

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

A/N: Axel pays a visit to the Great Sept.

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Even at this time of night there aren't many people who can command the entirety of the Great Sept of Baelor to be shut down for a private visit. But Axel Baratheon is the King. And not just the King, he's pretty blatantly the Champion of the Seven at this point.

He doesn't even try to hide the purpose of his visit in fact. He just tells those tending to the Great Sept that he must commune with the Seven in complete privacy and they all rush to make sure his words are followed. Heh, if only Jon Arryn could see him now... if only the older man could see just how far their little scheme to make Axel appear as a pious and godly King had come.

To be fair, it had long since grown past just being a scheme. And yet, as Axel comes to a stop in the middle of the Great Septer's main chamber, staring around himself at the statues that line the room, he does not kneel. He does not even bow his head.

He does keep a respectful and polite tone though, at least, even as he closes his eyes.

"Seven Who Are One. Your Champion requests an audience."

There's a brief pause... and then light kisses his eyelids and Axel opens his eyes again to find that the chamber is bathed in sunlight coming down from the open areas at the top of the circular space. Despite knowing that it was night when he came in here, he finds himself basking in the warmth of that sunlight even as he knows it's not real.

This is all very clearly in his head... but that's alright. Better this than any eavesdroppers hearing what he has to say. And besides...

“This is quite the improvement on where you brought me when I was north of the Wall.”

“We have more say in a place of worship like this. And more power as well thanks to your efforts.”

Axel smiles in amusement, sweeping his gaze around the chamber. There's a certain... ethereal and unreal quality to this mental representation of the Great Sept of Baelor. Like he's in a waking dream of sorts. But he doesn't mind it.

“You have been in turmoil since the Great Other's defeat, Champion. We did not wish to press...”

Grunting, Axel tilts his head to the side.

“No, I suppose you wouldn't have. Well, you're right. I spoke with the Great Other. I learned a lot, like the fact that my mother will one day return and expect me to have conquered this world in the name of her empire rather than my own. And that apparently this world is one of many among the empty abyss. The empire she hails from is said to command countless of these 'planets'.”

“That is troubling to hear. We have never reached beyond this world. We do not believe we could even if we wanted to.”

He's pleasantly surprised by their honesty. Axel had assumed as much, but he hadn't known whether the Seven would tell the truth or try to exaggerate their capabilities and knowledge. Only... no, he had hoped they would be as honest with him as he feels they've been so far.

“The Great Other also had a lot to say about gods like you as well. He tried to make a deal with me. Allow him to consume this world and every god he could get his hands on, and he would submit to my rule.”

“A world of ice and corpses. You did well to reject such a foolish offer.”

Axel can't help but smirk a little crookedly.

"Only time will tell. Perhaps he was right and my mother would have been more pleased with me if I sided with him. But truth be told, I don't really care what she thinks of me. When she returns, I imagine we'll fight... and one of us will lose. Maybe even die."

"We will assist you in preparing for her arrival however we possibly can, our Champion."

Axel nods sharply.

"Yes. You will."

There's silence for a moment before he lets out a sigh and finally gets to what he really needed to talk about with them.

"The Great Other did not see you as gods. He did not seem to believe in the divine. Instead, he named you parasites and said you born from thought and belief... as well as fueled by worship and sacrifice. He wished to harvest you and claimed that it was your existence and the nature of the world that allowed you to come into being that had drawn him here in the first place."

"... We are appreciative that you did not allow him to have us, Champion. Tell us... do you believe we are parasites?"

Axel frowns, but part of why they were only having this conversation now was because he'd needed time to consider what he truly felt... and what he wanted to do next.

"... No. Perhaps some gods can be. I can easily believe that entities like the Drowned God and the Lord of Light are parasitic in nature. They take and take and what they do give back usually comes in the form of death and destruction. But then there are others like the Old Gods who sacrificed themselves for their mortal worshippers, who gave up all their power to protect the First Men."

He pauses for a moment before grinning slightly.

“Of course, we know you all aren’t half as altruistic as the Old Gods were.”

