

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

A/N: Ahri is feeling a certain sort of way~

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Amadeus Valefor, Ahri decided, was a uniquely strange individual. She had thought him weird before, back when she assumed he was only acting the way he was acting because he didn't have any idea what he'd stuck his nose into.

Frankly, she'd felt rather guilty for not telling him and Rumi back at the brunch why they simply shouldn't get involved with her or the rest of K/DA... but in the end, she hadn't been willing to spill her secrets to them at that time. More than that really, Ahri hadn't wanted to scare them away necessarily, even if she should have. She'd... she'd wanted them to try.

It was that same selfishness that had her staying under Huntrix and Amadeus' protection now, she supposed. Sure, Amadeus seemed convinced that they could take on anyone who came for them, but Ahri wasn't so confident.

And yet...

"Haha! Nice one, but a bit too slow!"

Ahri huffs as she flicks her hand, undoing the foxfire burning merrily on the ground between them. She can't believe she let herself get talked into this... and yet here they are all the same. When she and Akali hadn't really voiced much resistance to the idea of doing some training, Amadeus had gone and gotten Rumi... which had in turn drawn in Evelyn.

The only two women who hadn't been picked up were Mira and Kai'Sa, the both of them off doing their own thing still. Meanwhile, the seven of them had wound up in the Demon Realm where Huntrix's big bad Demon King had once lived, using the top of his old pyramid as their sparring grounds. Ahri had to admit;

there was something to be said about letting loose for the first time in who knew how long.

However, at the same time... she was discovering just how weak she truly was. Amadeus Valefor was running circles around her, even if he was perhaps being a little nice about it. Nothing she could do could even scratch him.

She refuses to just give up though. Eyes narrowing, Ahri once again sends out some foxfire, the flames that all kitsune are able to call upon. Of course, the power of their foxfire is directly dependent on a kitsune's number of tails, as well as their lineage.

Technically as a nine-tailed fox, Ahri should have access to extremely powerful foxfire. But that's not taking into account her mixed heritage. Foxfire isn't a thing among Kumiho and that weakens her flames somewhat.

Sending another blast in Amadeus' direction, this time with every bit of speed she can muster, Ahri is nevertheless unsurprised when he dodges out of the way again, easily flipping over the flames with that happy grin on his face.

She can't even get mad at his cheerfulness either, because it's not condescending. He's not laughing at her or making fun of her. He's just... having fun sparring with her. She could stand to take a page out of his book and learn something from him on that front probably, but the truth is... Ahri has always been competitive.

Like a switch being flicked, she swaps tactics on the fly. Foxfire still burning merrily, Ahri doesn't bother retrieving it. Instead, she leans on her Kumiho heritage and summons a bevy of illusions all wearing her face, until the part of the pyramid where she and Amadeus are fighting is filled with her copies.

Amadeus' eyes widen slightly, visibly impressed, but his grin widens as well, making it clear he's excited.

"Oh! That's a new trick!"

If he likes this, he'll like what she has planned next even better. With a flex of her will, Ahri teleports... and as she does so, all of her copies start to teleport too. She sees Amadeus Valefor's eyes begin to flicker too and fro, but he doesn't seem capable of latching onto her.

In the midst of all of this, Ahri goes for the kill, teleporting into Amadeus' blind spot and aiming a foxfire-infused strike right at his back. He's completely and utterly unaware of her as far as she can tell and as her blow races for him, it honestly looks like she might hit him.

... Which is bad, Ahri belatedly realizes, because she's not holding back as much as she should. If this blow lands, she might actually hurt the Devil Lord who had risked so much to save her and K/DA.

Before she can even try to pull her blow back however, a hand snaps out and wraps around her wrist. At first Ahri thinks Amadeus has managed to catch her anyways despite all evidence to the contrary... but no, he's still facing away from her for a quarter of a second more before he manages to whip around, realizing she's behind him.

