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

A/N: To be clear, Asha does not look like 'Yara Greyjoy' from the TV show. The appearance I'm using in this fic is the same pic used for her wiki page on A Wiki of Ice and Fire.

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King's Landing stinks… and not just in the literal sense. Asha has barely been docked in the city's harbor for a few days now and she can already say beyond a shadow of a doubt that this place is corrupt.

Hells, just this morning she found herself and her crew accosted by yet another idiot who thought that he could swindle them out of more of their coin. They'd already paid their fees to the actual Harbormaster, who was working for the new Master of Ships, Davos Seaworth.

This other fucker had come around claiming that he was from the Master of Coin though, and that every ship in the city's harbor paid both the fees to the Harbormaster, and a protection tax to HIM to make sure that the Goldcloaks kept a close eye on their vessel and didn't let any thieves get away with pilfering their goods.

Needless to say, Asha's men had cut a few strips from the hide of the idiot 'tax collector' and then sent him packing. What need did Ironborn have of fucking protection? They were the ones who reaved for fuck's sake, they could protect their own things just fine, thanks!

Still, if nothing else, it made King's Landing the perfect place to find out what she needed to find out. Her father had sent her to the Narrow Sea for two reasons. One, to get the measure of their new King… but two and

more importantly, it was to figure out what her exiled uncle Euron Greyjoy was up to.

Technically, it wasn't like Euron was exiled from all of Westeros. He was only barred from returning to the Iron Islands so long as her father Balon still lived. Even still, it had been years since her uncle had last been seen operating in the Narrow Sea. He'd left for more distant waters ages ago and none of them had ever thought he would return.

So yes, Asha could understand why her father was worried by reports that Euron was back in the area. Unfortunately… so far she hadn't been able to track down his current location.

Her ship had stopped at every disreputable port in the Stepstones before finishing their voyage to King's Landing, but while she'd managed to pick up rumors of Euron and his ship 'Silence' here and there, it was all about where he'd been rather than where he was going or where he currently was.

In the end, Asha had found herself asking the same questions here in King's Landing and getting nothing but more vague rumors. Meanwhile, everything she'd heard about their new King made him sound like a typical Greenlander.

Aside from the games he was apparently playing with his prospective Queens, that is. That, he was supposedly handling very atypically, and no one was quite sure what to make of it. Meeting with them to try and 'get to know them' and 'give them all a chance to see if they were compatible'. Seriously? Even by Greenlander standards, Asha thought that was pretty fucking weird.

Still, his martial prowess was apparently no joke and from everything she'd heard, he was considered the Demon of the Trident come again. Her father wouldn't be happy to hear that, because with the Realm now stable and peace across the mainland, another Ironborn Rebellion at this point was looking more and more foolhardy by the moment.

Which was precisely why Asha needed to come back with some good news pertaining to her uncle's whereabouts and what he was up to at the very least. If she could settle Balon's concerns about Euron, than maybe she could at least soften the bad news about the viability or lack thereof in them declaring their independence again.

And from the look of things, she just might have finally gotten a lead. Asha had been very free with her questions these past few days, visiting all of the worst, most disgusting watering holes in King's Landing to ask after her uncle Euron.

If he had any presence in the city, then they would surely have heard of her asking questions by this point and want to 'deal' with her. And would you look at that, her second in command had noticed men watching their ship just that morning.

So Asha had gone for a walk, all by her lonesome. As expected, she'd gained a tail almost immediately. Three of them from what she had seen. Heh, three men? She could take three men. Easily. After leading them around the dockside market for a bit, Asha eventually turns into a dead end alley and then turns around to regard her stalkers as they step in after her.

Her hands fall to the throwing axes at her waist as she tilts her head to the side.

"My uncle couldn't come himself, huh?"

The men all look at each other, seeming confused for a second. Finally, the one in the middle sneers at her, holding up a club.

“Don’t got a clue what you’re talking about, bitch. Heard you refused to pay your fees though. Have to make an example of ya I’m ‘fraid.”

… What? That was what this was about? That stupid little toady who said he was from the Master of Coin?! Asha groans in disappointment.

“Seriously?! Fuckin’ waste of my time.”

One of the three men snarls at that.

“Yeah bitch? Waste of yer time, are we? I’ll-urk!”

Without missing a beat, Asha draws one of her axes and whips it through the air, with the blade landing right in the middle of the man’s throat. The other two men jolt in shock as their friend goes down gurgling, prompting Asha to smirk as she draws her other axe and holds it aloft with one hand while making a ‘come hither’ gesture with the other.

