

Standing outside the large gate, Serah clutched her precious camera close to her chest with feelings of intimidation. Hesitating to press the bell, her mind wandered to when she had accepted this ridiculous job. Last Wednesday, she searched through ads to find a new gig and found this one. The pay was high, so she didn't have great hopes of getting accepted, but she was. It wasn't until after her approval that she was told she would work for *the Adelaide Grey*—One of the biggest faces in New York to date, only no one knew what she looked like. Countless companies would seek an audience with her, but she would never show; she only ever sent her servants. People throughout the world found that behavior admirable, but all Sarah saw was someone too good for the public. All people born into fame and fortune were the same, and from the moment Sarah heard Adelaide's name, she despised her. If she weren't desperate for money, she wouldn't have taken this job.

Serah stopped hovering and pressed the button that gave her a one-way ticket to hell. A man popped up on an LED screen that sat above the pressed button.

"Can I help you?"

"I'm here to take photos of Miss Grey's collection." Calling her with the honorific was like venom searing Serah's tongue.

"Apologies, as far as I am aware, the madame does not have any scheduled visits for today."

"Gerald, I can take it from here." A small voice off-screen called.

"Ah, so she told you something about this?" Looking off-screen for a few seconds, he turned back to look at Serah.

"All right, I'll open the gates. Yujin will take care of you from here." Serah nodded, walking through the enormous gates once they opened. The courtyard was well decorated with greenery and an overwhelming number of statues. Sitting in the middle of the courtyard was an enchanting fountain. The sculpture that sat at the center of the fountain captivated Serah; it was so beautiful, she wanted to know the face behind it. *What the hell am I thinking!?* Mentally cursing herself for having such thoughts, a relationship was the last thing on her mind, and the statue's owner was probably centuries old. She didn't doubt, however, that whoever existed behind the statue was the most beautiful person she had ever laid her eyes on—but she knew all she could do was wish she'd meet with the century-old woman.

After gawking at the statue for an uncomfortable amount of time, she figured it time to introduce herself to her own personal hell. Taking a deep breath, she inched her way to the front door of the mansion. The door opened immediately upon Serah's arrival—a woman standing in front of her, bowing, as she walked in.

"U-uh..."

"Thank you for coming, Ms Grey will see you in her study." The woman stood, eyes meeting with Serah's with a broad smile on her face. "I'll show you to it. Right this way." Serah followed behind the girl who began walking up the stairs ahead of them.

"So," Serah began, "you're Yujin?"

"Who I am doesn't matter, I am simply handmaiden to the Mistress. But yes, that is correct." *Why do these people talk like they're from 19th-century*

London?

"Well, it's nice to meet you, Yujin."

"Oh, I assure you, the pleasure is all mine, Miss Serah! Your photography is quite remarkable!" Excited, Serah turned her heels, facing Yujin with a big grin on her face.

"You've seen my photos!?"

"Of course! Adelaide was very impressed by them!"

"So you're the reason I got hired?" *And what happened to that 19th-century speech?*

"Yes! I've been following your work for—"

"Yujin!" A voice interrupted the girl's excitement.

"M-Mistress, my apologies..." Composing herself, she placed her hands behind her back and bowed.

"Who the hell do you think you—" Turning to the voice, her words cut short. Her breath hitched upon seeing her; she felt like one of those statues in the courtyard.

"Are you quite done?" The woman said, slightly annoyed.

"U-um..."

"I believe you were going to ask 'who the hell do you think you are?'" She began, "I suppose I can answer that, I'm..."

"...Gorgeous." Snapping to reality as soon as the words escaped her lips, a slight blush crossed her face.

"Mistress, this is the photographer you hired, Miss Seraphim Sinclaire." Too captivated by the woman's beauty, Serah forgot that Yujin was still there.

"Oh, is she?" She smirked.

"A-Actually it's just Sera—"

"Yujin leave us. The photographer and I have some business to take care of." Adelaide said, cutting off Serah.

"As you wish." Bowing before making her leave.

