

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

A/N: Amadeus gets his first summons! And nothing else special happens, huehuehue.

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“... Do it.”

He trusted Grayfia and if she said this was the best way, then Amadeus believed her. Gracing her with a smile, he waves his hand through the air.

“Distribute the flyers and let’s see what fish we manage to hook, Grayfia.”

Without missing a beat, Grayfia bows at the waist.

“Right away, Master.”

And then she departs, causing Amadeus to blink. Admittedly, he hadn’t actually intended for her to just... leave right away like that. But then again, they had just finished a meal and it was early enough in the day for it he supposed.

He is left wondering where in the world Grayfia intends to go in order to distribute the flyers, but ultimately it doesn’t matter. Or rather, seeing as he’s been absent from Earth for five hundred years and they’ve managed to grow their population by a truly massive amount in that time, Grayfia should know better than him where to put the flyers.

Of course, with her departure Amadeus now has to decide what to do with himself while he waits for her to get back with news of how her mission went. On the one hand, his instinct is to go and enjoy himself in the instrument room... on the other hand, his sense of duty and responsibility tells him that even if he can’t train as hard as he might want, he CAN still train at least a little bit... and the sooner he gets stronger, the sooner he’ll be strong enough to make Grayfia Lucifuge his Queen.

As such, rather than the instrument room, where Amadeus knows he'll be too distracted and tempted to procrastinate, he moves to the storage room that holds the chest which once contained the Valefor Cloak. Its empty and quiet enough to be used as a meditation room and thanks to Grayfia's talents as a maid, the place is spotless, not an ounce of dust anywhere to be seen.

Sitting down cross-legged on the clean floor, Amadeus turns his attention inward and begins to use techniques for massaging his Devil Power that he technically hasn't used in five hundred years. Of course, for him it's only been a few months at most since he had time to sit down and do one of these sessions. But he can immediately feel the difference in his internal power all the same.

One might expect the remnants of Lucrezah Lucifer's Power of Destruction to linger on him in some way, but Amadeus can't sense any of that. What he CAN sense is his newly unlocked Clan Trait nestled within him and pulsing in time with the beating of his heart. The ability to Unlock anything... except not quite because he'd only been able to scratch the surface of the Satan Beelzebub's Monument the night before.

That meant Unlock was not... all or nothing so to speak. There WERE defenses and forms of security out there that could block it. But at the same time, Amadeus refused to believe he had completely explored the limits of his Clan Trait. There had to be more to Unlock... more that he could grow into, more that he could uncover with time and training.

Hah, maybe he should have had Grayfia imbue the stack of flyers with magic that would ensure he was summoned for thievery and skullduggery instead of artistic pursuits. That would probably have been a better way of ensuring he got plenty of opportunities to practice with his Clan Trait.

Only... the type of people to summon a Devil to steal something or break into someplace weren't always the best sort. Even if the Valefor Clan had had a reputation for being friendly with human thieves back in the day, that didn't necessarily mean Amadeus wanted all of his connections with the human world to be... criminal in nature.

No, he would focus on building up a foundation of wealth and influence and power through mostly legitimate means first... and then eventually he might have Grayfia distribute more flyers of the... more shadowed variety.

For now, he continues to massage his power, encompassing it with his mind and working it over as he meditates on the floor. This isn't going to make him strong enough for his purposes any time soon but with such a limited amount of space it's all he can do for now and-

"Lord Amadeus."

Blinking, Amadeus opens his eyes to find Grayfia at the door. His head maid bows at the waist upon gaining his attention.

"The flyers have been distributed and it is past midday. Shall I prepare lunch?"

Huh. Amadeus hadn't even realized so many hours had passed. Chuckling, he rises from the floor with a nod.

"Yes, that sounds excellent Grayfia. While you cook, tell me about where you sent the flyers please."

"Of course Master."

They move back to the kitchen and Grayfia regales him with stories of traveling to artistic venues all across the globe. Concert halls, studios sets, art galleries. She tells him how she made sure to avoid any centers of supernatural power while also making sure that his flyers ended up close to those who they wanted to pick them up. The magic she imbued them with was sure to do the rest.

Eventually, they sit down for lunch. Before Amadeus puts the first bite in his mouth, he can't help but tilt his head to the side.

"When do you think we should expect the first summons?"

Grayfia blinks.

“Ah... well, it could be some time Master. Days or weeks, maybe. Not only does a flyer have to wind up in the right hands, the person who gets ahold of it also has to be willing to summon you too. There is no compulsory effect or anything like that... it's all completely above board, so if they aren't the type desperate enough to summon a Devil of all things...”

Heh, that was fair. Even back in the day the only humans desperate enough to make deals with the Underworld were... well, not the most respectable sort. Hopefully these days with there being so many humans that Heaven couldn't keep them all on straight and narrow, there would be some who were respectable but also desperate. Even if that DID feel like a bit of an oxymoron...

