

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

**A/N: Mira Time!**

**-x-X-x-**

As Mira follows Zoey and their... guest down the hall to the penthouse's common area, she tries her best not to stare too much at his ass. Or indeed, any objectively attractive part of him. It's a little ridiculous how hot he is, in fact. She'd thought the demon boy band they'd had to deal with was bad enough, but they were at least wearing human disguises and thus limited to human levels of attractiveness.

This so-called 'devil' though... there was something unnatural and ethereal about his beauty. He was gorgeous in a way no human being could ever hope to be and it was throwing her off just a little bit.

Though, not as much as his mere presence was throwing her off. They really did have enough on their plate without Zoey going around and summoning random supernatural creatures to her bedroom all willy nilly. Unfortunately, Mira was forced to acknowledge that Zoey wouldn't be Zoey if she didn't get up to some sort of zany wackiness every so often.

And if this Amadeus fellow COULD help cure Rumi for as low a price as some money... well, Mira would be willing to pay. Even if she was pissed at Rumi still for all the lying, she would pay in a heartbeat. All of the hundreds of million of won she'd squirreled away over the years despite their extravagant lifestyle, she'd throw it all away if it meant Rumi didn't... die.

And that was the heart of things, wasn't it? Everything had gone to shit. They'd found out Rumi had been lying to them for the entire time they'd known her. The Honmoon was gone and not coming back. But at least Gwi-Ma was destroyed, quite literally gobbled up by Rumi going full demon bitch on his ass. And all the other demons, including the demon boy band, had been consumed as well.

Despite the loss of the Honmoon, there hadn't been a single demon in the human world since Namsan Tower as far as they could tell. With no protective barrier to keep them out, Mira could only assume they were refraining for one reason and one reason only... fear. Fear of Rumi. Fear of being eaten. Fear of dying for good.

Mira could even sympathize with them a little bit. Rumi HAD been pretty fucking terrifying that night. She'd had horns, a tail, and claws as long as Zoey's shinkal. And she'd used them to great effect, ripping and tearing until there was nothing left.

Unfortunately, their moment of triumph had been short-lived. Mira hadn't even gotten the chance to really work through her anger before suddenly Rumi was keeling over and starting to die on them. Rumi's condition had forced them to involve Celine after weeks of no contact, but even she hadn't been able to help so far.

... So yeah, Mira was ready to do just about anything to make sure Rumi lived. Even make a deal with a devil.

Only, as they arrive in the common area, where Rumi has gone all but comatose on their beloved Couch™, Mira watches on with narrowed eyes as Amadeus stops in his tracks upon catching sight of her.

“... Ah.”

Zoey whips around at that, her brow furrowing and her lips forming a pout as her tone takes on a concerned note to it.

“‘Ah’? What do you mean, ‘Ah’?”

Mira though, already feels a sinking sensation in the pit of her stomach before the self-proclaimed devil even explains. She knows that kind of ‘Ah’. It's a bad kind of ‘Ah’ for sure.

“You didn’t mention that your ailing friend was a half-demon. I understand wanting to keep things close to the chest though, so don’t think I’m upset. Rather... it simply complicates matters. Significantly.”

Grimacing, Mira steps out from behind the devil and over to Zoey’s side, a silent show of support as she brushes her arm against the shorter girl’s shoulder. Giving Amadeus a distinct Look, she narrows her eyes.

“How so, exactly?”

Sighing, Amadeus runs a hand through his stupidly perfect hair and looks Rumi over again.

“Well... for one, she shouldn’t even be alive in the first place. Half-demon, half-humans should be an impossibility from what I know.”

Mira furrows her brow, glancing over at Rumi’s pale, drawn face poking out of the blanket burrito they’ve rolled her up in. Zoey, meanwhile, lets out a confused whine.

“What does that even mean?!”

Luckily, Zoey’s devil has an explanation for them.

“It’s like we talked about before. The difference between devils and demons, remember? Devils used to use souls as currency, but eventually we changed to other things... because we *could* change to other things. Demons on the other hand... souls are their sustenance. Souls are to them like water is to humans. Necessary. Not the kind of thing you can go without.”

Gesturing to Rumi, Amadeus shrugs.

