

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

A/N: Endless Family Dinner!

No vote this time because next week will be the final chapter of Endless Legacy! But not to worry, it will immediately be replaced with a new (more magic focused) DC fic afterwards!

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Family Dinner. It's a perfectly normal thing to do when you find yourself in a serious relationship. Meeting your significant other's family is just... par for the course, really.

Of course, where Lucien Luthor is concerned, he doesn't exactly have family for Death to meet. His mother had perished giving birth to him and his father had been assimilated into Brainiac before blowing himself up. Maybe there was still some fragment of the original Lex Luthor out there somewhere in the cosmos in some backup contingency plan that Brainiac had made, but at this point... it was a bit of a moot point.

Alexander, meanwhile, was not someone that Lucien would ever consider his father. Sure, in public they kept up appearances, but in private, neither of them would ever address the other as father or son. They were acquaintances and partners in crime... and that was about it.

On the flipside, one might assume that an entity like Death of the Endless wouldn't have family either... but they would be wrong. It was in the title, after all. She was Death *OF* the Endless, implying that there were more than just one Endless kicking around.

But then to be fair, Lucien had known that for a long time. Death had mentioned having siblings all the way back when she'd met him in his dreams that first time, having gotten a favor from her brother that let them meet. However, Lucien had to admit... he hadn't known just how many siblings Death would have.

Here they all were now though, meeting for dinner in the Sunless Lands, Death's territory. Apparently, she refused to have him meet with her siblings anywhere else outside of reality, on account of them being a bunch of menaces and her having complete control within the Sunless Lands.

Lucien didn't mind either way... though he had to admit, after amassing the sheer amount of power he'd amassed, it felt weird to be nervous in the face of meeting new people. He'd come a long way from the sickly introvert he was in his very first life, gaining confidence in spades right alongside the new strength he was accumulating. But that confidence was right out the window when face to face with Death's siblings.

"So this is the mortal than."

Despite the noncommittal tone, Lucien is given to understand that the words come from the member of the Endless most likely to be predisposed to him after Death... after all, Dream of the Endless had shown a willingness to facilitate his meetings with Death throughout their relationship.

Smiling, he bobs his head towards the tall, pale, dark-haired 'man'.

"That I am. And you must be Dream. I've heard a lot about you... thank you for everything you've done for me and Death."

Dream blinks slowly at this, not responding. Lucien tries not to be too self-conscious over that... he has to remind himself that the beings he's currently surrounded by are not human in any real manner.

But then, this whole 'dinner' is a bit... weird to say the least. They're sitting at the table like one does with food in front of them like there should be, but... well, nobody is actually eating anything. They're just staring at him or at Death or at each other wordlessly.

Dream's interjection was the first thing to break the silence in a while, but now that it's happened Death seems intent on trying to keep the conversation going. Clearing her throat, she directs a smile at another of her siblings.

"Speaking of thanks, thank you for dressing up for this, Despair. I know how hard it was for you so I appreciate it greatly."

Despair just groans as she lays her head down on her plate, half-nodding and smearing food across her face. The 'woman' has to be one of the ugliest, saddest sacks of shit Lucien has ever seen... and given she's literally wearing a burlap sack, that's not even entirely a metaphor.

Of course, from what Death had said, Despair was... well, normally she went around completely naked, letting her ugliness all hang out. So when Death thanked her for 'dressing up', she was being completely serious, even if that 'dressing up' constituted nothing more than said burlap sack.

"... This fleeting moment in time cannot last. You of all people should know that, Death."

All eyes turn towards the head of the table at those words. There, seated as though he is the family patriarch, is Destiny of the Endless. Wearing a blindfold and dressed in grey robes, he has a massive book set on the table beside him, one connected to him by a chain.

He's the eldest of the Endless from what Death said, and within his book is written the entire sum of existence. Past, present, and future. Death had also told Lucien that even more than her, Destiny was the most focused on his function and responsibilities as a member of the Endless. He barely cared about anything beyond that.

Which is why hearing him seemingly come out against Death and Lucien's relationship was a bit... frustrating to say the least. It definitely rankled to know that the seemingly personality-less Destiny was willing to show concern for his sister daring to be with a mortal of all things.

Death just smiles some more, completely unfazed by this though.

“And what a fleeting moment it will be, Destiny. All of eternity stretches before and behind us... I do not mind having only a comparative moment with my husband if that is all we have. Nor, I think, does he.”

