

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

**A/N: Zoey Tiiiiime~**

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Zoey has to admit, the past few weeks have been... rough on her and her bandmates. Alongside Rumi and Mira, they made up the extremely popular K-Pop group known as HUNTR/X or Huntrix. They were on top of their game and largely considered some of the most popular K-Pop Idols in the business.

However... they also had secret lives as bonafide Demon Hunters to juggle on top of all of that fame and celebrity. And it was the Demon Hunter side of things that had gotten... exceptionally messy in the past couple weeks.

It had started with a literal demon boy band trying to steal their fans... and ended with the reveal that Rumi, their estimable leader and practically K-Pop Royalty, was actually a half-demon all along. That fact had come out at the worst possible time of course, leading to it feeling like all hope was lost and everything was doomed for a second there.

... And a second had been all Gwi-Ma, the Demon King, had needed to get into her and Mira's minds and put them in a trance along with half of Seoul. If it wasn't for Rumi coming back to save them, they would all be demon chow at this point, having mindlessly walked into his flames that night at Namsan Tower.

Instead, Rumi had shown up at the last possible second... and done something Zoey still didn't fully understand. She'd... she'd embraced her demon side and consumed the Honmoon, the defensive barrier they were supposed to be in charge of strengthening and protecting. And then she'd gone and consumed the demon boy band, Gwi-Ma, and all of his forces for good measure.

Zoey and Mira had snapped out of things somewhere in the middle of all of that... and without even thinking about it, they'd leapt into the fray to help their leader. It didn't matter that Rumi was a half-demon. It didn't matter that their last

conversation had been more of a confrontation... one that had ended rather badly.

Rumi was still fighting... so Zoey and Mira had to keep fighting too. Fortunately they could summon their weapons even without the Honmoon. And fortunately, Rumi eating the Honmoon and some demons had put her head and shoulders above Gwi-Ma in power.

The Demon King had been completely and utterly defeated once and for all. His power extinguished forevermore. One might think then that everything had ended for the best. They were due their happy ending, right?

Wrong. For one, the Honmoon was still gone. The barrier that hundreds of years of hunters had protected and strengthened and healed... it was completely and utterly destroyed. For two... there was still Rumi.

Zoey didn't care that Rumi was a half-demon, truth be told. Especially when she found out that it wasn't at all Rumi's fault. She'd been born that way and on top of being chosen by the Honmoon to be one of this generation's three hunters, that seemed to say to Zoey that Rumi was definitely a good egg, regardless of her heritage.

Mira, of course, was a little bit less forgiving. The lithe, pink-haired dancer did NOT enjoy being lied to and while she might not blame Rumi for things outside of her control, she was a lot less ready to forgive what she considered to be within Rumi's control. Namely, the fact that they'd all known each other for so many years and Rumi had kept her secret from them all that time until it finally blew up in their faces.

It was rough because on the one hand, Zoey understood where Mira was coming from. But on the other hand, she wanted to be there for Rumi, to make sure that their leader knew she wasn't being abandoned.

Of course, then to make matters worse, Mira didn't even get the chance to truly be angry at Rumi long enough for her to figure out her feelings on the subject. Because suddenly, Rumi had started dying.

It came out of nowhere a few days ago. Rumi had been... fine enough in the weeks since the events of Namsan Tower. A little mopey of course but given her and Mira were barely on speaking terms and things around the tower penthouse were very chilly, that made sense.

But then at dinner one night... Rumi had collapsed. They'd berated her for hiding that she was sick from them, but Rumi herself didn't know what was going on. She just... suddenly felt like absolute shit. And then it got worse and worse and...

Well, that led Zoey to the here and now. A day before Rumi collapsed, Zoey had been out and about when she'd come across this interesting flyer that promised to summon a devil who could fulfill wishes. She hadn't thought much of it to be fair and she hadn't even shown it to Mira or Rumi... but she'd felt compelled to fold it up and take it home with her all the same, tucking it away on the bookshelf in her room once she got back to the tower.

Then, everything with Rumi started happening and suddenly it really looked like she might die and neither Zoey nor Mira knew what to do. Even Celine hadn't had any answers, though she'd thrown herself into studying the old Hunter Archives after coming by for a quick visit to check on Rumi.

