

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

**A/N: Amadeus and Grayfia's first time.**

**-x-X-x-**

This... fixation that Grayfia had on being his maid didn't seem all too healthy to Amadeus. What had she called it again? A fetish? A kink? And Grayfia had said those words came from the humans too. That was something he had noted and filed away in the back of his mind. Why was she using new words invented by humans of all things?

Regardless, if it were solely his choice... Amadeus thinks he would want to have them both strip down so he could lay Grayfia back on the bed and take her as a man should take his lady wife. But that... wasn't what Grayfia wanted to be to him. She had begged him not to elevate her from her lowly station... and Amadeus would respect that, in the end.

Slowly rising from to his feet, his cock still out and rock hard from her oral ministrations, the Lord of the Valefor Clan gestures to the bed.

"Bend over, Grayfia. I have not... finished your physical inspection yet."

Her eyes widen... but also light up with a hungry excitement. As expected, playing along with her fantasies is a simple way to arouse her even further. Amadeus almost sighs but in the end he manages to catch himself. After all, as he'd told Grayfia before, he never wanted to be her Master.

However... he did want to make her happy. And this... this would make her happy.

As she bends over for him, her hands palm down on the bedding, Amadeus moves behind her. Grayfia looks back over her shoulder at him, biting her lower lip in anticipation even as he hikes up the back of her skirt, flipping it up over her arching back.

She gasps at that last part, breath hitching as her panty clad ass is revealed to him. Hooking his thumbs into her undergarments, he slides them down off of her buttocks and then further still down her thighs. The crotch sticks a bit because of just how aroused she is... and Amadeus will admit, he takes a distinct pleasure in dragging the soaked fabric off of her body.

Well, heh, if he'd gone with his initial desire, he wouldn't have gotten to do that, he supposed. Smiling slightly, Amadeus leaves Grayfia's panties around her knees and straightens back up. His hands roam over her ass for a moment, fondling her heart-shaped posterior as his cock twitches with need.

Grayfia tries her best to maintain her composure, but soft moans do leave her lips... especially when his fingers find her slit again, pushing into her sex and moving around for a few seconds before withdrawing.

Finally, Amadeus brings his cock up to Grayfia's pussy lips. This is it. No turning back now. The first time... for both of them.

However, before he enters her, while Grayfia is moaning and mewling, Amadeus pauses, just the tip of his cock slotted in her.

"Grayfia..."

"Y-Yes Master?"

"I don't want to hear you talking about owing me a debt for saving your life ever again, do you understand? There is no such debt, I refuse it."

Her head jolts up and twists around again so she can look back at him with wide eyes.

"Wha- but I-!"

"No."

He cuts her off, shaking his head with a sigh.

“I saved your life on that battlefield. That much is true. Lucrezah Gremory would have likely killed you if I didn’t intervene.”

Grayfia falls quiet, a mixture of confused and on the edge due to how close she is to being claimed by his cock. But this is important. Amadeus needs to say this.

“But how many times did you save my life in turn these past five hundred years watching over me, hm?”

“That’s not... that’s different!”

“Is it? If it wasn’t for you, if your actions hadn’t helped propagate the idea that the old Valefor Lands were cursed all these centuries, do you really think I would have lasted down here? Do you really think I would have stayed safe without you watching over me?”

“I... I...”

She can’t quite muster up a defense. Amadeus likes to think that’s because his logic is unassailable, but he also acknowledges that he has Grayfia at a bit of a disadvantage at the moment. Still, that’s exactly why he’s striking now, when he’s in the strongest position possible with her literally bent over a bed and at the mercy of his cock.

“I refuse to have a relationship with you based on debt and obligation, Grayfia. Whatever we are to each other... going forward, I want it to be about love... and devotion.”

Grayfia freezes in silence for a long moment, her face going bright red as she stares back over her shoulder at him with wider eyes than ever before. Finally realizing what she must look like, she whips her head back around, hiding her blush from him.

“... A-As my Master says... s-so shall it be.”

Well... that was probably just about the best he was going to get for the time being, wasn't it? Grinning a little, Amadeus finally gives Grayfia what she's been waiting for. He thrusts forward, spreading her gushing wet slit open with the head of his cock and pushing deep, deep inside of her right off the bat.

Amidst her arousal and tightness, Amadeus vaguely feels the claiming of Grayfia's virginity as he fills her from behind. But admittedly... it's barely a moment of recognition for him. It's the same for Grayfia too, to be fair. She barely reacts to it, instead focusing on trying to hold in her moans as her insides flex and squeeze and clench around his cock.

