

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

A/N: Moving Along~

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Such consideration, especially from a man, was one of the last things Hippolyta was expecting. And yet... she supposes she shouldn't be too surprised. Lucien Luthor had already proven his quality before, first when he'd saved Themyscira from Grail's rampage and second when he'd come back to bring those she managed to kill back to life.

Even still, even the Heroes that Hippolyta recalled from long ago... those men who had legends and myths about them, they would not have passed up an opportunity like this. Certainly not simply because of Hippolyta's own feelings in the matter.

Diana had tried to tell her that the Heroes she worked with now were different. That many of the men of this 'Justice League' she'd helped found were good-hearted and not the scum that Hippolyta remembered from back in the day.

It wasn't that Hippolyta had thought her daughter wrong or lying to be clear. Merely that seeing it with her own two eyes was something else entirely.

Silence reigns over the space for a moment in the wake of Lucien's declaration. The Goddesses look from Lucien to Hippolyta and then to each other wordlessly. His words about needing another solution continue to hang in the air.

Finally though, Aphrodite chuckles and pulls away from where she was getting far too comfortable with Hippolyta's shoulder.

"Well now. It seems we've been thoroughly taken to task, haven't we?"

Hera shoots Aphrodite a warning glare at that, but Persephone just sighs.

“Aphrodite is right. Here we came, rushing in with our solution to the problem... but Lucien Luthor is right. This would cause one of our most devout followers more harm than good.”

Huffing, Hera crosses her arms over her chest.

“Well, I advocated for marriage in the first place. The rest of you were the ones who shot my proposal down. So let’s just go back to that, shall we? What do you say, Lucien Luthor? Will you accept Hippolyta’s hand in marriage? Or perhaps Diana’s? How’s that for a solution, hm?”

Hippolyta blanches at that, though fortunately Hera is more focused on Lucien right now than she is on the former Amazon Queen. Lucien, meanwhile, is clearly taken aback by the offer. But before he can answer... there’s a sudden rumble overhead and the entire building shakes a bit.

Instantly, all eyes move upward towards the ceiling, with Aphrodite sighing and shaking her head, stepping in close to place a hand on Hera’s arm.

“Now Hera... you know full well why marriage isn’t on the table. And why we all voted down your... proposal. You were only allowed to come on this outing because you promised not to bring it up.”

Hera growls.

“Well he rejected the first proposal! And what’s wrong with a little marriage, hm? At least then if any children do happen, they won’t be bastards!”

The rumbling grows a bit more... Zeus’ displeasure is obvious. For whatever reason, they definitely do not want Lucien marrying Hippolyta or Diana. Which... good, Hippolyta doesn’t really have any inclination to marry a man either, even a man who saved her life and resurrected so many of her Amazons.

But why? Why are they alright with Lucien impregnating her, but not alright with him marrying her or Diana? Admittedly, it only takes a second for Hippolyta to

figure it out... at least partially. All she has to do is think about what was said back at the beginning of this conversation.

“We know of your patron, Lucien Luthor. We wish no quarrel with her.”

This patron... whoever it was, she was clearly a power that even the Gods upon Mount Olympus feared. Or at the very least, had a healthy respect for. After all, the Olympians had never been a particularly peaceful lot. If Lucien's patron was anything weaker than Hippolyta's Gods, they wouldn't have cared one bit about pissing her off.

... But no, they'd gone out of their way to make it clear they weren't upset about Lucien's resurrections. And that they didn't want to fight his patron or harm him in any way.

With that in mind, it becomes rather obvious that whatever Lucien Luthor truly is and whatever power is backing him up, the Olympians would rather he not have any claim upon Themyscira that being married into the Royal Family might give him.

At the same time, they were clearly hoping he would take them up on their offer of impregnating Hippolyta so that they could in turn have some claim on the inevitable daughter from such a union and draw the power Lucien Luthor seemed to hold into their sphere of influence without drawing the man who held it with it.

... Machinations and manipulations upon machinations and manipulations. Hippolyta suddenly feels so very, very tired in that moment. How many thousands of years now has she served her Gods? How many times has she bent over backwards for them? How many times has she sacrificed for them?

And still they wish to make a pawn of her. Still, she is nothing but a tool in their eyes. It... hurts more than Hippolyta thought it would after all this time.

“We will have to go back to the... how do mortals put it these days? Ah yes, the drawing board. Another solution isn't so easily found so... give us some time to

think of something. For now, do please take care of our dear Hippolyta, Lucien Luthor. It would be a personal favor to me.”

Aphrodite’s words are telling as they float through the air. Hippolyta just stays quiet, even as Lucien grunts.

“I promise to do my utmost to make sure no harm comes to her while she’s in my care.”

That... Hippolyta should feel insulted by that. After all, she was the one who was supposed to be protecting him. That was her self-appointed role within his household, that of bodyguard and defender. Until she had saved his life as many times as the number of Amazons he’d brought back from the dead, her debt would remain unpaid.

Or rather, that was Hippolyta’s thinking at the time. She’s started to realize the gulf in power between the two of them... and the impossibility of her being able to protect Lucien Luthor from anything that might actually be able to take his life in the first place.

How was she going to ever settle her debt if the man was so much stronger than her that she was better off as his bedwarmer than his bodyguard? Flushing a bit at the errant thought, the former Amazon Queen watches as her Gods depart, the trio of Goddesses leaving the same way they came, by way of a brilliant flash of white light.

When they’re finally gone and the spots in Hippolyta’s vision have cleared, she looks to Lucien just in time to see him let out a long, drawn-out sigh.