“Basically, a half-demon, half-human shouldn’t even be possible because they should end up consuming their mother’s soul while still forming in the womb, causing the pregnancy to fail and effectively killing themselves in the process. Even if one were to be brought to term and properly born, they would need a

steady, constant diet of souls throughout their life, making it rather difficult for them to reach the age of majority. Your friend is therefore something of an anomaly.”

That... Mira furrows her brow in thought. Rumi’s mom had died when Rumi was still young, but she’d still managed to give birth to Rumi. And then Rumi had grown up... but how would she have possibly eaten a bunch of people without anyone ever finding out? Hiding her demon patterns from them was one thing. Hiding that she was a serial killer with thousands of victims... that just didn’t seem possible.

Zoey suddenly gasps at her side, prompting Mira to look over. Their group’s lyricist and rapper has her hands covering her mouth and as she looks at Mira with wide eyes, Mira can see the horror in them.

“... The Honmoon. Mira, the Honmoon!”

What? What about it- oh. The truth dawns on her then and Mira feels some of the horror Zoey is currently expressing start to well up inside of her.

The devil in their midst, meanwhile, just arches a brow in response.

“The Honmoon?”

Before Mira can tell him that it’s none of his business... Zoey is already explaining everything.

“The Honmoon was our duty as Demon Hunters! It was created by the First Hunters hundreds of years ago, and it was a barrier that kept Gwi-Ma and his demons from entering our world. It was... it was also made up of the soul energy of our fans. Hundreds of years’ worth of adoration and devotion and... and slivers of people’s souls.”

... Yeah. Zoey’s theory, even if she hasn’t firmly stated it, makes perfect sense. It wasn’t something Rumi ever really made a big deal about, but it was

something Celine mentioned once or twice. Rumi was the youngest Hunter to ever be claimed by the Honmoon.

That gave them a timeline, of sorts. Rumi's mother was a Hunter herself with her own connection to the Honmoon, so that would have been enough to feed Rumi until she was born. And then once her mother died, Rumi had been connected to the Honmoon as well, where it had provided her soul energy all her life.

Rumi hadn't even known to be hungry... because the Honmoon had kept her demon side full all these years.

"I see. You believe that your friend's demon half was well-fed by this Honmoon all this time. But then... what happened to the Honmoon? I presume it's not around anymore?"

Zoey grimaces, prompting Mira to answer instead. Huffing, she crosses her arms over her chest and shakes her head.

"No. Gwi-Ma and his fucking boy band broke us apart and weakened the Honmoon. We got thoroughly trounced to the point where the Demon King even had me and Zoey under his trance. The Honmoon was completely gone by the time Rumi came in and saved the day."

Zoey's devil hums and nods at that, still gazing down at Rumi.

"I see. And you cannot create a new Honmoon?"

Mira and Zoey both shake their heads.

"Not without Rumi."

"All of our songs are three part harmonies! And... she's our main vocalist. Even if we could throw an impromptu concert just me and Mira, I doubt it would produce enough power to restore the Honmoon. Plus..."

Zoey trails off here, prompting even Mira to look over at her curiously. Seeing that, Zoey gives a somewhat helpless one-shoulder shrug.

“... Rumi lived off of the old Honmoon because it was hundreds of years old, right? Even if we did manage to create a new Honmoon now and connect her to it... she would probably just wind up eating it again because it wouldn't be big or strong enough to sustain her while we were powering it up...”

Damn. That was a good point. Even if they succeeded, they would be in a race against the clock to try and keep fueling the Honmoon so Rumi didn't just chew through it and break it again. And it wasn't like they were going to go with the other option either... that being feeding people to Rumi.

As much as Mira wanted Rumi to live, she would never sacrifice a human soul to the cause. And she knew Rumi would never forgive them if they did that anyways. Rumi would rather die. But that wasn't good enough for Mira. She needed Rumi to live so she could be mad at her properly, damn it all!

With a growl, Mira turns back to the third option... the devil among them.

“You said before you should be able to help her.”

He stares back at her evenly.

“That was before I knew all the facts, but yes I did.”

“You said it's ‘significantly more complicated’ now... but that doesn't mean impossible, now does it? So? What can you do? How can you help her?”