“Makes sense, yeah.”

Of course, just as he's finally preparing to dig in... it happens. Amadeus blinks and sits back in his chair, feeling a strange tug in his chest.

“Ah... Grayfia, I'm fairly sure someone is trying to summon me through one of the flyers.”

Grayfia's eyes widen and she immediately straightens up.

“That was fast. Do you wish to hold off on answering it and eat first?”

Amadeus ponders that dilemma for a moment. To be fair, the tug felt... persistent but not insistent if that made sense. He could ignore it if he wanted to with relative ease. But at the same time, he knew the person on the other end could cut off their request at any time as well so if he waited to respond till after lunch, they might miss out.

If he was doing this for any other reason, he might not have cared that much. But considering he was chomping at the bit to make Grayfia his Queen...

“No, I think I'll answer it right away.”

Grayfia just nods and then casts a stasis spell on their plates, trapping the freshly made food inside so that it doesn't go bad. Then, she rises to her feet.

"Please allow me to accompany you, Master. I promise to stay out of the way... but I do not wish to leave you alone with strangers at this point in time."

Huffing a little bit, Amadeus rolls his eyes... but also smiles fondly as he nods and stands up as well.

"Very well. Come along then, Grayfia."

Looking extremely relieved that he's not leaving her behind, Grayfia moves to his side as they both step away from the table. Letting her place a hand on the back of his arm for the required contact needed to bring her along, Amadeus finally answers the summons and a magical circle forms under their feet.

A moment later and they're both teleported out of the Underworld and up above to Earth. Truthfully, Amadeus doesn't quite know what to expect. It'd been years since he traveled to Earth even before his five hundred year nap.

The place they wind up in is... bland. That's Amadeus' first impression. Bland and small and... well, it's clearly a living space, but not a very large one. In fact, aside from a partition separating the bedding from the rest of the area, it's all one room.

The owner of said room stands in the middle of it with their mouth wide open as they stare at Amadeus in disbelief. One of Grayfia's flyers is held in their grasp, still glowing slightly from the focus of their request for him to come make a deal with them.

Amadeus takes in his very first summoner and has to admit... he's not very impressed. It's a human man who appears to be of middling age for his rather short-lived species. Maybe around his thirties? He's not unattractive, but he's also not anything special compared to the general unearthly supernatural beauty

of Devils. And when Amadeus looks into his eyes... well, he doesn't see much intelligence there at first glance if he's being honest.

Grayfia has immediately stepped back as they arrived, being unobtrusive to the point that the summoner can't even tell she's there. Amadeus resists the urge to glance at her, instead focusing on the matter at hand.

"Greetings, human. I am Amadeus... and you have summoned me to make a deal."

The human's mouth opens and closes a few times before he finally finds his voice.

"Are you... are you an angel?"

Amadeus blinks at the stupefied awe in the human's voice. Really? He thought Amadeus was an *angel*? That was... honestly hilarious in the most ironic sense. Snorting in amusement, Amadeus shakes his head.

"No, I am not an angel. In fact, I'm about as far from an angel as I can get. You stand before a devil, human. One who can make your dreams come true."

Is he laying it on a bit thick? Perhaps. But to be fair he technically should have announced himself properly as not just Amadeus, but Lord Amadeus Valefor. Or rather, he should have had Grayfia do it as she was his head maid and chief servant.

But this didn't really seem like the time for all of that... and to be fair, Amadeus was still trying to lay low. Even if Heaven couldn't keep an eye on every human these days, who was to say whether the Underworld might get a whiff of his contracts at some point? If they did, Amadeus didn't want the name 'Valefor' to reach anyone's ears just yet...

The man glances between the flyer in his hands and Amadeus in disbelief... but that disbelief is slowly fading away, turning into something a bit more credulous the longer that goes on. Finally...

“Okay... alright... yeah, let’s say I believe it and this isn’t some practical joke show my agent signed me up for without my permission. You’re the Devil then?”

Amadeus clears his throat and shakes his head.

“Not ‘the’ Devil. I’m ‘a’ devil. We’re a species, to be clear.”

“Oh. Okay...”

He trails off for a moment and Amadeus takes that time to gesture with his hand.

“It’s considered polite to introduce oneself to someone after they’ve done the same, as I’m given to understand.”

The human’s face flushes.

“Huh? You don’t know who I am?”

Again, Amadeus has to resist the urge to glance to Grayfia. But no... she would have alerted him if this was a particularly important human, he’s sure of that. So instead he chuckles softly, arches a single perfectly sculpted brow... and offers a simple response.

“No.”

“R-Right... I guess they don’t play The Gallant and the Gorgeous down in Hell...”

