

## All American Queen

### Chapter 1

How did a guy like me end up with a girl like her?

A good question. With a pretty mundane answer.

We grew up together, me and Charlotte. Next-door neighbours and childhood best friends. Sure, we might not hang out or talk to each other at school. But that's just because she's kinda at the top of the social ladder and I'm, well, me. Plain and average and unremarkable. As normal as normal gets.

You'd never believe that she and I were dating from our looks.

Charlotte is more beautiful than any girl has the right to be. When you close yours eyes and think 'American dream girl', Charlotte is the image that appears in your head. Only better. She has the blonde, flowing hair. The dazzling blue eyes. The slender body and breath-taking smile. The smooth, pale skin. And the most perfect pair of tits you can possibly imagine; big and bouncy and yummy.

She was the head cheerleader, of course. Star student. Student body president. If I had to list all my lover's accolades and accomplishments, we'd be here all day.

And, somehow, she was mine.

This beauty, the kind that belonged on magazine covers and movie posters, and *me*. Plain, uninteresting me.

Like I've already mentioned, we grew up together. Best friends as kids, always playing in the other's back yard. Our parents always said we'd end up married, what with how much time we spent with each other. Even when she'd blossomed into Mrs Popular, had become the de facto queen of our high school, we remained close – albeit secretly. I'd sneak into her room at night, chat with her about everything and nothing.

It was only natural that one day we'd end up doing more than talking.

Her 'n' me, a secret couple.

Longing glances at each other during school hours, staring at the clock and counting down the seconds until we could be together again.

And in the evenings and at night?

Well, lets just say I came to fully appreciate just how bouncy and perky Charlotte's breasts truly are.

It was wonderful. Perfect.

And, when my parents announced their weekend anniversary holiday, things got even better.

A whole weekend, just me and Charlotte.

Living together, sleeping together. It was everything I could have ever hoped for and more.

"You wanna try out new things?" I asked, hugging her from behind.

"Sure," Charlotte smiled, cheeks pink. "We might as well, while your parents are away."

"What did you have in mind?"

So far, our sex had always been vanilla. Different positions, but not much else. Personally, I was fine with that. I didn't need anything to spice up our sex life – knowing that I was about to fuck the hottest girl around was more than enough for me. But, if Charlotte wanted to try out something new, who was I to say no?

"I don't know," my lover said. "I was thinking we could look online together."

"What, like watching porn?"

I could feel her embarrassment, her shyness.

Always so confident and in control at school, to the point that many of the girls envied her. Yet, with me, she was a little kitten seeking my approval and acceptance.

"Mm'hm," Charlotte murmured.

"Okay then," I grinned. "Lemme go get my laptop."

A couple minutes later, we were both laying on my bed, laptop between us. On the screen, a random porn clip was playing. A chick wanking a guy off with her feet. A little odd, but the guy seemed to be enjoying himself at least.

"Feeling anything?" I asked Charlotte.

She shook her head, closed the tab and found a different random clip for us to watch.

This one involved a woman rubbing herself with balloons.

Charlotte closed the tab without me even needing to ask.

The next video had a girl gagged and bound, struggling and panting. A man loomed over her, out of frame.

"Slut," the man growled. "Useless whore."

I felt Charlotte tense next to me, fully expected her to close this tab and move on to the next video. Her hands didn't move, though. Her eyes remained on the screen, watching the video.

"You're nothing," the man in the video continued. "A cheap cum-rag. No-one wants you. You're just a dumb, shitty sex-toy. A fleshlight. That's all you're good for. That's all you'll ever be."

I rolled my eyes, reached over to close the video's tab myself.

"Don't," Charlotte breathed beside me.

I turned to look at her.

"It's... hott."

"You want to be tied up and gagged?" I asked, surprised.

She shook her head quickly.

"Not that," she spoke softly, face red. "The other stuff. The humiliation. It's sexy, isn't it?"

I glanced back to the screen.

"Whore," the man in the video barked. "Cunt. Worthless-"

I hit pause.

"You want me to say degrading things to you? About you?"

"I..." Charlotte said, glancing away from me. She nodded her head, unable to look me in the eye.

Intriguing.

It's not what I'd been expecting from Charlotte, to say the least. When she'd told me she wanted to start experimenting in the bedroom, I'd been thinking role-playing and costumes and that kind of stuff. Certainly not *this*.

Humiliation? It seemed so alien for a girl like her.

Head cheerleader, social icon, school idol. She was at the top. You'd think the very *last* thing she'd want was to be humiliated and brought down low.

But then, perhaps that's exactly *why* she found the idea arousing.

"Look at me," I said, gulping. "Slut."

Charlotte flinched, turned her head and stared at me with wide eyes.

"What're you doing on my bed, huh?" I demanded, crossing my arms and glaring at my lover. "The bed is for people. *Pets* go on the floor."

As far as testing the waters went, perhaps that was a little too much.

Slowly, though, Charlotte nodded her head.

