

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

**A/N: Grayfia has only been mostly isolated and alone and staring at Amadeus' face for 500 years whenever she wasn't dusting. No big deal.**

**-x-X-x-**

Five hundred years is a long time to spend in near-total isolation even for a race as long lived as Devils. And yet... Grayfia Lucifuge doesn't regret a single moment of it. Her Master, Lord Valefor... Amadeus, was worth it. He was worth every second.

Being kissed by him now and kissing him in turn made that crystal clear to her. Her Master was finally awake... finally able to take advantage of the fact that he owned her. He could finally take all the liberties he wanted to with his servant and personal maid~

Grayfia rubs her thighs together in anticipation, shivering as their tongues continue dancing with one another for a moment longer. She of course makes sure to let him lead and have control. After all, it's only right.

Eventually though, he pulls back for air and Grayfia lets out a low sigh as a strand of saliva connects their lips for a moment before breaking. Amadeus Valefor stares her in the eye, as serious as she's ever seen her, and Grayfia stiffens in anticipation of his next order.

Would he command her to strip for him? Or maybe just get on her knees right then and there and service him with her mouth. Whatever he asked of her, she would gladly do it. She would submit to her Master however he desired and-

"I'll make this right, Grayfia. You don't need to be my servant anymore. I'll make you Lady Valefor as soon as possible and-!"

What? No! He still didn't understand... but then, she hadn't spelt it out clearly for him, now had she?

Surprising even herself, Grayfia puts a hand over Amadeus' mouth, cutting him off as she shakes her head. She would avert her gaze, but he'd ordered her earlier to look at him when they were talking with one another and Grayfia is a proper maid who follows orders and obeys commands.

Still...

"Please Master... do not strip me of my position in your household."

His eyes furrow in confusion, causing Grayfia to flush a bit.

"I... I could have chosen any number of positions as a retainer of Clan Valefor, you know? I didn't have to be your personal maid. But I chose it because... because it feels right. It feels *good*."

It's embarrassing, but true. And she can't lie to him about this. The fact is, giving up her noble title, learning that the Lucifuge Clan was defunct... and becoming Amadeus' Head Maid had been some of the most freeing moments of the past five hundred years.

She enjoyed cleaning and keeping her Master's household tidy. She enjoyed the role of a submissive servant always at her Lord's beck and call. She... she enjoyed being a maid. Plain and simple.

Finally removing her hand from Amadeus' mouth, she blushes harder when he takes another moment before speaking.

"... I don't fully understand, Grayfia. Please explain it to me?"

Her embarrassment ramps up, but it's not like she's ever going to tell Amadeus no or anything like that.

"The... the humans call it a fetish these days. O-Or a kink. Both words have come to mean... a specific area of sexual interest. E-Essentially... I find being

your maid not just to be a source of fulfilling enrichment, but also sexually gratifying. It... arouses me.”

Five hundred years and she’s never told a soul what she’d ultimately discovered about herself. Until now. But truthfully, its very fitting that it would be Amadeus who would hear it from her first. There’s no one who deserves to know it more than him.

“I... I see...”

Licking her lips, Grayfia stares into Amadeus’ eyes.

“I-I will gladly be your woman, Master... but please do not make me Lady Valefor. It is my fondest wish to continue serving you... as your loyal and reliable maid.”

Perhaps sensing her fervor and dedication (or at least she hopes so) Amadeus sucks in a sharp breath.

“Grayfia...”

Ashamed of her own deviancy, Grayfia waits for her Master to collect his thoughts. Finally though...

“Alright then. I accept you as you are, as the first among my servants. Always, do you hear me? You will always come first, no matter what.”

Grayfia wants to protest. She wants to say he should still find a wife, still find a woman to name Lady Valefor. She wouldn’t mind. And yet... she can see in Amadeus’ eyes just how serious he is about this. There’s no helping it; she can’t deny him.

“A-As you wish... my Lord.”

He smiles and it takes Grayfia's breath away. He's just so beautiful. And yes, she means beautiful, not just handsome. In fact, if she had to put a word to it... he's neither beautiful nor handsome. He's downright gorgeous.

