

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

A/N: Val gets plapped.

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Val feels like she should probably be angrier than she actually is. It's been almost two months since the kneeler king said he would claim her. Two months since Axel Baratheon told her she was his woman. And yet... he still hadn't taken her carnally.

She definitely should be upset about that. After all, she's Free Folk. They didn't do that 'courting' shit. They didn't dance around the issue or bother with all that 'getting to know each other' stuff. And yet... Val finds that she doesn't mind as much as she should.

It's not like they haven't talked in the past two months after all. Not like they haven't had plenty of interactions. Axel has been constantly on the move, flying back and forth across his 'Seven Kingdoms' like a man possessed. And yet, with how fast he moves, it doesn't stop him from spending a moment with her here and there whenever he can.

It's... embarrassing really how much she perks up whenever he shows up outside first her tent and then the hut that had recently been made for her at night. Not every night. Not even most nights. But at least once or twice a week. And every single time... they talk. They cuddle. They do not fuck.

And it's not because of his other women either, his... Queens. Apparently, Val had their approval, or so she'd been told. She might have been more irritated at needing the permission of some kneeler women if it wasn't for how much she could tell that bothered the dragon rider.

Daenerys Targaryen... it felt like Val had seen that woman almost as much as Axel these past two months. Or not quite, but still plenty. For all that there was this one-sided animosity between them, Val could easily admit that Daenerys

possessed a single-minded focus. She had been using her dragons to ferry dragonglass from some island in the south up to the Wall practically every single day since Axel had given her the other.

Of course, Val herself was not idle either. There was no time for that. Every waking moment of every day was committed to preparing for the Others. In spite of her never holding a proper title among the Free Folk, she had one now that Mance was a 'Lord Paramount' and she was his sister-in-law.

They called her Lady Val more and more with each passing day. First the kneelers and then the Free Folk themselves. The latter was mostly mocking at first, but with every day Val could see that changing. Less mocking... more real.

And wasn't that a kick in the teeth? Maybe it was all of the supplies and resources Axel was funneling into the Gift and New Gift. Maybe it was that their neighbors were a lot like them, so-called 'savages' who originally came from the Mountains in the south. And maybe, just maybe it was the massive fucking Wall that kept out the White Walkers and wights and gave the Free Folk the first true feeling of safety that they'd had in over a year.

But whatever the real reason, the truth was... life south of the Wall was good. Not just good, it was BETTER than life in the True North had been. In every way. And while some Free Folk were resisting still, most were becoming more and more engaged with the new way of things.

It helped that all of their leaders were still in place. Instead of Chieftains and Chieftainesses, they were Lords and Ladies now, but they were still the people. And that had made all the difference.

Not that there hadn't been teething pains here and there. Incidents where people had pushed things too far. Mance had even been forced to execute a few of the worst offenders for actions that they probably would have gotten away with if they were still north of the Wall.

Ultimately though, things were going well in the shadow of the Wall. They'd been set up and given everything they needed to make something of themselves.

And every single day, Val went out there and put her all into helping her people reach a point where they could meaningfully contribute to the defense of their new homes. Even if it was all supposed to be temporary... they couldn't afford to slack off. Not with the Others and their undead army coming sooner rather than later.

But at the same time, Val really was reaching the end of her rope. Sure, she had a ton on her plate and sure she wasn't as angry as she should be, but fuck... she'd waited long enough. And so when she lays eyes on Axel one day while he's talking to Mance and some of the others in their new 'town square', Val decides enough is enough and walks right on over.

He sees her coming before she reaches him, of course.

"Val-mmph!"

But all he gets out is her name before she's grabbing him by the front of his clothing and yanking him into a deep, passionate, tongue-filled kiss. And yes, she does so in front of everyone. They can all go fuck themselves as far as she's concerned.

When they finally pull apart, Val is not blushing. Definitely not. She IS glaring though, staring at Axel.

"We need to talk."

Axel stares back at her for a moment before snorting in amusement. He says his goodbyes to those he was talking to and lets her pull him away, all the way back to her new home. As soon as they arrive, she all but pushes him inside (even if she knows she would never be able to do so if he didn't let her) and once they're properly alone, Val doesn't bother mincing words.

"Fuck me."

Looking at her with some amusement, Axel raises an eyebrow.

“How forward of you. No small talk?”

Val grunts and begins shredding her clothing.

“Heard you’re a father now. Congratulations. Now get your fucking cock out and fuck me.”

She hasn’t touched another man since Axel laid claim to her. And that... that was incredibly uncharacteristic of her, Val has to admit. She used to treat men like toys or pets. Her last lover had been a Free Folk by the name of Jarl and when he’d gone ahead and gotten himself killed a couple weeks before Axel showed up Val honestly hadn’t even shed a tear.

But Axel was different. She could feel it in the very marrow of her bones. He was simply MORE than other men. And she had waited long enough. She-

Val’s eyes widen as Axel is suddenly upon her. She’s mostly naked at that point when he seizes upon her form and pulls her into an embrace, returning the favor from earlier and kissing her deeply. She moans at that, all but melting into him... while her hands also scramble at his clothes.