“... Right, from the look of things, nobody else is going to show up and make a mess. As such... let’s call it there, shall we? Claire, can you show Hippolyta to a room she can have for however long she’s here? And Blackfire, please do the same with Grail.”

With everything that's happened, Hippolyta had almost forgotten that the catalyst of all of this is literally sharing the room with them. Grail grins even as eyes turn her way.

"Oh? Why would I need my own room though? My place is in your bed, Lucien Luthor. You have to keep me close at hand so I don't get into any trouble, after all."

Then, Grail turns her red eyes towards Hippolyta.

"After all, some of us are not so opposed to spreading our legs for you~"

That-! But Hippolyta controls herself. She'd taken far too long back in the holding cell to realize she was letting a whelp a mere fraction of her age draw her down to her level. Grail might be a full grown woman, but she had only been around for a few decades. Arguing with her... it was like being tricked into a nonsensical argument with a child. Not worth her time.

So instead she stays silent, signaling that she is above such petty insults. Grail's smirk drops into a slight frown, but they're separated soon enough anyways as Claire comes to lead Hippolyta elsewhere in the domicile.

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Lucien just sighs and rubs the bridge of his nose as his current greatest headaches leave the common area of the penthouse. Of course, even as they depart, he's still left with Tea and Kara. The two blondes move in closer, concern but also curiosity in their eyes.

"Lucien... are you okay?"

Smiling at Kara, Lucien chuckles.

"I'm fine. Hell of a day it's been, that's all."

Tea snorts derisively.

“That’s an understatement, boss. You don’t do anything by halves, do you?”

Lucien gives Tea a dry look, but she just smirks in response. Of course, Kara...

“How did you even know Grail was on Earth? Or no... she said she’d been on Earth for weeks. Did you know when she first arrived? Were you watching her? Is that why you reacted so suddenly when she finally attacked Themyscira?”

The interrogation isn’t entirely unexpected, of course. Sure, Kara might be his secretary slash sex pet and everything, with their relationship having become far closer and more harmonious than it had been a year back when they first met... but she’s still Supergirl. She’s still a member of the Justice League. And in fact, right now she’s here in that capacity.

It would be easy to lie to her. Especially since he wasn’t going to tell her the whole truth. But Lucien didn’t want to lie... so he’d give her something.

“No. I didn’t know Grail was on Earth or anything about her until she attacked Themyscira.”

As expected, that answer gets a more focused look from Kara.

“... Then was it this ‘patron’ that the goddesses mentioned?”

In a way... which was exactly what Lucien was going to say.

“You could say that, yes. Suffice to say, I was alerted the moment the attack started. I knew just how dangerous she was and how much of a threat she represented. So I acted quickly to take care of her and remove her to a more appropriate location for us to do battle.”

Tea smirks.

“The surface of the sun is a pretty ‘appropriate’ location when you’re Part Kryptonian, huh?”

Lucien gives the clone another dry look. It wasn't quite the surface of the sun... if it had been, most of the Justice League who'd inevitably shown up wouldn't have been able to survive the approach. But they had been closer to the Sun than they'd been to say... Mercury.

Kara hums.

"Will you tell us anything about this patron of yours, Lucien?"

An expected, albeit also dreaded question. Still, Lucien just wordlessly shakes his head... only to blink in surprise when Kara shrugs in response.

"Alright then. That's fine."

Even Tea gives Kara a bemused look at that.

"Seriously? Not going to press any further? I was about to put you in a headlock and give you a noogie if you didn't stop the third degree, just so we're clear."

Kara blinks and takes a step away from Tea, scowling as if she worries the taller, bustier clone will do it anyways. Tea just grins, making it clear she very well might have if Kara stayed in range.

"We all have secrets, Tea. Some of us have more than others. Lucien did a lot of good today... he saved people and he made the right call over and over again, no matter what certain parts of the Justice League might feel. I'm not going to make him tell me anything he doesn't want to."

She looks back to him then and nods decisively.

"You'll tell us when you want to tell us... or not at all if it's never relevant. I trust you, Lucien."

Well damn. He... hadn't realized how much he needed to hear that until now. Of course, then Tea makes a mocking 'awww' sound and ruins it for Kara, who flushes and growls.

"Ugh, you're so... YOU sometimes!"

"Well, I'm your clone so what does that really say, huh?"

"That you're defective, obviously!"

"Wha- you take that back!"

"Make me, bitch!"

And just like that, the two blondes are chasing each other around and then out of the room. Lucien watches them go with an amused quirk to the side of his mouth... before a tired inhuman yawn draws his eyes to the opposite side of the room where a massive shadowy shape slowly unlatches itself from the wall.

Spot the Snow Leopard rises to his feet, having apparently been entirely unbothered by the arrival and then departure of three Olympian Goddesses. He pads over to Lucien while smacking his chops and blinking sleepy eyes, bumping his head into Lucien's leg nearly hard enough to put him off-balance.

"Heh... good to see you too, Spot."

He runs his hands through Spot's fur, brushing his fingers all over the massive cat's head. Under the chin, behind the ears, along the cheeks. Spot purrs in response, great big rumbling sounds that fill the room in a way even Zeus' little temper tantrum couldn't beat. Or maybe Lucien just preferred Spot's rumbling... either way, it was no contest.

In the end, Lucien winds up flopping down on the couch... at which point Spot flops down on top of him, burying him in fur. Lucien rather likes this, he decides. And so he settles in and relaxes, enjoying the peaceful moment.

Tomorrow, aka in a few hours from now when the sun finally rose, he would have to start dealing with shit. But for this moment and this moment alone, it's just Lucien and his cat and he can forget about everything else and enjoy Spot's extremely loud purring being injected directly into his ears.

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Remember to go back and VOTE!