

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

A/N: Amadeus makes love to his future Queen.

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Amadeus follows up his promise by taking Grayfia's face in his hands and pulling her in for a deep kiss. Her eyes widen as he does so, a blush alighting across her features as they swap spit and their tongues dance with one another for a moment.

Rather than end the kiss in any sort of reasonable amount of time, Amadeus extends it while at the same time walking them both back to the bed. The case of Evil Pieces lies forgotten on it for the time being, even as he pushes Grayfia onto her back, looming over her and still kissing her.

She squirms beneath him and if one didn't know any better, one might think her helpless to resist him. Of course, Amadeus did know better. He had literal external evidence now of just how much more powerful his 'head maid' was compared to him. It rankled something fierce, not because he felt like he should be stronger than her, but because it was keeping him from being closer to her.

Pushing her thighs apart, Amadeus runs a hand up under Grayfia's skirt and past her panties. His fingers find her slit to be quite wet for him already, even as he drives his fingers inside of her. She moans against his mouth even as Amadeus pins her down, her hips humping his hand eagerly.

Finally... he pulls his mouth away from hers. Not just because he needs some air, but also so hear her speak. The first thing out of her mouth doesn't surprise him in the least.

"M-Master..."

Shaking his head, Amadeus pins Grayfia with his gaze.

“No. I’ve had you as a Master has his maid already, Grayfia. Now... now I’m going to have you as a man has his woman. Do you understand me?”

Blushing profusely, eyes wide, Grayfia nevertheless nods.

“Yes... I understand, Amadeus.”

His name on her lips will never not please him. Smiling, Amadeus pulls back.

“Clothes off, Grayfia.”

They both strip in record time, Grayfia following his orders with enthusiasm and Amadeus filled with an eagerness that can’t be beat. As soon as she’s out of her uniform, he pushes her back down onto the bed, this time oriented so that her head is among the pillows.

Climbing on top of her, cock already throbbing with need, Amadeus is pleased when Grayfia opens her legs for him quite submissively. In this moment she’s not a maid and he’s not a lord. Instead, it’s as he said. He is a man, she is a woman... and together, they make one entity.

His cock slides up inside of her and Grayfia moans as her insides part before him. Slick and wet, gushing with need and arousal, her pussy walls flex and squeeze down on his cock. For his part, Amadeus pushes ever deeper into her while at the same time reaching for her chest, his hands fondling and cupping her breasts.

Grayfia’s moans reach a fever pitch before he silences them with his lips again. Kissing her passionately, molding her breasts with both hands... and thrusting into her down below as her legs spread and lift up off the bed, curling around his waist.

He could live happily in a lover’s embrace for the rest of his life with Grayfia... if only the Queen Piece had worked. Alas, since it hadn’t... he now has to figure out what to do next to make himself stronger, to become powerful enough to be worthy to call himself Grayfia’s King.

But right now it's about the two of them. Right now it's their bodies intertwined as he makes love to Grayfia Lucifuge, thrusting deep into her welcoming cunt, enjoying the way she cries out into his lips and gushes around his cock. The soft fullness of her breasts and the rock hard nubs of her nipples under his hand only complete the experience.

He's not sure how long the moment lasts for. It feels like an eternity, but paradoxically not nearly long enough at the same time. Grayfia cums for him again and again, seemingly unable to do anything else in the face of his throbbing cock and her deep and unyielding devotion to her 'Master'.

Amadeus, meanwhile, holds back as long as he possibly can, wanting to continue to revel in Grayfia's pleasure and show her the depths of ecstasy he can bring her to.

Finally though... he can hold back no longer. Her constantly clenching cunt brings Amadeus over the edge and he spills his seed deep inside of her, filling her to the brim and then some. Grayfia cries out beneath him, back arching and breasts pushing into his hands even as her head falls back, their lips disengaging.

He enjoys the view, the sight of Grayfia's O-face being something he will cherish always... but as he finishes emptying himself deep within her, it comes to a close, the both of them finished. Pulling out, Amadeus flops onto his back and stares up at the ceiling as he catches his breath for a moment. In turn, Grayfia curls up against his side, still naked and still embodying the role of the woman, not the head maid.

Amadeus holds her close, enjoying this cuddling for what it is, the case of Evil Pieces at the foot of the bed set aside... for now.

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The next morning, breakfast is delicious as ever, prepared as it was by Grayfia's eager, subservient hands. Amadeus sits at the table in the safe house's kitchen,

his plate completely cleaned while the Evil Pieces they stole the night before sit in the case on the table next to him.

Staring at them, he sighs.

“We’ll start my training today, Grayfia. The only question is... do we have the space for it?”

Grayfia tilts her head to the side at that, wincing.

“We... might need to consider securing a larger place, Master. Unfortunately any aboveground activity in your clan’s old lands is likely to draw unwanted attention. I could start digging out extra rooms down here in the safe house, but it would likely take days, if not weeks even if I did go and get the proper equipment.”

Amadeus almost asks what the alternative to getting the proper equipment would even be before realizing Grayfia is talking about basically doing the digging barehanded, or at least through use of her magic and immense physical strength.

On the one hand, it wasn’t a bad idea... on the other hand, he didn’t want to have to wait weeks to really start his training. Devil Training wasn’t as simple as exercising the body or anything like that. It wasn’t as simple as running around or doing weight-lifting.

That’s why it took up so much space, because real, proper Devil Training of the kind Amadeus needed... well, it could get destructive.

“... There is another way of increasing your Devil Power aside from training though, Master.”

Pulled out of his thoughts, Amadeus blinks at Grayfia.

“Oh? What do you mean, Grayfia?”

“... Contracts.”

Ah. Amadeus winces... and then after thinking about it for a moment longer, outright grimaces.

