

## The Royal Toll - OC Smallfolk X Queen Alicent Hightower - One-Shot

**Synopsis:** Seeking peace, Queen Alicent employs a slum-rat smuggler-fisherman to take her across the bay to Dragonstone. Halfway, she realizes the true cost of peace, a rather personal toll.

Note: Takes place around the time of the last episode of Season 2.

---

Alicent sat at the stern of a small sailboat as it sailed across the vast Narrow Sea. She had lost her power in the Green Council ever since she failed to become the Regent. Her sons... gods help her, she saw them clearly now for what they had become. Bloodthirsty dragons wearing human skin.

Aegon, broken and bitter on the throne; Aemond, a storm of rage and fire; Helaena, lost in grief and dreams. The realm bled because of them... even more because of her choices.

Peace. That single word had become her prayer, her obsession. She would offer Rhaenyra the ultimate sacrifice: her own son, Aegon II, delivered if need be. Anything to stop the slaughter before more innocents were burned to death. She had enough blood of smallfolk on her crown already.

But what sort of woman did that make her?

She knew the answer. She had known it since the moment she made the decision. She was a traitor, a kinslayer in all but the act itself. The Stranger would be waiting for her, and the Mother would turn her face away.

Pulling herself away from these thoughts, she looked at the fisherman manning the sailboat and found him still staring at her. The moment their eyes met, he looked away.

This had been happening for hours. Initially, she wondered if he had recognized her, but after a while, she understood it was simply curiosity about why a woman would travel to Dragonstone alone, so she stopped paying attention to him.

She had arranged this passage through dubious means. The man steering the boat was a smuggler, arranged by an intermediary, a fisherman from Flea Bottom who was familiar with the route and willing to cross to Dragonstone.

She didn't bring any escorts with her as she wanted to be discreet. The hood of her dark woolen cloak stayed low over her face as the boat rocked gently on the dark swells. Beneath it, she wore a rich emerald-green gown of fine velvet, the fabric soft against her skin.

Hours passed as they traveled more than a quarter of the way. Dragonstone was two days' sail from King's Landing. Alicent kept her eyes on the endless sea. It was her first time being this far

from the shore for this long, and it was already taking a toll on her body, along with the growing doubts about her choices.

She sighed as she distracted herself from her thoughts, as she didn't want to think of anything that would shake her resolve. Now that she thought about it, it would have been better for her to bring along an aide; at least talking to them would have kept her mind engaged and away from these doubts.

The fisherman didn't talk with her at all, except for grunting directions about where to sit and how to keep her weight centered. He just held the helm in silence.

She found him still staring at her, but unlike before, he didn't look away. Instead, he had a small smile tugging on his lips as she saw his lips parting, and a rough voice came out of them,

"Ye're the bloody Queen, ain't ya?"

Alicent jolted hard, a sharp inhale escaping her before she could swallow it. Her heart slammed against her ribs. "What? What do you mean by that? You have been paid in gold. Fulfill your end."

The man let out a barking laugh as he moved and pulled up the sail, and the boat began to drift lazily in the middle of nowhere.

"Ha! Knew it, the damn Queen herself!" he crowed, his tone thick with bitter triumph. "Only yer sort speaks that way, like we're filth underfoot. I've seen you, aye. At that big funeral in the city. Me kin's starving now. All because of you lot and yer dragons!"

Alicent gulped in fear and cursed herself for unknowingly confirming his suspicion, but still pressed her authority as the Queen.

"Do what I ask of you, and your family will eat again. The gold I gav—"

"Means bugger all! Gold ain't worth piss these days. There ain't no food to buy. The markets are bare as a whore's ass. I sneak in what bits I can so me wife and the kiddies don't starve in their beds. That's the truth of it, 'Yer Grace'," he interrupted, trying to pronounce her title like a nobleman.

Alicent's frown deepened. She stared hard at the man. He was older than her, mid-forties, perhaps. His skin was weathered and burned in patchy spots from years of harsh sun and salt spray.

