

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

A/N: Coming clean~

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After a long moment, Lucien lets out a sigh before offering Grail a rueful smile.

“One might say I have a special relationship with the Omega Force’s direct superior.”

Grail’s red eyes narrow at that, her jaw clenching.

“What the hell does that even mean?”

He fully intends to tell her... but before Lucien can say anything else, a pair of familiar pale arms suddenly wrap around him from behind and a familiar chin presses down on his shoulder.

“He means me.”

While surprised that she’s actually appeared like this, Lucien nevertheless relaxes in Death’s presence, letting out a low sigh of contentment at having her hug him from behind. At the same time, all of the others react far less copacetic-like, their eyes widening and their hackles raising as they tense up and get ready for a fight.

Grail is the one who asks the obvious, scowling now as she glares at Death.

“Who the hell are you supposed to be?”

Even though Lucien can’t see her face, he can hear the smile in Death’s voice as she answers that.

“Death of the Endless, very much not at your service. You can call me Didi though if you like.”

Hippolyta’s sharp intake of breath draws attention to the former Queen of the Amazons. Her eyes are wide as she stares at Death in both disbelief... and understanding.

“No wonder the goddesses from Mount Olympus wanted me to carry Lucien’s child. And no wonder they did not try to push the issue when he refused them.”

Lucien smiles crookedly, inclining his head in acknowledgment.

“Yes. Death... or rather Didi, is in fact the ‘patron’ that they spoke of back then. She’s the reason I am what I am. All of my power comes from her.”

Instantly, Death brings up a hand and smacks him across the back of his head. It actually stings a bit, making him wince as she scoffs in his ear.

“Don’t listen to this idiot. He’s apparently in a self-deprecating mood at the moment. While it’s true that he and I are connected to one another through some strange quirk of creation itself, the truth of the matter is that his power is his own. And he more than earned it through suffering the way he did for the first portion of his life. Not to mention all he’s done since to prove himself worthy of not just my love and affection, but also his strength.”

Well of course Death would say that. She was biased. But looking around at the others that make up the pocket dimension’s current population, he realizes he’s not going to be able to convince anyone here that she’s wrong. And hell, maybe she isn’t. Maybe he was worthy. Lucien certainly hoped he was.

As if sensing his thoughts, Death escalates from head slaps to leaning in and biting at his ear, making him yelp as she bites a little *too* hard.

“Stop it! What do you have to feel melancholy over, huh?”

... Alright that was a fair point. Frowning, Lucien glances down to Darkseid's corpse.

"... Is he leaking somehow? Like some sort of miasma to make me feel shitty? Are any of you feeling a certain sort of way?"

The others all share looks and shrugs at that, with Kara being the first to speak up.

"The accomplishment does feel kind of muted... but I just figured that was because I'm already thinking about how mad my cousin is going to be about all of this. Not just because we went behind his back, but because I sort of took part in a premeditated assassination and the Justice League doesn't really do killing most of the time..."

Huh. Well, just in case...

"Let's get out of here then, hopefully the effect will dissipate once we're out of the pocket dimension. Didi... will you deal with the body? I don't want to risk him coming back in some way... or anyone utilizing his corpse for their own purposes."

Death of the Endless smirks at that.

"Of course. Consider it done."

Then she snaps her fingers and Darkseid's corpse disappears. From there, Lucien leads them all out of the pocket dimension... feeling a little surprised when Death sticks around, staying at his side and even holding his hand. From what he knew about her, this is probably just a fragment of her infinite consciousness to be fair, one of many avatars. Still, all of their interactions before now have been in his dreams. It's strange to suddenly have her in the proverbial flesh and even interacting with other people.

It turns out there was some sort of... miasma left behind by Darkseid's death, because once they're out of the pocket dimension and have closed it off, the

world seems to get brighter by the second. Standing there in the LexCorp Facility on the surface of Pluto, Lucien finds his spirits lifting in real time, a broad smile spreading across his face that is shared by most of the others.

None are smiling brighter and bigger than Grail herself though, her teeth bared in a vicious grin as she lets out a laugh.

“Ahaha! We did it! We actually fucking did it! Darkseid is dead, he’s fucking dead... and here I was interrogating you about the stupid fucking Omega Force instead of celebrating!”

Her idea of celebrating becomes clear quite quickly as she all but lunges across the room, clearly intending on planting a big fat wet one on Lucien’s lips. But in the end, her hands don’t even manage to clasp onto his shirt before a pale hand is pressing into her face and almost casually pushing her back.

“Hey now. Trying to kiss a man in front of his woman... do you really think I would allow such a thing?”

There’s a pause as everyone goes silent, from the women who just helped Lucien kill Darkseid, to the scientists who had been on the other side of the pocket dimension monitoring things here on Pluto.

In the case of the latter, they knew for a fact just how powerful Grail was... so to see Death just completely and utterly no-sell her is quite the shock. In the case of the former... well, they’re probably all wondering if their lives are forfeit given what they’ve already done with Lucien.

Or, judging by the looks in some of their eyes, a few of them might be ready to try and fight Death herself for the chance to remain intimate with him.

Luckily it’s not going to come to that, because after a moment Death just smiles sweetly and giggles.

“Well... I suppose it’s okay, so long as you remember the pecking order. My man here is on top of course... always~”

She lets go of Grail's face then and the gray-skinned woman narrows her eyes at Death for a moment... but ultimately backs down. She gives him a pleading look instead of trying to initiate another kiss. With a sigh and a distinctly unimpressed look directed at a smug Death, Lucien reaches out and grabs Grail by the hand, dragging her closer.

One hand on the small of her back, one hand through her hair, and Lucien pulls Grail into a tongue-filled, domineering kiss that quite literally sweeps her off her feet for a moment. She melts at his touch, moaning against his lips submissively, her eyes fluttering like she's some untouched maiden rather than what she really is.

