

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

A/N: Dealing with the Justice League.

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“You can’t possibly think you have the right to make that sort of decision unilaterally.”

The moment he steps out of the cell, Lucien is confronted by Green Lantern. The imposing black man’s glowing green eyes narrow as he crosses his arms over his chest. In turn, Lucien narrows his eyes right back. Presumably, Green Lantern is talking about the fact that Lucien just told Grail she was ‘paroled’.

Going off of that assumption, he shrugs his shoulders and gestures to Darkseid’s Daughter as she steps out of the cell behind him.

“Do you have a better idea of what to do with her, exactly?”

“As a matter of fact, I do.”

Whipping out the hand with a Power Ring on it, he points it directly at Grail and encases her in a green bubble.

“I’ll take her to the Guardians. They’ve been imprisoning worse than the likes of hers for thousands upon thousands of years now.”

Lucien tenses, half-expecting Grail to immediately break out of the bubble. However, to his surprise she just stays where she is, watching patiently... clearly expecting him to stand up for her instead. Which to be fair, he’s going to do of course... he’s just surprised she’s showing such discipline and patience after everything else that has happened in both timelines.

However, before he can even tell Green Lantern that that’s not going to happen... someone else beats him to the punch.

“You will do no such thing! You have no jurisdiction over a daughter of Themyscira!”

All eyes, including Grail’s, widen in incredulous surprise as everyone turns towards the speaker. Hippolyta, former Queen of the Amazons, takes a threatening step in Green Lantern’s direction.

“Release her. Immediately.”

Given the conversation they’d just had in Grail’s holding cell, Hippolyta was the last person Lucien expected to defend the alien woman that she herself had called ‘cursed spawn’ back there. And yet... from the look of things, the thought of letting anyone else have control over Grail or her ‘punishment’ was much too much for Hippolyta to stomach.

Death save him from the contradictory beings he constantly found himself surrounded by.

“She’s a murderer. She attacked Earth. She attacked YOUR people. Surely you of all people should understand why she needs to be locked up.”

Hippolyta sniffs haughtily at Green Lantern’s impassioned argument. It doesn’t seem to have had much of an effect with her, even though he’s pretty much right.

“Grail did not attack Earth, she attacked Themyscira. And every life she took has been given back to us... by the very man who now has her in his custody. The same man who has proven to be more than a match for her. And the only man capable of keeping her in line.”

... While Lucien appreciated the vote of confidence, he definitely wasn’t expecting Hippolyta to be such a fervent supporter of his. Sure, she’d sworn him a life debt and everything, but he’d gotten the impression that that was very much reluctantly done.

“You’re very clearly biased at this point, Queen Hippolyta. This man, Lucien Luthor, is not to be trusted. Everything he’s done for you... I assure you; it had a purpose beyond what you believe. He’s a schemer, just like his father.”

Needless to say, Hippolyta doesn’t take that well. Her hand falls to the sword sheathed at her waist for the first time since they left Themyscira.

“I am no longer Queen of the Amazons, as my daughter’s proteges should have already informed you.”

Judging by Green Lantern’s wince and the looks on everyone else’s faces, they already had.

“By referring to me by my old title, you insult my daughter, a woman who fought at your side for years. By insinuating that I would allow myself to be hoodwinked by ANY man given my past experiences, you insult me. Retract your words and release the Amazon you have imprisoned or you will have earned my blade.”

Green Lantern grimaces but doesn’t lower his hand.

“I’m sorry, but-!”

“Hippolyta is right. At this point in time, Luthor is our best option for keeping Grail contained.”

Heads whip around as Batman of all people suddenly speaks up. It’s not just the man’s words that surprise people however, but also his very presence. He hadn’t arrived yet at Black Site Zeta when Lucien and the others had shown up. His form of transport wasn’t as fast as the fastest members of the Justice League.

But he’s here now and his sudden presence, as well as his support of Lucien and Hippolyta has Green Lantern doing a double take.

“Wha- Batman?! When did you even... no, never mind that. You can't be seriously siding with letting Darkseid's Daughter of all people walk around freely?”

Batman's eyes narrow in the depths of his cowl.

“It sounds to me like you're writing her off solely because of who her father is, Lantern. We don't do that. The crimes of the parent do not land on the shoulders of the child.”

Gnashing his teeth, Green Lantern growls.

“That's not... you know that's not what I meant! She's plenty dangerous in her own right. She went on a damn killing spree the first thing she did upon arriving on Earth!”

“That's actually not true!”

For a third time, everyone's attention swings around... this time to the bubble surrounding Grail, who has finally piped up. The Daughter of Darkseid sounds muffled but is nevertheless audible through the bubble as she waves at them all.

“I've actually- you know what, this is stupid.”

Curling a hand into a fist, she rears back and punches the bubble before anyone can react. Green Lantern cries out, stumbling a bit from the backlash as his construct pops like... well a soap bubble. Grail lands back on the ground but makes no further move to attack, merely planting her hands on her hips and grinning wickedly as she looks at them all.

“I was actually on Earth for two weeks before I made my way to Themyscira. Seeing the sights, sampling the local cuisine... getting the lay of the land so to speak. Didn't kill anyone until I arrived on the island of my birth.”

There's a long moment of silence as everyone processes that. Finally, Superman speaks up, breaking his own silence as he furrows his brow.

“You expect us to believe that someone of your... unique disposition remained undetected for two whole weeks?”

But Grail just laughs... and suddenly starts to shimmer.

“Were none of you listening properly to our little conversation? My mother was Myrina... an Amazon Assassin. She taught me everything she knows.”