The way the devil hesitates immediately tells Mira she's not going to like it. And yet at the same time... she's willing to do just about anything to save Rumi. Unfortunately, her dumbass can't bring herself to say the words. Her lips stay stubbornly shut, whether because she can't bring herself to trust the devil or because of her lingering anger towards Rumi.

Zoey, in the end, has to pick up the slack, stepping forward with her eyes watering with unshed tears.

“P-Please... Amadeus, please help her.”

There’s something to be said when Zoey’s puppy dog eyes can even manage to break a self-proclaimed devil, isn’t there? Mira watches as Amadeus’ shoulders slump and he sighs.

“There’s... only one way I can think of. But it’s rather extreme, all things considered. Your friend isn’t sick. She’s not ill. Her demon half is working exactly as intended... by consuming her human half. You don’t need to worry about her becoming a full demon or turning into a monster or anything like that though... it doesn’t work that way. As it is right now, she’ll finish cannibalizing herself and pass away. Unless...”

Mira growls again.

“Spit it out already, for fuck’s sake!”

With a sigh, Amadeus rolls his shoulders and looks like he’s getting ready for a fight. It raises Mira’s hackles in all honesty... but nowhere near as bad as what he says next.

“We devils have an extremely low fertility rate. As such, our population has been in decline for quite a long time. However, we developed a way to handle that... a method by which we can turn non-devils into devils. That is currently the only way I have to save your friend. By turning her into a devil, she will no longer hunger for soul energy because she will no longer BE a half-demon, half-human.”

That... but he’s not done, of course.

“The issue with that solution is, of course, that we devils are an extremely possessive species. The method by which we reincarnate other races into devils is based around the concept of ‘peerage’. The ‘King’ controls the peerage by

way of an attunement. The peerage answers to the King... or there are consequences.”

It sounded like he was saying...

“Put in simple, unequivocal terms, I can save your friend’s life. That part is not in doubt. However, the cost of doing so would bring her into my service... permanently.”

In an instant, Mira’s gok-do is summoned back to her hands and is pointed at the devil’s stupidly handsome face.

“You want us to let you enslave her?!”

“Mira!”

But Mira ignores Zoey’s cry, focusing entirely on the man in front of her. He truly is a devil. Just like all the stories, he feigned being amicable and kind and personable... right up until he had them cornered with no other choice.

Looking entirely unfazed by her threat, Amadeus just sighs and shakes his head.

“It’s not slavery. But it is servitude, of that I will not lie. I can promise to be the best King imaginable, but obviously my words are but wind. There is no way to hold me accountable before the fact... it would be a complete leap of faith.”

Zoey is suddenly beside her, hands on Mira’s arms so she can’t attack.

“Mira, please. He’s not... he’s not going to force the issue. It’s just an offer. And I think it’s one we h-have to consider...”

What? Mira looks at Zoey, feeling more than a little betrayed. But Zoey’s lower lip just wobbles and her watery eyes are finally releasing tears as she quietly cries.

“I can’t... I can’t lose h-her, Mira. Anymore than I could stand to l-lose you. Please...”

Their youngest member, their cute dependable maknae... had always been the heart of their group, Mira couldn’t deny it. And in that moment, Mira understands that losing Rumi would mean breaking that heart. Zoey might just never smile again if Rumi were to die.

“Perhaps there’s one thing I can do to try to prove my intentions are good. Actions before words, no?”

Mira and Zoey both look over to Amadeus, to see him smiling crookedly as he lifts a hand. There, in his palm, rests a small ball of energy.

“Devil Magic is exceptionally versatile. It won’t be the sustenance she needs... but I should be able to wake your friend up for a conversation. You can talk to her. Tell her what I’ve told you. And give her a chance to make her own decision with all the facts laid out before her. Better than just making the decision before her, I should think.”

... Well, he wasn’t wrong about that. Mira shares a look with Zoey but immediately knows what their answer is going to be.

“Do it. Wake her up.”

Mira lowers her gok-do for the second time as she and Zoey lead Amadeus over to the couch, closer to Rumi. Fuck, hopefully this wasn’t a bad idea...

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