However, rather than come to her… the two men both stay where they are, even with naked anger in their eyes. And then there’s a sound from up above and Asha looks up to see a pair of crossbows aimed squarely at her face from the roof.

Fuck. She’d miscounted, there’d been five of them. One of the men on the roof lets out a bark of laughter before calling down to her.

“Put the axe down, bitch. Or we put a pair of bolts through your tits.”

Damn it. She had a dirk in her boot and she was confident she could kill one of the crossbowmen with her second axe… but the second one would still be alive and have an easy shot on her. Asha should have brought back up, but she'd been cocky. Too cocky, perhaps.

She'd also thought she would be parleying with friends of her uncle though to be fair. Not dealing with some thugs from a damn protection racket stupid enough to try and fleece fucking Ironborn!

Just as she's considering her options however… metal flashes out behind the two men on the roof. Asha blinks as their heads are separated from their shoulders in an instant and their corpses fall from the roof, the crossbows clattering to the ground along with them.

"What the-!"

Unlike her two remaining opponents, Asha doesn't stand idle or act like an idiot who can't understand what's going on. She doesn't need to understand what's going on to know that she's just been given an opportunity. Leaping forward with her other axe, she makes quick work of the two men at the mouth of the alley, killing them with two swift blows before they can even react.

By the time she's done so, her savior has jumped down from the roof and landed in front of her.

"Are you alright?"

Asha eyes him up and down as he pulls back a cloak that, while slightly weathered, is a bit too rich. A nobleman playing the hero? And yet… beyond that, she quite likes what she sees. He's a bit young in the face

without a single ounce of facial hair, but he's broad in the shoulders and his height is nothing to scoff at either. Not to mention, he's very good looking.

Grinning, Asha thrusts out her chin.

"Fine. Thanks to you. Not often I get saved by a dashing, handsome rogue such as yourself."

Far from being shy or anything like that, he grins right back at her… and even makes a show of looking her up and down appraisingly.

"Well, men like that around a woman like you? They should have known better than to try it."

Oh she liked this one. She liked him a lot…

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"F-Fuck! Harder! Don't stop you bastard! G-Gah!"

They had at least left the alley behind. With five corpses mucking up the place, Axel had figured they might as well move somewhere slightly cleaner. In the end though, they hadn't gone far. They'd just found another alley, where she'd hopped her way up onto a crate, pulled open her pants, and offered up her cunt just like that.

Now he was inside of her and Axel had to admit… it felt good, burying himself in her clenching sex over and over again. He didn't know who she was… and she didn't know who he was either. And that… that was for the best.

It wasn’t like Axel had gone looking for trouble or anything on this very fine morning. But he also hadn’t not gone looking for trouble, if that made any sense. Whenever he finished up his prayers at the Great Sept of Baelor, Axel liked to take a somewhat circuitous route back to the Red Keep so he could see the state of things in King’s Landing.

He'd been doing it since all the way back during Renly’s war, though today was the first time he’d found something to directly intervene on. The five men who’d tried to corner this woman he was currently fucking in a back alley had fallen under Axel’s notice immediately when he’d seen the crossbows two of them wielded.

And good that they did too. Axel may not know this woman even a little bit, but he did know she didn’t deserve whatever those men would have done to her. And… she was quite beautiful, in her own way.

Not a conventional sort of beauty like Margaery Tyrell or Sansa Stark or Arianne Martell… but she had long legs and a lean form and a pretty enough face. More than that, seeing her smile at him wickedly when she’d first decided to ‘reward’ him by bedding him like this… that had done things for Axel. Oh yes it had.

Best of all, once they were done here, there would be no need for them to ever see each other again. Even as he’s fucking her soundly atop the crate, her groaning and moaning and him grunting in turn, Axel doesn’t intend to let her know she’s fucked the King or anything like that. And he doesn’t need to know who she really is either.

No, this is perfect… especially with how much he’s been tortured these past several weeks since Sansa Stark and Arianne Martell first arrived in King’s Landing.

Axel does not want to be his father. Unfortunately, he's definitely inherited Robert's weakness for beautiful women. Yet… he's kept control of himself… mostly.

His only slipup since Cersei had tried to kill him and subsequently been sent back to the Westerlands was the one time with Margaery Tyrell. And yes, he'd gone a little overboard there with her, but that was before his prospective brides had arrived and he'd made it clear to her that it wasn't going to happen again.

