

7 Possession and manipulation (Solomon POV)

The brothers truly are entertaining.

His lips perked up into a small smile as he sent it. The brothers really were entertaining... They were like children's toys dancing on a stage, creating a little play for onlookers.

When Solomon first heard about the exchange program he didn't think much of it, but when he heard about the second human student.... He was rather intrigued. Intrigued by the fact that Diavolo had chosen a weak and powerless human to fend for himself in the Devildom.

As time progressed, many things he once found important or precious disappeared. Anything that he would find fun or even like would only ever be a short infatuation and eventually bore him. To him, everyone was like mere toys dancing on a stage. Every life was entertaining yet fleeting. Nothing stayed long enough for him to truly grow an attachment. This wasn't much different, it was just the start of a new show like any others. He truly wondered, how many acts would there be? How many acts would it take to bore him? Would he be able to stay till the end or would he get bored and leave? It was a new plot, a new stage, a new lead....

To be honest, the performance exceeded his expectations. The magicless human was not only able to form pacts with some of the Seven Lords of Hell, she also managed to mend their broken bond. Of course, the human hadn't done everything herself. Sometimes, Solomon lent a helping hand in order for the show to continue, but it was still spectacular. He wondered what would this powerless human do next? What exciting thing would she bring? Solomon had thought of all kinds of possibilities but... He never would have guessed the plot twist that was going to unfold.

The protagonist had somehow broken all her pacts with the demons and just... vanished. There wasn't a trace of her that was left behind, it was like she never existed in the first place. They couldn't even find her in the human world. Everything that happened seemed like nothing but a fever dream. No matter how miserable any of the demons felt at her departure, the exchange program still had to go on for the peace of the three realms. That was why they brought a new student... A replacement

Solomon snapped back to reality when he heard a light knock on the door. He stood up and opened it gently. A flicker of confusion crossed his face before it was quickly replaced with amusement. What were they doing here? He could probably guess though... Their room had most likely been ruined by the brothers' fight 5 minutes ago.

He watched as the human seated themselves on the couch before entering the kitchen to inform the angels. The sorcerer had offered to help with dinner but had been quickly and easily rejected.

"Simeon? Luke?" He said as he pushed open the door, "(Y/N) is here."

"Really!?" Luke's eyes lit up with joy like a puppy when he heard the name.

Solomon nodded slightly. When he looked at the little angel's happy face, he couldn't help but wonder why the others couldn't accept the new human student as just an exchange student instead of a replacement like how the angels do... But then again he knew. He knew how the brothers were struggling and it made matters worse when they saw the cheery new human who was so similar yet so different from their own...

Solomon sighed, he really shouldn't get involved more than he already has.

"Simeon, let's make some of their favourite sweets!" Luke exclaimed excitedly.

"Sure... Also-" Just as the angel finished his words a loud crash rang through the air.

"What... was that?"

Even though nobody answered, everyone knew what it was. Glass. It was the sound of the breaking of glass. Something had broken... and it wasn't small.

"It's from the living room," Solomon said carefully, "That's where (Y/N) is... They probably broke something."

"I should go check on them to see if they're..." Simeon started to say. CRASH.

He wasn't able to finish the rest of his sentence (again) as another ear-splitting crash echoed through the walls. It was then quickly followed by even more crashes of objects breaking.

Without another word, the trio headed through the hallway towards the source. When they finally arrived, the sorcerer pushed open the door, his eyes widened at the view.

Moonlight poured from the hands of the starry night sky. It wavered and bent as it peaked through the cracks in the glass. A single person stood in front of the arched window, silhouetted against the Waning Gibbous. There was a shadowy aura surrounding the person... It was a sign that some kind of magic was at play.

"(Y/N)...?"

The human slowly turned towards the group, their eyes darted across them. He heard Luke gasp and shrink behind the older angel whose eyes were narrowed in worry. Solomon knew that Simeon had realized the same thing he did.

"Possession", The words came out as barely a whisper.

Their hand swiped the candlestick on the dining table and threw it against the wall before turning back to the giant arched window. Their eyes were lifeless as they stared at it.

"I-uh...Y-(Y/N)..." Luke tried to call out to them but his shaky voice never reached the person.

"Luke," Simeon said quietly, "We'll sort this out, why don't you go back to the kitchen?"

For a second it looked as if he was going to protest but in the end, he just nodded and left.

Solomon glanced at the cracked candlestick, he should probably fix this since he doesn't know when they'll wake up. So with a whisk of his wrist, he repaired it and all the other broken objects. This action made the possessed human turn around, their eyes were no longer lifeless but was filled with some kind of excitement and interest.

"That was some marvellous magic-" They purred, "Would you care to give me it?"

Solomon remained stoic, this was rather boring, if only he could just... But he couldn't risk it, he couldn't risk another chance of harming their body.

After a few beats of silence, the voice spoke again, "Sigh... I guess not. Though, you would have hoped later that you had accepted this offer when it was this easy."

Simeon and Solomon both stayed quiet and unmoving, their best bet was to wait until the real owner of the vassal awoke.

"Say, do you know what the owner of this body is thinking right now? If you wish, I could easily return the vassal right now... Though I won't be responsible for what happens next."

"If you would," Solomon finally answered calmly, "We'll take the responsibility ourselves."

"Oh wow, how are you still so composed in this situation? Do you see everything as a game?" A smirk appeared on their face. "Hmm, well, if you're going to take responsibility then I'll leave you to it. Oh and one last thing, you don't actually think that this is a mere case of me possessing them right? Dear witty sorcerer, I'm sure even you would be surprised~"

He heard the angel next to him heave a sigh of relief as the aura around the body disappeared. Even though the demon possessing them had left, they still seemed somehow. Solomon slowly walked toward them and met their gaze... Their eyes were empty and dull like they had lost all meaning to live. Solomon had seen this kind of gaze numerous times in his long life... Well, shit

The distant cry of an owl rang in the air as the human arrived in front of the cracked arched window. Their fingers traced the edge of the crack, leaving blood in its wake. As if it was magic, the whole window shattered into millions of pieces, each stained with a scarlet red. And then... they fell. They leaned back and fell through the empty frame, eyes closed as the wind brushed against their skin.

"(Y/N)!!!" A scream echoed in the room... The voice belonged to Luke who was peaking through the door crack, his body trembling in fear.

Solomon mumbled a spell quickly while Simeon tried to grab them. Magic enveloped the magicless vassal, preventing them from falling to their death. As magic flickered around the body, Simeon took off his cape and fluttered open his wings. He grabbed them from the air and gently placed them back onto the couch.

"Their breathing seems to have returned to normal," Simeon informed the others, "I think they're asleep now... What do you think that was?"

Solomon blinked in confusion, "I'm not sure."

That was a lie. He knew what that was. He even knew this was going to happen sooner or later, though he never expected it to happen right in front of him in Purgatory Hall.

Possession and Manipulation The words stung in his throat. Everything was unfolding very messily. If this was a story then it would be full of cliches...

Or would it?

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