

Good x Bad Fortune: The Borderland Encounter

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The afternoon sun casts a warm, serene glow over Stelunna, a neutral borderland where the bright skies of Heaven gently meet the misty edge of the Underworld. White-winged angels glide peacefully through the crisp air, their pastel robes fluttering gently in an unusual moment of absolute tranquility between the two eternal rival worlds.



Winter, a cheerful angel with wild, curly white hair, laughs brightly as he darts through the sky, playfully dodging Anasthasya, a pink-braided cupid who flies close behind trying to keep up with his sudden bursts of speed.



On the grassy ground below, Shean the guardian angel grips his golden bow tightly with a characteristically annoyed frown, while the flamboyant, blue-haired Ivan casually runs a hand through his hair, dismissively waving off Shean's anxious warnings about the nearby demonic territory.



A short distance away from the noisy group, Marshal kneels quietly among a lush patch of blooming daisies. His pale blond hair is tied into a loose, messy bun, and his sharp, weary ocean-blue eyes carefully inspect each flower stem as the gentle breeze rustles his feathers.



Winter lands near the group and lowers his voice to a theatrical whisper, gathering his friends close to share an ancient, forbidden rumor about an angel and a demon who once fell in love and married long before any of them were born.



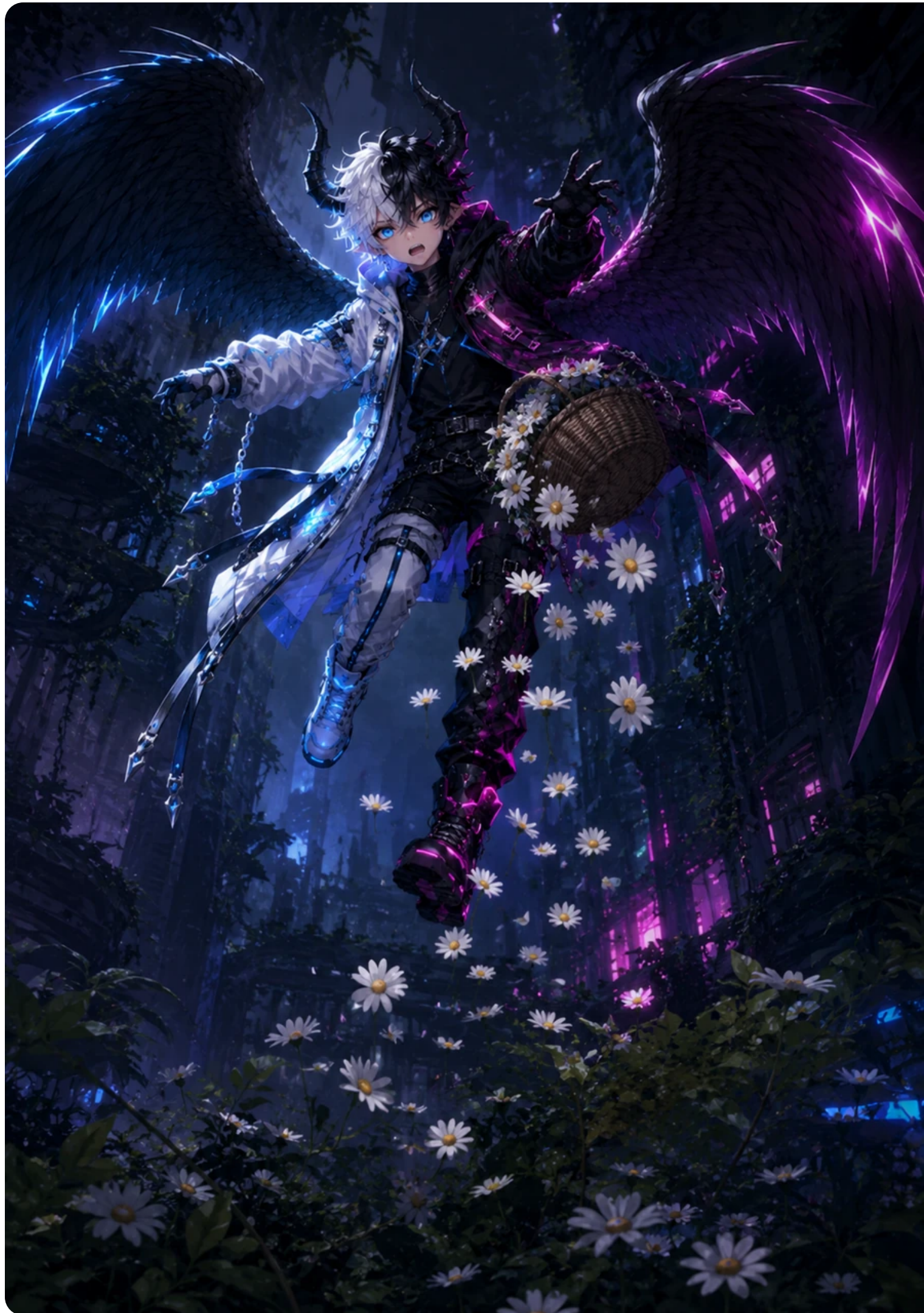
As Anasthasya listens wide-eyed and nervous, Ivan dramatically chimed in to explain the legend of the hybrids, mysterious beings born of both light and dark blood who possess the terrifying power to either bring total balance or absolute destruction to the universe.



