

1 Prologue

"Hey, look-" You giggled lightly but it quickly faded. Biting your lips, you forced a smile at him.

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The fourth-born thoughts were somewhere else, staring into the distance. Empty and lifeless eyes.

You had tried to befriend the demons you will live with for the rest of the year. Even with all the effort you had put in, your relationships don't seem to be improving. You scorn at the thought, suppressing the rage that has been leaking out.

"Satan?" You whispered, trying to catch his attention, "Satan?"

After the fourth try, you gave up. Glancing sadly at him before leaving, "I'll be... going."

Your voice was stuck in your throat, it was always like this. You've read books upon books so that you can discuss them with Satan. Only to find that his thoughts are always somewhere else, not able to hear your voice at all. You got the newest limited edition video game to play with Leviathan. Just to be turned down at the door with insults because you were not her. You have also tried to bait Beelzebub with food, but he only glared at you before taking the food. When he left, you were sure that you heard him murmuring something about her.

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Again and again, you keep being compared to their precious human. No matter how hard you try, you could never match up to her. She filled them with warmth; something you could never do. She helped them come together, mending their ties; unlike you who keep being pushed away.

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Maybe you weren't born as the protagonist of this story, not worthy of the role, but you can still try, right? You tried so hard, a perfect replacement for her, doing everything she would have done. Yet, no matter how hard you try to fill those empty voids in their heart, your worth was always put down. You know you can never be her, but your heart aches for them, seeing how depressed they were, how lifeless they were. You didn't even know them before you came, yet they treated you like you were some kind of pest every day. How could you still worry about them? Some people might call this kindness, but is it really...?

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Lucifer. Mammon. Leviathan. Asmodeus. Satan. Beelzebub. Belphegor. The seven brothers, each bearing a different sin. They're known as the seven rulers of hell who fell from grace and plunged down through the soaring blue sky, tainted with the blood of angels. Once that was so beautiful and pure are now but pieces of darkness. When they were down in the deeps, hearts pounding, bounds falling, tears dripping. It was at their darkest times, she was like a saint descended from above, a true goddess plummeting into their lives, rescuing them and bringing them back into the light.

It's not fair to you though, you knew you weren't good enough unlike the saint that bought them out from their void. You knew it all, you knew the reason they are like this, so you continuously forgive them. You always put on a smiling face for them, yet they despised how happy you were compared to them. What they didn't know was the fact that you were drowning in your own tears as you slowly faded away. The mask that you wear all this time for them was cracking away as time passed. It's all useless.

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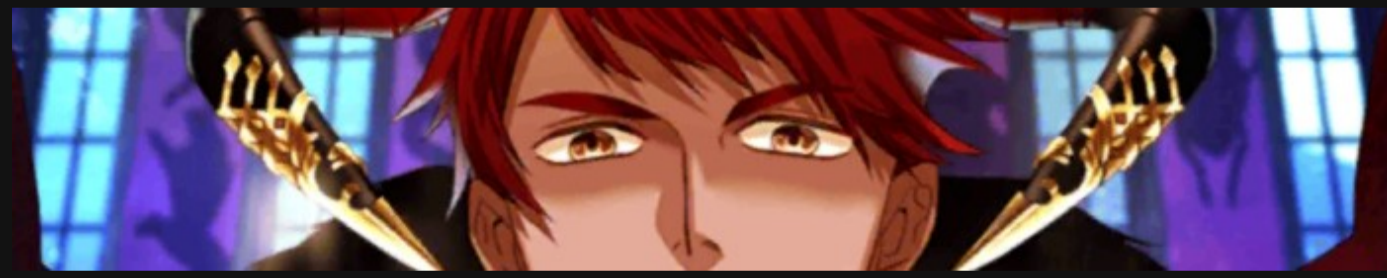
You still remember the time when you first arrived here, everything was so magnificent.

"Welcome, welcome to RAD, The Royal Academy Of Diavolo," The man with fiery red hair had smiled kindly at you, "Please enjoy your one-year stay as an exchange student here. The guidebook in your hands will tell you all you need to know."

A sense of doubt had already begun to creep into you as if something was wrong. The look of hatred and grief in those eyes...

"Meeting dismissed." Just as he finished, the smile on his lips melted away...

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