

*Fandom: DC*

Summary: Kal-El's pod lands on Tamaran instead of Earth, leading him to a very different life with the royal family and its two princesses. (Superman/Starfire, Superman/Blackfire)

"I am sure that I do not need to tell you that there has been a great deal of intrigue surrounding who will succeed me as the Grand Ruler of Tamaran, Kal-El."

"No, sir," Kal-El said, shaking his head. He'd called him 'My King' or 'Your Majesty' when he was younger, but it had been many years since the king insisted that Kal-El drop the titles and simply call him 'sir.' "That is known to me."

Kal-El was not the ambitious sort, but he had grown up as part of the royal court of Tamaran, so he couldn't help but be aware of the delicate situation that the king was in. As he advanced in years, the need for him to appoint the heir to his throne grew. There was much debate over what the best way to handle this situation was. Traditionally, the Tamaranean throne was inherited by the king's eldest son, who would be recognized as Grand Ruler once he married his wife and made her his queen and consort. But sadly, some time before Kal-El's pod crash landed on Tamaran, the king's only son, Wildfire, was killed during an attack by the Gordianians. The invading force had been repelled, but the crown prince had perished.

This left the king with his two daughters, Blackfire and Starfire, comprising the next generation. Some argued that the throne should obviously pass to Blackfire as the eldest living child. Others said that since princesses did not ordinarily inherit the throne, the king should pass over Blackfire and name her younger sister Starfire, the princess more beloved by the Tamaranean people, as the future Grand Ruler. Still others said that it should be the man who married either of the princesses that was recognized as not merely a king consort, but the new Grand Ruler. It was a sticky situation with no easy answers that Kal-El could see, and as a ward of the family who had grown up beside them, he'd seen the way that the dispute over the succession had pulled the sisters apart over the years.

"I have made my decision on what shall be done, and who shall succeed me as Grand Ruler of Tamaran," the Grand Ruler said.

"That is great to hear, sir," Kal-El said sincerely. There was bound to be some fallout no matter what he'd chosen to do, but a decision meant that there was at least an end in sight.

"You are the first to hear of my decision, so I will ask that you not breathe a word of it to anyone until I've given you permission," the king said.

"Me?" Kal-El said, surprised. "I'm the first, sir?" He had a close relationship with the king, as with all of the royal family after they'd taken him in, raised him and helped him understand who he was and grow into his powers. The king was the closest thing to a father figure that Kal-El had ever known. Still, shouldn't there have been several others who were told about his decision before him?

"Yes, you, Kal-El," the king said, smiling at him from his throne. He stood up from the throne slowly, walked to the left and stood beside it. "Who else would I tell first but the man who I will soon name as my successor?"

Kal-El stood and stared at the king in shocked silence for several moments. Of all of the possibilities, this was one that no one had suggested, and Kal-El himself had never even considered it. He had no interest in power, and even if he'd been raised at court, he was not part of the royal family.

"I don't understand, sir," he said slowly, once he found his voice. "You mean to name *me* as the future Grand Ruler of Tamaran?" When they were younger, Starfire and Blackfire used to play silly games over which of them got to marry Kal-El and take him as her king consort. Those childhood games that always made him blush were as close as Kal-El had ever expected to come to the throne.

"Yes, Kal-El," the king said, still smiling. "I can think of no better man to sit on this throne—and sit on it soon, at that. We pushed the Gordanians back all those years ago, but their ambitions did not die when their invasion failed. Nor did they abandon their aspirations when they tried again three years ago, only to discover just how strong our 'Superman' is." Kal-El blushed and looked away in embarrassment as the king used the name the people of Tamaran had taken to calling him after he stood and played a vital role in defending the kingdom against the Gordanian invasion three years earlier.

"They have been rebuilding their strength, biding their time and preparing for another attack," the Tamaranean ruler continued. "Sooner or later, they will be back to try again. I will not have my kingdom unprepared to combat them. We cannot be weakened by petty squabbles over who shall succeed me as ruler, so I must step down and allow a new, strong Grand Ruler to establish himself as soon as possible. You are that Grand Ruler, Kal-El."

"I never wanted that kind of power," Kal-El said, shaking his head. The king's smile only grew.

"I know," the older man replied. He stepped down from his dais and approached Kal-El. "That's precisely why you are the best choice. You didn't ask for this, just as you didn't ask for those powers of yours. When you grew into those powers, you could have bent my planet to your will, and then gone on to dominate others as well. But you chose to use your strength to help people and keep our planet safe." He reached out to put his hand on Kal-El's shoulder, much the same way he had when his ward needed consoling. Kal-El was so tall now that he had to reach up to do it, but the gesture still held meaning.