They’re in the fucking way... but not for long. No, it’s not long at all before Axel is just as naked as she is and they’re both laying down on the furs she uses as a bed.

Val is on her back of course, as she always expected she would be. It was always going to be either that or on her hands and knees, but Axel likes cuddling her and part of that is staring her in the eyes sometimes so Val figured it would probably be like this.

His cock, throbbing and pulsating down between her thighs, presses against her core hungrily. That’s okay though because Val is just as fucking hungry too. Biting her lower lip, her heart hammering away in her chest, she looks up at Axel needily.

“Don’t make me beg...”

Axel laughs at that, his blue eyes twinkling as he nudges her with his cock.

“I’m so very tempted... but you’ve been patient for me, haven’t you? My own tamed wildling girl, waiting for this cock.”

Val narrows her eyes... only to let out a keen noise in the back of her throat a moment later when he slips just the first inch inside of her. Fuck he’s huge. Bigger than any other man she’s ever been with. She doesn’t trust herself to speak... so she doesn’t. Not even to deny the ‘tamed’ bullshit.

In the end, Axel smiles rather softly at her... and then he thrusts in. Val sees stars, her eyes widening as she’s filled up right there on the spot. She’s more than wet enough for it of course, so despite his size, he has no issue sliding nice and deep into her.

For a moment they’re joined at the hips, the kneeler king (her man) stopping briefly with all of him buried inside of her. Val shudders from the sensation and decides then and there, even if she definitely won’t admit it out loud... that the wait was worth it.

And then he’s fucking her properly and Val isn’t thinking of much at all. As he begins to slide in and out of her with increasing speed and depth, all she can do is toss her head back and cry out as she surrenders herself to the pleasure of being one of Axel Baratheon’s women.

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PLAP! PLAP! PLAP!

It wasn’t like Axel went into this relationship with the intentions of making Val wait this long before he bedded her. Early on, there just hadn’t been any time. In the first week or two after Daenerys healed him, Axel had been constantly on the move.

First was traveling all over Westeros and making sure everyone was onboard with fighting the White Walkers whether they liked it or not. After that there was more travel though, and in some cases dealing with the idiots who thought they could get away with dragging their feet behind his back.

Unfortunately, Tywin Lannister wasn't one of them this time so Axel didn't have an excuse to rip the man to shreds and forcibly install Tyrion as the Lord Paramount of the Westerlands. He was tempted to do it anyways some days, but at least on this front, the Westerlands had mobilized quickly enough that Axel could find no fault in their actions.

In fact, most of the 'Great Houses' had responded to his initial in person visits by mobilizing as swiftly as possible. It was smaller noble houses that Axel found himself having to deal with personally at times as the weeks went on.

But eventually, things had slowed down a bit. Much like his 'war' against Euron Greyjoy, there was a whole lot of hurrying up and waiting for Axel after a certain point. Nobody could move as fast as he could, not even Daenerys and her dragons, so ultimately he could do nothing but bide his time and make sure everyone was on track.

Around that point, Axel probably could have lent a moment towards bedding Val. But by then it had become obvious that she was yet another Asha Greyjoy and was trying to make him come to her, to make him want her more than she wanted him.

Now in all fairness, Axel did want the beautiful blonde wildling woman. But wanting her more than she wanted him? That was a step too far. In the end, it had become something of a game for him, a form of stress relief even as he was preparing Westeros for war. He was often up at the Wall due to those preparations, so he made sure to visit Val whenever possibly, just to spend time getting to know her a little better.

All the while knowing that she wanted more from him. Until today, when she finally decided she was going to get it.

Axel smiles at the look of pleasure on Val's face as he fucks her silly right there on the furs. The way her eyes roll in her head and her tongue sticks out of her open mouth. It's a beautifully honest and thoroughly delightful expression, especially on a woman as attractive as her.

And... it was good to have a moment like this. Especially since the reason he was back up north like this was because it was almost time.

They'd done everything they could, but their enemies had not been idle. Two months had passed and maybe they should have had a couple more, but the Seven had let Axel know that it wouldn't be much longer than a couple days more now.

It wasn't all bad news though. Everyone was in position... and best of all, the Wall would not fall. That was something Axel had been working with the Seven on throughout these past two months. He'd needed to know if the Wall was going to physically collapse or not, because if it was there was no point in manning it only to lose everyone in the process.

But the Seven had come through for him. The magic holding back the Night King, his White Walkers, and the army of wights would fail a little sooner as a result, but the divine foundations of the Wall itself had been strengthened by the Seven Who Are One, meaning that the physical barrier would remain standing for the battle ahead.

Not just any battle either... the Second Battle for the Dawn. Axel didn't intend to let there be a third one. This was going to be it. All or nothing. He wasn't going to let his gods throw themselves away for another pyrrhic victory like the Old Gods of eight thousand years ago, nor was he going to let the Great Other turn Westeros to nothing but ice and death either.

As he cums deep inside of Val, filling her with his seed and making her cry out and arch her back while orgasming along with him, Axel's determination and resolve have never been stronger. They're going to win. There's no other outcome Axel will accept.

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A/N: Next time the Second Battle for the Dawn begins.

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