

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

**A/N: Welcome to my newest Story Poll! I've got surprisingly big plans for this story, so I really hope people enjoy this opener.**

**-x-X-x-**

*The Battle of Valefor Territory – Devil Civil War*

**-x-X-x-**

Battle rages all around him. Devil against devil. High-Class and stronger fly through the air, exchanging blasts of power or powerful weapon blows. Everyone else is stuck on the ground, fighting across a barren, utterly destroyed landscape that had once been home to the Ducal House Valefor, one of the 72 Pillar Clans of the Underworld.

The Valefor Clan hasn't existed in quite some time, admittedly, purportedly driven to extinction during the last war. The Great War. Where Angels and Devils and Fallen fought and killed and slaughtered each other in the multitudes.

Technically, that war wasn't over even now. No treaties had been signed. No peace had truly been achieved. Rather, there was merely a lull in the fighting as all three sides nursed their wounds. In fact, this battle right here could be considered just another extension of the Great War.

After all, if it wasn't for that war, this Civil War between Devils wouldn't be happening. If not for the deaths of all the Original Satans, if not for their direct descendants and predecessors pushing for the Underworld to start preparing for the next conflict before anyone was ready... then there would be no fight taking place here in the defunct Valefor Clan's old territory.

This battle, this civil war... all of it was for one simple reason... because some Devils were done with the fighting. They were done with sacrificing their loved ones on an altar to those in power. A mere thirty-two of the original 72 Pillars

existed at this point. The other forty were said to have gone entirely extinct. The original Great Satans had been too strong to challenge at the time. But their descendants were much weaker. As evidenced by the fact that they were currently losing not just this battle, but the war in general.

... Amadeus hated war, admittedly. He hated fighting in general if he was being completely honest. Really, if he had it his way, he would much prefer there be no battles at all. He had a preference for the arts in fact. Music. Painting. Dancing. He loved it all. Listening to a new song, watching a fresh portrait coming to life, enjoying a life dance performance, these were the kinds of things Amadeus loved.

There was something to be said about people being able to express themselves freely in a way that wasn't just more endless violence, death, and bloodshed.

So then why was Amadeus here on this battlefield? Why was he on the ground with the rest of the plebians, wielding a pike that had been thrust into his hands mere hours before, dressed in armor that barely fit him? One might assume it was because he was too weak and too small and too insignificant to resist being pressed into service and forced into battle.

... While that was likely true for many of the Low-Class Devils currently fighting and dying on the ground around him, it wasn't the case for Amadeus. He, unfortunately, was here by choice. He had to be here... he couldn't stay away.

The reason why makes herself known a moment later, a flash of silver hair overhead drawing Amadeus' eyes upwards into the sky. There, among the other flying Devils fighting and dying and slaughtering one another... is the daughter and eldest offspring of Lord Lucifuge, Grayfia Lucifuge. Her face is cold and emotionless as she strikes out, slicing down her enemies and protecting herself from every meaningless attack that comes her way.

She isn't just High-Class, after all... no, Grayfia is Ultimate-Class. One of the strongest Devils that they have left on their side of the war. And she was also Amadeus' friend and companion growing up. It wasn't like her younger brother

had really tolerated his presence while he was growing up on the Lucifuge Estate.

Admittedly, some would still consider him very young by Devil Standards, given he was only two decades of age. Lord Lucifuge certainly did, because the older devil had outright forbidden Amadeus from taking part in this battle. He had been told his place was behind friendly lines, safely tucked away where the fighting would not reach him even if the worst came to pass and they lost. Where he would likely be spared by the enemy, if only because they were kind and prone to showing mercy.

Still, when Amadeus was younger, Grayfia had looked after him. Watched over him. She'd helped him train and grow. It was why, even though he was on the ground right now, none of the enemy had been able to touch him so far. He was, in fact, High-Class hiding among Low-Class, his wings tucked away so he could keep his head down and play the role of a simple foot soldier.

Why? Why sneak out onto this battlefield if he didn't even like fighting and wasn't going to approach the conflict with all of his strength? Well obviously so he could look after Grayfia, of course. Even if he couldn't hold a candle to her strength, Amadeus refused to let anything happen to her. She was his friend... his only friend, as sad as that was.

That's why he's here now, fighting for what he knows in his heart is the wrong side of this civil war. Old versus New... and it's the Old that wants to restart hostilities, that wants to go back to persecuting the Great War that saw the Underworld so thoroughly diminished to less than half of its original population.