She squirms in his grasp as Amadeus remains still inside of her for a moment... then, he starts to move. Thrusting in and out of her, penetrating deeply over and over again, he takes Grayfia from behind, bent over the bed... as a Master should take his Head Maid, he supposed.

CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!

The sounds of flesh slapping against flesh and a throbbing cock pistoning in and out of a squelching cunt fill the bedroom as Amadeus loses his own virginity as well in the process of 'claiming' the woman in front of him. She was his now, he supposed. Undeniably. Irrevocably.

As Amadeus plows her from behind, the temptation to get lost in thoughts of everything he's learned so far and what it means for the future is... tempting. But he sets such temptations aside, focusing on the present... on Grayfia.

The way her body feels under his gripping fingers. The way her inner walls feel wrapped around his thrusting prick. The way her moans fill the air, her figure jiggling and shuddering.

Struck by a sudden impulse, Amadeus moves his hands from Grayfia's hips and reaches down and around. His hands grab onto her breasts through the top of

her maid uniform and Grayfia's lips open with a gasp, held back moans escaping from her mouth like prisoners escaping a prison.

"Ooohh~"

But even then, it's not enough. The uniform is in the way, Amadeus decides... but he has no idea how to get it out of the way without tearing it... and he's loath to be destructive.

"... Expose your breasts, Grayfia."

"O-Of course, Master."

Then again, he doesn't have to be destructive when Grayfia is downright eager to obey every order he gives. Pushing up off of the bed, anchoring herself to the floor even as he continues to fuck her from behind, she fumbles with her top for a few moments while his hands hover mere inches away.

Then... a smaller gasp leaves her lips as her bountiful bosom bounces free from its confines.

Amadeus wastes no time. His hands latch onto her chest with a vengeance, but he doesn't stop at just that either. Leaning in now that Grayfia's neck is in reach, he latches on with his lips, suckling away at the sensitive flesh he finds waiting for him, even as he rolls nipples between her fingers.

Grayfia squeaks and it is the most adorable noise he's ever heard. She jerks in his grasp, her body shuddering and... Amadeus hums before pulling off her neck briefly.

"Grayfia... did you just cum for me? Be honest now."

Panting, trembling, quivering even... Grayfia shamefully nods.

"Y-Yes Master..."

Amadeus hums some more... and then comes to a decision.

“From now on, whenever you cum... I want you to tell me... by saying my name.”

“|-!”

“Don’t try and argue now, Grayfia. I want to hear my name on your lips. That’s a direct order from... your Master. Do you understand me?”

Grayfia slowly nods and though her head is turned away right now, he can see from her neck how hard she’s blushing. Grinning, Amadeus goes back on the attack now that the groundwork is set. He goes back to sucking at Grayfia’s neck and rolling her nipples and fucking her sopping wet pussy from behind with all his might.

He might never have done anything like this before, but Amadeus would be lying if he said he hadn’t fantasized about it quite a lot. Never with Grayfia as a maid, mind you... but he was adapting to that part rather quickly. He just had to find... workarounds. Ways to turn her fetish to his purposes.

The ‘say my name whenever you come’ order works wonders because soon enough, he’s bringing Grayfia to her next orgasm and...

“I... I... Amadeus, I’m cumming!”

Just as he thought, his name on Grayfia’s lips as she climaxes is truly spectacular. Better than hearing her call him Master in his humble opinion, but he wasn’t about to take that away from her. Not outright, anyways. For now... he just relishes in making Grayfia cum as much as possible.

“Amadeus!”

“Aaaamadeeeuus!”

“AMADEUS!!!”

Over and over again, he fucks Grayfia Lucifuge until she says his name. Until she creams herself all over his cock and has to squeal his name at the top of her lungs. Admittedly, every time makes it a bit more difficult for him to hold back his own release.

Hearing her shriek for him like that while milking his cock for all he's worth with her inner walls... it's a wonder he lasts as long as he does, especially for his first time. When Grayfia's sixth and final orgasm arrives, he can do so no longer.

"A-A-AMADEEEEEUSSSS~"

Her pussy walls clench down, her cunt gushes, and Amadeus finally tips over the edge. With a loud, throaty groan, he cums deep inside of Grayfia, pumping a hot, thick load of his seed right into her womb. He fills and fills her until it feels like he's going to drain his very life into her... before finally, he finishes and pulls back, panting heavily.

Grayfia, of course, drops face first onto the bed, trembling and quivering as his seed slowly drools out of her. She looks... completely and utterly out of it.

Of course, just as he's thinking about that... it's like a damn gong goes off in his head. Amadeus chokes on his own spit and staggers back, his eyes bulging out of his skull.