It hadn't always been that way, Grayfia could admit. He was a good looking fellow five hundred years ago, but not THIS good looking. However, it also wasn't something that had just happened today either.

Rather... it was something that Grayfia had noticed taking place over time, the source of which had ultimately baffled her. Because the stasis that her Master was in... it was no true stasis at all. Time still passed within it in some way, it had to, given what she'd witnessed.

First, there was the Power of Destruction. It took almost all five hundred years for the Valefor Barrier to snuff out the disgusting, filthy remnants of Lucrezah Lucifer's power. It had only finished doing so a few years ago, at which point it had begun healing Amadeus, giving him back his forearms and hands slowly but surely.

Grayfia wasn't sure if it said something more about the Power of Destruction or that bitch Lucrezah but healing Amadeus had truly taken a fraction of the time that pushing back and snuffing out the Power of Destruction took.

Regardless, in the years after the bitch's power finally disappeared and her Master was healed in full; he hadn't just regained his hands... but also became more gorgeous than ever before. It was like he'd become more... himself. Like before he was just a painting and now, this new Amadeus was the... genuine article.

She couldn't think of another way to describe it, but one thing was certain... Grayfia wanted him. And she hoped he still wanted her, even with her maid fetish fully outlined. And so she rises from the bed and stands before him, deciding to be bold, just this once. If he shuts her down, then she'll know never to try something like this ever again. But if he doesn't...

Reaching down, Grayfia Lucifuge, Head Maid to Lord Valefor, grabs the hem of her uniform's skirt, dragging it up to expose her naked thighs... and her underwear.

"This Head Maid humbly requests a physical inspection, Master. S-So that she might know if she is... worthy or not of your attention."

Amadeus sucks in another sharp breath as he stares at what Grayfia has revealed. Then, much to her excitement and glee, he nods in response and reaches out, grabbing her by the hips and pulling her in.

"A physical inspection sounds appropriate, yes. After all, it's been a long time hasn't it?"

It has. Never mind that he's never actually done a physical inspection of her before, Grayfia isn't about to call him out on that fact. Instead, she stands still, holding her skirt up and letting him just... observe her for a moment. Before finally, he brings his hand to her panty clad mound and touches her gently, softly... exploratorily.

Grayfia moans. How can she not? Even if his fingers are hesitant and uncertain, it matters little. The most experienced man in the world could be touching her instead and she would kill them in an instant for daring to be anyone other than Amadeus Valefor. The fact that its Amadeus doing the touching is ALL that matters in this moment.

"Master..."

Amadeus chuckles, making Grayfia blush as he continues to feel her through her sopping wet undergarments.

"Did telling me about your... 'fetish' for being a maid turn you on this much, Grayfia?"

Biting her lower lip, Grayfia gives a jerky nod.

“Y-Yes. That and... the kissing.”

He smiles again, once more stealing Grayfia’s breath and not for the first time she wonders what will come next. The moment Amadeus reveals himself to the Underworld, every single Devil will want him. Not just because of his Clan, not just because of his lineage, but also because of his looks. They’ll want Amadeus because he’s the most singularly gorgeous Devil she’s ever laid eyes on.

She’ll have to protect him from them. Maybe she can convince him to wear a mask or some-oooh~

Grayfia is cut off mid-thought when her Master rather casually slips his finger past her panties and presses directly into her slit.

“Hnnngh~”

A needy whine leaves her lips, embarrassingly enough, and she leans forward a bit, doubling over his finger.

“Oh? You like that, Grayfia?”

F-Fuck. Of course she fucking likes that. She LOVES it! But she’s supposed to be his maid, not his whore. More than that, she’s supposed to be the Head Maid. She needs... she needs to control herself. Even when Master is playing with her body, a Head Maid should be as composed as possible.

“I... I enjoy it, Master. Thank you for... showing this lowly maid your affection.”

She slowly straightens back up and gets her panting under control. Her face is still red-hot, but she tries to push back on her out of control blushing as much as possible. It’s hard though, especially when Amadeus just keeps pushing and pushing until-

Grayfia stills as Amadeus pauses. His smile falters, his brow furrowing in confusion... and then outright incredulity. His finger is deep inside of her at this

point. Deep enough to be able to feel it. Her fully intact hymen. Before he can speak, Grayfia clears her throat.

