

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

A/N: Hippolyta Time! (and only a chapter late at that *whistles innocently*)

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The past twenty-four hours had not at all gone how Hippolyta thought it would. But then, admittedly the last thing she expected was for a daughter of a lost Amazon and the Dark God to show up and start murdering her sisters. What was Myrina thinking, laying with Darkseid of all people? Whatever her ploy was, it had created a monster to say the least.

Hippolyta was no fool. She was a Queen, certainly, and with that came a certain... expectation of arrogance. However, even she knew that if it wasn't for the actions of Lucien Luthor, she would be dead right now. It might have all happened too fast for her to react, but as Hippolyta had risen from her throne, she had seen the red glow in Grail's eyes all the same. A red glow that had heralded her demise after all these millennia of life.

The only reason that she was still here was because of the man standing in front of her facing down three of her gods. Lucien Luthor had appeared and disappeared in a flash, driving Grail's face into the floor of Hippolyta's throne room and carving a furrow in marble that had remained untouched for a thousand years.

Then, he'd dragged the Daughter of Darkseid up into the air and out through the Palace Ceiling, departing for... apparently, the damn Sun according to Diana.

Without his interference, Hippolyta is quite confident there would be hundreds more Amazons dead. Her among them... and potentially her daughter as well. Diana would rush to their defense, of course she would... but would she have been able to defeat Grail? Hippolyta can't say for sure, but the former Queen knows she at least wouldn't have been there to find out.

And then Lucien Luthor had come back... before the dust could even settle on his first encounter, before Hippolyta's fellow Amazons could even truly start to get up and arms about the man who had saved their lives with his actions, Lucien had returned to Themyscira, having apparently defeated and imprisoned Grail in the short time he'd been away.

But he hadn't returned just to rub their faces in it... no, when Hippolyta had arrived with her Generals and Advisors in tow, it was to find Lucien Luthor bringing back the dead. Every Amazon that Grail had killed, every sister slain... he'd brought them all back to life with but a single touch. All while hovering in the air.

At first, Hippolyta had taken his flight as him lording his superiority over all of them. After all, he WAS superior. His strength was frightening even as her daughter had tried to reassure her that he wasn't an enemy, that he was an ally.

And then... that damnable gambit of his. He clearly meant it as a joke, but it was no laughing matter. There was no true trespass. He never stepped foot on Themyscira. And that meant there was no 'crime' to offset his actions. At that point, she'd had no choice. The women Lucien Luthor had brought back to life had already been eyeing him speculatively and while she didn't think all of them would go so far as to swear life debts, she knew enough of them would that it would be a problem.

Rather than see a dozen or more Amazons torn from Themyscira and pressed into a man's service, Hippolyta had... taken the fall, as Man's World liked to say. She owed him a debt too, after all, and as Queen of Themyscira, she could take on the debts of every other Amazon he'd resurrected and saved by stopping Grail. They were her subjects, at the end of the day.

Until they weren't. Hippolyta felt guilty about handing the crown to her daughter. She knew full well that Diana had never wanted to be Queen. She was perfectly happy being the Princess of the Amazons forever given the freedom it allowed her to pursue her own causes in Man's World.

And yet... it had to be done. Everything had to be done precisely as it happened.

Only now, they are in Lucien Luthor's domicile face to face with three Olympian Goddesses and Hippolyta doesn't quite know what's going on. All she knows is that she has dropped to her knee and bowed her head as they introduced themselves.

Hera. Aphrodite. And Persephone. The combination is not lost on Hippolyta... and yet she still doesn't fully understand what's happening here. Judging by the tone Lucien takes, he doesn't know either.

"... A pleasure to meet the three of you. But I have to admit, it's been a long day. What brought about this meeting?"

Hippolyta has her suspicions based on Persephone's presence. The Goddess of the Underworld attending this meeting was... telling, she figured. And yet... Persephone just smiles.

"Do not fret. There is no conflict between you and my husband over what you have done."

