

(Every character depicted in the story below is a consenting legal adult over the age of 18)

A/N: Scouting ahead~

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Once more, Grayfia finds herself moving unnoticed through the halls of power. This time, she walks unseen and undetected into the depths of the main headquarters for Millenium Enterprises' Record Label Division.

This is not entirely without risk. She can feel it even now... this place is magically warded. There are protections in place designed to keep out unwanted interlopers, and to sound the alarm in the event that an intruder somehow does manage to make their way inside.

Grayfia slips past all of it though. Her own ability is the perfect blend of magical and non-magical for this. A single drop of Devil Power reduces her to practically nonexistent in the face of magical detection, while the rest of it is merely her own physical capability.

Of course, there's also the physical security cameras to be considered. Those aren't magical at all... but Grayfia nevertheless moves without fear of them, knowing from experience that recordings that manage to capture her likeness while she's using her ability maintain the use of that ability going forward. Even the most observant watching those security recordings back would struggle to detect her presence in them.

She's spent five hundred years honing herself into the perfect servant... and the perfect weapon. It is her greatest joy that she's able to serve her Lord and Master with those skills now. To scout ahead and make sure that her Master had all of the information he needed to make an informed plan... this was an excellent use of her abilities.

Frankly, compared to the Evil Pieces heist, this was likely to be a bit of a cakewalk. These human magicians might have considered themselves

untouchable and all powerful, but they had nothing on a Satan... let alone a Super Devil. Ajuka's security was much, much better than what Grayfia was dealing with right now.

Speaking of Evil Pieces... she's pleased that her Lord is finally making use of his new servants. While Grayfia fully understands that she'd overstepped before by trying to insert herself between them, she's nevertheless quite happy to see him taking things in hand and making certain of the loyalty of those three girls.

The members of Huntrix were probably not going to betray Lord Amadeus any time soon, to be fair... but never say never. It was best for him to tie them to him as closely as possible, and there was nothing quite so good as intimacy to do that. Grayfia should know, she had thought herself as loyal as she possibly could be before Amadeus woke up, and yet once he took her to bed, she found her heart was bursting with even more devotion and adoration for her beloved Master than ever before.

There was something special about him... something almost ethereal in his beauty, both physically and mentally. He attracted women like moths to a flame... and Grayfia was unsurprised that the girls of Huntrix had fallen for him so very hard.

Coming to a door, Grayfia tilts her head to the side as she hears raised voices. After a moment of consideration, she opens the door and slips inside, closing it behind her. The entire motion takes half a second at most and doesn't draw the attention of anyone else in the room. After all, a good maid is never a disturbance.

"-is ridiculous! You can't seriously expect us to wear this on stage! We'll be slammed by every news outlet in the world!"

"You and I both know that half of your girls' appeal is sex appeal, Ahri. I really don't see the problem here."

“You don’t see the problem?! Sex appeal is one thing. This just makes us look like sluts! We’re supposed to be musicians! Singers and dancers! Not... not erotic performers!”

Grayfia takes in the scene as the argument escalates. All four members of K/DA are present, along with their sleazy manager and two men in suits silently standing behind him. Ahri is the only one of the women standing up, protesting a frankly scandalous costume she’s holding balled in one fist that looks more like a bikini than anything appropriate to wear for a concert.

Meanwhile, Evelynn, Akali, and Kai’Sa are all spread out across the room. Evelynn is lounging back on a couch, seemingly acting like she’s above all of this... but the tightening around her eyes gives away the truth, to Grayfia anyways.

Akali on the other hand is seated with her legs spread and her elbows on her knees, her hands tightly laced in front of her face until the knuckles have turned white from the pressure. Brooding and coiled to spring up and attack, those are what Grayfia gets from the rapper.

Finally, Kai’Sa is the most fidgety, staring at the costume Ahri is holding up like it’s making her feel sick... but nevertheless staying silent while Ahri goes on her tirade.

“You girls are our best and brightest, Ahri. We just want to see you shine. This is the work of hundreds of hours from our top minds over in the fashion department. And the folks in marketing are confident that you’ll draw more eyes than ever before wearing this. Attention like you could only have dreamed of if you didn’t have the backing of Millenium Enterprises.”

K/DA’s manager grins as he tilts his head to the side.

“Don’t you want to surpass Huntrix? You’re not going to manage it if you don’t take risks. Look at the kinds of crazy shit they have going on at their shows. At the Idol Awards, Rumi sang an entire verse of Golden from a fucking flying hoop without a harness.”

Ahri stiffens up at the comparison, before snarling weakly.

"I... I could do that."

But her manager just shakes his head, immediately calling her bluff.

"No, you couldn't. Kai'Sa or Akali could do the hoop thing, sure. You and Evelynn could do the singing. But none of you can do both together and make it sound as amazing as fucking Rumi did. No matter how messy shit got afterwards, she still completely and utterly mogged you all with that performance."

Grayfia's nose wrinkles. What in the world was 'mogged' supposed to mean? Hm, this must be new age slang she wasn't familiar with, because K/DA doesn't react with confusion. If anything, a shadow falls over them all. Ahri though, still isn't done fighting.

"And you think this is how we beat Huntrix? By slutting ourselves up? And don't give me that shit about fashion and marketing. We both know that this trash didn't come from them. Let's be honest for a moment... this came from one of the executives, didn't it? Or maybe one of their perverted sons. They're practically whoring us out at the expense of everything we've built!"

Silence falls over the room as the smile drops from the manager's face. Evelynn, Akali, and Kai'Sa all look at Ahri with some amount of surprise on their faces, clearly caught off guard by their peer being so... abrasive and blunt about things.