“I... I’ve kept myself pure for you, Master.”

It’s not even a lie, to be fair. Oh, maybe in her first six decades of life she hadn’t remained a virgin specifically for Amadeus or anything like that. No, back then it was simply expected of her as a Lady of the Lucifuge Clan. Her virginity was a commodity, to be sold by her Lord Father. That was just the way things were.

But then everything changed, the Lucifuge Clan went away, and Grayfia got to spend the last five hundred years looking after Amadeus. She had definitely started saving herself for him then. For the moment her Master would awaken. There was no one else worthy of her anyways...

“Grayfia... all this time? Truly?”

Huffing, Grayfia speaks her thoughts, even if they do sound a little haughty. Still, it’s all true.

“There was no one else worthy of me, Master. Only one earned the right to my virginity... and that is the one who risked everything to save my life. The one I owe everything I am to. You... my wonderful Lord.”

Amadeus swallows... before smiling a wan smile.

“W-Well... you’ll be my first too. So I suppose we’re even.”

He goes back to fingering her after that, making Grayfia whimper and mewl. She manages not to moan again quite so loudly as before, but it’s hard not to buck her hips into his hand, especially when he adds a second finger to the first. Pushing in and out of her, touching her like that... f-fuck it’s so good.

Except... it’s too much focus on her. She can’t be greedy. She mustn’t be selfish.

“M-Master... it feels good, but this maid humbly requests that you let me return the favor.”

Amadeus blinks, the young Devil Lord pausing for a moment as he turns over her request in his head. Finally though, he nods.

“... Alright, go ahead.”

Grayfia doesn't hesitate. As soon as his fingers pull free of her, the silver-haired maid drops to her knees in front of her Lord. He watches her carefully as she reaches forward with trembling fingers and undoes his pants, her hand slipping in to wrap around his shaft. He's growing hard already, thickening and throbbing in her grasp.

Pulling his cock out into the open air, Grayfia doesn't waste time. She certainly keeps her hand wrapped around his mast, and her other goes to fondle his ball sack, but at the same time she also dives forward, her mouth open wide as she takes him past her lips right then and there.

“S-Shit! Grayfia!”

His hand falls upon her head immediately, not in fear or disgust, but simply shock. Grayfia can't help but feel a little smug, knowing full well that Amadeus would not know a thing about fellatio if he were as virginal as she was. She'd had... a long time to learn new things. He had not.

She sucks slowly and gently at first, moving her tongue this way and that until he eventually calms down with a low sigh. Then, he smiles down at her and chuckles.

“You're doing your job well... maid.”

Her eyes widen at that, a thrill rushing through her as Amadeus plays along with her fetish. Warmth spreads through her chest at his praise as well, knowing he means every word. She dutifully sucks his phallus right then and there, bobbing up and down her Master's dick for the first time... but hopefully far from the last.

Ah, how she's fantasized about this ever since she realized Amadeus was going to survive. Admittedly, for a long time she'd been more focused on his seemingly inevitable death than anything so... crude.

But as years turned into decades and decades turned into centuries and the Power of Destruction grew no closer to killing her Lord... Grayfia had allowed herself to hope. And with that hope had come... anticipation. After all, she would be his to do with as he pleased once he finally woke up. Just as was happening now.

Soon enough, Amadeus is nice and hard for her. Throbbing in her mouth like he is, Grayfia is sure she could tip him over the edge with ease. She even considers doing so briefly, but in the end she pulls away, leaving him fully erect and ready for... more.

His cock leaves her mouth with a pop and a gasp from her lips as she looks up into his eyes with a hazy gaze.

"We're both ready now, Master. How... how would you like to take me? Tell me or show me. Order me or manhandle me. I am your ever loyal servant and vessel, waiting to be filled with your essence."

Amadeus stares down at her with hooded eyes for several long, silent moments. And then... he tells her what he wants of her.

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**Remember to go back and VOTE!**