"Please do this for me, Kal-El," the Grand Ruler said, looking up into his blue eyes seriously. "This kingdom is your home, and its people need you. Become the ruler that our people need and keep Tamaran safe."

How could he refuse a request like that from the man who had taken him in when he was young, brought him up at court and helped him to understand who and what he was? Tamaran was Kal-El's home; the only home he'd ever known. If him sitting on that throne was the best thing for his home, how could Kal-El refuse?

There was just one problem, though. Or make that two problems, he supposed.

"What of Blackfire and Starfire?" he asked. "For years, everyone has assumed that one of your two daughters will eventually take your place as Grand Ruler, themselves included. How are they going to take this?"

"How they will take it remains to be seen, but I'm confident that in time they will accept that this is the best thing for Tamaran," their father said. "I'm also hoping that by not choosing between them and

leaving them both with positions of equal power, they might be able to move past the strife that has marked their relationship for the last several years.”

“What positions do you intend for them to fill?” Kal-El asked. It went without saying that whatever the king decided, he would continue to honor after he had become Grand Ruler. He would do that out of respect for this man who had taken him in, and also because both Blackfire and Starfire were important to him. He wanted them both to be happy, so hopefully whatever positions their father had in mind for them would ease whatever disappointment they might feel about being passed over for the throne.

“Why, I should think that would be obvious, Kal-El,” the Grand Ruler said. “If I’m going to look outside of my own bloodline to take my place on the throne, but still ensure a smooth transition, it only makes sense that you marry my progeny.”

“Which daughter am I meant to marry?” Kal-El asked faintly. He could feel his head swimming, and he was pretty sure that his face was at least as hot as it had ever been when the girls pulled him into their childhood games.

“There’s only one answer to that question that would prevent backlash from one camp or the other,” the king said calmly. “You shall marry both of my daughters, Kal-El.”

--

“Should we start now?” Starfire asked, smiling brightly at him. She did not seem at all modest about standing in front of him in only her underwear. She’d taken her father’s decision with grace, and the first time she’d spoken with Kal-El about it, she’d even seemed happy about it. Seeing her smiling at him now in only her underwear as they prepared to physically seal their impending marriage made Kal-El’s heart race. This smile was not unlike the smile she’d given him every time she won the game as children and got to claim him as her ‘husband’ for the day, though this time it obviously meant so much more. This wasn’t a game anymore, and it didn’t end the next day when they woke up. Starfire was to be his wife for real, and she looked thrilled about it.

“Sure, if you’re ready,” he said, though he shot a glance over at Blackfire to see how she felt about this. The black-haired princess just rolled her eyes and shrugged.

“Don’t look at me,” Blackfire said. “Go ahead and get her out of the way first.” She laughed. “That way she won’t be able to complain about there being nothing left for her after I’ve finished with you.”

Kal-El didn’t know what to make of that, but it seemed as close to a go ahead as Blackfire would give him. She was content to stand beside the bed and let Starfire go first. Considering how combative Blackfire had been towards her sister over the last several years especially, he was glad that this hadn’t turned into a form of competition too.

He took Starfire into his arms, and she eagerly threw her arms around his neck and kissed him on the lips. She’d kissed him on the cheek many times over the years as a sign of affection, but he’d never felt her lips on his before. They were incredibly soft, and he was surprised at how good they tasted as they moved against his. Kal-El had never done this with anyone before, but he closed his eyes and did what came naturally with this beautiful young woman he’d known all his life.

There had been many things on Kal-El's mind in the days since the current king told him he would be his successor, and among them had been concern that he would not be able to do this adequately enough to make either of the princesses he was newly betrothed to happy. He'd never even kissed a woman, never mind sleep with one, so this was all new to him. But he found that kissing Starfire came to him very easily, and even when she stopped rubbing his chest and reached down to remove his underwear, he did not panic.

He did feel a bit uncertain once she'd gotten his underwear down his legs, because Starfire gasped and stared down at his penis with her lips parted in an 'O' and her big green eyes even wider than they usually were.

"What is it?" he asked, frowning. "Is something wrong?" Starfire just kept staring, so it was actually Blackfire who spoke.

"She's probably wondering how the hell something that big is supposed to fit inside of her," the elder princess said, laughing. "I can't blame you, Starfire; even from here, I can see he's huge. But don't worry about it. If you're not woman enough to handle him, just say the word, and your big sister will take over. I'd be happy to keep him all to myself if he's too much man for you."

The words were likely meant to make Blackfire feel superior to her sister, but they actually seemed to inspire Starfire. She lost the shocked look that had overtaken her face when she'd gotten his underwear off, and she nodded her head sharply.