By the time Grail is done speaking, she’s transformed entirely into a striking yet seemingly human woman. Black hair, pale skin, black eyes... nothing about her screams ‘alien’ or even ‘Daughter of Darkseid’ really. The illusion leaves no signs of the danger she represents.

“Great, so she can shapeshift. Another reason we don’t leave her in the hands of a Luthor. Let me take her to the Guardians. It’s the only option that keeps everyone on Earth safe.”

There’s a moment of silence, as though Grail’s ability to effectively disguise herself has changed things. Which to be fair, it might have for them. For Lucien, he’s not overly concerned about it. He could hunt her down if he needed to.

Before anyone else can say anything though, Grail speaks up again with a wicked grin.

“Sure, that would keep everyone on Earth safe. But the Guardians of Oa and your precious Green Lantern Corps would all die screaming.”

Okay, that was enough. Green Lantern bristles because of course he does, but Lucien steps in, raising a hand.

“I’m not handing her over to you, Green Lantern. End of discussion. And to answer your original question... yes, I do think I can make that decision unilaterally. Not because I have the ‘right’ or anything like that... but because I’ve already given my word, just as Grail has given hers. And a man’s word is his bond. Grail is my ward for as long as her oaths to me hold. End of discussion.”

“You think you can just-!”

“Assign me as a watchdog!”

Supergirl’s voice suddenly echoes through the room, overriding Green Lantern’s angry protests. As everyone looks at her, Kara steps forward, hands curled into fists at her sides.

“I’ll keep an eye on things and let the Justice League know if there’s a reason to intervene. Like a United Nations Observer!”

That was... ballsy. Not the speaking up bit, but the fact that she was so compromised it wasn’t even funny. Surely the rest of the Justice League knew what Kara was getting up to in her civvies... right?

Except... no, Lucien realizes. Most of them clearly didn’t. Superman does though, he’s pretty sure. Batman as well. But while Superman’s jaw does clench a little bit, the Man of Steel doesn’t actually speak up. And Batman stays silent as well.

Green Lantern, meanwhile, seems to take stock of the room and finds that even his stalwart allies don’t seem to look very excited about backing his play here. Finally, his shoulders slump a little bit and he lets out a sigh.

“... Fine. On all of your heads be it.”

With that, the hero leaves the room... and after a bit, the rest of the Justice League starts to file out as well. Superman and Supergirl have a near silent conversation on the other side of the room and Wonder Girl and Troia both take a moment to speak in hushed tones with Hippolyta as well, but ultimately they all take their leave too.

In the end, it’s just Lucien left with his girls... along with Hippolyta, Grail, and Supergirl. The latter of which he’s really not sure is ‘his girl’ in this case or not.

After a beat, Blackfire snorts derisively and crosses her arms over her chest.

“Can’t believe they all forgot to complain about this space station even being a thing.”

Lucien sighs and shakes his head. Because yeah, he’d been expecting that as well. They’d probably remember to whine about it later though. But hey, it wasn’t like Black Site Zeta was the only one of its kind anyways.

“Let’s... just go home, shall we?”

Leading everyone back to the teleporters, they arrive back on Earth in just a few minutes, potentially before some of the League will arrive back at the Watchtower. From there, it’s a quick enough trip to Lucien’s penthouse apartment, mostly because he doesn’t quite know where to bring everyone else.

It’s almost morning the next day by the time they finally arrive, but there’s still enough guest bedrooms for both Hippolyta and Grail though, so Lucien figures it should be alright.

He’s just about to say as much as they’re all standing there in the penthouse common area, when the whole situation goes tits-up again.

“Lucien Luthor. We would treat with you.”

The words reverberate through the room, making the walls and windows shake. Everyone promptly drops into fighting stances save for Hippolyta, who just looks dumbstruck by the voice and Lucien, who just sighs and rubs the bridge of his nose with his fingers.

“For fuck’s sake, what is it *now*?”

The voice comes in again, no quieter.

“We request an audience if you are amicable to it.”

Surprisingly polite... fuck it.

“Alright sure. I’m amicable, whoever you are.”

That’s when there’s suddenly a bright white light in the center of the common area. Blinding for some, though Lucien’s eyes allow him to see right through it. Which is how he sees a literal portal open up amidst the white light and three different women step out.

Lucien blinks once as the white light fades. Then, he proceeds to stare. Because they’re not simply women, he very quickly realizes. And if he needed any confirmation of that fact, Hippolyta immediately dropping to a knee and bowing her head would do it.

These... are goddesses. And judging by their attire and everything that’s happened in the past few hours, these are almost certainly Greek Goddesses. All three of whom are watching him with intense gazes at the moment, even as one among them steps forward. Seeming much more regal than the other two, wearing a crown upon her brow, she inclines her head a mere fraction of an inch in his direction.

“Greetings Lucien Luthor. I am Hera, Queen of the Gods.”

As soon as she’s done speaking, the second Goddess steps forward, though she remains half a step behind Hera.

“And I, my dear, am Aphrodite... Goddess of Love and Beauty~”

Given the way she looks, given the way she seems to be effortlessly posing to draw his eye to her body, Lucien can easily believe it. However, he can’t exactly stare at her for long... not when the third deity introduces herself as well.

“And I am Persephone. Queen of the Underworld.”

None of them are reverberating like Hera was initially, thankfully. And yet... there is nevertheless a dark tone to Persephone’s introduction. Queen of the

Underworld. Wife of Hades, King of the Underworld, if Lucien remembered correctly. Arbiter of the cycle of life and death.

... Which of course, Lucien had just abused rather aggressively when he'd brought back the dozens of Amazons Grail had killed, hadn't he? Amazons that should probably been in the Underworld, to be judged or processed or whatever by Persephone and her husband.

Oops.

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Remember to go back and VOTE!