So yeah, maybe... Zoey had gotten a little desperate. Or maybe she'd just needed to expel her feelings and wasting time on a magical flyer that probably wasn't even real had felt like the best way to do it.

She never expected it to actually work. Maybe part of her wanted it to, but there were a lot of things Zoey wanted in life, like a giant sea turtle as big as an island she could retire to. But some things money couldn't buy... and magical flyers seemed to fall into that category, or so she'd believed.

That's why she's so shocked when it actually works and an actual guy shows up in her bedroom.

Her first thought, embarrassingly enough, is that he looks like a damn angel. Seriously, she'd thought a couple of the guys on the demon boy band were hot, but if they were hot, then what she's summoned is outright *scorching*. His looks blow them all out of the water, and even though Zoey isn't particularly religious, she can't help but feel like God himself has sent one of his angels down to her.

But then reality catches up with her and she remembers how she brought him here. With a magic flyer that promised a devil who would grant her wishes, NOT an angel. And more than that, he hadn't come down from on high on angel's wings with blinding white light... he'd come up out of the floor, where a red circle of glowing satanic runes had appeared!

All things considered, Zoey feels relatively reasonable in both her outburst and her reaction to the demon's presence. Hopping to her feet and getting her shin-kals out, she growls at the stupidly handsome man.

Of course... she probably should have thought about the volume, because before she can attack or even say anything, there's a crashing from down the hall and-

The door bursts open and Mira rushes in.

"Zoey?! You shouted, what's goin-?!"

Then, she sees the demon Zoey accidentally summoned and though her eyes glaze over for a moment at his looks, she also sees Zoey standing on her bed with glowing spirit throwing knives in her hands and pointed in his direction.

In an instant, Mira gets her head in the game and has her gok-do summoned, the spirit polearm pointed unerringly at the demon's chest.

"What the fuck is going on?!"

Zoey doesn't even consider lying. She just immediately tells the truth.

"I accidentally summoned a demon!"

Mira gawks at her for a moment before shaking her head vehemently.

“How the FUCK do you accidentally summon a demon, Zo?!”

Wincing, Zoey reaches out with her foot, grabs the flyer between her toes, and flicks it through the air over to Mira, who catches it one handed while showing off just how strong she is by also continuing to hold her gok-do one handed as well, still pointing it at the intruder.

Said intruder has put his hands up in surrender at this point and is looking between them both wordlessly. He doesn't look nearly as afraid of them as he should... but at the same time, he's not doing anything threatening. Yet.

“... Zooooey...”

When Mira finishes reading the flyer, she groans out Zoey's name in a way that makes Huntrix's youngest member giggle in response.

“Err... sorry?”

But Mira isn't willing to just forgive and forget that easily. She huffs, shaking her head.

“I can't believe you summoned a wish-granting demon to the penthouse Zoey. We're already dealing with Rumi's shit!”

Yeah... that was fair. Of course, that's when said 'wish-granting demon' finally decides to clear his throat and speak.

“Ahem. Apologies for interrupting... but I am no demon.”

Zoey and Mira blink, exchanging a glance before looking back at the stupidly handsome 'not a demon'. Curiosity getting the better of her, Zoey leans forward.

“... So what are you then?”

Gesturing to the flyer Mira is holding, he takes a moment to adjust his coat.

“As the flyer says, I am a devil. We are two entirely different species.”

He... he actually sounds offended to be mislabeled as a demon, Zoey notes. And to be fair, she also notes some other things now that she's not panicking quite so much. For one, while the demon boy band from a few weeks ago had also appeared human and even dressed in human clothes, this guy... he's not really wearing period accurate clothing. Instead, he looks like an aristocratic noble from the Victorian Era or something.

Also... no patterns so far. At least that they can see anyways...

Mira scoffs, clearly not buying it.

“Oh yeah? What's the difference between a devil and a demon then? You gonna tell us you don't eat souls or something?”

The self-proclaimed devil looks even more offended. The way he wrinkles his nose almost makes Zoey giggle, an instinct she has to bite back on given the seriousness of the situation. Scoffing, he shakes his head.

