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

A/N: This chapter is just a nice spar. Definitely nothing else.

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With a roar from the man himself, Sandor Clegane's sword whistles through the air, straight for Axel's head. Of course, his head is no longer there by the time the blade passes through the space, and Axel himself is already striking out, forcing the Hound to dance back a few steps.

But just as Sandor is retreating, Brienne of Tarth is advancing. The Lady of Tarth rushes in from the opposite side, clearly hoping to take Axel unawares as she goes in low. Of course, she's in for a rude awakening because obviously she hasn't caught him unaware in the slightest.

Moving just fast enough that she only manages a glancing blow with her sword, Axel lets the blunted steel skid off of his armor even as he whips out an arm and takes her right in her chestplate. The giantess of a woman grunts as she stumbles back, not quite falling on her ass. She would have gone flying if he used his true strength… but this is a friendly spar and Axel isn't trying to break any bones today.

Still, her 'distraction' provides Clegane with another chance to try and make a move. The Hound swings in from Axel's other side, aiming for one of his joints to try and disable an arm. Try… and fail. But Axel nevertheless appreciates the attempt, even as he shifts to block with his armored forearm instead and then thrusts his own blunted sword out to knock into one of Sandor's legs, sending the man to a knee.

At the same time, he reaches out and grabs hold of one of Brienne's wrists, stopping her dead in her tracks in her latest overhead swing. The whole scene freezes in place as Axel smiles, the heavy breathing of his two opponents the only sounds to fill the yard for a moment before he speaks.

"Let's stop there I should think. Well fought, you two."

Looking almost comically mirrored in their displeasure, both Sandor and Brienne nevertheless step back, their ugly mugs mulish as they each frown. It's obvious that they're judging their own performance and finding it lacking but frankly, Axel doesn't agree. Sure, the two are terrible teammates, neither of them caring all that much to strategize with one another even in these little two-on-one skirmishes they'd started doing with him.

… And yet, they're still the best fight Axel has had outside of Loras Tyrell since he became King. They're both skilled enough brawlers that even if they don't work together, they use each other well enough to give him some of the best challenges he's ever had.

Alas, even then, they've never managed to really push him. And Axel can tell that they know it too. Sandor scoffs and spits off to the side while Brienne has an expression like curdled milk as she answers his praise with derision.

"We couldn't lay a hand on you. It doesn't feel well fought."

Before Axel can respond, a fourth voice cuts in from off to the side.

"Brienne."

Margaery Tyrell steps out with a chiding tone as she gives Brienne a distinct 'Look'. Flushing, the Maid of Tarth ducks her head.

“Right. It doesn’t feel well fought… Your Grace.”

Axel just grins, even as the beautiful Margaery giggles and then claps her hands together.

“Well, I don’t know if I can agree! All three of you were amazing to behold during the fight. I may not know much about swords and battle, but it certainly looked like you were giving our young King a fight to remember!”

Axel is ready to nod along in agreement, but of course Sandor Clegane has to be his usual morose self.

“We weren’t.”

Sighing, Axel finally jumps into the brewing pity party.

“You both fought to the best of your abilities and then some. Don’t try to deny it, you’ve each improved in the time since we last exchanged blows. That’s not nothing and you should be proud of yourselves all the same. Consider that an order from your King.”

Again, Brienne and Sandor fall into a mutually mulish silence at that, neither of them looking like they very much like the taste of his words. Bittersweet, maybe. Rolling his eyes, Axel looks to the Hound in particular.

“Don’t think I haven’t noticed that you’re still here, Clegane. I believe I told you that I would knight you and name you to my Kingsguard if you stuck around and kept giving me good fights. You’ve had weeks to leave King’s Landing and yet here you are…”

Tensing up, Sandor's jaw works for a few moments before he shakes his head.

"No worthier now than I was last time you mentioned it, Your Grace. Just like a good fight, that's all."

Hm. Axel thinks the man might be coming around. He won't push for now, though that won't stop him from teasing. Speaking of which…

"You know, I have half a mind to give the position to Lady Brienne here instead."

The lady in question squawks at that, her eyes widening in disbelief.

"M-Me?"

Axel grins, his eyes twinkling.

"Whyever not? You've already been on one Kingsguard, have you not? Albeit a… lesser Kingsguard."

Brienne blushes and bristles at that, clearly wanting to defend her former liege's honor. But a look from Margaery keeps her quiet… or maybe it's the numerous beatdowns Axel has given the blonde woman in this very yard. Finally, through gritted teeth and with clenched fists, Brienne responds.