Lucien straightens up at that and without prompting reaches out under the table to take Death's hand in his own. She looks a little startled by the action, before smiling much more broadly as she laces their fingers together and squeezes down.

“Awww, that's so cute~”

Across the table, Desire leans forward, face in hand as they watch him and Death with a knowing glint in their eye.

“You two are quite frankly adorable. Just so lovely together. For a mere mortal to have tamed our sister's heart... and married to boot! Why, I wasn't even invited to the wedding!”

Death rolls her eyes at that.

“There was no wedding, as you well know Desire. It was simply decided by the relevant parties... which are myself and Lucien. And nobody else.”

Desire's smile grows wider still, positively wicked and cruel as they lean forward even further.

“Funny that you even got a choice, dear sister... this one's desire to tame and conquer you was so very strong, once upon a time.”

Lucien stiffens at being called out and there's a small ripple among the others at the table as well. Desire wasn't incorrect of course. Once upon a time, Lucien's entire goal in life had been to make Death cum. Early on, this had been a point of pride for him and he had indeed desired Death's submission... even her subjugation.

However, that had been a long time ago, even if it was only half a blink of an eye for beings as long lived as these. More than that though...

“You throw out these things as if they are secrets, Desire. But really, you know as well as I that I always knew Lucien’s character from start to finish. Do you think you tell me anything I wasn’t already aware of, anything that me and my husband haven’t already talked about?”

Desire’s smile never diminishes, never wavers, but also never grows as they lean back a moment later, still resting their face on their palm all the while.

Silence falls again for a long moment... only for it to be broken by delirious giggling from the other end of the table. The perpetrator immediately covers her mouth with her hands, looking wide eyed... but the giggles continue to emit from behind her palms anyways as everyone looks to her.

“S-Sorry... sorry! Just... funny is all! Hehehe... I wish our brother could be here to see this!”

That causes a fresh ripple over the assembled, the mere mention enough to leave them all reacting oddly, even Death. Lucien barely understands it truth be told, but then he’s pretty sure that’s on purpose.

What he does know is this... the Endless are seven, not six as one might assume from the number that had shown up at this little... family dinner. However, the seventh of them has... well, given up on his duties.

To hear Death tell it, her brother Destruction had abandoned his realm and responsibilities some three to four hundred years ago. He wasn’t even really called ‘Destruction’ by them anymore as a result. He wandered around trying to create things, washing his hands of the very concept he was supposed to represent.

It was a lot for one to wrap their head around, even one such as Lucien. The Endless were all personifications of concepts. Destiny, Death, Dream, Desire,

Despair, Delirium, and Destruction. Delirium had once been known as Delight before something Death refused to talk about had happened.

All seven of them were... very strange. And one could argue that not a single one of them was at all welcoming. Yet, as Lucien sits among them, he feels this strange warmth in his chest... and before he knows it, a smile has spread across his face.

Desire is the first to notice, unsurprisingly. Their eyes narrow and their smile diminishes for the first time since everyone had sat down.

“What’s that smile for, mortal?”

Chuckling, Lucien shrugs.

“I’m just glad.”

That draws curious looks from half the table and nonplused stares from the other half. Finally, Dream asks what everyone is thinking.

“Glad for what?”

Looking to Death, still holding her hand, Lucien sighs happily.

“I’m glad that Death has all of you. And I know she is too.”

Nobody quite seems to know what to say to that. But in the end, the rest of the ‘dinner’ passes without issue or incident and eventually the others have all left and its just Lucien and Death. He finds himself laying in bed with Death resting against him, the both of them staring up into the dark canopy overhead. The Sunless Lands... its certainly an interesting place.

“You know, before Darkseid, before you reached out and tied yourself more fully to me... you wouldn’t have survived coming here. Nor were you nearly so protected from my siblings’ machinations.”

Lucien hums, nodding along. He had indeed already been aware of that. It was the battle with Darkseid as well as the way in which he Ended the Dark God, that had made Lucien more... inured to Death's power. And in doing so, he'd also shielded himself from her more... capricious siblings. Those like Desire and Despair who could be quite sadistic and cruel, even at the best of times.

"... How'd I do at the dinner? Do you think I left an impression?"

Death chuckles at that, before looking up at him with a smirk.

"Oh yes, you definitely did that."

Before he can ask any more, Death places a hand on his cheek and leans up to plant a kiss on his lips. Lucien kisses her back of course... and from there, they both get very distracted indeed by one another.

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A/N: I'll be honest, I had no idea what to do here so I kind of just winged it. Hope people liked the interaction anyways.