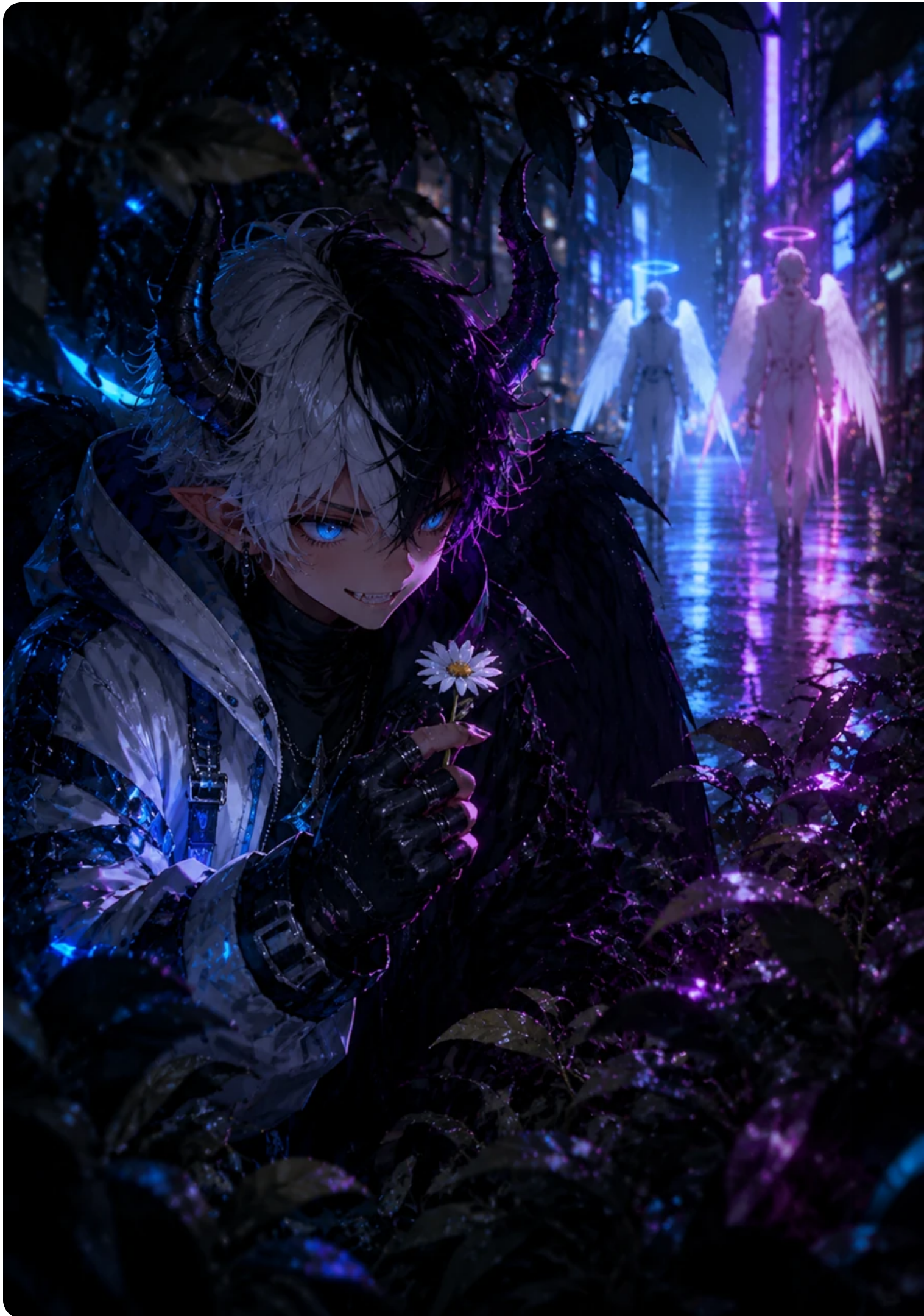
Suddenly, a deafening crack of thunder shatters the peaceful silence, causing the clouds above Stelunna to instantly darken into deep shades of purple and grey as the young angels look up in startled panic.



Heeding Shean's urgent command to return home before the storm begins, the angels hastily spread their wings and take flight, with Ivan carelessly pulling Marshal along into the sky.



As Marshal is swept upward into the darkening air, his flower basket tilts precariously, sending a small cascade of freshly picked white daisies tumbling back down toward the overgrown bushes below.



Hidden deeply within the shadows of those very bushes, a silent figure with black angel wings and sharp demon horns watches them depart. Marchel catches one of the falling daisies between his fingers, his ice-blue eyes gleaming as a subtle, sharp-fanged grin spreads across his face.