"You're amazing, Kal-El," she said. She reached behind her back to remove her bra, and it was his turn to stare when he saw her bare breasts for the first time. They were round, perky and perfect. His penis twitched as he stared at his new bride topless, and she giggled. She seemed more confident after that, pulling her panties down and stepping out of them.

Kal-El had always cared deeply for Starfire, and on some level, he'd known that she was a beautiful young woman. But it was only now that she stood there naked in front of him that he fully understood just how gorgeous Starfire was, and also how lucky he was to have her as his wife. She was a lovely, friendly person who never failed to make his day feel that much brighter whenever he got to spend it with her. And now he got to spend the rest of his life with her. Taking the throne was something he was doing primarily out of obligation rather than desire, but marrying Starfire felt like something to truly be thankful for. He lifted her up into his arms, sliding one under her back and the other beneath her legs. She giggled and put her arm around his shoulders as he carried her over to the bed.

"I've wanted this for years," Starfire said as he gently put her down on the bed and climbed in with her. Her long red hair spread out across the pillow as she smiled up at him, and Kal-El again counted his blessings that such a beautiful sight was reserved for him.

"I'll do my best to live up to your imagination," he said while getting into position on his knees above her.

"You already have," she said. She spread her legs and reached down to grab his member and guide it into position. "You're the most wonderful man I've ever met, Kal-El, and being your wife is already everything I've ever wanted." Blackfire made a loud gagging sound from the other side of the room, but they both ignored her. Right now, Starfire consumed all of Kal-El's thoughts and commanded his attention.

“Are you ready?” he asked, looking down into her eyes. He was very aware of how close he was to entering her. Just a little push would have him inside of his beautiful redheaded lover. He’d never wanted anything more, but he had to be sure she was ready.

“Please,” she whispered. “Please take me, Kal-El.”

He held his breath as he carefully entered her, and continued watching her eyes to make sure he made this as pleasant as possible for her. Those beautiful green eyes went wide again as he entered her, and she gasped. If she felt even a fraction of the sensation from this that he did, he could easily understand her reaction. Kal-El had barely done more than push the tip inside of her, and already he felt more pleasure than he would ever have been able to comprehend before this moment. He needed a few seconds just to compose himself and get used to the pleasure that had come with penetrating her, so he held himself still and closed his eyes. By the time he opened them back up, feeling ready to proceed, he could see that she was ready too. Starfire was staring up at him eagerly, and she licked her lips and gave a little nod as their eyes met. He nodded back, and then he started to move.

His fears about not being able to figure this part of his new responsibilities out were quickly proving to be unfounded, because now that he was inside of Starfire, it felt like second nature to him. It felt like this was what he had unknowingly been preparing for his entire life; like his pod had landed on Tamaran all those years ago because he was meant to find Starfire. Nothing could ever feel as fitting or as perfect as being inside of her, making love to her and listening to her quiet expressions of pleasure.

In that bed with her, Kal-El forgot about everything else that had been on his mind since her father announced his decision to him and revealed everything that it would entail. The worries about whether or not he would be a good Grand Ruler and the fears that he’d held about Starfire or Blackfire being disappointed in their father’s decision or in him ceased to matter. Starfire’s enthusiasm as she kissed him and opened herself up to him was obvious, and feeling how well they fit together and moved together reassured him that this was going to work out just fine. As long as he had her by his side supporting him, he would be able to figure everything else out as he went. Her body squirmed around a bit, her hips lifted to meet him and her hands were all over his body, rubbing down his chest and moving around to grope his buttocks while he moved back and forth within her.

Part of why this seemed to fit so naturally is that he felt like he could tell what she wanted him to do and how she wanted him to move just by looking at her, without her needing to say a thing. At first he’d been moving his hips a little too slowly for her to enjoy it fully, but it didn’t take long for him to work out how she wanted it. He didn’t thrust into her all that hard or deep, because he could just sense that it wasn’t how she wanted it. It was more of a quick rocking, almost swiveling his hips around from side to side instead of straight thrusting that made Starfire smile so beautifully and hold onto his ass a little bit harder.

“So good,” she breathed. “It’s so good, Kal-El! I love it so much!”

That made two of them, because he enjoyed making love to Starfire so much that he didn’t ever want to stop. She felt so snug around him with each little wiggling thrust that he gave her, and he could have happily kept moving his hips just like this for the rest of his life. And then, as he kept moving and listened to her moan, it struck him that he would in a sense get to do exactly that. Obviously he would have to stop eventually, and they would have other things that took up much of their time. He was about to become the Grand Ruler, and he would rely on Starfire to play a vital role in helping him

become a good ruler for the people she loved so much. But she was to be his wife, and while they did have other things that would take up a good chunk of their lives, she was going to be by his side and in his bed for all of it. He had a lifetime of this to look forward to with this beautiful, kind young woman who had long been one of the brightest spots in his life every time he got to be around her.