"Lucifer's Balls!"

"Master?!"

The state he's left Grayfia in doesn't seem to ultimately matter. She's at his side instantly anyways, looking worried and concerned as she offers him support.

"Are you okay?"

Swallowing hard, Amadeus waves her off even as he nods.

“I... I’m fine. I think... it’s a good thing?”

Yes, as a bit more time passes, the more certain of this Amadeus becomes. He can feel something inside of him that wasn’t there before. Or maybe it was... it was just hidden away.

Amadeus’ mind goes back to the tomes he’d constantly read front to back again and again growing up. They hadn’t just talked about the Valefor Lands and their innate defenses. There had also been mention of the Valefor Clan’s special ability as well.

After all, everyone knew that each of the 72 Pillar Clans came with their own unique trait. For instance, for Clan Bael that was the Power of Destruction, a power that Lucrezah Gremory had only gotten because her mother Venelana Gremory was a Bael before she married into the Gremory Clan.

Most Clan Traits were well documented... but the Valefor Clan was secretive by nature and had managed to keep such things hidden. Even in the tomes that Amadeus had inherited as the last Valefor, there hadn’t been a direct mention of what the Clan’s special ability truly was. Only a mention that it had to be *earned*.

He's not sure whether to laugh or scream as he looks inward and mentally inspects what just happened to him. It would seem that...

“... I just earned access to my family’s Clan Trait.”

Grayfia blinks... and then her jaw drops as she realizes what he’s implying.

“What? After everything we tried back in the day... having sex with me is what unlocked it?”

Heh, funny she should say unlock... because that’s exactly what it was. Amadeus knew it as surely as he knew that he had two hands and two feet. It was as inherent of a sense to him as his eyesight and his hearing.

*Unlock.*

That was the Valefor Clan Trait. The ability to get anywhere and open anything, to break past almost any defense, any security, any lock. In hindsight, it seems rather obvious. Though to be fair, it could have just as easily been something to do with sneaking instead.

Looking to a still incredulous Grayfia, Amadeus lets out a slight chuckle.

“It wasn’t exactly the sex alone that did it, I don’t think. If I had to guess... it was ‘stealing’ the virginity of a devil over five hundred years old.”

Grayfia blushes at that. To be fair, they’d theorized back in the day that Amadeus stealing something of significant value might be what earned him his Clan Trait. However, he hadn’t been willing to steal anything from Lord Lucifuge... and they hadn’t had time to plan a heist of any more acceptable targets before the war started and everything went to shit.

So now here they were, with a claimed virginity of all things being the ‘valuable’ that Amadeus had made off with. Never mind that it was freely given, never mind that he hadn’t done it for power...

Sighing, Amadeus just shakes his head.

“Ridiculous... utterly ridiculous. But I suppose I can’t complain, can I?”

Regaining her composure, Grayfia straightens up... and finally pulls her panties back up under her skirts for good measure as well. Clearing her throat, she looks at him as though they didn’t just fuck for what felt like an eternity.

“I suppose you can’t, Master. The only question is... what next?”

Amadeus thinks about that for a long moment. And then he realizes precisely what he wants to do next. An idea hits him and... once it does, it doesn’t let him go. Or maybe he refuses to let it go. Either way...

“Hm. I want a set of Evil Pieces.”

Jolting, Grayfia's jaw drops open.

"What- you... it's far too dangerous to expose yourself to the New Satans, Master! If they... if *she* finds out you're still alive, then there's no telling what she might do!"

It's fairly obvious who 'she' is. Grayfia is talking about Lucrezah. Hm, does she really think that the new Lucifer will hunt him down to finish the job if she finds out he's still alive? Amadeus isn't so sure... but at the same time, it doesn't really matter.

"I'm not intending to throw myself at the mercy of Lucrezah Lucifer or any of the other new Satans, Grayfia."

"B-but Evil Pieces are highly regulated, Master. You are technically strong enough to be entitled to your own set, but that would require registering and revealing yourself to prove that you are High Rank."

Amadeus just scoffs, a glint in his eye as he grins and winks.

"Or... we could just go and steal them."

Grayfia's mouth opens... and then closes as she finally seems to remember who she's talking to. Amadeus tries hard not to laugh... but in the end, he can't help chuckling at the gobsmacked expression on Grayfia's face. She flushes and pouts massively, crossing her arms over her chest.

Still... he's sure this is what needs to happen. After all, Evil Pieces are exactly what he needs to move forward with the idea he just came up with. One Evil Piece in particular...

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