A coarse, grey-streaked beard covered his jaw, unkempt and wiry. He wore an old, stained tunic that hung loose on his lanky frame and patched trousers that had seen too many mends. He wasn't fat or bulky like some knights; rather lean and wiry, forged from hauling nets and fighting the sea, not from feasts or tourneys.

With trembling fingers, she pushed back the hood of her cloak, revealing her face fully. The rich auburn of her hair caught the light, her features still beautiful despite the strain, elegant cheekbones, full lips, and sharp brown eyes that now held a mix of fear and resolve.

"What do you want? I'm going to Dragonstone to end this war. To bring peace at last. Surely that means something, even to you," she asked, fearing she knew the answer already.

She stared at him as he stared back. His eyes were small and sharp, and they lingered on her face, then dropped to her chest, then came back up without apology.

Alicent flinched instinctively, crossing her arms over herself, but there was nowhere to go in the boat.

"Name's Colin, Yer Grace. Yer royal wars mean nothing here on the water. No knights or them fancy dragons watching over."

"It will bring peace. The realm has suffered enough. Children starve while we fight over a throne of swords. I see my own sons for what they've become... monsters breathing fire and rage. I would give anything to stop it," she insisted.

"Anything?"

Colin leaned back a little as he muttered with a bitter tone,

"We had peace once, we did. Before you lot and yer highborn games came along. Me brother got his guts stomped out in them riots. And here you sit, pretty as a painted septa, jabbering about peace like it's something you can piss out for us when it suits you."

Alicent closed her eyes for a moment. They were nowhere... adrift in the middle of the bay, hours from Dragonstone. She needed to reach Rhaenyra before anyone in King's Landing noticed her absence, before Larys or the council sent men searching.

She opened her eyes and met his. "What do you want? Why have you stopped?"

He eyed her once again, but this time, he looked at her like a rare sweet at a harvest festival, a hungry smile spreading across his weathered face.

"Uh... Gods keep me. I got meself a pretty wife back home, aye. Nice big teats on her, and a fine, plump rump, too. She warms the bed well enough, moans real sweet when I give it proper. But she ain't no queen, is she? Soft, clean... Royal," he said with a gleaming smile, while licking his lips.

Alicent's eyes went wide. Her cheeks burned hot with shame and disbelief, "This... this is madness! I'm the queen! I could have your tongue ripped out for this!"

"Aye, you could. If we was in King's Landing, but we ain't. Besides, you going for a big charge, only fair you pay a toll for safe passage, ain't it?"

Alicent's stomach churned. So she tried to reason, "When I return from Dragonstone, I can send supplies for whatever your family needs. Enough to last the winter."

He shook his head slowly, that grin never fading. "Gold, you gave me enough, and grain won't warm me bed, will it? I seen queens before, but never one this close. Never one I could just reach out and... touch."

She recoiled slightly, the boat wobbling with the movement, as she snapped at him. "You speak like a beast! I'm offering to end the war that starves your kin. Is that not worth more than... than this crude demand?"

Colin shrugged, his lanky shoulders rolling under the stained tunic. "Wars ain't stopping till them dragons is dead and gone. By the Stranger, I might die soon if yer mad son brings his dragon down on the city. So I'd much rather tumble the Queen proper first. Then I'll sail you straight to Dragonstone."

Alicent's breath came faster. She could feel the shame crawling over her skin like insects. Her mind raced, disgust warring with duty. Thousands were dead already. More would follow if she failed. If this filthy, humiliating price could buy even a chance...

She sat in silence as she thought of Aegon's twisted smile, Aemond's rage, Helaena's vacant eyes. She thought of the smallfolk starving in the streets she once rode through in silks. Of Rhaenyra in Dragonstone. Of the chance, however small, to end the tragedy.

She made her decision, and her voice came out low. "You swear you will take me safely and that no one else will ever know of... this?"

Colin's eyes lit up as he replied cheerfully, "Aye, I swear it on me wife's teats and the Stranger, if ya like. One good fuck now, and the boat docks right at Dragonstone."

*Perhaps this is a Seven's trial for letting the realm burn.*

Alicent sighed as she removed the dark cloak entirely, folding it with care as if the small act could preserve some dignity.

