

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

A/N: Grail & Lucien~

-x-X-x-

Admittedly, Lucien knows its coming. That's why, after he's done being glomped by Spot, the Enhanced Snow Leopard eventually having enough of his pets and climbing up to pad away, Lucien immediately makes his way to his office.

After all, he technically doesn't need sleep anymore. It's just nice to indulge once in a while. And the soundproofed, reinforced walls of his office will be perfect for whatever happens between him and Grail. Well... him, Grail, and Blackfire.

When the Daughter of Darkseid steps through the open office door, her red eyes fixated on Lucien, Blackfire is there to close and lock it behind her. Grail's head snaps over to the other alien and her eyes narrow for a brief moment before her lips curl into a sardonic grin.

"Sneaky, aren't you?"

Blackfire doesn't smile back, merely crossing her arms over her chest and standing guard.

"Told you to stay in your room."

Grail lets out an airy laugh.

"You did... but I don't answer to you."

Only then does Grail turn back to Lucien. But of course, Blackfire isn't going to take that lying down. Nor does Lucien expect her to either.

Quick as a whip, the exiled alien princess lashes out the moment Grail turns her back, a foot driving into the back of her knee and forcing a pained, agonized cry from the gray-skinned woman's lips as she's driven down to the ground.

At the same time, Blackfire curls one hand in Grail's hair and the other around her throat, clamping down hard before Grail can fully begin struggling. Once she does start struggling, Blackfire's hands take on a glowing purple tinge and Grail's hair starts to smoke a bit even as her neck singes.

"B-Bitch!"

Leaning down a bit, Blackfire speaks calmly.

"Damn right I am, you fucking cunt. I'm the biggest fucking bitch you'll ever meet. You may not answer to me, but if you think for a second that Lucien won't let me do whatever the fuck I want to you... you have another thing coming."

With her piece said, Blackfire thrusts Grail away from her, causing the other woman to land on all fours. Or rather, she lands on her hands and her one working knee... the other leg is busted to all hell by Blackfire's ambush.

Lucien sighs and pushes off where he'd been leaning on the front of his desk, making his way forward at a casual pace even as Grail forces herself back to her feet, clenching her jaw at the pain but giving no other sign of the pain she must be in as she uses her ability to fly to compensate for the wreck of a leg.

Rolling his eyes, Lucien reaches out and grabs Grail by the shoulder before she can pull away, healing her in an instant. She jerks as she feels what he's doing, her nostrils flaring for a moment as she once again puts weight back on that leg.

Finally, she glances back at Blackfire and smirks.

"You're strong for a Tamaranean, aren't you?"

Blackfire's eyes narrow, but Grail is already turning back to him.

“And that’s because of you... isn’t it?”

Lucien doesn’t narrow his own eyes. He remains stone-faced, staring at Grail quietly for a moment. Then, he takes a step back. He returns to the front of his desk, leaning against it again before finally speaking.

“What do you want, Grail? You wanted a private conversation... now you have it.”

He’s not surprised she figured out what he could do. She seems to be a clever sort of bitch. Still, he’s not really in the mood for playing games. And yet...

“What do I want? Simple... to show that unlike that stupid bitch Hippolyta, I’m more than willing to be your woman.”

With that, Grail reaches up and starts to undress right then and there, removing her armor piece by piece. Lucien... doesn’t make any attempt to stop her, even as she exposes herself, revealing grey, perfectly sculpted breast and a chiseled figure that could have been made out of marble.

But then to be fair, her armor had already been very formfitting as it was. Most superpowered women in Lucien’s experience tended to wear formfitting attire, whether it was armor or just costumes. Then again, many of the superpowered men seemed to have a thing for spandex as well.

Regardless, Grail soon stands entirely naked before him, her lips curled up into a wicked smirk and her red eyes twinkling as she drops the last piece of her armor to the floor and steps forward.

“I know what kind of man you are, Lucien. You are a leader. A ruler. You are used to being obeyed. And why shouldn’t you be? You have power that nobody else has, power that they can only dream of.”

She reaches him and traces her fingers along his chest.

“I gave you more power, didn’t I? By fighting you. I gave you access to something greater than you’d ever had before.”

Lucien doesn’t answer, obviously. But Grail doesn’t seem to need an answer. She just smirks... and drops to her knees, this time of her own volition.

Blackfire is watching but she knows better than to interfere. Meanwhile, Grail extracts his cock from his pants with a few deft hand motions... and promptly wraps her breasts around his growing mast.

“Or maybe that’s the wrong way to look at it. I didn’t give you anything, not really. No... you took it. You reached out and made it your own. Because that’s what kind of man you are.”

In a vacuum, her words might sound accusatory and judgmental. But the truth is, her tone makes them anything but. Rather, she sounds exultant... excited... gleeful, even. With red eyes still glittering, Grail leans forward and pops the head of his throbbing cock in her mouth, sliding gray lips down the first couple of inches of his dick while sliding her substantial rack up and down the rest of his shaft.

Lucien finally moves, his hand coming down atop Grail’s hair, his fingers sliding through her hair. Her eyes widen slightly in delight and further excitement, even as he grips down harshly.

“Is this all you wanted to get me alone for then? To kneel down and suck my cock?”

He frames it as an amused taunt, injecting just the right note of derision to get a response from her. Grail reacts as expected, pulling back and narrowing her eyes slightly as she gazes up at him.