And yet, Axel was still a man. A man with needs that weren't being taken care of. And between Princess Arianne Martell and her seemingly innocent handmaiden, every day that he resisted the urge to ravish either one of them was a victorious day for him.

The problem, really… was that he couldn't choose. Both Sansa and Arianne had seemingly already decided they wanted him. They made no secret of that fact. In the time since they'd each arrived in King's Landing, Axel had made sure to meet with both of them equally, wanting to be as fair as possible. And, well… they'd hit it off. Both of them. With him.

They wanted him and he wanted them, but he could only have one of them. One woman, one Queen. And the other would be left heartbroken and cast aside. For all his power, for all his might, Axel Baratheon didn't know how to fucking choose. And all the while, the Princess from Dorne insisted on trying to entice him into her bed at every turn.

He didn't really mind Arianne's salacious attitude. But he didn't want to hurt Sansa, so he had yet to take the Dornish woman up on her increasingly unsubtle and obvious offers. Unfortunately, that just left Axel backed up like nothing else, because he also wasn't fucking Sansa. And he certainly

wasn't going to fuck Margaery again now that his prospective brides were staying in the Red Keep.

That's why this was so perfect. Pounding this beautiful female sailor's cunt into the shape of his cock, being able to let loose in a way he hadn't been able to in weeks… honestly, Axel doesn't even realize how pent up he truly was until the woman he'd saved is covering her mouth to hold back her squeals as she cums for what might be the sixth time in a row all over his dick.

In turn, Axel finds himself finally reaching his peak as well… so he pulls out of course and strokes his load off to the side of her and the crate. He covers the ground with his cum instead of painting her insides, all while she flops backwards and takes a moment to recover.

When he turns back to her however, he finds himself grabbed by his front and pulled into a deep, tongue-filled kiss. It's not one that he minds, but he does wonder at just how long she insists on trying to stick her tongue down her throat before finally letting go and coming up for air.

"You… Join my crew!"

Axel blinks at that, even as he tucks his cock away. Then he laughs and shakes his head.

"I appreciate the offer, but I don't think that's in the cards for me."

And yet, she's not willing to accept that it seems.

"It could be. You're what… probably the third or fourth son of some landed knight or minor lord? I'm Asha Greyjoy, daughter of Lord Balon Greyjoy,

ruler of the Iron Islands. You can get a lot more out of sailing with me than you'll find here in King's Landing."

… Ah, shit.

And just like that, the anonymity of the event is ruined. Axel stands quietly for a moment, frozen in place. She wasn't just some woman anymore… she was the Lord Reaper of Pyke's daughter. Admittedly, she was the daughter of a man who hadn't even come to King's Landing himself yet to swear his allegiance in person. Needless to say, he didn't think much of 'Lord Balon Greyjoy'.

But that didn't really matter, did it? Axel is tempted to just blow her off, tell her 'no' more firmly, and leave it at that. He SHOULD do that, it's the smart thing to do. But… his conscience won't allow it. His honor won't allow it.

Smiling wanly, Axel shakes his head even as Asha Greyjoy stares at him expectantly.

"I'm afraid you're quite wrong about that, Lady Greyjoy. Wrong about a lot of things, in fact."

"… Call me Captain Greyjoy. I'm no lady."

Axel's smile turns into a bit of a grin as he dips his head in acknowledgment.

"Of course, Captain. Then you may have the privilege of calling me 'Your Grace' or 'My King'. Seeing as I'm not some third or fourth son of minor nobility… I'm Axel Baratheon, King of the Seven Fucking Kingdoms."

The look on Asha's face would be priceless if this whole situation wasn't absolutely fucked. Here he was just trying to do a good deed and then relieve some stress while avoiding playing favorites between the two noblewomen up at the Red Keep.

And what had he done? He'd gone and found an entirely different noblewoman of similar stature and fucked HER instead. For fuck's sake.

Finally, Asha's shock clears up and she straightens as she looks at him in an entirely new light. For a second he expects her to deny it, to call him a liar… but no. Instead, she snorts and crosses her arms over her chest, working her jaw for a moment before grunting.

"Well then, I'd like to file a complaint, 'Your Grace'. Those men you saved me from were apparently sent by YOUR Master of Coin to shake me down, after all. Know anything about that?"

Wait, what?!

… Baelish!

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A/N: Oh Axel, just when you think you've found a great opportunity to relieve your urges, you stumble into one of the worst women in King's Landing for you to fuck~

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