That... what? Truly? He had brought dozens of Amazons back to life. Dozens of souls that should have belonged to the Underworld, to Hades, as soon as they were killed by Grail. Lucien had perverted the natural course of things... and yet, Persephone claimed there was no conflict? Hippolyta is more confused than ever before.

"... I see."

So is Lucien from the sound of things. Clearing her throat, Hera takes the reins again.

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

A patron? Out of the corner of her eye, her head still bowed, Hippolyta sees a ripple go out through the room. Nobody except for Hera's fellow goddesses and Lucien himself seems to know what the Queen of the Gods is talking about. Not even Lucien's closest allies... and certainly not Grail.

Lucien hums.

"I see. So there would be a problem if I weren't attached to her. Good to know."

There's a pause at that and Hippolyta can't take it anymore. She fully lifts her head, needing to see exactly what's happening and how everyone is reacting to things. Specifically, she needs to see how the goddesses are reacting to Lucien Luthor's passive aggressive tone.

Persephone is smirking. Aphrodite is grinning. Hera... is stone-faced but not quite frowning. Given the God-Queen would normally react with a lot more anger in the face of even subtle disrespect, Hippolyta can't help but be surprised by her self-control.

Aphrodite lets out an airy giggle after a second of awkward silence and steps forward, running her fingers along Hera's shoulder and arm.

"That's not what we're here to talk about anyways. We're here to discuss our servant who has ended up in your clutches."

Eyes turn towards Hippolyta. Divine and otherwise. Hippolyta stiffens as everyone looks at her, holding herself with as much poise as she possibly can on one knee. Until finally, Hera sighs.

"Rise and step forward, Hippolyta."

And so Hippolyta rises and wordlessly steps forward to stand at her... Master's side. Lucien gives her a look and then turns back to the goddesses, his nostrils flaring as he clenches his jaw.

“If you want her back, I’d gladly give her to you. I didn’t want to accept her ‘into my service’ in the first place.”

Hippolyta’s nostrils flare in turn. Yes, the man she now called Master made that abundantly clear back on Themyscira. And yet, he seemed to not understand that the debt HAD to be repaid. Amazon Honor demanded it. Aphrodite lets out a breathless sigh and shakes her head, the Goddess of Love and Beauty sauntering over and resting her chin on Hippolyta’s shoulder.

“It’s not that simple, I’m afraid. The debt was very real after what you did for the Amazons. Hippolyta here had... vanishing few choices at the time. Even the solution we’ve come up with would not have been acceptable if it wasn’t something we all agreed on.”

Lucien’s eyes narrow, even as Hippolyta’s heart soars. A solution? From the gods themselves? That... well, she didn’t want to get her hopes up but that sounded promising.

“A solution, huh? Well then, lay it on me.”

Persephone cuts in before Aphrodite can respond, not that the latter goddess seems to care all that much given how she’s enjoying touching Hippolyta somewhat inappropriately. Then again, she IS an Olympian...

“Simple enough. A life for a life.”

Hera speaks up next.

“You and Hippolyta will lay with one another and she will bear you a child from her womb. In exchange, the debt will be forgiven.”

Hippolyta’s eyes widen, bulging out of her skull in disbelief. They wanted Lucien to impregnate her? That was their grand solution to have him breed a child off of her? Not just a child... a daughter. A daughter she would have to give up so Lucien could raise it, otherwise the debt would in no way be cleared.

Now, Hippolyta has been around for a long, long time. The machinations of the gods are not... unknown to her. As such, she doesn't need more than a heartbeat to know that what Mount Olympus wants out of this is yet another powerful child to do their bidding and spread their names throughout the world.

After all, before Diana became Wonder Woman, before she revealed herself in the midst of the wars that plagued Man's World... the Olympians had been steadily losing worshippers for centuries and centuries. The Monotheistic Religions had been fully eclipsing 'Pagan Worship' as Man's World called it for quite some time.