The emerald gown was fully unveiled, its velvet fitting her shape perfectly. The neckline was modest yet highlighted the soft swell of her breasts.

"Very well," she whispered, shame burning her face. "But be quick. And... gentle, please."

Colin grinned widely, shifting closer in the cramped boat. "We'll see, Yer Grace."

He leaned in close, his rough, calloused hand cupping Alicent's jaw firmly. He let out a small breath near her face and saw her nose wrinkle, her elegant brows furrowing deeply. He didn't care as he pulled her forward and pressed his lips against hers in a hungry, sloppy kiss. His tongue pushed into her mouth without hesitation, thick and invasive.

Alicent frowned hard, loathing the taste, the feel of his chapped lips and yellowed teeth. She endured it with tight lips at first, then parted them as she felt him groan into the kiss, and his sour saliva mixed with hers.

When he finally pulled back, a thin string of spit connected their mouths for a second before breaking. "You taste better than any silk street whore."

Before she could respond, he guided her head down between his spread legs.

Alicent lowered herself onto her knees on the wet, splintered planks. The position was awkward and uncomfortable, her knees pressing painfully into the hardwood. But she treated this like her duty, a trial set by the Seven.

Colin shoved his patched trousers down his thighs. His thick cock sprang free, already rock-hard, the veined shaft throbbing. The head was flushed dark purple, and a thick bush of coarse hair at the base.

The scent was immediate, salt and sweat. Alicent's reaction gave her away.

"Not the prettiest sight, I know," Colin joked. "But it works just fine, it does."

She took him in her hand. The skin was hot, and she could feel the pulse in it, but before she could get used to the scent, he spoke.

"Open that pretty royal mouth, Yer Grace," he muttered with a grin and placed one big hand roughly in her hair, gripping tight.

Alicent parted her lips like duty, and the fat head of his cock slid into her warm mouth.

The taste was strong... salty, musky, slightly bitter. She started sucking tentatively, soft lips sliding along the shaft, her tongue pressing against the underside, hoping to finish him quickly.

Colin groaned loudly in pleasure. "Fuuuuck... Look at this! The Queen of the Seven bloody Kingdoms, on her knees in a fishin' boat, suckin' a fisherman's filthy cock. Ha! Bet yer fancy court never saw you like this."

He pushed his hips forward, feeding more of his thick length into her mouth. When the head bumped the back of her throat, Alicent gagged on his cock.

"Gluk!" Her eyes watered instantly.

Colin's grin widened, and he tightened his grip on her hair. "That's it, Your Grace!"

Gluk! Gluk! Gluk!

"Hear that? That's the sound of a queen gaggin'."

He started thrusting shallowly, fucking her face with steady, greedy strokes.

Gluck! Gluck! Gluck!

The wet, obscene sounds grew louder in the boat as her throat convulsed around him. More thick, sticky drool poured from her mouth, running in messy rivers down her chin, dripping onto her neck, and soaking the front of her expensive gown with soft plops.

Alicent's eyes streamed. She gagged again and again, throat tightening as he pushed deeper. The coarse pubes at the base of his cock brushed against her nose with every thrust, filling her senses with his scent. But she never once pressed upon his thighs, taking him, fulfilling her side of the bargain.

Colin laughed breathlessly, loving every moment. "Look at ya now. Tastes good, Yer Grace? Do the queen like the taste of a Flea Bottom rat's cock? Keep goin'... suck harder. Use that royal tongue."

He yanked her hair, pulling her head back and forth along his shaft, using her mouth like a trinket.

Alicent's hands clutched at his coarse thighs for balance, never pushing, as she gagged wetly around him.

Gik! Gik! Gik!

The filthy, sloppy sounds echoed between them as he kept pulling back slightly, only to slam in again.

The thick head of his cock kept bullying the back of her throat, stretching it open with every push. She could feel veins pulsing against her tongue, filling her mouth.

"Fuuuuck... That's it, choke on me cock, you royal whore. Feel how hard you're makin' it? Bet no highborn prick ever stretched yer fuckin' throat like this."