"… I am not a man. I cannot be knighted. And… I have yet to best you in battle a single time. I am just as unworthy as Clegane, if not more so."

Axel smirks, amused at her reasoning. But before he can point out that literally nobody in his Kingsguard has managed to best him in battle so far,

Margaery Tyrell reminds them all of her presence. Not that it's possible to forget she's there when he's feeling so… pent up.

"Hm. If you both think yourself so unworthy, then perhaps it is the two of you who should spar next, to sharpen yourselves against an opponent that might actually give a fairer fight than our illustrious King."

Seriously? Axel expects Margaery's words to piss both of them off… but somehow, coming from her, they actually work. Brienne and Sandor give one another considering looks and then; despite already being drenched in sweat, they turn and raise their swords.

Axel just blinks as he watches them begin to cross blades… at least, right up until Margaery materializes at his side and whispers in his ear. Then, he lets himself be led away. It's a testament to just how much the two of them love to fight that neither Brienne nor Sandor register his and Margaery's absence for a long, long time…

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"Mm… you minx. I should have had you sent to the Silent Sisters when I sent your husband and brother to the Wall."

Margaery hums, even as she kneels before the King of Westeros and bobs up and down on his cock. Looking up at him, she lets her eyes dance with a smile even if her mouth is currently full, showing that she knows he's speaking in jest.

Axel Baratheon looks back at her with a smile of his own, one hand resting atop of her head as he lets out a shuddering breath.

She'd told a bit of a lie earlier when she said she didn't know much about swords. Her maidenhead was still intact, but that did not mean Margaery was… inexperienced. And good that she wasn't too, because Axel Baratheon had the biggest, fattest cock that the Lady of Highgarden had ever seen!

Nevertheless, she does her best to take him into her mouth, sucking dutifully and diligently as she moves up and down the length of his member. The top of her dress has been undone as well, allowing her breasts to bounce free and also allowing the drool escaping her lower lip to dribble down on them as they jiggle with each bob of her head.

Axel groans in pleasure… but he does not come undone. And Margaery has to admit, she would have expected him to do so by now. He's just… so much man. Too much man, a little traitorous voice in the back of her head says. But she's quick to silence that voice, focusing entirely on the task at hand. She's come too far to get cold feet now.

At the same time, her jaw is starting to hurt. Maybe she can… change things up a bit?

Straightening up on her knees, Margaery tries something new… she offers up her breasts and proceeds to wrap them around the length of Axel's cock, allowing her to move her lips back to just the head of the King's prick so she can suckle at it rather than bobbing up and down like a maniac.

The young noblewoman can tell immediately that this is a hit with Axel. His eyes widen in surprise and he looks down at her with a new sort of arousal as she pulls her soft, full breasts along his shaft again and again. Margaery makes sure to maintain eye contact the entire time of course, until finally…

"Fuck…"

That’s all the warning she gets, but it’s also all the warning she needs. Margaery has been prepared for the King to cum for quite some time now, and when he starts… she makes sure to catch the first bit of it in her mouth. But then she lets it start to overflow, allowing it to dribble down her chin alongside her drool, where it lands upon her breasts as they fall away from his shaft. The King makes a mess of both her face and her chest in the process.

This was by design of course, because Margaery has been studying Axel for quite some time and she likes to think she knows him quite well. He likes to make a mess of a beautiful woman, she suspects... and her gamble is proven right when she sees him looking down at her with glittering avarice, his cock remaining rock hard rather than going soft.

Smiling a messy smile up at him, Margaery rises to her feet and turns away, flipping up the back of her skirts and revealing the lack of smallclothes and the nudity of her lower half as she bends over the wall in front of her. Thrusting out her naked ass, thighs, and glistening wet slit in his direction, Margaery looks back over her shoulder.

“For you, my King. All for you.”

Axel narrows his eyes, even as he reaches out and grasps her hips. His cock twitches and bobs up and down mere inches from her sex, just waiting to plunder her depths. And yet… he hesitates.

“I know you never slept with Renly. I was told what kind of man he was.”

Affecting a slightly sad smile, Margaery simply inclines her head in agreement.

“Indeed, my King. My maidenhead is intact. It’s all yours.”

Raising an eyebrow at that, Axel still hesitates.

“… It will make it harder for you to marry if I claim your maidenhead, Lady Tyrell.”

Really now. Margaery lets her smile grow a bit more even as his cum continues to drip down off of her face and tits. For the King to pause here… he truly was a strange one, wasn’t he?