There’s a ripple through the dreamscape at that, but Axel just stands his ground. He’s ready for a fight if the Seven make it one. If they can’t even take a simple observation without being offended... but no. Things calm down rather quickly.

“... No. We are not. We refused to die even when it might have eased our followers suffering. And when we were exiled to Westeros, we brought the mortals with us, pushing for them to make the great exodus to these god-forsaken lands all for our sake. If it wasn’t for you, then the descendants of our ancient followers would have been consumed by the Night King and his White Walkers, just as we would have been consumed by the Great Other. We were selfish.”

Axel just shrugs.

“I don’t blame you.”

That causes the dreamscape to go... still. Smirking again, Axel just raises a brow.

“Did you think I would? Or that I was judging you? Nobody wants to die. Not everyone can be some big damn hero either. I don’t think you lot are parasites, but I do realize now that gods or whatever you want to call yourselves... you’re not as ‘above’ us as you’d like us to think. You’re powerful but still quite fallible. Sort of like me.”

“You are going somewhere with this.”

“Yep. Because at this point we’re stuck with each other, aren’t we? Maybe I could go it alone without you, try and end all worship of you tomorrow and starve you out... but I wouldn’t want the headache. And you all don’t necessarily need me to ensure your survival anymore, but you said it yourself... you’re selfish. And I’ve made you more powerful than you’ve been in millennia, possibly ever.”

“What exactly are you proposing, Champion?”

“Simple. We keep going as we’ve been going, but with an understanding that this is a partnership. You do not control me. You do not own me. We work together as we already have been... and when I finish conquering this world, your Septs will dot the landscape and the Seven Who Are One will be worshipped on every landmass worldwide.”

He had seen them after destroying the Great Other. Westeros and Essos were not all there was to the world. There was more... a lot more. And Axel suspected one day he would control all of it. Either that or die trying.

“... And what do you require of us to make this a reality?”

Here, Axel lets himself frown a little before admitting the truth.

“Honestly? I don’t know. I need something from you; we all know it. I need you to prove to me that you won’t turn on me. I was hoping you lot might have some way of... securing this alliance from your side.”

It was true, he really didn’t have any ideas when he came in here. That alone was probably him putting some faith in the Seven, expecting for them to just-

Axel blinks as the sound of stone cracking causes him to whip around. He stares in disbelief as the statue of the Maiden starts to... move. One limb at a time, but eventually she pulls herself off of her dais and steps down to the floor. In the process of doing so, she goes from being made of stone as well as five times his size, to being made of flesh and of a height with him.

The Maiden smiles, naked as the day her statue was carved. Her supple breasts bounce up and down as she lets out a breath, her cute nipples perfectly placed by her original sculptor. And her face... she positively exudes gorgeous, pretty, and adorable all in one.

As she approaches him, Axel is wordless... right up until she descends to her knees and pulls open his robes. His cock springs forth even though it wasn't held down by anything, nearly smacking her in the face. Rather than getting upset, the Maiden coos, nuzzling his length before taking it in her mouth.

Axel lets out a shuddering breath as one of the Seven blows him right there in the middle of the dreamscape.

"... An interesting opening."

The Maiden's eyes flick up to his, her tongue swirling along his cockhead, her lips suctioning down on his length. She doesn't gag or choke despite her supposed 'inexperience', simply taking him all the way to the base and swallowing as much of his cock as she can.

After another moment though, she pulls back and rises to her feet, her eyes fluttering as she gives him a smile and tugs him backwards by his cock. Suddenly, there's an altar behind her that he's pretty sure wasn't there before. She hops up onto it and spreads her legs willingly for him, her virgin slit on full display.

Axel narrows his eyes, even as he steps up and presses the throbbing head of his cock against her sex.

"... You're the Maiden."

Smiling, she nods.

"I am. And you are the man who will finally deflower me after all this time."

She pauses and then leans in and winks at him cutely.

"... It will be our little secret."

Running his hands along her body, his fingers caressing her supple breasts for a moment and then going lower to grip her thighs, Axel grunts.