Instead, the one who grabbed her wrist... was Grayfia, Amadeus' maid. Ahri blinks, caught off guard by the woman's sudden presence. She hadn't even known Grayfia came to the Demon Realm with them, nor that she was nearby. And that power... she was so fast.

"Grayfia... was your interference really necessary?"

Red eyes glare at Ahri with firm reproach as Grayfia frowns deeply.

"It was, Master. This one was striking with the intent to do damage, not to merely win the spar."

Amadeus' brow furrows and he looks to Ahri. Flushing, Ahri ducks her head and doesn't bother trying to hide it.

“She’s right. My sincerest apologies, I let the heat of the moment get away from me. I simply... wanted to win.”

Silence reigns for a moment as Ahri waits for the Devil Lord’s judgment. Only, to her surprise, his response comes in the form of two fingers gently tucked under her chin to lift her head up.

“I accept your apology, Ahri. No harm done in the end, heh!”

Ahri blinks and her heart pounds a bit as she stares into Amadeus’ smiling, caring, incredibly handsome face. He was... too good to be real.

Grayfia brings Ahri back to reality a moment later with a noise and a slight tightening of the grip on her wrist. Looking over at the maid, Ahri can see the judgment in those red eyes that she expected to find in Amadeus’ gaze. He might be willing to forgive her... but his servant clearly did not.

Still, as a maid, Grayfia doesn’t speak up or try to contradict Amadeus’ words. She just looks at Ahri in a way that makes it clear she’ll be watching her. Ahri shivers, even as Amadeus sighs and lets out a rueful chuckle.

“Grayfia, please release Ahri.”

His maid finally does so, leaving Ahri with the urge to rub her wrist... but in the end, she resists said urge and simply recalls her foxfire from around them and lowers her hands to her sides. Amadeus rubs a hand on the back of his head and chuckles softly.

“Well... at least everyone else is having fun.”

His words prompt Ahri to look around them. The top of the massive pyramid where Huntrix’s Demon King once held court is a large, flat space with plenty of room for all of them. As such, Zoey and Akali are off to one side having a knife throwing contest rather than an actual duel, while Rumi and Evelyn are talking quietly, having finished up their own spar.

It's surprising how good everyone is getting along... but Ahri knows she has to say something. Even if she thinks at this point that it won't matter to Amadeus, she needs to make sure he fully understands.

"Amadeus... about what we were talking about before back in the penthouse."

He looks to her with a furrowed, curious brow.

"Yes?"

"I just... I want to make sure you really get what you're signing up for. It's not just that the four of us all have baggage and people who want to hunt us down. It's more than that... the entire reason Millennium was allowed to keep us all under those slave contracts, the reason none of these factions tried to free us before... was because it was preferable that we were enslaved and used for frivolous things like making music."

Amadeus frowns at that, his furrowed brow becoming even more so. She can tell he's listening though, so Ahri really drills the point home.

"Put bluntly, we're all rejects... with too much *weight* behind our existences to be allowed to roam free. Everyone is going to come after us at the end of the day. And no matter how hard we train, no matter how much we prepare... it's going to be a hard fight."

Silence reigns for a moment before Amadeus slowly nods.

"I understand. And I appreciate you making sure that I do fully understand too, to be clear. And I hope you understand that even knowing all of that... it's a fight I'm willing to fight with you. All of you."

Ahri's breath hitches. And in that moment, she's pretty sure she falls just a little bit in love with Amadeus Valefor. Which might be why the next words out of her mouth are...

"Please make me a member of your peerage."

Amadeus blinks at her, but Ahri just continues to stare at him, eyes filled with determination.

“... I already said I wasn’t going to reincarnate any of you today, Ahri.”

“I know you did. And maybe it doesn’t have to be today... but when you’re ready, so am I.”

Amusingly, he actually looks a little uncomfortable.

“This is certainly a change...”

Ahri just smirks.

“If you’re going to risk everything to help us over and over again, can you really be surprised when we want to help you in turn?”

Before Amadeus can speak, she holds up a hand to cut him off.

