

THE FALL OF THE DIVINE

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The Contract with the Divine Messenger

On this day, Lucian arrived at the hospital as usual, only to find a stranger standing by Freya's bedside. The figure was a tall man dressed in a silver robe, his face obscured by shadows, yet Lucian could feel an overwhelming presence emanating from him. The atmosphere in the room suddenly grew heavy, as if the very air had thickened.

“Who are you?” Lucian immediately stood up, his voice laced with suspicion.

The man slightly turned his head, his voice deep and distant, “I can help you, Lucian.”

Lucian froze. He was certain he had never seen this man before. “Who is this stranger? And how does he know my name?” Lucian instinctively stepped back, keeping his gaze fixed on the man, a mixture of confusion and caution rising within him. “What did you say?”

“You want to save her, don't you?” The man in the silver robe slowly turned around, locking eyes with Lucian. His gaze was calm, yet hollow. “I know you've lost hope, that you've fallen into despair. But I can give you a chance—an opportunity to save her.”

Lucian's breath caught in his throat, and his heart pounded violently. Who was this mysterious man? How could he know everything about him?

“What do you mean?” Lucian asked quietly, his voice tinged with hesitation and unease.

“It's simple.” The man in black raised a hand, and a blue orb of light appeared in his palm, as if the stars of the universe were spinning within it, radiating an

indescribable sense of power. “Sign a contract and become one of our contractees. In time, you’ll possess powers like mine, enough to save her. But you must also bear the corresponding price.”

Lucian was stunned. A contractee? What kind of contract was this? Why such a strange proposal?

For a moment, Lucian’s mind was a whirlwind of emotions, shaken by the display of power. Could this really be his chance to save Freya? But soon, he steadied himself and focused on the man before him. His voice trembled slightly as he asked, “I don’t understand... Who are you? Why are you helping me?”

The man in the silver robe remained composed. “You may call me a ‘messenger.’ As for why... that’s not important. What matters is that you have a choice—save her, or watch her slip into eternal sleep.”

That sentence struck the softest part of Lucian’s heart. Freya, the person most important to him in his life, lay in that bed, her life hanging by a thread, fragile and about to snap. Was this contract truly his chance to save her?

Lucian hesitated, torn by inner conflict. He had seen stories in films about contracts and their consequences, deals that often came with unimaginable costs. But as he looked at Freya, did he really have any other choice?

“Are you a god? Why can't you just save her directly? Whatever you need, just name it,” Lucian said, his voice now calmer. He knew that if this so-called divine messenger could help, he would have done so already without mentioning a contract. But Lucian still hoped for a direct answer.

The messenger seemed to have anticipated Lucian’s question. He did not respond with words, only smiled faintly as he watched Lucian.

Lucian turned his gaze to Freya, his eyes filled with tenderness and pain. After a long moment, he asked, his voice a little firmer, "If I sign this contract, what will you want from me?"

The messenger smiled slightly. "You will undergo a trial. If you succeed, you'll have the chance to gain any power you desire. If you fail, you will either die or lose all memories of her."

Lucian's heart sank. Death? Losing his memories? Death no longer frightened him, but losing his memories meant erasing everything he shared with Freya. Yet, when he looked at her pale face again, he knew he could not turn back.

"If I succeed, are you sure I can save her?" Lucian's voice was harsh, his gaze fierce as he stared at the messenger, determination etched into his face.

The messenger, having anticipated Lucian's question, remained silent, only nodding slowly with a knowing smile.

Lucian stared at the messenger for several seconds before turning toward the bed. He reached out and gently caressed Freya's face, his eyes full of tenderness and sorrow. He knew that perhaps the next time they met, he might see a warm, healthy Freya again. Or, perhaps, this was their final goodbye.

The messenger did not rush him, silently observing the scene unfold.

After a long silence, Lucian finally spoke, "I agree." His words weren't directed at the messenger, but rather softly spoken to Freya.

The man in black extended his hand, a light cutting through the air, and a contract appeared between them, glowing with a faint aura. "All you need to do is place your hand on it to signify your agreement."

Without hesitation, Lucian placed his hand on the glowing contract. The moment he did, a subtle, binding power surged through him. The air seemed

to ripple with energy, and something strange stirred in his mind, as if a new presence had settled there.

“From this moment, you are one of our contractees,” the messenger whispered, his voice distant yet resonant. “Let’s go.”

Lucian’s body trembled slightly. He didn’t know why this man, claiming to be a messenger, was helping him in this manner, but he had no choice. He couldn’t hesitate. Whatever the cost, he was willing to pay it if it meant saving Freya.

Lucian opened his eyes in the darkness, the moonlight casting a cold glow across his face. He knew that memories wouldn’t make him stronger, and past promises could not bring anything back. Now, the only thing that could free him from this pain was power—endless power, enough to change his fate.

“Freya, I will save you, no matter the cost,” Lucian murmured, his voice filled with unwavering determination.

He rose to his feet, opened the door, and gazed at the distant cathedral of the Dawn Church. This was the beginning of his journey—his fight against destiny...