Even now, there were many, many more worshippers of the Abrahamic God out in the world than there were for the Greeks. And yet, there was no denying that Diana's presence in the Justice League, as well as the exploits of her two proteges, had led to a resurgence in Olympian Worship.

The Olympians had clearly seen this and in turn saw an opportunity in creating another... 'brand ambassador' for themselves. That... Hippolyta couldn't help but bristle a little at that. Because this was her body, her womb, her daughter. They weren't even asking her...

"You want me to knock up Hippolyta so she can give me a kid and somehow that's supposed to satisfy her honor?"

Lucien's incredulity is clear, even as all three goddesses nod. Hippolyta just stands there, trembling with barely concealed emotion, her hands curled into fists at her sides. Just another indignity she would have to endure then. Just another-

"And what do you think about all of this?"

For some reason, the last thing she's expecting is for Lucien to turn to her and ask her that directly. It catches her completely off guard, especially since he seems to be entirely genuine in wanting her opinion. Momentarily pulled out of her anger and impotent rage, Hippolyta blinks owlshly.

“I...”

Her lips twist as she cuts herself off and thinks harder for a moment before finally reluctantly nodding.

“... It would settle the issue, yes. If you were to... impregnate me, then I could leave your service with my honor intact so long as I handed the child over once it was born.”

Some of her anger must have shown through her tone, because Aphrodite makes a whining noise right next to her head, the Goddess hugging her from behind.

“Now, now, don’t be wroth with us Hippolyta! We’re doing this for your sake... and the sake of your daughter as well! Diana has been praying to us ever since you abdicated, you know? Hoping against hope that we could provide another solution. And look, we have!”

Persephone smiles from where she’s standing.

“The child will be blessedly strong.”

Even Hera nods decisively.

“... This is the best path forward.”

There’s some reluctance in the Queen of the Gods’ tone, likely because she IS a Goddess of Marriage and Lucien and Hippolyta are decidedly NOT getting married. However, Hera is also the Goddess of Childbirth and Women, so it’s no surprise she would be here for this...

Hippolyta lets out a sigh, her shoulders slumping. If the gods themselves are united in this, if even her daughter has been praying for release from her new obligations... it would seem she has no choice. So she might as well-

“That’s all well and good, but it’s not what I asked. Hippolyta, what do you think of having a child with me? Of ‘laying’ with me in order to get pregnant so you can birth me a kid?”

That... Hippolyta flushes furiously as he asks such blunt questions. Now everyone is watching her and while she’d been able to weather their gazes easily before, it’s a lot more difficult to keep her composure under these circumstances. Obviously the goddesses expect her to be dutiful as ever, to say she’s perfectly fine with it. And yet... that would be a lie. A lie that leaves her tongue heavy as the words refuse to exit her mouth.

In the silence that ensues, Lucien just nods.

“That’s what I thought.”

Turning back to the literal divinity sharing the room with them, he shakes his head.

“I’m not going to bed an unwilling woman. I might not be happy to have Hippolyta ‘in my service’, but I’m not going to jump at the first opportunity to get rid of her, especially if it will cause her harm. Sorry, but we’re going to need another solution.”

Shock is the general reaction to Lucien’s words. Aphrodite is surprised but also coos like the Goddess of Love would in this situation. Persephone, meanwhile, smiles softly, even as she arches an eyebrow. Hera narrows her eyes... but clearly can’t find fault in anything he’s said.

Hippolyta, meanwhile, stares at Lucien with her mouth wide open. He’s just been offered the opportunity to fuck her and breed her on a silver platter... and he’s turning it down because of her feelings? Because he cares what she thinks? That’s... that’s ridiculous. And also one of the nicest things Hippolyta has ever had a man do for her.

A blush rises to her cheeks once more, this time for an entirely different reason. There's this strange sensation welling up in Hippolyta's chest and the longer she stares at Lucien, the more she feels... something indescribable.

She...

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