

Chapter 201: Prototype

Sandalphon denied entry to the Third Heaven, saying that my presence will agitate the souls of the dead. The Second Heaven was nothing but a place to confine the sinner Angels. The First Heaven was the home of low-level Angels' residence and the front lines of Heaven's defense.

This brought an end to my Heaven tour.

Sandalphon held out her hand with a cheeky grin. "I really hope we didn't disappoint you."

I took her hand, enveloping it in my massive hands. It was quite soft for a warrior like her. Sandalphon's stare froze on my hand. I squeezed her hand, bringing her attention back to me.

"It was fun."

"Oh, I see," she muttered and avoided my gaze. "You're welcome..."

She freed her hand and flew towards the elevator as though escaping from something.

Don't tell me she has a hand fetish...

"What happened to her?" Gabriel asked as she snuck a glance at my stretched hand through the corner of her eyes.

I held back the urge to laugh at her cute behavior and walked away from her. I can't let her be addicted to headpats. I already had a hard time dealing with one innocent Rini, adding another to my harem will guilt trip me for the rest of my life.

Gabriel caught up and continued glancing at my hand. As we stopped at the elevator, she took my hand and guided it to her head.

"Asahi, I-I want to feel that again."

“Feel what?”

“Uh...” she closed her eyes in deep contemplation and groaned. “I don’t know. My head was too warm and fuzzy, but it felt good... I never felt this before.”

She opened her eyes and glanced up with teary eyes, dealing a final blow to my heart. This time, I gave her light rubs to not elevate her addiction. She immediately closed her eyes and leaned on me, squeezing her boobs on my sides.

This sexy angel...

A sigh escaped my lips as I realized the situation.

A few moments passed, and the elevator was called up by someone. It returned soon and stopped before me. God stepped out with a smirk on his face.

“Well done, Boy. You two have my blessings. Keep her happy, okay?”

Goddammit, old man. You played me! This tour was your plan to make us closer.

He smugly rubbed his goatee. “You’re still a child before this old man.”

I stopped the headpats and stroked Gabriel’s cheeks. She blinked her eyes a few times and straightened her posture.

“F-Father! I-I’m sorry.”

“You did nothing wrong,” he shook his head. “Asahi, come with me to my workshop.”

“Sure.”

Let's see what he wants now. We boarded the elevator, and Gabriel stepped out at the Sixth Heaven.

“Goodbye.”

“See ya tomorrow.”

Gabriel waved with a smile.

I followed God to his workshop. Though it looked big from the outside, there was only one room. A giant whiteboard scribbled with strange writing was mounted on the wall while several small tables—each with different stuff like a hammer, lenses, books, stones, jewels, and a whole lot of junk. The white gauntlet embedded with emerald jewel stole my attention. Why did it look like a cheap copy of Boosted Gear of Issei...?

“The rest of the space is the inventory for other things.”

“Oh, does that include the corpses of the Heavenly Dragons?”

He gave a quick nod and picked the gauntlet. He pressed it on my left arm and tightened the leather straps. I tried clenching my fist, and the metal claws moved smoothly.

“Try communicating with Ddraig sealed inside that jewel.”

I closed my eyes. Telepathy had trained me to focus my thoughts.

‘Ddraig, can you hear me?’

‘Ddraig?’

‘Hello, is the Red Dragon Emperor at home?’

I shook my head at God’s curious gaze. “It’s either not working, or Ddraig isn’t answering me.”

God let out a sigh. “As I thought, it won’t work without fusing it with the wielder’s soul.”

“Is there no other way?”

To be able to boost the wielder’s power every ten seconds, the Boosted Gear was an overpowered weapon.

“I can only try,” God replied. “Don’t worry, it’s an early prototype. Trihexa can’t break the seal for another six or seven centuries. We can finalize the product .”

“Why not ask for Azazel’s help?”

God gave a wry smile. “You don’t that pervert. He will ask for Gabriel’s obscene pictures in exchange.”

Something inside me felt uncomfortable when he mentioned Gabriel.

(Ufufu. My Love might fall for her before she falls from her Angelhood~.)

I couldn't refute her words. The Seraph was just that adorable.

“Today spar is physical only. No magic. That should raise the training by a notch,” he said. “I’ll ask Gabriel to heal your heart later. And Asahi, you haven’t chosen a name for me yet.”

Damn it!

In the training room, we traded blows, more like he used a wooden sword to thrash me. The raw strength of Biblical God wasn’t a joke.

When he squeezed out all of my willpower, he sent Gabriel with water and some food. The Angel healed my fatigue with her adorable smile.

I introduced her to the game I had stored to play with Rini. The Angel was beaming as she drove the car. God unexpectedly joined and marveled at the super realistic graphics from Maya’s world.

This world was going through war and shit, here God and his Seraph played around with driving and shooting games.

No wonder humanity was fated to be doomed.