“Of course I don't eat souls. That is precisely the difference between devils and demons. Demons are animals. They consume souls and whatever else they can get their claws on, eating and eating and eating until there's nothing left. They're an affront on all civilized societies, and there's a reason that we devils pushed them out of the Underworld and into their own pockets of dimensional space millennia ago.”

Mira blinks, having clearly not expected such an... impassioned response. Zoey is just as caught off guard. She really wasn't anticipating learning ancient devil-demon lore tonight, that was for sure. Exchanging another glance with Mira, Zoey can't help but tiptoe a little closer, though she's quickly running out of bed to walk on.

“So... what do devils do with souls then?”

The devil waves a hand through the air, rotating his wrist.

“Not much, actually. Once upon a time, devils DID trade in souls, I won’t deny it. They were a form of currency for us... hence you can imagine we didn’t really enjoy the demons eating said currency out from under us. But... in this modern era, things have changed. Devil Society has modernized. From what I’m given to understand, we no longer trade in souls as much these days. I certainly do not trade in souls. Instead, I prefer to trade in human currencies or favors.”

Human currencies and favors. Zoey’s mouth goes dry. They’re Huntrix. They’re fucking loaded with human currency. And hell, they can probably do a good few favors for a devil too!

Her eyes dart to Mira... who blanches, easily able to read Zoey’s intent.

“No Zoey. It’s a bad idea.”

But Zoey refuses to be deterred so easily.

“Do you have a better one, Mira? She’s getting worse by the hour! She might not even last the night and we can’t even tell what’s wrong with her!”

Mira grits her teeth and tightens her grip on her gok-do.

“That doesn’t mean we immediately recruit a self-proclaimed devil to help us out! We don’t even know if he’s telling the truth or not, let alone if he can actually DO anything for Rumi!”

“And we won’t know unless we TRY!”

Silence falls as Mira and Zoey glare at each other. Normally, Zoey would back down in an instant if she had Mira glaring at her. She’d make some little joke, laugh nervously, and retreat until Mira was in a better mood. This time was

different though. This was literally life or death... Rumi's specifically. So she wasn't backing down. Rumi couldn't afford for her to back down.

In the tense stare down between the two of them, the devil clears his throat again.

"Perhaps you could tell me what the problem is in relatively vague terms and I can tell you if I can fix it and what it would cost? That way you don't have to agree to anything without knowing more."

That sounded good to Zoey, but of course Mira is a bit more reluctant. In the end, Zoey resorts to her secret weapon... she turns her glare into puppy dog eyes and juts out her lower lip at Mira, letting her eyes water a bit. Mira... breaks almost immediately.

"Fine! Fine... we have a friend. She's dying on us. An illness we can't identify. Can you cure her, devil?"

The devil tilts his head to the side.

"My name is Amadeus. Feel free to use it if you like. As for a mysterious illness... I believe such a thing should be within my power to cure."

As Zoey is filing away the name 'Amadeus', Mira is gritting her teeth.

"And what would the price be?"

Amadeus flicks out a hand almost dismissively.

"Money, I should think. And if you don't have money... well, you seem to be capable enough warriors, so having a favor or two from you both would not go amiss either."

Zoey can't help but grin.

"Oh, we HAVE money. Or have you not looked outside yet, Amadeus~"

Her teasing tone prompts the devil to glance over to her windows... and blink as he furrows his brow in consternation.

“Is that... a city out there? How high up are we, exactly?”

Preening a little, Zoey giggles.

“As high as can be. This is our tower, Amadeus. We’re Huntrix, after all!”

... When the devil gives her a blank look at that reveal and Zoey realizes he doesn’t recognize the name one bit, she deflates a little. This prompts Mira to snort derisively as she finally stops pointing her gok-do at the devil in their midst.

“Guess they don’t get our music down in the Underworld.”

That, surprisingly enough, causes Amadeus to light up.

“Ah! Musicians! How wonderful, I’d love to hear you play!”

Of course he would. But... Zoey clears her throat and shakes her head.

“Rumi first. Music later.”

Amadeus nods amicably.

“Of course, of course. Let’s go see what I can do for this friend of yours then, shall we? Lead the way.”

Zoey hops down from her bed and proceeds to do exactly that. Amadeus follows behind her while Mira takes up the rear. And for the first time in the last few days... Zoey allows herself to feel a little bit of hope.

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