Finally, he pulls back and lets her go, leaving Grail panting heavily as she has to find her own footing for a moment. Once she's done so, she looks at him with hooded eyes, licking her lips as if trying to capture his taste for future reference.

"... You could have taken back all you gave me right then and there if you wanted. You could have reclaimed all of that power with a single touch."

Lucien tilts his head to the side before nodding in acknowledgment.

"I could have, yes. But... I'm willing to give you the benefit of the doubt for now, Grail. If you misuse your new strength, I'll strip you of it. However... all you've done so far is remove a blight on the galaxy in the form of your father. Besides, I cut the Omega Force out of you... this seems like decent enough compensation for that, so long as you continue to prove worthy of it."

Grail's eyes light up, not with the glow of the Omega Force but with the excitement of someone who knows exactly what they're going to do next.

"I will prove worthy. I'll show you what I am truly capable of... I'll conquer all of Apokolips in your name. I'll go further than that... I'll take over my father's entire empire and turn it to your cause. And once I've done so, once I've taken everything Darkseid ever built and made it something good, something he would

hate... then you will have to accept that I am the only one worthy of becoming your second wife.”

Wait what? Lucien blinks, even as Grail’s eyes flicker over to Death and she bows her head.

“I will also strive to prove myself worthy to you as well, First Wife.”

Excuse him?! Only, rather than correct the mistake, Death just grins wickedly.

“Oh honey, I do love a go-getter. But please, remember to call me Didi.”

“As you wish, Didi.”

“Now hold on a second here...”

But Death stops him and turns him to look her in the eye with one hand.

“Is there a problem, husband?”

Lucien knows he should be made of sterner stuff, being the man in the situation and all... but damn it if hearing that title from Death makes him melt like one of the many women he’s had his way with since meeting her. Letting out a sigh, he shakes his head ruefully.

“... Not one I can see.”

Of course, Grail takes that as assent and immediately crows.

“Excellent! I will report in with my successes and victories soon!”

And then just like that... she’s gone. Blasting out of the Facility just slow enough not to break the place and vent the artificial atmosphere, Grail departs from not just Pluto, but likely the whole Solar System, at breakneck speeds.

Lucien just stares after her for a long moment, mouth agape. Oh god, what had he just agreed to? And of course, when he looks back... he sees mulish looks on all the others' faces save for Hippolyta herself. Blackfire, Claire, Tea, and Kara... none of them look too happy at the idea of Grail being 'Second Wife' from what he can tell.

Hippolyta, meanwhile, looks contemplative. Deciding she's the safest person to interact with at the moment, Lucien clears his throat and nods to her.

"I imagine you'll be returning to Themyscira now, yes? You've done more than enough to repay any debt to me by helping kill Darkseid. I'm sure your daughter will be very, very happy to return your crown and throne."

That last part brings a rueful smile to Hippolyta's lips.

"Indeed she will be. Diana, for all that she is my daughter, my heir, and the Princess of Themyscira... has never much cared to rule. It's a shame too, because she's actually quite good at statecraft. Better than me even, I would argue."

The smile drops and Hippolyta sighs.

"Still, I have been Queen for centuries... at this point, it is better for me to take up the position once more so that my daughter may have the freedom to return to making the rest of the world a better place alongside her allies."

Then, her gaze sharpens.

"You however, Lucien Luthor..."

Lucien tenses up, half-expecting some sort of lambasting. He's certainly not expecting Hippolyta to suddenly smile broadly.

"You are welcome on Themyscira at any time. So long as my blood remains on the throne, you will always be a Friend to the Amazons and you will always have the right to step foot on the Island."

Lucien blinks rapidly as Hippolyta comes forward until she's right in front of him. For half a second, he almost thinks she's going to try and kiss him too... but instead all she does is reach out and touch his arm, almost hesitating as she does so.

"I would be very happy... if you were to visit from time to time so that we might catch up."

Staring at her nonplused, Lucien slowly nods.

"Uh... yeah, sure I suppose."

Hippolyta nods.

"Then I shall return to Themyscira and relieve my daughter of her unappreciated duties. Until next time, all of you."

She gives everyone else a nod as well, before pulling away and leaving the room entirely. Unlike Grail, she doesn't blast out of the facility at mach speeds though, instead taking her time and making her way to the portal room, which will in turn bring her back to Earth where she can fly to Themyscira under her own power.

After her departure, it's just Lucien, Death... and Blackfire, Tea, Claire, and Kara. The other four women look on with some uncertainty as Lucien turns to Death, giving her his full attention.

"... This is new, isn't it? You don't usually visit me like this..."

Death just hums and nods, before smiling.

"And you don't usually draw upon our connection to kill New Gods either, my dear heart."

Understanding dawns even as Death spells it out for him and their audience.

“You’ve broadened our connection, made it stronger. As I’m sure you’ve already guessed, this is a mere fragment of the whole for me... but thanks to you, it’s a fragment I can keep manifested and by your side permanently, if I so choose.”

Ah. Well then, wasn’t that something? Lucien can’t help but smile giddily, even as he looks over at the others. He makes sure to make it clear he’s including all of them when he speaks his next words.

“Well everyone? Let’s go home.”

Some tension leaves them all at that. In truth, Lucien knows that none of the four women who have stuck around care about such things as ‘second wife’. They’ll probably only really actively fight to keep Grail from getting the title because they don’t feel they deserve it.

In the end, the likes of Blackfire, Claire, Tea, and even Kara... all they really want is the confirmation that they’ll always have a place at his side. And that... that Lucien finds all too easy to promise even if he doesn’t say it out loud. Because while they might not be Death... they’re still his very important people and always will be.

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