"Ya love suckin' common meat like a cheap whore, don't ya!?" he growled as he then held her head still for a long moment, burying his cock deep until her nose pressed into his crotch.

Alicent's throat spasmed around the thick head of his cock as he held her. She choked. He was at the back of her throat, her eyes flooding. She gagged, and soon a wet, spurting sound echoed.

He held her there for a beat, then let go.

She pulled her mouth off him, turned her head, and spat it all out. She wiped her mouth with the back of her hand, and her hand came away shining.

"Gods," she hissed as her throat burned.

Alicent gasped desperately for air, coughing hard, and in a dazed instinct, she leaned over the side of the boat and scooped handfuls of cold seawater into her mouth, trying to rinse away the taste, but instead the salt burned her raw throat instantly, making her gag. She nearly belched over the edge, coughing and spitting.

Colin chuckled, clearly amused. He reached beside him and handed her his worn leather water pouch. "Here, Yer Grace. I ain't the noble knight, but I ain't evil."

Alicent took the pouch with trembling hands and drank greedily, the lukewarm water helping wash some of the taste from her mouth, though the shame and sticky mess on her chin and gown remained, along with the taste of him on her tongue.

"Thank you," she said, holding onto the modesty of a queen.

"Gods, you look perfect like this," he said before he grabbed her by the waist and moved her over the center thwart of the boat, turning her.

Her soft belly pressed against the hard wooden beam as he bent her forward on fours, urging her round ass high in the air. The position was degrading in the tiny vessel, her knees fitting on the narrow planks, her face hovering just above the damp wood. The boat rocked unsteadily with every movement.

He shoved her gown up roughly over her hips, bunching the fine velvet carelessly around her waist like it was worth nothing. His rough hands immediately roamed hungrily over her smooth, pale legs and the soft, plump curves of her ass, squeezing and spreading her cheeks wide.

"Mmph~" Alicent whimpered as he squeezed her ass.

"Fuck me... So this is a royal ass, smooth... So fuckin' soft and plump."

He leaned down and dragged his broad, wet tongue in a long, sloppy stripe across one ass cheek, then the other.

"Mmmmh!" Alicent groaned in deep shame.

Colin licked her ass cheeks again, slower, dragging his rough tongue over her soft cheeks before moving lower. With a sharp rip, he tore her delicate smallcloth completely away, exposing her glistening, rosy cunt and tight little puckerhole to the cool air. A sight meant for knights, nobles, kings, princes, now belonged to a fleabottom rat.

He leaned down, and his hot mouth was on her pussy, tongue lapping hungrily between her slick folds with loud, messy slurping sounds. He sucked on her clit, then pushed his tongue inside her, fucking her with it like he was starving.

“Fuck, royal cunt tastes so different. Sweeter than me wife’s cunt,” he spoke as he momentarily lifted himself from her pussy, before getting back to sucking her clit. He was mesmerized by the body, her standing, and this taste.

Slurp! Slurp! Slurp! Sluuuurp!

He devoured her eagerly, tongue pushing deep inside her entrance, then flicking rapidly over her swollen clit, his hands greedily clawing at the pale flesh and spreading them.

"Mmmph!"

Alicent groaned again in shameful pleasure, her hips twitching involuntarily as wetness coated his mouth and chin. Her body was responding in ways she had no control over.

"Mmmph!"

Colin kept his face buried between her soft cheeks, devouring her with crude hunger. His tongue pushed deep, thrusting in and out, curling against her inner walls as if he wanted to taste every inch of her royal cunt. He sucked noisily on her swollen clit, lips sealed tight around the sensitive bud, flicking it rapidly with the tip of his tongue until her legs trembled uncontrollably.

He dragged his tongue higher, swirling it teasingly around her tight puckered asshole, pressing the flat of his tongue against the ring before licking slow, filthy circles. His mouth working her cunt and ass as her moans filled the entire boat and the Narrow Sea.