Furrowing his brow, Amadeus finds himself getting a little irritated. He expresses this irritation by snapping his fingers.

“Name. Now.”

Jolting, the human looks a little frightened for a moment, nodding frantically.

“Y-Yes, sorry... my name is Antonio... uh... j-just Antonio. I’m an actor... I play the character Vinni Fetta on the television show The Gallant and the Gorgeous. Uh... do you guys have television down in Hell?”

They probably did have it in the Underworld, but Amadeus had to admit the term was going right over his head. He understood what an actor, a character, and a ‘show’ were however, so it wasn’t difficult to receive the context. And frankly, he just didn’t want to spend too much time in the weeds with this somewhat insipid man.

“And what do you want from me, Antonio?”

Flushing some more, Antonio glances down at the flyer in his hands again. He squirms briefly before letting out a rattling sigh.

“I want... I want to be better.”

Better? What in the world is that supposed to mean? Fortunately, the actor is already starting to elaborate.

“I’m attractive enough for soap operas, but my career has stalled out. People say I’m not talented enough for anything else aside from daytime television. I want to act in movies... and not those shitty straight to DVD movies. I want people to see my face on the big screen. I want to rub elbows with A-listers and be one of the most famous movie stars in the world!”

By the time he’s getting to the end there, Antonio’s voice has raised and he’s showing quite a bit of... fervor. Amadeus can’t help but be a little... moved by his ambitions and dreams, even if a lot of the words he’s using continue to fly over the Valefor Lord’s head. Alas, it sounded like Antonio simply didn’t have what it took to get there.

“Can you... can you help me? That’s what the flyer said right? Any wish my heart desired? Make me famous. Make me a movie star and I’ll give you whatever you want. Even my soul.”

Oh dear, so he really was that desperate. Amadeus can't help but instinctively wrinkle his nose in disgust. He immediately holds up a hand as he shakes his head.

"To be clear, I do not trade in souls."

That gets a blink of surprise from Antonio.

"Um... what do you want then?"

Amadeus hums, glancing around the... spartan living space for a moment.

"Human currency, probably. But judging by this... you don't have much of it do you?"

Antonio huffs, looking a little offended.

"You try living in LA on a soap opera income. The cost of living in this damn place is too fucking high. Even this studio apartment runs me three thousand dollars a month!"

Is that a lot? Amadeus will have to assume it is a lot. Still...

"That's alright. I can forego the... upfront payment in exchange for you giving me a portion of your earnings going forward for as long our contract lasts. How does that sound?"

The man hesitates for a moment and Amadeus simply cocks an eyebrow again. Was he really going to try to negotiate with a devil? Was he really going to turn down this offer after outright *summoning* a devil?

"... Deal."

As it turns out, the answer is no. A satisfied smile spreads across Amadeus' face as he feels a sense of potential fill the air. Humans and Devils and contracts

seemed to go hand and hand... and so long as he wasn't having to deal in actual human souls, Amadeus found he didn't mind the feeling one bit.

"Then let the pact be made. Talent in exchange for a portion of the income earned off of the fruits of your labor. You will find that handsome face of yours now comes with a quicker wit and the ability to act in any role asked of you. Your capacity for convincing an audience of just how true and sincere you are will be elevated. In return, you will find part of your wealth taken and given over to me for the rest of your days."

A flicker of doubt appears on Antonio's face.

"When you say 'taken and given over'..."

Amadeus grins and tilts his head to the side.

"I will be removing the necessity of any direct action on your part. The wealth you earn will be portioned directly after you earn it. Seven parts to you, three parts to me for as long as you still live. Simple enough, no?"

That gets a proper grimace from the 'soap opera' actor. Maybe he thought he would find a way to cheat Amadeus once he made it big. Maybe he had already planned to lie and give Amadeus only a small portion while claiming he didn't make as much as he actually had from his new talents.

But that simply wasn't something Amadeus was foolish enough to allow. Sure, Antonio could go to an organization like the Church and they might be able to break the deal for him... but in doing so he would lose the talent Amadeus was planning to bestow upon him... as well as answer to the Church for his 'Devil Worship'.

"Seventy-thirty split... fuck me, alright. I guess I'm doing this. What do we need to do? Blood Ritual or something?"

Scoffing, Amadeus shakes his head and sticks out his hand. The potential in the air coalesces in his palm, turning into a glowing light that even Antonio can't

miss. Devil Magic is... so very versatile. It's chaotic in nature, but more than anything it wants to be used. Like a yapping puppy coming when master calls.

Letting out one last explosive breath, Antonio reaches out and grabs Amadeus by the hand. The power in Amadeus' palm transfers over to the soap opera star, prompting a groan from Antonio as the connection is forged between them.