Just thinking about Starfire's new place in his life compelled Kal-El to start moving his hips a little bit faster, and she seemed to like that. She moaned and moved her hands up his chest as he picked up speed.

"Yes!" Starfire moaned. "Perfect! That's perfect!" Her hands kept going up until they reached the back of his neck, and then she pulled his head down towards her. He was happy to be pulled down into another kiss with her, and this one was even more enjoyable. Kissing her had been pleasant before, but kissing her while he rocked his hips and moved his dick around in the manner he'd learned she liked carried a whole different feeling to it.

Making love while he kissed her drew him even deeper into the intimate connection he shared with Starfire. She'd said she'd wanted this to happen for years, and while he'd never consciously been aware of feeling the same way, he felt like some part of him must have wanted this too, even if it had been buried deep down. Starfire had been such an important part of his life for so long. She'd always been so kind to him and so welcoming of him, and kissing her and making love to her felt so natural and so right that he couldn't believe he hadn't seen everything that he could have with her until now. He owed her father more than he could ever say.

Her tongue slid into his mouth as the kiss continued, and Kal-El moaned. He felt like he'd already found the ideal hip motion for her, so he remained consistent there, but he also brought his hands to her breasts and gave them both a gentle squeeze. Starfire moaned, and her hips started moving more to match what he was doing above her. Though he'd never done this before, it felt to him like she was nearing the end.

He was right. As he was fondling her breasts, moving his hips and kissing Starfire with all of the passion that he'd newly discovered for her, he learned what it felt like to make her reach climax. Her legs squirmed against his, her hands held onto the back of his head and her tongue slid deeper into his mouth as she tightened around him. If she'd felt perfect before, being inside of her felt even better to him now. As soon as he felt and heard Starfire reach that big climax, he knew that he wasn't going to be able to last much longer either.

That was encouraged, of course. With marrying her came the expectation of having children together, and they were starting on that tonight. Until they were sure that she was pregnant, every time they made love would end with him finishing inside of her. Knowing what awaited him made him want to finish even faster, and Starfire's grip didn't allow him to go anywhere. Kal-El surrendered to it all—the physical pleasure beyond his wildest imagination, his bond with Starfire that was being solidified and strengthened, and his hopes for the future. All of it came rushing out at the same time that he closed his eyes, groaned into her mouth and emptied himself inside of her. He could feel his seed rushing into her in great spurts that just didn't seem to end. He couldn't say for sure if he'd just gotten her pregnant, but if it didn't happen here, it definitely wouldn't have been because he'd held anything back.

He relaxed on top of her as the pleasure slowly dwindled, but he was not ready to let go of her just yet. Starfire must have been feeling the same, because she put her arms around him and hugged him as they recovered from the experience they'd just shared. She didn't complain about his body weight on top of

hers, and she didn't make any attempt to get him to pull out of her. They were both content to relax in each other's arms after enjoying intimacy that they had been building towards for years, whether or not they'd realized it at the time.

Kal-El's body jerked in surprise when a hand tapped him on the back. Both of Starfire's arms were still around his waist, so that hand couldn't belong to her.

"You've had your loving moment with my little sister," a voice said. Blackfire. Right. He'd gotten so caught up in making love to Starfire and discovering feelings that he hadn't realized had been there that he'd almost forgotten that she wasn't the only Tamranean princess who was to become his wife. "But now let me show you how much more exciting things are going to be with me."

He slowly pulled out of Starfire, who opened her eyes and gave him a sleepy smile. She gave him a quick kiss and rubbed his cheeks with her hands before lowering her head back onto the pillow and closing her eyes again. With that, he turned away from her and saw Blackfire standing there naked with a grin on her face. His eyes drifted down her body, and he liked what he saw. She was a little bit taller than Starfire, and her breasts were ever so slightly smaller. She was just as beautiful though, and she knew it. He saw the confidence behind her smile as she crooked her finger towards him, beckoning him to come and approach her.

"You can go to sweet little Starfire when you want to get all cuddly and loving," Blackfire said once he reached her. "But when you want to be with a woman who knows what she's doing and has the strength to keep up with you, come to me." She took him by the arm and turned him around so the back of his legs were bumping up against the chair which was set up at the vanity. Her hands gave his chest a shove, and Kal-El took the hint and sat down in the chair.