“I’m not really one for trading in souls, I’m afraid. And we don’t really want to get the attention of Heaven any more than we would want to get the attention of the Underworld.”

That was the big thing back in the day from what he remembered. It was even one of the stressors that caused the original Great War. Devils had started making contracts with humans for their souls, and every soul the Devils managed to get was one less soul going to Heaven and another boost of power for the Devil in question.

To be fair, Heaven would have tried to kill everyone in the Underworld anyways once they realized how widespread the Devil Population had gotten, but the stuff about soul contracts leaking to their enemies definitely hadn’t helped.

Except Grayfia shakes her head, confusing him.

“That’s actually not what I was talking about Master. Or rather, contracts between Devils and humans aren’t usually for souls anymore.”

Hm? Amadeus gestures for Grayfia to continue on and explain herself, which thankfully she does.

“For starters, these days there are far, far more humans than there were five hundred years ago.”

Furrowing his brow, Amadeus holds up a hand.

“How many could there possibly be? Weren’t there already hundreds of millions of them back then?”

Nodding, Grayfia shrugs.

“Yes Master. However... now there are billions of them. Over eight billion in fact.”

What. Amadeus has to sit back for a moment, rather floored by that number. From what he remembered hearing; there were a few hundred million humans at most back when the Devil Civil War kicked off. He only knew that because it was something Euclid had complained about offhandedly one time.

Grayfia’s brother had followed up his complaint by saying that once they dealt with the rebellious Pillar Houses and brought the Underworld back into order, they would need to see about culling the human population a bit before it got any more out of control.

... Clearly that hadn’t happened, but to be fair Euclid Lucifuge’s side had lost the Civil War, so that wasn’t surprising. Still, the humans growing their population THAT much in just five hundred years was... rather wild. After all, it took thousands of years for them to even make it to hundreds of millions in the first place.

“Suffice to say, Heaven can’t quite police Devil Contracts like they used to try to. There are just too many humans to keep an eye on all of them... and plenty of them don’t even follow Heaven’s laws either. So we don’t need to really worry about Heaven coming down on us for anything, they’re stretched much too thin.”

Well, that was good. Amadeus still didn’t want to deal in souls though. Fortunately, Grayfia gets to that part next.

“As I said before, most Devil Contracts don’t deal in souls anymore. Instead, they deal in other things such as human currencies or favors or the like. You don’t have to accept a soul as payment... but every contract you complete still grows your Devil Power all the same. Albeit by a miniscule amount if it’s not a particularly powerful contractor, but still... it’s another source of power.”

Hm... but then...

“Why would I want human currency though of all things?”

Grayfia cracks a smile at that.

“Apologies Master, I thought it would be obvious. There are over eight *billion* humans up on Earth now. As they like to say, their money ‘makes the world go round’. And if we cannot secure the land for proper training facilities down here in the Underworld without drawing too much attention... perhaps our best bet would be to make you rich on Earth so that you can purchase land up there.”

Oh... that was an idea. Huh. Amadeus turns it over in his head for a few moments before slowly nodding. It’s a good idea. There’s just one problem left that he sees.

“I like it, Grayfia. I like it a lot. My only concern is... what sort of humans would contact a Devil of all things?”

Grayfia frowns, her brow furrowing at that question. It’s clear she hasn’t thought about it too hard. Either that or she doesn’t understand what he means. Either way, Amadeus chooses to elaborate.

“I don’t want to be summoned by humans who are trying to contract me to kill their enemies, for example. Nor do I want to be offered the blood of freshly killed virgin sacrifices in exchange for eternal life or untold amounts of power. So... how do we avoid those sorts of contractors?”

Nodding along now, Grayfia hums.

“That’s a good question, Master. I think... I can handle it. If you give me leave to create some summoning flyers, I can imbue them with perception based magic on the same level as my own stealth ability. In this case, the magic should make sure that the flyers only end up in the hands of those most suited for your skill set.”

Amadeus tilts his head to the side.

“Well, that sounds good aside for two questions. First, what are ‘flyers?’”

“Ah right, of course.”

Grayfia holds up a hand palm out and in a flash of magic creates a single page of... parchment? Amadeus stares at it as the parchment fills itself in with an intricate summoning design. He's not quite as skilled in Devil Magic as Grayfia is, but he does know enough to recognize that all anyone would have to do is put their hand on the page and focus on trying to summon him and it should send out the summons for him to choose whether to answer or refuse.

“This is a ‘flyer’, Master. It is a human invention designed to be spread across large spaces in order to get its message out to as many people as possible.”

“Intriguing.”

Smiling, Grayfia proceeds to push more magic into the flyer and Amadeus watches as extra runes inscribe themselves into the parchment. Ah, that must be her promised magical addition, the one that would make it so the parchment only ended up in the hands of those he was ‘compatible’ with. Of course, that brings Amadeus to his second question.

“What exactly is my skill set, Grayfia? What sort of person are you aiming for me to be summoned by exactly?”

Smiling, Grayfia begins to duplicate the first parchment until she's holding a stack of fifty of the damn things.

“Isn't it obvious Master? Only someone with a love and appreciation for the arts will be able to perceive one of your flyers for what it really is. Someone who loves music or dance or painting. That way you will only be summoned by those who might want you to play one of your instruments for them, or who might want to be better singers or the like. You give them a performance of a lifetime or a smidgen of your power... and in turn you get more power back for fulfilling the contracts.”

That sounded nice. Actually, it sounded a bit too good to be true if he was being honest. There had to be some sort of catch right? Only, Grayfia seems so certain... and Amadeus trusts her with every fiber of his being, of course. Still... did he really want to do this?

Perhaps sensing his hesitation, Grayfia tilts her head to the side.

“Master? Shall I distribute these flyers for you? Or would you prefer to find another way?”

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