

10 🌀 Back to the human world

You had packed everything and were just waiting for Barbatos to open the portal. Belphegor stood behind you, glaring daggers at your back. He was probably forced into this just like you.

You don't even know what you were doing. The atmosphere was cloaked with an awkward tension. Each minute took its sweet sweet time to pass. You just wanted everything to be over. You wanted to crawl into a hole and disappear far far away from this place. This was all Diavolo's fault, it was always his fault. You hated that demon... that vile demon.

"....do you understand?" Diavolo finished.

Speak of the devil.

"Yes," both you and Belphegor replied monotonously.

With a curt nod, the Demon Lord signalled for the portal to open.

You clenched your bag tighter as you mentally prepared yourself. You were finally going back to the human world even if it wasn't for the most pleasant reason. Were your friends and family doing well? Would you be able to see them? A mixture of fear and excitement bloomed inside your heart. So many things could go wrong, yet so many things could also go right.

You were just about to enter the portal when Belphegor's questioning voice stopped you. "Wait... what did you pack?"

You turned to face him. "What do you mean? Why do you want to know?"

What was wrong with this demon? Why does he want to know what you packed? There must be a serious problem with him—

Oh... OH.

The gears in your brain finally clicked into place upon seeing his suspicious gaze. That damn demon was worried that you were going to steal something, wasn't he?

"I only took some food and hygiene products from the Devildom. The rest are entirely things I had when I first came here. If you don't like me taking anything from the Devildom, I can take it out."

"No need," he mumbled under his breath, "I was just curious at what you could possibly pack when you barely have anything..."

You smiled, "Yeah. I wouldn't want to take more than I need from a place like this anyways."

....

Okay.

You lied.

You might have taken something other than... well... daily necessities. But it wasn't like they would realize it anyway. As of then, lying at the bottom of your bag was a book. Not just any book but a black leather diary belonging to no other than the **previous exchange student**. There hadn't been any time to read it as you found it under your bed's mattress, so you decided to bring it along with you. You were sure that this diary would be quite an entertaining read. You always wondered what it would be like to be adored by everyone here, to not be hated or compared, to just be loved for who you were. You envied that girl.

Normally, you wouldn't condone behaviours such as snooping around someone's diary but this was an exception... And anyway, the previous owner had already passed away... And society loves making dead people's dairy into books to sell... Yeah, so you're probably doing something that is accepted by society...(?)

"Heyyy? What are you spacing out for? Just step through the portal already!"

You refused to acknowledge Belphegor's words but still proceeded to step through it. You took deep breaths, trying to calm the rush of adrenaline. Where would you arrive exactly? What would it be like to see humans again instead of just demons and angels... oh... and also wizards.

When you allowed your body to step through the portal, your view blurred into one, creating a dizzying image. With your head still throbbing, you stumbled along a path, barely registering that you had arrived. The sensation was so similar to how it felt when you first arrived in the Devildom, except this time you were a bit more mentally prepared. Still, even knowing what was going to happen didn't help much with the physical strain it caused. As your view finally started to clear up, you realized that you had arrived in front of a luxury mansion...

Seriously? Was this your accommodation for the rest of your stay? A mansion? For two people? Was this a mistake?

"Serenity Manor?" You hear Belphegor's tired voice reading the sign.

Bzzt--The phone rang, informing you of a new notification.

[Chatroom participants: Diavolo, Belphegor, Barbatos, and \(Y/N\)](#)

Diavolo

How do you like the accommodation?

Belphegor

Serenity Manor?

Barbatos

Correct, that is the right place

Belphegor

...

A mansion when there are only two of us?

Diavolo

Yes, that's the case

That manor will be your temporary home until you finish your task

You each should have a map of the layout and keys to the manor

Great;;

I'll get going first

Thanks for the information

Barbatos

Farewell

Please do not forget to send us regular updates on your progress

You blinked in confusion. Well... This was going to be interesting. It was also probably easier to avoid Belphegor in such a big house. You wouldn't bump into him more than necessary. Maybe it was a good thing that Diavolo could somehow afford such a fancy house... You wondered how he managed to acquire this? Was he some kind of CEO in the human world or something?

As for your task... You were just going to think about it tomorrow, you needed rest now.

You turned towards Belphegor. "I'll be going up to my room first."

His only response was a sharp glare which you pretended to take no notice of.

It didn't take long for you to find your room, thanks to the map. Your room was cloaked in a shower of warm sunshine, something you had definitely missed a lot. It was a generic-looking bedroom that you would imagine from a luxurious mansion. There was a beautifully crafted arched window with blue curtains, a grandfather clock, a wardrobe, a mirror, and last but not least a clean white bed. The whole of the room seemed to be decorated according to a white and blue theme. Overall, it was a room fit for nobility. Out of everything, your favourite part of the extravagant room would have to be the lock. At least you'll be able to have some time to yourself without being intruded on by some annoying pest.

You locked the door before kicking off your shoes and collapsing onto the bed.

"Wow... Not what I expected," you mused to yourself, surprised at how soft the bed was.

Then, with the diary in your hands, you adjusted yourself into a comfortable position before proceeding to read it.

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