"Guess we'd better get this big guy ready to go again first, though," she said. She dropped to her knees, stuck her tongue out and flicked his cockhead with it. Either Blackfire had prior experience, she'd studied up on what to do in preparation for tonight, or she was simply a natural. He wasn't concerned about which it was, because what mattered was how good her tongue felt as it slithered all around his dick, and how quickly it got erect once again. Once it was ready, she sat back on her knees and smiled up at him.

"There's no way Starfire could do that," she said. He didn't know what he was supposed to say to that, but it didn't matter, because she got right back up to her feet and climbed onto his lap. "I'm going to show you just how much stronger I am." She wiggled around in his lap a bit, and he groaned as her butt rubbed against him. She smiled when she heard that groan, and then reached between his legs to wrap her hand around his shaft.

"Get ready, my king," she said, raising her hips and lining him up to go inside of her. "You're about to find out which princess is best suited to sit at your side." She dropped down, taking him all the way inside of her with one swift descent, not stopping until her butt was touching his legs and his dick was buried all the way inside of her. Kal-El groaned and looked down in disbelief. In that initial drop, she'd taken more of him inside than he'd given to Starfire at any point during their lovemaking. But it was immediately clear that Blackfire wasn't interested in making love. She was after something much harder and much more physically demanding than what he'd just done with Starfire.

Her hands rested on his broad shoulders, using them for leverage as she rose and fell in his lap. If she was attempting to impress him, she was absolutely succeeding. Starfire's soft moans of pleasure as he

slowly rocked back and forth had been sweet to listen to, but Blackfire's grunts and the slapping sound of her buttocks hitting his legs were just as fascinating to hear in their own way.

Kal-El was quickly coming to see how the differences between Starfire and Blackfire carried over into how they had sex. Starfire was soft, sweet and loving, while Blackfire attempted to prove her worth even in this. She bounced on his cock like she needed to secure her place at his side. She didn't have anything to prove to him, but he still greatly appreciated the benefits of her determination and competitiveness. The dark-haired princess rode him so hard that the chair started rocking rather dangerously beneath them, but that didn't slow Blackfire down. She just stood up, spun around and sat back down onto him again, this time with her back to him. She leaned forwards, stretched her arms out and held onto the edge of the vanity, using it to relieve some of the burden on the chair as she went back to bouncing hard on him.

He'd enjoyed watching Blackfire's aroused face and her bouncing breasts as she rode him before, but there was just as much to enjoy from this angle as well. From this angle, he got to watch Blackfire's butt jiggling as she dropped down to take his dick all the way inside of her, and it was a view he would be happy to enjoy for the rest of his life. He'd have to work to make sure that she understood she was just as important a part of his life as her sister was, though he had a feeling that competitive streak would never fully go away. Competing with Starfire just seemed to come naturally to her, even before the debate over the succession had intensified everything. He just needed to do his part to keep it the fun kind of competitive. Come to think of it, maybe there was something he could do to establish things right here and now.

"This feels great, Blackfire," he muttered while he brought his hands up to rest loosely on her hips. She laughed.

"Damn right it does," she said. "No one fucks like me!" As if to prove it, she sped up and started bouncing even harder on him.

"I think you're right," he said. "I'm very lucky to have you in my life."

"Of course you are!" Blackfire said emphatically. "You're going to need me, Kal-El! With me at your side, you're going to make a Grand Ruler capable of keeping Tamaran safe!"

"I agree," he said. "I'll need your strength." Just to make sure that she didn't get any ideas, he went on. "I'll need Starfire's kindness too. With both of Tamaran's princesses there to support me, I know I'll be able to meet your father's expectations."

"I guess we can keep her around," she conceded. But as if to remind him again of what she brought to this relationship, she bounced a few more times, riding him harder than ever. It was so much that Kal-El could only grunt and hold onto her hips as her body and her strength forced him towards another huge outburst of pleasure.

There were the same expectations with her as there were with Starfire, naturally. They were both his wives, and they would both regularly take his seed inside of them as they tried to get pregnant with his children. His body was ready for that challenge, or maybe it was just responding to the aggression in her bouncing. Regardless, he fired just as much cum into Blackfire's sex as he had in Starfire earlier back on the bed. The two princesses had taken completely different paths to get there, but they had both achieved the same powerful and satisfying result.



Maybe it really had been fate that caused Kal-El's pod to crash on Tamaran, because it felt like he was exactly where he was meant to be. He would accept the title of Grand Ruler, but it wasn't the power or the privilege that he was looking forward to. It was the life he was going to share with the two beautiful, kind, powerful princesses he would be lucky enough to have by his side through all of it that had him feeling so grateful for the way things had turned out.