“More than that... you have to understand the power that an Evil Piece offers. As strong as I am now, if you made me one of your bishops I would become much more powerful. It’s the sort of boost that might just be the difference between life and death for us. Especially for the others like Kai’Sa and Akali who don’t have any power of their own.”

Amadeus’ eyes light up with understanding.

“Ah, I see... that does make more sense.”

Ahri resists the urge to roll her eyes. At least she’s found a way to hopefully get him to reincarnate them sooner rather than later. Or at least her and Kai’Sa. She didn’t know whether Akali and Evelynn would jump in or not. Akali probably would, but Evelynn... well, that was a whole different can of worms.

“Really though, nobody even knows where you four are yet. Millennium has lost you, but that doesn’t mean that everyone is looking for you. You girls should have a few days of breathing room at the very least, right?”

Ahri tilts her head to the side at Amadeus’ words, humming for a moment before nodding. Yes, he was probably right. After all, it wasn’t like Millennium was going to admit to any of the other factions that they’d lost them. It would probably take at least a little bit for word to get out... right?

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“Are you sure about this, Mira?”

“Of course, it’s fine. We’re in full disguises aren’t we? Nobody is going to know it’s us. I go out with the girls all the time like this.”

Kai’Sa makes a noise in the back of her throat but ultimately lets it go. She’s nervous... but also very excited. And how can she not be? Millennium had always been incredibly stingy about letting K/DA go and do their own things without ‘supervision’. Especially her and Akali. Ahri and Evelynn, as the twin ‘faces’ of the group tended to be given a little bit more leash, but Kai’Sa was not.

And so, after checking out Huntrix’s utterly massive wardrobe with Mira and the other dancer offering to take her shopping, Kai’Sa had ultimately gone along with it with only minimal reluctance. Because in the end, any and all reluctance was purely out of a sense of responsibility and concern. The truth was, Kai’Sa wanted to go shopping with Mira more than anything.

She’d always looked up to the other woman, even though their two groups had a bit of a rivalry going on. Kai’Sa tried to emulate Mira as best she could, but of course Millennium mostly forced her to ‘stay in her lane’ as a dancer.

Mira, as not just a dancer but also Huntrix’s choreographer and visual, juggled a lot more roles. It was truly impressive, the way her vision worked.

So yes, Kai'Sa was currently outside of Huntrix Tower with Mira, the both of them having taken a nondescript vehicle over to the nearest shopping center after putting on disguises that Mira had come up with. Kai'Sa's distinctive purple hair was currently hidden in one of Rumi's voluminous hoodies and Mira was wearing a hat and sunglasses.

She had to admit; they really didn't look like themselves right now. So this would probably be fine. Mira certainly seemed to think so, constantly telling her how they were unlikely to be recognized. As they move towards the first store, Kai'Sa follows Mira in feeling pretty good about herself. This would be the first time in years that she would be allowed to shop for herself.

Of course, there was one small problem... she didn't actually have any money that wasn't tied to one of Millennium's credit cards. And she wasn't nearly so foolish as to try and use one of those. But even there...

"You're sure it's okay for you to pay for me too?"

Mira scoffs.

"Obviously. My money is my money. We'll have to get you girls all of your money as well at some point... even if it involves destroying that shitty record label in the process. But in the meantime, covering you will be easy."

Kai'Sa tries to imagine it... Huntrix's sheer success without the slave contracts she and the other members of K/DA had labored under. Yeah, Mira was probably more than good for it. Letting her shoulders slump and the last of her concerns fade away, Kai'Sa just nods and prepares to enjoy herself.

Unfortunately, just as she and Mira are getting to the clothing racks...

"Kai'Sa?"

Both Kai'Sa and Mira whip around in unison, only to come face to face with the most beautiful woman Kai'Sa has ever laid eyes on. Except... she's pretty sure

this is not a human woman at all. And that realization has the blood draining out of her face as she recognizes the species of being in front of her.

Angel.

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