

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

A/N: Thinkin' bout loose ends.

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With one last heartfelt groan, Sansa drops herself down onto Axel's cock for the final time, sinking to the base of his member as her inner walls clench and squeeze along his shaft. Showing mercy on his Northern Queen, Axel lets himself tip over the edge as she cums for him.

The two of them reach mutual climax in that moment as he spills his seed deep inside of her womb, her breasts still heavy from post-pregnancy jiggling slightly as she shudders in abject ecstasy.

And then it's over and Sansa is collapsing forward onto his broad chest, gasping and panting for air. Axel holds her close for a moment until she shifts, then he lets her lift herself up off of him so she can fall to his side and cuddle against his body.

From the other side, a very naked, recently fucked Arianne does the same, pushing herself against Axel's form with her even larger tits squishing into his chest. Axel smiles at his two queens, luxuriating in their presence for a moment before letting out a low, contented sigh.

Although... while he IS currently content and satisfied beyond measure, Sansa and Arianne wouldn't be the two most important women in his life if they couldn't tell something was up with him.

"Something weighs on your mind, Axel."

"Talk to us about it?"

Axel hums in thought for a moment. Not because he's thinking about keeping anything from them of course, but rather because... there's a lot that weighs on his mind these days. Where to even start?

It's been a couple months now since the Second Battle for the Dawn. The Night King, the Great Other, and the threat they represented were gone. But that didn't mean there were no threats left. In fact, Axel was starting to realize the world was full of more threats than he'd ever anticipated.

... He decides to start them off with something light.

"My half-sister Myrcella has eloped with one of her Lannister Guards."

Both Sansa and Arianne's jaws drop open at that. To be fair, the news is fresh... Stannis had only told him about it this morning. All that time ago, when Axel had commanded that Myrcella Baratheon be raised at Storm's End, Tywin Lannister had demanded to be allowed to send some Lannister men to the Stormlands to watch over her. She was his granddaughter after all.

Axel just grins as he sees the worry in his Queens' eyes, shaking his head in amusement.

"It's not as bad as you might fear. His name is Podrick Payne and apparently it's not some Lannister scheme like was initially feared. Their love is true."

Sansa, funnily enough, is the one who immediately believes him and softens, even smiling at the thought. Arianne on the other hand narrows her eyes in doubt, frowning.

"... How do you know that for sure, Axel?"

Chuckling, Axel just shrugs.

"Well, for one... apparently Stannis' own daughter vouches for them. My cousin Shireen has spoken up on their behalf, presenting a strong argument to her father for why they're happy together. And for two... this Podrick Payne has

offered to foreswear his family name and all ties to the Westerlands and swear new oaths to Stannis as his liege lord. Something I'm pretty sure that my uncle is going to take him up on."

All of that mollifies Arianne somewhat as she sits back and hums before smiling lightly.

"Alright then. If it's true love then... that's sweet. I'm happy for them."

Smiling as well, Axel nods.

"I am too. It was unfortunate that I could never be the brother that Myrcella needed, but between showing up right after her father and brothers died and then sending Cersei away like I did... I'm just glad that it sounds like she was able to flourish at Storm's End with Shireen. That was all I ever hoped for her."

A comfortable silence falls for a moment... and then Sansa runs a hand along Axel's chest, frowning slightly.

"That wasn't what had you distracted. You're easing us into things Axel. Speak."

Of course. He could never get one past his Queens. Axel snorts in amusement and lets out a sigh as he stares up at the ceiling.

"Well, I'm currently considering razing the Citadel to the ground and killing every damn Maester that bears a chain."

That... silences both women for another long moment. But finally, Arianne leans in close.

"... I'm sure you'd have your reasons, my love."

Sansa hums and nods as well, causing Axel to let out a bark of laughter.

“You two... you’re supposed to be the voices of reason here. Still, you’re not wrong. Marwyn has managed to uncover a conspiracy within the Citadel, one directed at me... at us... at our children.”

Now that gets their attention. Both Queens lift themselves up off of the bed to stare at him, their eyes dark and their faces serious.

“Slaughter them all.”

“Burn the place to the ground.”

Axel just smirks.

“Yeah, that was my first instinct too. Second and third as well. But Marwyn has been working hard to block them and put together a list for quite some time now. There’s a chance I might be able to... limit the destruction and make an example of just the ringleaders. He’s helped me in a few ways since becoming Grandmaester, so I’m allowing him to prove himself. He’s on a time limit though... I won’t wait forever.”

In fact, he wouldn’t wait much longer at all. Letting his enemies have too much time to plot against him had bitten Axel in the ass more than once if he was being honest. He was done with that now. If Marwyn couldn’t give him names within the next couple of days, Axel was going to take matters into his own hands.

He didn’t want to destroy the Citadel or wipe out the Maesters mind you, they served an integral purpose within his lands... but he refused to let some conniving old men plot and scheme behind his back for any longer than he had to.

“... I don’t like it, but I’ll trust in your judgment Axel.”

“Just don’t let them touch our children, or I’ll never forgive you.”

Axel's nostrils flare at that and he nods determinedly. Unfortunately, that brings him to the next thing he needs to talk to them both about.

"You both should know... I've learned things about myself. Things that will translate over to our children."