"Now with her gone...I am Adelaide Grey, the head of this household." The unexpected beauty of Adelaide almost made Serah forget the amount of hate she garnered for her. Knowing she found scum like Adelaide attractive made her sick.

"Right, so where do I start?" Regaining her footing, she wasn't about to get tongue-tied again.

"Ah-ah." The billionaire wagged her finger, "I would like you to stay in the mansion with me, as my own personal photographer." *Live in hell? No thanks.*

"No."

"I assure you it pays better than any other freelance work."

"I'm not interested!" Serah growled, making the woman take a step back, but quickly retaliating with a wide smile on her face.

"Suit yourself; you do not have to make that decision yet. Shall I lead you to my collection?"

"Please." *The faster I get paid and can leave, the better.*

"Certainly." Turning, she opened a door at the end of the room, holding it open for Serah. Walking in hesitantly, she had an unsettling feeling of being watched, like the young billionaire's eyes were somewhere they shouldn't be. She took shaky breaths to keep her composure, and took in her surroundings. Beautiful sculptures covered the room, the quantity ten times what she'd witnessed outside.

"Do you like what you see?" In an instant, Serah's expression went from awe, to disgust.

"You know, this could be all yours." Adelaide said.

"I told you I wasn't interested,"

"Your body has been telling me otherwise~" She purred, making heat course through Serah. Lightly trailing her icy fingers up Serah's arm, the young photographer turned away.

"I'm here to work. If I knew being seduced was part of the agenda, I wouldn't have taken the job."

"Oh, it wasn't, but you are just too lovely to let go, you see~" Taking a deep breath, she exhaled sharply. Did she really need the money that badly?

"If you want to continue harassing me, you'll need to find a new photographer." She stopped abruptly, confusing the young photographer.

"Understood. No harassing from me. Your photography is too good to go to waste." She smiled; the bubbly nature of her speech was vacant.

"At least you respect my talent. I'm going to do my job now, okay?"

"Certainly." Silence entered the room as Serah began taking as many photos as she could. Unsettled by the silence, she turned to Adelaide and snapped a photo of her.

"W-What?" Shocked, the woman snapped out of her thoughts.

"Wow..." Serah started, "you're incredibly photogenic. Makes me wonder why you never go out in public."

"What is this flattery?" She spat, the cheerful demeanor from earlier nonexistent.

"It isn't flattery; I'm being honest. You look great here."

"Well, thank you," smiling, and sighing right after, "There are many reasons I do not show my face in public, and I am not privy to telling a stranger."

"Not even a stranger you tried to seduce?" Adelaide stayed silent, "I'm only joking. I don't care. I'm here to work, and that's it."

"Yes."

"But I *am* flattered." Facing Adelaide, "being complimented by someone so beautiful is quite the ego boost." *Even if it's Satan herself.*

"I suppose I should thank you." The 360 change in Adelaide was something Serah found interesting and made her believe that maybe working in hell wouldn't be so bad.

"It's late. I'll be going." Said Serah.

"Certainly, you did well today, but it is a shame."

"What?"

"I would love to see you and your bare bosom dressing my bed." Without a word, Serah stormed out. *Once Satan always Satan.*

Arriving home, her most loyal friend, Georgie, greeted her. Smiling at her, she picked up the pup and settled into the couch.

"Could you believe it? I met the most beautiful girl I have ever laid my eyes on today." She sighed. "Too bad she's the devil in disguise. Why do the pretty ones always have to be so awful?"

"But not you!" Hugging Georgie close to her chest. "You're the prettiest girl and the bestest girl in the whole entire world!" Smiling, Georgie would never fail to cheer Serah up.

"But it was strange, she acted weird...like one second she was really cheerful, and the next she was extremely cold...there might be more to her than I thought, and that's kind of interesting. But she thinks she can have whatever she wants." She shuddered, "and that includes me. She tried making me her plaything! Can you believe that? People that disgusting really exist..."

"But I don't want to think about that anymore, let's relax and watch a movie." Sinking deeper into the couch, she reached for the remote, scrolling through the list of films and tv series before stopping on 'The Devil wears Prada'. She snickered.

"How fitting."