Colin had no shame, as one doesn’t get this lucky often. One doesn’t get to taste a queen even in many lifetimes, and now he had no intention to leave any part of her uneaten.

"Aaaah~"

Alicent’s hips jerked again, another involuntary twitch as fresh wetness leaked onto his beard and chin. She detested how her body responded, the heat building low in her belly, the way her cunt fluttered and clenched around his invading tongue. Shame burned through her, but the pleasure kept growing despite it.

Colin kept eating her for long, greedy minutes, alternating between thrusting his tongue deep inside her, sucking hard on her clit, and licking her tight asshole with sloppy passion. His beard scraped her sensitive skin with every movement, adding a rough edge that made her groan louder.

Only when her thighs were shaking, and her breathing had turned ragged, did he finally pull his mouth away, his lips and chin shiny with her juices.

He rose behind her, his thick cock throbbing angrily, the head leaking precum in heavy drops. He places it on her pussy and rubs it, up and down, slowly.

"Ready, me Queen? Reckon no great fisherman ever fished in here before?" He chuckled as he kept rubbing his cock on the wet entrance of her cunt.

Alicent kept whimpering as he kept teasing her, and by now she had forgotten their bargain; all that was left was the emptiness of her cunt, which hadn't been touched for the past few months. Ser Cole was not often close.

"Ummm... Just be quick!"

"As you command, me queen."

Colin teased her, but still lined up the fat, leaking head with her slick, fluttering entrance and slammed in hard with one brutal thrust.

"Aaahhh!" Alicent cried out sharply at the sudden, deep stretch that filled her completely, her walls stretching wide around his girth.

He started pounding her immediately, no pacing, no rhythm, just mindless thrusts. His hips slammed against her ass with loud, wet slaps, driving his thick cock deep inside her again and again. Each stroke stretched her cunt open. His fat head bumped against her cervix while her inner walls clenched and fluttered around his veined shaft.

Plap! Plap! Plap!

"Seven! Never seen a royal arse before. Pretty one."

Colin panted the words as he gripped her hips bruisingly tight, fingers digging deep into her soft flesh. With every hard thrust, her plump ass cheeks rippled and rocked obscenely, the pale skin bouncing and shaking from the force of his hips slamming into her.

The sight was hypnotic, soft royal flesh wobbling and quivering each time his hip crashed with hers, the impact sending waves through her round cheeks.

The wet slapping of skin against skin echoed over the dark water. His heavy balls smacked loudly against her clit again and again, sending sharp sparks shooting through her body with each impact.

As he rutted into her like an animal, he reached forward and pressed a thick finger against her tight asshole. He pushed just the tip inside, only half an inch, making her clench hard around the sudden intrusion.

"Nngh! Please... not that!" Alicent complained breathlessly.

"Don't worry, just teasin' the Queen's royal arsehole," Colin laughed breathlessly, wiggling the fingertip slightly inside her. "So tight and hot... feels fuckin' incredible. You're squeezin' me cock so good while I play with yer arse."

He kept the finger buried to the first joint as he pounded her harder, enjoying every groan and the way her cunt fluttered and clenched greedily around his thick shaft, trying to milk him with every thrust.

After long, relentless minutes of brutal fucking, he suddenly pulled out with a wet squelch.

He grabbed her hips and flipped her onto her back across the thwart. Her spine pressed into the hard wooden beam, her legs pushed wide open on either side of him, gown still bunched uselessly at her waist.

Colin yanked the front of her gown down roughly, freeing her breasts completely. They were modest, pale, soft, and handfuls topped with stiff pink nipples that had hardened into tight little peaks from the cool night air and arousal.

“Not as big as me wife’s heavy teats, but still pretty and soft for a Queen,” he mocked her with a dirty grin, squeezing them hard in his rough palms and pinching the nipples between his thick fingers.

He leaned over her, staring straight into her eyes like a hungry hunter, then latched onto one stiff nipple. He sucked hard with loud, wet slurping sounds while slamming his thick cock back inside her soaked canal.

Sensing the queen’s legs move and wrap around his hips only emboldened him to pump harder.

Plap! Plap! Plap!

