In the alcove, a big room with smooth walls, Mia sat down and pulled her knees up to her chest.

"So, um... yeah."

Yosepha, face unreadable, slowly paced in front of Mia, wings settling snug to her back as she put a couple fingers to her chin.

"The Frozen Heart."

"W-What?"

"That's what you were about to call the Forgotten Place, before you caught yourself. The Frozen Heart. Where did you learn that name?"

"I... heard--"

"You did not hear it from a demon. The name has long been forgotten by their kind, lost to the annals of time since the barbarians are not interested in recording their history."

It took effort to not make a comment about the things Mia had read. They were written in the ancient language, something no one could read. Maybe angels could? She'd have to ask, and asking that meant revealing yet another weird quirk about her.

"Zel--"

"Did not know that name. Even Belor did not know that name. It is a name no one has spoken in millions of years."

"Millions?" Holy fuck.

"So tell me how you know that name."

Shit shit shit. She didn't think she'd have to make up a lie about this. None prepared.

"I... I... read it."

"You... read it?"*w0wW.n0vE/w0rM.00m*

Sighing, Mia hugged her knees to her chest tighter. "I can read the ancient language." She squeezed her eyes shut, and waited to be smote.

"You can read the ancient tongue?"

"Yes."

"Truly?"

"Y-Yes."

Yosepha squatted down in front of her, and gently pulled Mia's hands down from her face.

"Where did you read it?"

"In... In the book, at the bottom of the spire. It showed me a bunch of words, and runes and stuff, and--"

Yosepha's eyes opened wide. "Runes as well?"

"Y-Yeah." Telling her about the ancient language thing didn't get her head cut off. Maybe she could tell the angel more? "And... And looking at you, I can see one of the runes in my head glowing, trying to get my attention. Potram?"

The angel's eyes grew wider again. "You know... of the angel runes?"

Well, if there was something Mia knew that'd get her killed by Yosepha, it was this. Too late to not say it now. In for a penny, in for a will-probably-die-for-saying-this.

"Yeah. Potram, royam, and batlam. But, I don't know what they mean. They're in my head, them and other runes, too, put there by that book. I saw the names of the heavenly islands, and the original names for the nine spires."

Yosepha resumed her pacing, eyes fixed on the ground in front of her. Hardcore think mode, like David had done a thousand times before.

"The spires each contain a book written by Lucifer. They are powerful artifacts, tools Lucifer created and then used to create the spires and the Old Ones."

"Why? That sounds like an unnecessary step."

"Because there is power in words. There is power in stories." The angel watched Mia, face deadly serious. "What did the book show you? What did it choose to tell you?"