This contract does not give Amadeus a claim to Antonio's soul, but it does give him dominion over a small piece of it. It has to in order for him to work his magic and give the human man what he wants.

Amadeus lives up to his half of the deal of course... and feels as the small portion of power he uses to do so is returned to him twofold right then and there. It's not much... not nearly enough to even move the needle on his High-Class Status. However... it's a start and Amadeus can't help but smile even as he and Antonio pull their hands back.

The human stares at his smile for a moment, looking a little dazed still... perhaps a bit gobsmacked even.

"You really are gorgeous, you know that?"

Amadeus snorts. The power of the contract settling into Antonio's bones must be giving the man a bit of a high. Not that it matters...

"I don't swing that way, I'm afraid. This relationship of ours will remain strictly professional. Now please Antonio, go and make me proud. I hope to see you on the biggest stages that this world has to offer in this time period, one day."

Especially because the bigger the stages, the bigger the paydays, and the more human currency Amadeus would have at his disposal. But he doesn't tell Antonio that. No point really. In fact... before his first contractor can even respond, Amadeus is snapping his fingers and ending the summons.

Grayfia steps up behind him, never once noticed by the human man, and touches his arm as they both disappear back to the safehouse.

Arriving back at the dining table where their meals remain undisturbed thanks to Grayfia's preservation magics, Amadeus hums and glances at his head maid with an arched brow.

"How'd I do?"

Grayfia just smiles.

"You did well Master. Though he will probably take some time to... offer a return on his investment that we can actually use. Still, he's the first of many I should hope."

Amadeus nods. He hopes so too...

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Fortunately, there seem to be a lot of creative humans in this time period. Given how many humans there are in general, Amadeus probably shouldn't be surprised. Regardless, as the days go by, he is in fact summoned by more desperate individuals with dreams of being more than they already are, along with one or two very rich individuals who want a performance that's 'out of this world'.

Between his and Grayfia's magics and Amadeus' own musical talents, they're able to impress the richer contractors enough to develop a nice nest egg of human currency quite quickly.

That said... he does begin to feel like maybe he could do a contract on his own. It's not that he thinks Grayfia is being stifling or anything like that, but as a week of contracts come and go without issue... he figures she shouldn't have to come EVERY time he gets summoned.

And so, when an evening comes when he finds himself feeling that tug while he's alone, Amadeus makes a decision. Grayfia is a room away, tending to her

maidly duties and cleaning up while humming a song he'd played for some old rich human woman just yesterday.

Smiling softly, Amadeus clears his throat.

"Grayfia, I've received another summons. I'm going to take this one alone."

His head maid jolts and looks up at him in wide eyed distress.

"Wha- please Lord Amadeus, take me with you. What if something happens?"

Chuckling, Amadeus shakes his head.

"It'll be fine, Grayfia. We've had an entire week of nothing but desperate artists and rich patrons. Exactly as you said would happen. The magic in your flyers has worked so far... and I trust in your capabilities completely. There will be no danger."

Grayfia opens her mouth to protest further, but Amadeus cuts her off.

"I can't live the rest of my life with a nanny, Grayfia. You are my beloved maid... and the woman closest to my heart. But I need to be able to do some things on my own. If I can't handle something like this without you... what will I be able to handle?"

He didn't want to be harsh about it... hence mentioning how much he loved her. But at the same time, Amadeus will brook no argument here. His mind is already made up. Grayfia seems to realize this, the fight going out of her body as her shoulders slump.

"... Very well, Master. I understand."

Amadeus smiles and gives Grayfia a wink.

"I'll be back before you know it, Grayfia."

With that he lets the summons finally take him, disappearing from the safe house and reappearing in the human world. He finds himself in a bedroom... a woman's bedroom he quickly assesses based on the young woman kneeling on the bed before him, one of his flyers clutched tightly in trembling, white-knuckled fingertips.

"Pleasepleasepleas-urk!"

She's muttering under her breath when he shows up before her, only to cut off when she notices his presence. Her head jerks up and Amadeus is caught off guard by two things. First and foremost, she's probably the cutest human to summon him so far. Black hair done up in a hairstyle he doesn't recognize, light brown eyes, freckles, and a button nose.

Secondly though... her beauty is rather marred by the tear tracks on her cheeks. She's been crying... sobbing really from the look of things, and she looks like she's had quite the rough go of it based on how worn and disheveled she looks.

"Oh fuck it actually worked."

Amadeus smiles and opens his mouth to tell her that yes, it had actually worked. Before he can, however, he's cut off both verbally...

"Oh FUCK it actually worked!"

... and by the young human woman abruptly summoning six glowing throwing knives out of literally nothing, three in each hand as she hops to her feet and looks to be about to attack.

Ah. And on the very first summons he took without Grayfia too. Oops?

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Remember to go back and VOTE!