

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

A/N: Serafall may have made a mistake or two.

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As she stares into the furiously protective eyes of Grayfia Lucifuge, one of the last and most powerful unaccounted for fugitives of the Civil War, Serafall Leviathan is forced to acknowledge... she might have just fucked up.

And to think, she'd actually had a halfway decent plan before she'd gotten impatient and jumped the gun. She was going to go through all of the proper channels and everything!

Her conversation with the mudang Celine had been... illuminating to say the least. The woman's ego had been much bigger than her capacity to enact her whims upon the world around her, but she also had quite a lot of trauma that Serafall saw only mere glimpses of while they spoke.

All in all though, talking to Celine had made it clear to Serafall that ultimately, they didn't need to worry too much about the spiritual fallout of Huntrix being reincarnated as Devils. For one, the treaty between the Underworld and the Demon Hunters that Celine represented had only existed because Gwi-Ma was an irritant and it was better to let the Demon Hunters keep him contained.

Now that he was dead and gone, along with the barrier that the Demon Hunters had been so focused on maintaining, all of that seemed rather pointless now, didn't it?

Of course, Celine hadn't agreed with that. So Serafall might have used a teensy bit of devil magic to erase the human woman's memories of their conversation. She hadn't gone so far as to erase Celine's memories of her charges being reincarnated, knowing that would only cause problems down the road, but she figured it was fine to leave the ultimately powerless human to stew for a while,

assuming that her complaint either hadn't been received or was being outright ignored.

Then, leaving that encounter behind, Serafall had decided it might be worth taking things relatively slowly. She'd reached out through the proper mundane channels to try and initiate a 'collab' between her media group and Huntrix, figuring that right now when they were on break would be the perfect time.

And if she could get a meeting with Huntrix without their new King present so she could fully assess how happy they were in their new state as Devils, all the better. Celine's words had made it clear Huntrix had agreed to be reincarnated mostly of their own volition in spite of how furious the older woman was about it, but better to be safe than sorry, Serafall figured!

Only, she'd then heard back from her Executive Producer who had in turn heard back from Bobby, Huntrix's Manager. And apparently, they couldn't get a 'definitive yes or no right away'. Maybe Serafall should have just accepted that and waited at least a week before doing anything else. Maybe she had overreacted in her decision to just teleport over to the Huntrix Tower and await the girls' return.

But what was done was done. And even as they'd all stepped out of that portal, their King with them, Serafall hadn't been too nonplused. She'd simply adjusted her plans on the fly like she always did, ready to intimidate this young Devil upstart with her power and position.

After all, even if technically his actions didn't seem likely to cause a proper diplomatic incident at this point with the death of Gwi-Ma and the destruction of the Honmoon... she was still pretty pissed off that he'd swiped Huntrix right from under her!

Even the fact that he was... strangely attractive, well beyond even a Devil's supernatural beauty, hadn't fazed Serafall too much. It *might* have led to her taking a slightly softer tone than she'd initially intended for the conversation, but she definitely wasn't planning on going easy on him or anything like that!

Only, before she could do anything... the elephant in the room had presented herself. Grayfia Lucifuge, who Serafall had somehow failed to notice instantly, was suddenly in front of her staring her down and spouting shit like 'You will not touch my Master'. What did that even mean?! Why was Grayfia showing up now. And more importantly...

"Why are you wearing THAT?"

Serafall raises a shaking finger and points at Grayfia... specifically, at the maid uniform that the not-quite-young Lady of House Lucifuge has on. Grayfia's scowl doesn't alleviate in the slightest, but she does turn her nose up a bit and scoff.

"Excuse me? Who are you to question my attire when you go out in public wearing *that*?"

Serafall squawks at the heavily implied insult delivered to her Magical Girl Attire. She looked fabulous, thank you very much! But... at the same time, she could at least acknowledge the hypocrisy and ridiculousness of the moment. Here they were, two Ultimate-Class Devils, one of them a Satan... and they were dressed as a Maid and a Magical Girl respectively. Under any other circumstances it would be rather funny. However...