The New, meanwhile, want to stop the fighting and focus on rebuilding. Something Amadeus could certainly get behind under different circumstances.

But alas... the Lucifuge Clan has long been loyal servants of the Lucifer Clan. And therefore, Grayfia and her father serve on the side of the Old, of the traditionalists and those warmongering descendants of the Original Satans. Amadeus would not spit on their generosity and the safe harbor they've provided him all his life by turning traitor.

... As long as Grayfia stayed safe, it would be fine. As long as she held her own, it would-

“EUCLID! NO!”

Ah... shit.

Amadeus' eyes follow Grayfia's outstretched hand across the battlefield, to where a chilling sight awaits him. Lucrezah Gremory floats above the battlefield, her red hair cascading down her back, her golden armor formfitting as ever.

The rumors claim that Lucrezah Gremory something entirely new that they've coined a 'Super Devil'. A union between the Gremory and Bael Clans, with Bael's Power of Destruction at a strength nobody has ever seen before and Gremory's innate magical control backing it up.

It's one of the reasons that the traditionalists are rapidly losing this Civil War. Supposedly, Super Devils are said to be even stronger than the Original Four Satans were. And the side fighting for peace had two of them in the form of Lucrezah Gremory and Ajuka Astaroth.

That might just be propaganda to be fair, but Amadeus can believe it, nonetheless. Especially because Lucrezah currently has an unconscious Euclid Lucifuge held aloft in one hand with ease. Grayfia's younger brother isn't quite as strong as Grayfia herself is, but he's still no pushover by any means. But from the look of things, Lucrezah was certainly treating him like one.

The battle raging all around them doesn't stop, but it almost feels like it does for just a moment. Especially when Grayfia launches herself forward, aiming to save her brother from Lucrezah's clutches.

Cursing, Amadeus jumps out of cover, ignoring the cries of his fellow groundpounders as he suddenly races forward on foot. He hadn't bothered to learn any of their names anyways... better not to get attached.

Racing across the battlefield, he meets the first of the ground-bound enemy... and surprises them with his strength and speed. A High-Class masquerading as Low-Class can get away with a lot... if they don't peel away the façade and reveal themselves to the rest of the battlefield's combatants.

Amadeus tears through dozens of the enemy in moments, albeit while trying to be as nonlethal as possible. But at the same time, he knows it will only be a matter of time before some of the devils in the air take notice of his rampage. That's fine though... he just needs to make it to the newly formed No Man's Land.

As Grayfia reaches Lucrezah and her brother, the Super Devil tosses Euclid off to the side, where one of her subordinates catches him and ferries him away, back behind enemy lines. This only enraged Grayfia more, but Lucrezah meets her midair, forcing the silver-haired devil to engage in battle rather than give chase.

Amadeus can see their mouths moving and from the frustration on Lucrezah's face, he thinks she's probably trying to tell Grayfia to surrender. Yeah... he could have told the Gremory that wasn't likely to work. Not when family was on the line.

The one silver lining to all of this is that nobody wants to get close to either devil at this point. Hence the No Man's Land. Lucrezah and Grayfia's fighting over the course of this short civil war has already become legendary. That was half the reason Amadeus decided he had to be out here today, just in case. It was the one place in the whole wide Underworld where he'd be able to help if worst came to worst, after all.

Regardless, Amadeus makes it into No Man's Land right under the pair's escalating conflict and he does so before any of the other flying devils on the enemy's side can decide to do something about him. From there, he's left alone, even as he begins to move slower, creeping ever closer. After all, nobody else on the battlefield wants to risk drawing Lucrezah or Grayfia's attention solely to try and deal with him.

Eventually, he's close enough to be able to hear them with his High-Class senses.

"I beg of you, Lady Lucifuge, please cease this fighting! You have done your best but this battle is already lost, your brother captured and in my custody! Surrender now and I swear that both of you will be treated honorably!"

"FUCK you, you BITCH! Give me my brother back and I might just let you leave with your life!"

Lucrezah sighs, brow furrowing and lips pursing on her otherwise beautiful features as she swipes Grayfia's latest attack out of the way and uses the Power of Destruction to force her silver-haired opponent to retreat.

"Don't be ridiculous. You're not strong enough to defeat me, Grayfia. You haven't been even close to my level of power in quite some time."