He fucked her face-to-face now, hips snapping forward relentlessly. He leaned down and kissed her messily, tongues tangling wetly and sloppily, his spit dribbling into her mouth, his coarse beard scratching her skin.

Alicent could taste herself on his mouth. Her body was betraying her, growing hotter with every brutal thrust. After her legs, her arms had also wrapped around his neck, feeling his weight press on top of her.

“Mmmph... mmm... ahh!” Alicent moaned into the kiss, feeling every crude thrust to the core, his cock bigger than any she had taken yet.

Her body jolted with every powerful thrust, her breasts bouncing against his chest. She scorned how her cunt kept clenching around him as she came, how the heat was burning between her legs even as shame burned in her chest.

She felt his cock start to twitch and swell inside her.

“No-oh inside—” she gasped against his mouth.

“Bit late for that, Yer Grace.”

Colin grunted as his breathing turned ragged. His thrusts grew faster, more erratic and savage, his hips slamming into her with raw need. He was close, chasing his own release with single-minded greed.

With a deep, guttural roar of pure victory, he buried himself to the hilt.

“Fuuuuck! Take it all!” he snarled.

Thick, hot, heavy ropes of cum flooded deep inside the queen, pulse after pulse, filling her cunt until it overflowed. Sticky seed leaked out around his throbbing cock, dripping messily down her ass and onto the boat's planks with wet plops.

He stayed buried deep inside her for a long moment, grinding slowly and possessively, making sure every last drop stayed inside her. He kept sloppily kissing the entire time, only pulling his lips to catch his breath.

“That's it... filled the Queen full of lowborn seed. Bet ye missed it since the king croaked.”

When he finally pulled out with a filthy, wet sound, a thick glob of his white oozed slowly from her well-fucked, gaping pussy and dripped onto the floor of the boat.

Alicent lay there panting heavily, her once-elegant gown bunched and ruined around her waist and chest, breasts exposed and marked red from his mouth and hands, her thighs sticky and glistening with his thick cum.

Colin tucked himself away, sat down on the far bench, and set the sails as though nothing at all had happened. He watched the view in silence, the queen resting, cunt still exposed to him. Watching that white cream trickle out filled him with pride.

But she sat up slowly. Her spine ached where the beam had pressed into it. She pulled the neckline of her gown back up over her shoulders. She found her cloak, wrapped it tight around herself, sat at the stern, and pressed her knees together. She said nothing, as if nothing had happened.

Colin started steering with fresh energy.

Many Hours went by as they were now about to reach Dragonstone. True to his word, Colin didn't try anything again and just kept moving while occasionally taking some minor breaks. He even made small talk, told her about life in Fleabottom.

He liked that the queen didn't seem furious and took an interest in his words. She, too, shared things about dragons, the realm, and her life. Before long, a strange understanding had developed between them.

Soon, Dragonstone appeared on the horizon, black rocks and sharp towers rising from the sea like a dragon's teeth. Colin brought the boat into a small cove on the eastern shore, where the rocks formed a natural dock. He shipped the oars and tied the bow to a jutting stone.

"There you are, Yer Grace. Dragonstone, safe and sound." He jumped down first and offered her a hand.

Alicent stood up; her legs were unsteady. She pulled the cloak's hood over her hair and stepped to the bow, taking his hand to get down.

"Thank you."

"Take all the time you need with the silver Queen," Colin said behind her.

He was leaning back on a large rock, arms folded, that grin still on his face. The grin of a man who had gotten something he would never get again and intended to get it twice.

"I'll be here to take you back, Yer Grace... for a toll."

She looked back, but instead of a frown, there was a strange smile on her lips that confused Colin. "I suppose... if my purpose in coming here is met... I'd gladly pay the toll you ask."

"..."

She turned, stepped carefully onto the slippery rocks, and began the walk toward the fortress.

Left behind, Colin sighed, unable to understand this Queen anymore. She was gorgeous and a good fuck, which he was certain of. But when he looked up at the high castle, he couldn't help but hope for more.

"Wonder what the silver-haired one looks like under all the layers,"