"You know Lucrezah has been looking for you for centuries, right?"

Grayfia stiffens at that, nostrils flaring.

"Of course I'm aware of that hag's hunt for me. I would have been caught ages ago if I wasn't. You won't be telling her though. I won't let you."

Serafall twitches at the brazen threat. But then to be fair, Grayfia might be one of the few Devils not given the title of Satan who might be able to make good on it. Five hundred years is a long time and while Serafall has definitely gotten stronger... she can only imagine that Grayfia has as well.

“She doesn’t want to hurt you though! It’s not a ‘hunt’! She was tasked by your father to find and help *you*, you ridiculous woman! It was his dying wish and she swore an oath to try and fulfill it!”

Grayfia frowns, her brow furrowing in consternation for a moment before her expression clears up and becomes blank. She shakes her head.

“Lies. Obvious ones at that. Do you think I would fall for such a thing? Do you think I would truly allow Lucrezah to harm my Master again?”

... Wait what? Serafall blinks at that last part. What did Grayfia mean about allowing Lucrezah to ‘harm her Master again’? Slowly, Serafall’s eyes track past Grayfia once more to the handsome young Devil who has reincarnated the most popular K-Pop Group in the entire world.

Only then does the truth dawn on her... and horror flows through her veins. This whole time it had all been staring her right in the face but she’d been ignoring the obvious answer in favor of pretending like everything was fine.

This Amadeus fellow... this wasn’t some younger Devil who had been born in the past couple hundred years reaching beyond his means and station.

This was Amadeus Valefor. This was the last son of the Valefor Clan, an otherwise defunct Pillar of the Underworld. This was the man that Lucrezah was certain she’d killed and that the Satan Lucifer had spent the last five hundred years mourning, even as she feverishly hunted for Grayfia to try to make amends.

Serafall’s mouth opens and closes a few times like a goldfish before she finally settles on something she even agrees is stupid to say in hindsight.

“B-But... you’re supposed to be dead!”

Amadeus Valefor stares back at her with a mixture of defiance and fear in his eyes. Which... fair. The only reason he’s not right up there with Grayfia as one

of the last and greatest fugitives of the Civil War is that *nobody knows he's still alive*.

Suddenly, Zoey of Huntrix steps up next to Amadeus and whispers urgently in his ear. Serafall is so caught up in her own thoughts that she doesn't quite make out what's said, even with her enhanced hearing. Amadeus, meanwhile, gives Zoey a confused glance... prompting the youngest member of Huntrix to give him two thumbs up in response.

Finally, albeit a bit hesitantly, Amadeus looks back to Serafall and wets his lips before speaking.

"... Rumors of my death were greatly exaggerated."

Zoey gives a quiet little cheer in the background while Rumi and Mira both cover their faces with their palms and groan out her name. Serafall, meanwhile, just blinks for a moment before letting out an involuntary giggle.

"Heh, nice one."

Judging by the confused look on Amadeus' face, he doesn't get the reference. But Grayfia's flash of irritation and sharp glance at Zoey makes it clear *she* does. That's a little strange, but Serafall just files it away for the time being to focus on the budding crisis at hand. And when she sees that focus, Grayfia tenses up as well.

"I won't let you have the chance to tell that bitch Lucrezah that my Master survived the last attempt on her life. I won't have her hunting him down to finish the job."

Power builds as Serafall's eyes widen. Grayfia's strength unfolds as she stops restraining herself. In response, Serafall is forced to do the same, matching Grayfia strength for strength. Of course, this in turn causes the entire room to shudder, reminding the Satan that they're currently at the top of a skyscraper.

This is not the best place to have this fight. But more than that... Serafall doesn't want to have it to begin with. She raises her hands in a placating gesture, shaking her head.