"Go fuck yourself, Lucrezah!"

The Gremory just sighs again and Amadeus is left wondering if this battle will once more end in a seeming draw because of Lucrezah's apathy when it comes to fighting Grayfia. Only... this time, Grayfia has a lot more to fight for. And as the strongest devil on the field, she's the only one who can call for a retreat too.

Amadeus sees this realization dawn on Lucrezah's gorgeous face as their fight drags on. And then...

"... I'm sorry Grayfia. If you will not surrender, then you demand my full strength. This battle must end."

There it is.

Grayfia snarls again, but there's a desperate tinge to it this time. Her Super Devil opponent lets her get close again, only to swipe her downwards almost contemptuously and send her slamming into the dirt below. Before Grayfia can recover, Lucrezah brings her hands in front of her and summons a greater

amount of her Power of Destruction than Amadeus has ever witnessed her use before.

His eyes widening, Amadeus leaps out from cover. Discarding his pike and letting his ill-fitting armor drop from his body, he picks up speed until he's moving as fast as he possibly can. At the same time, Amadeus calls upon a connection that has been dormant for much of his life. He calls upon the power lying beneath his feet within the land itself.

The Valefor Clan this territory once belonged to had been known rather infamously as thieves. Not just any thieves though, but the best damn thieves that anyone in all of creation had ever known. They prided themselves on their skills at skullduggery in particular, but everyone knew that a thief was nothing... without their security.

Stealing from anyone and everyone that they could for centuries upon centuries had given the Valefor Clan quite a lot of knowledge about defenses against their own shenanigans. What worked and what didn't work. And over time, they'd married that knowledge to magic... until the Valefor Clan wasn't just known for having the best stealth and thieving magics... but also the best defensive magics.

It was said that before the Great War, the most secure territories in all the Underworld belonged to the Original Great Satans. And all because they could call upon the Valefor Clan and order them to bolster their defenses and test their security at any time.

Unbeknownst to everyone, however, even the Original Satans... the actual most secure lands were those of Clan Valefor themselves.

As Lucrezah Gremory's Power of Destruction rains down on them from above, Amadeus Valefor, the last living member of the Valefor Clan, arrives in front of Grayfia's sprawled form and brings his family's defenses to life for the first time in decades. Certainly the first time in HIS miserably short life.

Power surges up out of the ground, interlocking magical barriers forming in front of Amadeus one set after another. One barrier. Two barriers. Three barriers. Four- just as the fourth wall of barriers is trying to form, Lucrezah's attack arrives. The Power of Destruction hits the old Valefor Magical Security System... and begins to chew through it right on the spot.

"A-Amadeus?"

Grayfia's voice comes from behind him as Amadeus grits his teeth. If he'd had more time, if he could have summoned more layers of barrier, maybe the Power of Destruction could have been stopped in its tracks. But alas... there just wasn't enough time. Funnily enough, even now Amadeus is fairly confident that Lucrezah Gremory... hadn't even gone all out, despite her words about using her full strength.

A bark of bitter laughter leaves his lips at the thought, even as the rest of the barriers are annihilated in mere seconds and the Power of Destruction reaches his outstretched fingertips. Then... all Amadeus knows is pain and how it feels to *burn*.

"NO!"

-x-X-x-

"NO!"

Grayfia screams as she watches Amadeus Valefor's fingers and hands disintegrate under Lucrezah's Power of Destruction. Even though the attack ends a moment later, seemingly disrupted enough by the Valefor Magical Barriers to stop short... the damage is already done.

Amadeus slumps to the ground as Grayfia leaps to her feet and rushes to his side. His hands are already gone and the Power of Destruction is continuing to eat away at his wrists and up his arms. She can't even touch near the wounds, lest she fall prey to the destructive power of the Bael Clan herself.

He wasn't... he wasn't even supposed to be here! This didn't make any sense! Amadeus should never have been anywhere near this battlefield! And yet, even as that thought passes through Grayfia's mind, she knows how stupid it sounds even to herself.

These were the old ancestral lands of Clan Valefor. Of course Amadeus would come. He wasn't strong enough to make a difference almost anywhere else... but of course he would sneak away and disobey her Lord Father just to be able to have her back the one time he would have the power to protect her.