That has Sansa and Arianne's attention again with lightning swiftness. Axel just looks into his Queens' eyes. Part of him wonders if he should keep it a secret... but no. If he can't trust these women, then who can he trust?

"My power... my strength and speed... they are not from the gods. The Seven themselves have told me they did not bless me with my gifts. Instead, my origins are apparently from beyond the emptiness of the night sky. My mother came from the abyss, fucked Robert Baratheon, and had me. Making me... Starborn."

'Starborn', his lips say. Viltrumite, his thoughts say. But he doesn't want to get into everything the Great Other told him just yet. Not when he's still trying to wrap his head around it all. He will tell his Queens later, but for now they just need to know the important bits.

"Starborn..."

"What... what does that mean for our children?"

Smiling crookedly, Axel shrugs.

"It means they will likely inherit my gifts, I imagine. Just as I inherited my mother's power and strength. Every single child I have will one day be just like me."

His words hang heavy in the air. But they needed to be said all the same. Sansa and Arianne needed to know what to expect. One day, Sansa's son would be capable of throwing a house across the city if he felt like throwing a tantrum. One day, Arianne's daughters would be able to fly across the Narrow Sea if they wanted to avoid their etiquette lessons.

All in all, raising children of Axel's blood promised to be quite the experience. He could only hope his Queens would be up for it. His own mother had been entirely absent. The only other example of a mother he'd ever interacted with was Cersei and she'd... not exactly been stable.

He-

"Good."

"Perfect."

Blinking, Axel looks to see Sansa and Arianne smiling of all things.

"If it means our babies will be safer, then I don't see the problem."

"With a father like you, they'll need all the help they can get..."

Axel snorts in amusement and pulls his Queens back down to his sides, letting them cuddle with him once more. Honestly, these two... and yet, he would have it no other way.

The silence that follows this time around continues... until both Sansa and Arianne fall asleep soon after, held in his arms. It's to be expected, Axel had tired them both out after all.

Still, he's glad to see them resting, because the truth is... that wasn't even all of it. There was still plenty more he had to think about and take care of, things that he didn't necessarily want to weigh down their beautiful minds with if he didn't have to.

For one, in the same conversation where Stannis had told Axel about Myrcella Baratheon and Podrick Payne, he'd also told him that he was ready to give up his position sooner rather than later. Axel had asked for his recommendation... and honestly wasn't surprised when Stannis put forth Davos.

Truth be told, Axel was probably going to do it. He was going to make a man who went from smuggler to knight to lord into the Hand of the King. People would throw a fit of course, but nobody whose opinion Axel actually cared about.

Yes, Lord Davos Seaworth would be the next Hand of the King... and Axel intended to use that as an opportunity to extend an invitation to Asha to become the next Mistress of Ships. Not only would it allow him to keep a closer eye on their daughter earlier than their originally agreed upon age of five, but it would also go a long way to show everyone else that Axel approved of Asha's new direction for the remaining Ironborn and those living on the Iron Isles.

And thanks to his ability to fly, he could quite literally get Asha from King's Landing to the Iron Islands and back again multiple times a day if he really needed to. The distance would be no issue in helping her keep her rule of the Iron Islands stable.

Of course, Davos wasn't much younger than Stannis and Axel had no intention of keeping the man in the position past the point of good health. Just a couple years of Seaworth as his Hand so that he could solidify Asha as his Mistress of Ships and then Davos could probably retire and be replaced by... mm, yes, Tyrion. Tyrion would be Axel's next Hand after Davos.

Though of course that would then mean Axel would need a new Master of Coin, but hopefully by that point Tyrion would be able to name a replacement as well. He would cross that bridge when he came to it though. Maybe one day he'd have enough children to just take over every position in his Small Council...

For two, Axel still had a threat to make good on. He'd told R'hllor he would wipe out the Red God's worship wherever he could find it... and the bastard had tried to call his bluff when he definitely wasn't bluffing. Axel couldn't let the Lord of Light's slight stand forever.

In fact, he would probably start destroying temples over in Essos as soon as he'd cleaned house in the Citadel. Once things were fine in his own backyard, then he could start making good on his promise.

For three... well, Axel was pretty sure he was going to have to conquer the world sooner rather than later. Not because of what the Great Other had said mind you, and not because he was afraid of his mother coming back and being disappointed in him. Rather, Axel was pretty sure he needed to conquer the world for the sake of his children.

If every single child he had was going to be as powerful as him, then it wouldn't do for them to be treated like normal Princes and Princesses. They would be strong and fast... and Axel wanted them to be able to truly rule, as they were meant to. Westeros might be for his heir Jon, but what about his next sons? And all his daughters at that?

Of course, that led him into the final thing he was hung up on. The thing that Axel knew he needed to deal with sooner rather than later but had been putting off ever since he destroyed the Great Other.

With a sigh, Axel slips out from between Sansa and Arianne, maneuvering them both so that they're curled up with one another and don't even notice he's gone. Then, after putting on a robe, he floats out through the open balcony and over the city.

He needs to have a talk with several someones about what the future will hold... and so, without any further hesitation, he turns himself in the direction of the Great Sept of Baelor.

It was time to have a candid talk with the Seven Who Are One.

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A/N: Dun dun DUUUUN!

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