“Hold on Grayfia! We don't have to fight! This isn't... the situation isn't as dire as all of that! Lucrezah regrets what she did to Lord Valefor. She regrets it more than anything. But even setting that aside... I agree with you! *She shouldn't be told he's alive!*”

It's not until that final sentence leaves Serafall's lips that she manages to get through to the other woman. Grayfia's increasingly threatening presence flickers in confusion as she processes Serafall's agreement, and the maid looks completely confounded for a moment.

“... What?”

Amadeus looks similarly confused behind her, tilting his head to the side even as Huntrix watches the entire confrontation with wide eyes. Serafall, having bought herself a moment of respite, clears her throat to buy herself precious moments to figure out how to explain.

Because you see... Serafall actually, well and truly, did not believe that telling Lucrezah about Amadeus' survival was good for anyone, least of all Lucrezah herself. More than that though, it wasn't good for the Underworld.

Lucrezah Lucifer's obsession with Grayfia was well documented, but only Serafall and to a lesser extent the other two Satans knew about the other, darker side of that obsession. Lucrezah was only truly so obsessed with Grayfia... because she thought Amadeus was dead. And that she'd killed him.

The Super Devil had spent the past five hundred years wallowing in her regret over that specific death. It wasn't even like Lucrezah hadn't been the cause of other Pillar Clans being snuffed out either. They'd all done their fair share of damage in the Civil War and even in the centuries afterwards there had been moments where hard decisions had to be made.

Amadeus though... Amadeus was the one that Lucrezah had latched onto. He was the one who she'd stared into the eyes of as her Power of Destruction slowly chewed through the Valefor Defensive Barriers and alit upon his outstretched hands and arms.

That said hands and arms are fully intact and scar free now is something Serafall notices... and once again files away in the back of her mind so she can focus on the matter at hand.

In the end, the truth is... Serafall is afraid of what Lucrezah might do if she finds out that Amadeus is alive. She's afraid that the other woman might react rashly... and imbalance the careful political structure of the Underworld in the process.

"Why would you keep such a thing from your fellow Satan? Why would you keep my Master's secrets?"

Of course, Serafall has NO idea how Grayfia will react if she explains that she's worried Lucrezah might do something utterly ridiculous like kowtow before Amadeus begging for forgiveness and promising him his heart's desire and that's why she doesn't want to tell the other Satan about his survival. So she needs to come up with a reasonable excuse otherwise.

Luckily, glancing around... she kind of already has one, doesn't she? The same reason she's here.

"Simple, really... Magical Girl Levia-tan wants all of you all to herself!"

Serafall winks as she strikes a cute pose at that. Grayfia is left nonplused by her answer... and a little disgusted from the look of things. Amadeus, meanwhile, furrows his brow as he takes a step closer.

"What does that even mean, exactly?"

Serafall tilts her head to the side.

“Well... I had my people contact your people, and by your people I mean Huntrix’s people. I figured we could do a collab with one another, you know, Huntrix comes on my show for an episode or something. But I got impatient when I was told you all were on the fence about it, so I came here directly. As far as I’m concerned though, nothing has to change even with all of these revelations!”

Serafall smiles as brightly as she can, swishing her hips too and fro and clasping her hands together in her signature cute and innocent pose. Even if internally she’s screaming her head off over all the implications of what’s happened here tonight, she still does really want Huntrix on her show. But also, she needs to figure out how to keep Lucrezah in the dark about Grayfia and Amadeus for as long as possible.

As she watches Amadeus, Grayfia, and the Huntrix girls exchange wordless looks with one another, Serafall is already plotting in the back of her mind, trying to figure out what her next steps are regardless of what response she gets right now. This situation was... not unsalvageable. Obviously she knew Lucrezah would find out eventually... but they could ease her into it, maybe.

Though, one question did worm at Serafall’s mind. How the fuck had Amadeus and Grayfia gotten ahold of the Evil Pieces used to reincarnate Huntrix? What the fuck was Ajuka up to, exactly?

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A/N: Remember to Vote, leave a Like, and let me know what you think!