“Explain.”

Letting out a soft moan as he touches her, the Maiden arches her back while giving him a ‘look’.

“I am the Maiden. But once you’ve had me, I will have no maidenhead left. I will become the Maiden in name only. So long as none of our followers learn about this, it won’t matter. But if you were to start telling people... if you were to let our worshippers know what you’ve done and how you’ve claimed me...”

She trails off but Axel doesn’t miss the meaning behind her words. He understands what she’s getting at, the only problem is...

“Why would they believe me?”

Sure, he was Axel Baratheon and that name came with a lot of weight at this point, but even still... to start claiming he’d taken the Maiden’s virginity would probably tarnish his image as a pious and just ruler in the eyes of the Most Devout forevermore.

“It would not matter if some of them didn’t believe you. Especially since it would still be the truth, and that truth spreading through our mortal followers would cause irrevocable harm to us. It would change us and bend a part of us to your will. You would be more than just our Champion... you would be my Conqueror.”

He... thinks he understands, even as he pushes forward into the Maiden. As expected, her cunt is quite literally divine. Sure, maybe it’s just because it’s in his head... but Axel doesn’t think so. No, this pussy right here is the pussy of a goddess, he doesn’t care what the Great Other said.

Thrusting in and out of her formerly virgin cunt as she gasps and moans in surprise and breathy pleasure, Axel grins a bit, reaching up and caressing the Maiden’s face.

The Seven were giving him the ability to not just destroy them but potentially claim dominion over them with this act. As far as ways to secure their partnership went, this wasn't a bad one. And not just because Axel had inherited his father's love for women and had never quite been able to resist a pretty face or beautiful body.

... But that certainly helped. As did all the expressions that the Maiden's gorgeous features were contorting into as she tosses her head back and cries out from the feeling of his cock filling her cunt for the first time in all of her existence.

Her arms and legs wrap around Axel's powerful figure as he pounds into her right there on the altar. She's sacrificed her maidenhead to him, so the least Axel can do is show her a good time. Grunting, he picks up the pace and fucks her with reckless abandon, not holding back even slightly.

After all, why should he? They weren't even in the real world right now and it wasn't like he could harm a goddess, right?

PLAP! PLAP! PLAP!

Although the way her eyes roll back in her skull and her tongue lolls out of her mouth is certainly interesting. As is the way her eyes start to glow with light the more he fucks her. Until finally, screaming out her release at the top of her lungs, the Maiden cums for Axel. And when a goddess orgasms, well, they orgasm HARD apparently.

Axel grunts as his cock is caught in a vice-like grip. His dick is milked right then and there of its release, his seed filling the Maiden's proverbial womb on the spot as she shudders in ecstasy and carnal bliss. Her wanton cries slowly deescalate to whimpering moans and mewling sighs as she clings to him for dear life, pressing her face into his chest.

He holds her like that for a moment, luxuriating in the sensation. There's certainly a power to the claiming, something he can feel tying the Seven to him

and him to them. It's the partnership he asked for, just not in the way he expected to get it.

In the end, he only closes his eyes for a moment... but immediately, he feels the change. The warmth from the sunlight of the dreamscape vanishes and so does the soft feel of the Maiden's body. When Axel opens his eyes again, he's back in the center of the Great Sept as though he hasn't moved a muscle in all this time.

Though... there is one sign that everything that just happened was at least somewhat real. Within his robes, Axel currently has a raging erection, his cock standing ramrod straight and very nearly poking out from his garment.

With a huff, he shakes his head in amusement... and leaves to find Daenerys. She might already be asleep at this time of night, but even if she was, he knew she would want him to wake her up. After all, Axel was in the mood for testing just how durable she could make herself... maybe flying over Blackwater Bay or something.

Yes, that sounded like a lot of fun...

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A/N: Did Axel just impregnate the Maiden on top of taking her virginity? That will neither be confirmed nor denied within this story, so it's up to you guys to decide for yourselves LOL.

Just one chapter to go now guys. We're jumping forward for the final chapter... just a casual eighty year time skip =)

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