“Of course not. But you do not beg a favor of a king without first... paying homage. And on top of that, I must make amends for the reckless actions I took upon your soil to get your attention in the first place.”

With that said, she dives right back down again. Lucien lets her, the sounds of noisy sucking and slurping filling the office as he processes her words. He'd had a sinking suspicion that Grail wanted something from him, something beyond even what she'd already said before in... other company. But it was interesting to see that she saw the entirety of Earth, Themyscira included, as HIS. His soul. His property. His domain.

He lets her continue her ministrations for a few more minutes, his cock pulsing and jumping as she glides her soft pillowy breasts up and down his length. Her armor had hidden one part of her body by compressing the true size of her tits at least.

Finally, Lucien speaks up again, his tone derisive once more.

“Your technique could use some work. You’re never going to get me off like that.”

Grail’s eyes flash at the blatant provocation and he can tell that she knows its only impossible to get him off because he’s in control. Pulling back again, she looks up at him and Lucien waits to see how she’ll react. She doesn’t complain or whine though. Instead...

“Then use me as you wish, Lucien Luthor. Bend me to your will. Dominate me. Treat me as nothing but an outlet for your lusts.”

Through his grip on her hair and the contact of his fingers along her scalp, Lucien can at least feel that Grail doesn’t just mean every word... she wants it. Her arousal is obvious even beneath the surface. Regardless of what else she wants from him, this... well, this is something she’s come to crave since their fight.

With a huff, Lucien grips down more harshly on Grail’s hair and yanks her back up off of her knees. The Daughter of Darkseid grunts as she’s spun around and bent over, his hand coming down with a hefty slap against her ass as he forces her into a ninety degree angle.

S-SMACK!

From there, that same hand journeys down betwixt her thighs and two fingers jab right at her slit. Luckily for her, she's sopping wet and her cunt is all too eager to suck up his digits, and squeeze down on them, trying to hold them in place... albeit in vain.

Driving two fingers in and out of her, Lucien holds her in such a way that she finds herself staring at Blackfire, who looks right back at her. His right hand woman just smirks condescendingly, clearly standing in judgment of Grail as he... enjoys her body.

Lucien hears Grail grind her teeth a bit at this and he suspects if he hadn't already extracted certain promises from her, she would be shooting Omega Beams at Blackfire right now in retaliation. Not that such a thing would kill Blackfire anyways. After all, she was as close to his level as anyone could be at this point.

The only thing Blackfire didn't have was what Lucien had picked up today concerning Grail's physiology. He would have to incorporate it into the Tamaranean's body later on... but right now, Lucien Luthor knows exactly what he needs to do.

Dragging his fingers out of Grail's quim, though not before curling them so that his nails scrape against her inner walls in a way that makes her shudder and gush, Lucien replaces his digits with his cock. Without any hesitation or warning, he grips Grail tightly by the hip and hair before slamming into her from behind with every last inch of his length.

The strength and speed would be too much for most women... but Grail is not most women. She takes his cock nice and deep, her wet insides stretching for him even as they paradoxically try to clench down and cling to him.

But in the end, her inner walls have no better luck holding Lucien in place anymore than they did his fingers. He quickly sets a punishing pace, yanking her

head back with one hand while gripping her side hard enough to bruise with the other.

PLAP! PLAP! PLAP!

Grail... tries to maintain some decorum. She tries to hold in her voice, to restrain her audible reactions even if she can't restrain her biological ones. But she can't fully manage even that.

"Hnnngh!"

"Aaaagh!"

"Hooooh!"

The more he fucks her, the more she quivers and trembles for him. The sounds of flesh slapping against flesh fill the office before ultimately graduating to something even louder, the power behind his thrusts enough to create minor shockwaves that would have probably damaged the room if it wasn't for the reinforcements in the walls, ceiling, and floor.

CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!

Lucien... doesn't let up until he makes her cum. Call it a pride thing, but he simply can't bring himself to just use her without making sure she enjoys it, even if its against her expectations. And so he keeps going, unrelenting in his pursuit of her orgasm. Until finally... Grail tips over the edge.

Her body shudders, her hips quake and quiver, and her pussy walls slam down along his length, rippling up and down his entire shaft as she lets out an honest to god squeal that brings a wicked grin to both Lucien and Blackfire's face.

She cums hard enough that her eyes roll back in her skull, though her tongue does not loll out of her mouth. Lucien, meanwhile, finally allows her pussy to milk him of his load in the aftermath. Just as he's about to cum however, he pulls out of Grail and swings her back around.

Still in the midst of her own explosive orgasm, Grail doesn't have time to react beyond a single wanton moan as she's forced back to her knees just in time for Lucien to cum all over her face and tits. He could have cum inside... but given who Grail is, her stated ulterior motives, and the fact that she'd already said she wouldn't mind carrying his children, Lucien decides not to take the risk. He's not about to knock her up, not without all the facts.

Instead, he paints Grail's face white and covers her gray tits in his seed for good measure as well. Her eyes roll forward again before closing as she luxuriates in his white, hot sticky load. She takes it all with a simple shudder, accepting the cum bath in near silence aside from her panting breathlessness.

Staring down at her, Lucien pauses for a moment before tucking his cock away and stepping back, releasing his hold on her hair and crossing his arms once more. Grail's eyes flutter open and she looks up at him through the facial he's just given her.

"Well? What exactly do you want from me, Grail?"

Licking his seed from around her mouth with her tongue, Grail grins wickedly.

"Simple, Lucien Luthor. I want you to kill my father."

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