"You want to be honest for a moment? Sure, we can be honest. You're going to wear these new costumes. All of you, including you Ahri. Why? Because you don't have a choice. Because Millenium Enterprises *owns* you. You want to peel back the curtain? You want to make me be ugly about things? Fine then. That's the truth. You all are going to obey because otherwise, there will be dire consequences."

Ahri's face twists. Evelynn scowls. Kai'Sa looks more ill than ever before. Akali looks ready to go down swinging. But none of them actually makes a single move or says another word. In the silence that follows, their manager simply nods, his (borrowed) authority successfully asserted and the pecking order firmly established, at least in his eyes.

"It would seem we all understand each other. Good. I'll expect to see you all practicing in your new costumes down in the studio within the hour."

With that, he turns on his heel and takes his thugs with him as he goes. Grayfia hesitates briefly, lagging behind and watching as Ahri's shoulders slump in defeat. After a moment, Evelynn speaks up.

"What in the world was that, Ahri? You really just tried to go toe to toe with our Masters like they can't tug on our leashes any time they want?"

Akali and Kai'Sa both flinch at that, while Ahri just grits her teeth.

"... We might be their slaves, but that doesn't mean we have to be their whores."

Evelynn huffs in amusement, checking her fingernails casually.

"Doesn't it?"

Grayfia wants to comfort them. She wants to tell them it will be alright because her Lord is now on the case. Master Amadeus won't stop until he's freed these four from Millenium Enterprises, that much is certain. However, she also knows that revealing herself right now would do more harm than good.

After all, it's obvious that Amadeus and Rumi's meeting with Ahri is what gave her the fire to try and fight back just now. Her defiance is almost certainly born of the small flickering flame of hope that they ignited in her chest.

Hope can be dangerous though. Hope can ruin everything. Grayfia barely allowed herself to feel hope for those five hundred years when she was watching over Amadeus while he was in stasis. Even when he'd begun to

miraculously heal, his arm stumps slowly regrowing into actual hands, she still hadn't let herself feel too much hope.

And in the end... everything had turned out for the best. Rather, everything had turned out better than she expected. She would happily give the same to these girls. By not giving them too much hope, when they were rescued and freed by her Lord, it would be all the more powerful.

Fortunately, Ahri also isn't foolish enough to say anything about what Master Amadeus said to her. In the end, she just walks away without another word, leaving Evelynn to huff in feigned amusement. After a beat though, both she and the other two move to follow, all of them expected to get ready for their next training session.

Grayfia departs at that point, returning to her previous task of scouting out the building ahead of time. Though, there's perhaps a bit more... vigor in her steps after what she witnessed. It wasn't right, after all. That was NOT how you should treat your servants.

She should know... after all, while Amadeus himself had not necessarily been present these past five hundred years, Grayfia had nevertheless went out of her way to do plenty of research while molding herself into the perfect maid for him.

She'd read an awful lot of literature, and when it was finally invented, she'd watched plenty of films and shows on the subject. But more than that, once Grayfia had honed her ability to pass undetected to an acceptable standard, she'd gone and looked in on real Master-Servant dynamics directly, seeking plenty of experience as close to hands-on as she could possibly get without betraying her service to her true Master.

She'd borne witness to all of it. From the worst sort of Masters to the best. She'd seen servants ecstatic to be in their Master's employ, to servants beaten down and degraded, treated as little more than dogs... and in some cases, worse than dogs.

In this case, Millenium Enterprises had more than proven themselves to fall into the latter camp. Not just because they'd tricked the members of K/DA into a magical contract that took away their freedom and enslaved them against their wills, but also because of how they were treating them now.

Put simply... they did not deserve to be able to call upon servants of K/DA's caliber. Lord Amadeus on the other hand... well, Grayfia certainly wouldn't put her foot in things like she did previously. That said, if her Master was already willing to use his Evil Pieces on just about anyone who asked... a Nine Tailed Fox certainly wouldn't make for a bad Bishop, perhaps...

But that was getting ahead of herself. And more than that, it wouldn't be remotely close to her decision anyways. She was merely there to serve Amadeus, to love and adore him with all her being. He was the one who made the decisions though. That, Grayfia had learned quite well.

Eventually, she finishes scouting Millenium Enterprises' Recording Label Headquarters and returns to her Master's side, specifically to the penthouse at the top of Huntrix Tower. Grayfia arrives back there to find that quite the mess has been made in her absence.

Any other maid might have balked at what she finds, with how Amadeus and the Huntrix girls are all cuddled up together in a tangle of naked, sweaty limbs... to say nothing of the other bodily fluids all over the place. But Grayfia is not your average maid. As well, her love for her Master is stronger than any distaste for the messes he could make could ever be.

She's not even upset with the girls either... while Zoey is training under her on how to be a maid, there are some things that supersede that, including their Master's happiness.

And so, while Amadeus and the three girls all sleep, Grayfia sets to work quietly cleaning up after them... and cleaning them up too without them ever even realizing she's doing it.

She works swiftly and efficiently, until the couch is once more pristine, the floor is completely clean, and all four of them are clothed and bundled up in blankets. By the time Grayfia is done, their cuddle pile looks much more innocent than it really is... the only traces of anything untoward left behind being Amadeus' seed inside of the girls' cunts.

Good that she does too, because no sooner has Grayfia finished up then the elevator chimes, announcing another visitor. Eyes narrowing, Grayfia turns to see just who it is. As far as she's aware, there's only a couple of people who it could be... if it's Bobby, Grayfia has no problem with that and won't interfere. If it's Celine though... well, she might just have to step in and say something.

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A/N: Remember to Vote, leave a Like, and let me know what you think!