“I doubt I will ever marry, Your Grace. I am… tarnished goods in more ways than one. My House barely escaped being attainted at your hands and I am truly grateful to that, but no Lord of the Seven Kingdoms would dare look past the actions of my father. I am your hostage, Your Grace. And I would be your woman… if you will have me~”

In the end, she’s not even lying. House Tyrell WAS lucky to escape with such a light punishment and she ultimately attributes that to Jon Arryn being something of a weak man who has never liked rocking the boat. Still, Margaery herself is unlikely to ever be married… unless she can somehow worm her way into becoming Axel Baratheon’s Queen.

It's a long shot, but as her grandmother has already said, even if she fails to become his Queen, she might have a chance at becoming his Mistress instead. Either way… her path to seeing any part of her ambition’s fulfilled starts right here, right now… with the sacrifice of her maidenhead.

As Margaery expects, her words sway Axel to action, no doubt because they’re combined with the bared cunt right in front of him and the honest eagerness in her eyes. With a single nod, the King of the Seven Kingdoms leans forward… and spears her upon his cock.

Margaery gasps at the momentary sharp pain as her virginity is at long last claimed. How long has she waited for this moment? And when it finally comes, she's bent up against a wall like some common smallfolk tart. But you work with what you're given in the end.

She makes sure to moan in an exaggerated manner as Axel starts to fuck her. He goes slowly at first… and then deeper. And then, before she knows it, her moans aren't as exaggerated anymore. Before she knows it, none of the noises she's making are quite as… manufactured as Margaery expected or intended them to be.

PLAP! PLAP! PLAP!

Axel Baratheon and his big fat cock soon have the Lady of Highgarden seeing stars, her eyes widening and jaw dropping as he fucks her against the wall in a way that leaves her gasping for breath, moaning with pleasure, and crying out in ecstasy.

His hands move from her hips and around to her breasts after a certain point, rubbing the mess of his cum and her drool into her soft mammaries as he presses up against her. Margaery holds herself back from the wall as best she can, but in the end she is pinned, trapped between the stone and his body.

Yet she finds she doesn't mind being trapped like that. In fact… it feels far better than she ever could have expected. The Lady Tyrell loses herself in the pleasure, her eyes fluttering as she lets out gasping moans and mewling cries while coming undone upon her King's cock over and over again.

She'd always intended to fake her orgasms, of course. Margaery had been taught how to make her lord husband feel good about himself and his prowess in bed, when she finally had one.

Instead though, she finds herself fully unwound by her King. It turns out that the King of Westeros is not just an undefeated champion of the training yard and Trials by the Seven, but also a consummate lover beyond Margaery's wildest imaginations as well.

Part of her wonders if it might be simply because despite her 'experience', she's never actually done the deed before. But no… no, she doesn't think that's entirely it. She'd had numerous women in her life tell her what it would be like. Mostly, they'd told her she would simply have to grin and bear with it, doing her best to make it seem like she was enjoying herself even when she really wasn't.

And yet… and yet, Margaery very much does enjoy herself, climaxing yet again upon Axel's cock. She can't even keep track of how many times he makes her cum before finally… it all comes to an abrupt end. The King pulls out of her and releases his hold on her, causing Margaery to slide down the wall as her legs, trembling and quivering from the experience, give out.

But not before he spins her around so that she's facing him as she drops onto her ass. Margaery barely has time to look up at Axel before he's cumming all over her face and tits a second time, adding to the half-dried mess that's already there.

By the time he's finished, she's coated in his seed… and finds that she truly doesn't mind one bit.

“T-Thank you… Your Grace. Thank you for this chance to be of s-service to you.”

Axel looks down at her for a long moment before tucking his cock away and sighing.

“… You’ve seduced me into taking your maidenhead, Lady Margaery. Congratulations. But this won’t happen again.”

And then, much to Margaery’s shock… he leaves. He just leaves her there! With her heart still pounding in her chest, her bosom heaving up and down with every breath… and her cunt clenching in remembrance of his cock.

It won’t happen again, will it? Well… they would see about that. Margaery would be damned if she was just a one-and-done for the King! Especially after he’d proven himself to be by far the best lover she could have ever hoped for.

Her tongue tracing out to catch upon a bit of his seed, the Lady of Highgarden swipes it into her mouth, shivering and shuddering at the taste. Then, she quickly gathers herself up and fixes her dress to cover some of the mess before heading on her way too so that nobody happens upon her.

… She refused to be sidelined. Not now that she’s known such pleasure. Margaery Tyrell would do whatever it took to reach the King’s bed again.

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A/N: Ruh roh. Axel you’ve created a monster.

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