... And of course her opponent would wind up being Lucrezah, nullifying that power anyways. If Amadeus were to have used the old Valefor Magics to help her in a fight against anyone else, say, Serafall for instance, than they probably could have taken down the Sitri Tart together.

But no... it was against Lucrezah. And now Amadeus was dying right before her eyes.

Except, just as Grayfia is coming to terms with that and feeling the rage already burning in her chest growing tenfold, something inexplicable happens. The magic of the Valefor Lands that Amadeus had called upon just mere moments ago rises up again. He's already unconscious though, thank fuck for small mercies. So how could it be called upon?

Grayfia watches in baffled wonder as a new barrier forms around Amadeus, covering him from head to toe. She watches as the Power of Destruction steadily disintegrating more and more of his arms... freezes in place. Grayfia's eyes widen in disbelief. A stasis field? One capable of containing even the Power of Destruction?! Just how the hell did the Valefor Clan have something like that?!

It should be impossible... and yet, the proof is right before her eyes. It doesn't stop there either. Another barrier forms, this time around both of them... and Grayfia's breath hitches as she feels an offer from an artificial sort of intelligence reach out to her.

What remains of the Valefor Clan's defenses intends to teleport Amadeus away to someplace where he will, presumably, be safe. And due to her proximity, or perhaps Amadeus' predisposition to her, it's offering to take her with it.

Grayfia looks up at Lucrezah Gremory, still flying high in the air above them both. The other female devil has not attacked them again for some reason. She could have easily erased them both from existence by now if she wanted to. But instead... she looks horrified as she gazes down at the pair of them.

A sneer spreads across Grayfia's face even as she pushes down on the tumultuous feelings that well up in her chest at the expression on Lucrezah's face. Grayfia knows what she should do... she should stay. She should keep fighting. The battle will be lost if she doesn't. But then... the battle is already lost. She's no match for Lucrezah and they both know it. The other side won the moment that bitch took the field.

Sending a silent apology to her brother and father, Grayfia bows her head... and lets the teleport take her along with Amadeus. They both disappear in a flash and when Grayfia lifts her head again, she finds herself standing in a dusty bedroom. In front of her, on the bed, covered still by the barrier keeping him in stasis... Amadeus Valefor rests, looking almost peaceful despite the damage done to him.

How long will he sleep? How long will the stasis hold for? In the end... it doesn't matter does it? Grayfia will stay. She will watch over him and keep him safe for as long as the last of the Valefor Clan Magic holds. Only once he's truly gone, the Power of Destruction finishing it's grisly work, will she return to the fight. Whether it's a week, or a month, or a year... Grayfia will stay. It's the least she can do...

Though, looking around the place, her nose wrinkles. It's clear that this particular Valefor Hideaway, wherever it is, has not seen use in quite some time.

... Perhaps some tidying up is in order. Cleaning had always been one of her favorite pastimes, after all. As a Lady of the Lucifuge Clan, she was not off

allowed to indulge in 'servant work'... and yet, there was nobody here to tell her not to, now was there?

-x-X-x-

Lucrezah Gremory stares at the spot where Grayfia Lucifuge and the unknown Valefor disappeared from. She'd immediately pulled back her Power and reigned it in to the best of her abilities as soon as she'd recognized there was someone else on the battlefield, but it hadn't been enough.

It was never her desire to kill an innocent. Unfortunately, she'd been too late. By the time she'd cut off the energy she was feeding into the attack, it had already found a new fuel source in the young Valefor's flesh. Regardless of what she'd just witnessed, he was unlike to survive the day. But Lucrezah isn't given long to dwell on what it all meant, because that's about the time when things go to shit elsewhere on the battlefield.

It starts when a descendant of the Satan Beelzebub appears mere minutes after Grayfia and the Valefor vanish. He uses part of the Malebranche Scarmiglione's power to turn into a giant Fly Chimera. At which point, the transformed devil begins to release a deadly poison all over the battlefield, targeting both sides of the conflict indiscriminately.

Lucrezah has no choice but to improvise. By the time all is said and done, she's assumed her True Form and used her greatest abilities to annihilate the Fly Chimera as well as its virulent poison with the Power of Destruction. The battle is easily won from there, with Damaidosu Asmodeus falling to Lucrezah and Serafall's combined might. The son of the Satan Asmodeus does not hold a candle to his father, in the end.

And yet... even if the battle ends in their victory, Lucrezah does not feel victorious. Especially when she visits Lord Lucifuge after the fighting is done and receives the truth straight from the dying devil even as he succumbs to the Fly Chimera's poison.

... The unknown Valefor was not unknown whatsoever to Lord Lucifuge. Amadeus Valefor had been the ward of the Lucifuge Clan all his life, raised in Lord Lucifuge's lands and taught and trained to one day rebuild his Clan.

He would have eventually become Lord Valefor in just a few more short years, as Lord Lucifuge felt that the young devil was well on his way to becoming Ultimate-Class despite his young age. At which point he would be deemed strong enough to weather the enemies of the Valefor Clan once he exposed himself.

Instead... instead, Lucrezah had killed him. Never mind the barriers she'd seen wrap around him and Grayfia before they vanished. She knows all too well what her Power of Destruction is capable of. Even if the Valefor Barriers could slow her Power of Destruction down, eventually... eventually they wouldn't be enough. She knew that beyond a shadow of a doubt.

Needless to say, Lord Lucifuge is none too happy to hear what has become of his ward. But Lucrezah does not lie to him. She holds nothing back. In the end, coughing and hacking as he curses her... she lets him browbeat her into accepting his demands. Despite her side winning the battle, despite his death fast approaching, Lucrezah listens and swears an oath all the same.

In the end, Lord Lucifuge's demands are both simple and incredibly difficult at the same time. First, the simple task. He asks that Lucrezah dismantle the Lucifuge Clan so that it does not fall into Euclid's hands. Apparently, the Lord does not have much faith in his son's ability to carry on after him.

And second, the much more difficult task... he demands that Lucrezah find Grayfia and find a way to make amends for what she's done while bringing Grayfia in to live a better life... a good life. Whatever it takes.

How she's going to do that when she apparently killed a young devil that Grayfia was extremely attached to, Lucrezah has no idea. But she promises all the same and Lord Lucifuge passes on mere moments after he hears her vow.

... Not for the first time, Lucrezah hates her power. The Power of Destruction is truly a monstrous gift that might as well be a curse at times. She... she can only hope Amadeus Valefor passes as peacefully as her power will let him when the moment comes.

After all, it would take... centuries for the Power of Destruction to go out. There's simply no way the Valefor Barrier can possibly last that long.

-x-X-x-

*Five Hundred Years Later*

-x-X-x-

Amadeus' eyes snap open and he sits up with a gasp only to find himself in... a bed? Blinking owlishly, he stares down at his body in disbelief. The last thing he remembers is dying... or at least, he was pretty sure death was fast approaching for him. The Power of Destruction didn't discriminate after all and he'd... he was sure he'd watched it burn up his fingers and hands before he'd passed out from the pain.

Except his hands are just fine now and completely intact somehow. His fingers wiggle as he moves them back and forth in disbelief. Had it all been some sort of weird dream or something?

The door to the bedroom suddenly flies open and Amadeus looks up with wide eyes only to meet eyes just as wide belonging to one Grayfia Lucifuge. The silver-haired devil stands there in the doorway, her mouth wide open in gobsmacked disbelief.

Only... why is she wearing a maid uniform? Before Amadeus can even fully process the confusing sight of Grayfia dressed in servant's clothes, she suddenly straightens up, closing her jaw with an audible click. Then, she bows low at the waist.

"Apologies for my breach in decorum, Master. I am glad to see you are awake."

Uh... what?

**-x-X-x-**

**A/N: As mentioned above, I have big plans for this story! As most have probably already realized, Lucrezah is Fem!Sirzechs. Next time we see her, she will be Lucrezah Lucifer.**

**Fair warning, there will also probably be further genderbending in this fic. Specifically, I have intentions of genderbending both Issei and Vali in this story, though I also have no idea when either of them will be showing up since this story is not exactly looking to follow stations of DxD canon.**

**The Multicross tag in the title is also not because of any dimension hopping, but because I intend for most of the MC's peerage to come from a couple of other settings mixed in to the DxD world.**

**Anyways, be sure to let me know what you think of what you've seen so far!**

**Also, there is a non-zero chance that I might write two chapters a week for this fic until we reach Chapter 6, just so that I can launch this story publicly before the end of the year. We'll see though, I make no promises beyond the usual weekly chapter for a Story Poll like this. Still, just in case I do, make sure and...**

**Remember to go back and VOTE!**