She moved over, got up off the bed, sat down on the floor instead. Her eyes on the ground, back bent submissively.

"Do you like that?" I asked her, eyes on her flushed face. "Is it making you horny?"

Charlotte nodded her head.

"Speak, whore!" I snapped, sitting up straight. "Say it!"

"Yes," Charlotte gasped. "I like it. It's making me horny."

Well damn.

My chest felt hot all of a sudden, like an electrical charge had just shot through it. It felt odd. Nice. I felt *powerful*.

It was an intense sensation. Addictive.

I swung my legs over the edge of the bed, spread them apart with my crotch facing my girlfriend. She stared at it, glanced up at me. I could see the heat in her eyes, the desire. The lust.

"Well?" I said, staring at her. "What're you waiting for, dumbass? My cock isn't going to suck itself, is it?"

"I'm sorry sir," Charlotte gasped, hands darting forward instantly.

With how eager and accepting she was, it wasn't exactly difficult to deduce that this had been Charlotte's kink for a while. The speed at which we'd gone from watching a 'random' video to having her lips around my cock as I called her every bad and degrading name I could think of was staggeringly quick.

She'd been wanting to do this for a while.

I didn't fully understand it. In truth, I didn't understand it at all. But I wasn't going to question a gift like this too deeply. That my beautiful, radiant girlfriend was willing to do anything I wanted her to – provided I commanded her to do so – was a godsend.

That first night, I experienced my girlfriend's tight butt-hole for the first time. I'd simply needed to tell her that her pussy was too 'gross' and 'disgusting' and 'loose' to satisfy me, and she'd all but offered her anal virginity up to me on a silver platter.

And, over the course of the next day, I learned as much as I could about Charlotte's kinks and how I could use them.

She'd always been the centre of attention. Always.

Her entire life, she'd had people fawning over her and telling her how great she was. A beauty. A genius. A kind, compassionate soul. A charismatic leader. A role-model. In a way, they'd all set her up for this. How much, after all, could someone be told all that before they began to put too much value in what those people were telling them?

Charlotte *wanted* to impress people. She wanted their adoration. And so the concept of being judged as anything less than 'perfect' in her eyes had become a deep-seated fear for her.

And, from that fear, came the arousal. The kink.

The idea of all her fans, her supporters, her friends and family and *everyone* else seeing her as she was now – a pathetic, cock-loving slave girl – was in equal parts mortifying and tantalising for Charlotte.

So, how could I use that?

How could I use this knowledge to drive her over the edge?

I kissed her lips, felt the curve of her smile.

Her eyes blinked open, looked up at me.

"Wakey wakey," I whispered. "Rise and shine."

We were in her bedroom. Pink walls surrounding us, stuffed bears staring from a row of shelves. The faint fragrance of strawberries filled my nostrils as I backed away from Charlotte's bed. I brushed down my clothes, sending tiny twigs and leaves to the floor.

In order to sneak into Charlotte's room, I'd had to climb the tree outside her window.

"Good morning," my girlfriend yawned.

"Hurry 'n' get up," I whispered. "We've got a lot to do today, and I wanna make sure everything's perfect."

Charlotte raised an eyebrow at me.

"Today's a school day, isn't it? We don't have any other plans, do we? I can't

remember any.”

“Trust me,” I told her. “Now get up. We've gotta find the perfect outfit for you. Today is gonna be something else. Come on!”

“Are you sure you're okay?” Olivia – Charlotte's best friend – asked. “Your face is really red. You might be coming down with something.”

“I'm fine,” Charlotte said, eyes flicking to me. “I promise.”

I was just within earshot, pretending to look at my phone as the girls talked in the corridor, chatted about school projects and what-not.

It was obvious Charlotte wasn't paying much attention.

Every now and then, she'd snap back to reality – apologise and ask Olivia to repeat herself. Olivia would stare at her friend, either narrowing her eyes in annoyance or asking Charlotte if she was alright.

I couldn't stop smiling.

My girlfriend's outfit was bold, to say the least.

Wearing a tight, black boob-tube that was a size or three too small for her marvellous bust, and a knee-length skirt that fluttered at the slightest breeze and flowed freely whenever she started walking anywhere.

No bra. No panties.

Just those two flimsy pieces of clothing to protect her from being totally exposed.

Because of the black fabric of the boob-tube, it wasn't totally obvious that her nipples were hard. But anyone paying attention would see them poking out under the cloth. And there were a lot of people paying attention.

Guys walking past with raised eyebrows. Girls glancing at her chest, eyes judgemental.

She knew they were looking at her. They were *always* looking at her. Only now, they were stripping her with their eyes. Imagining her naked. Seeing the version of her that was meant for me and me alone; the wanton, thirsty, sex-loving slut.

More than once, I saw her trembling with arousal. Panting heavily when someone walked past leering at her.

When the school bell rang, and everyone started heading to class, I walked over to Charlotte and grasped her hand. Led her away in another direction.

I noticed Olivia staring after us, saw her curiosity.

She didn't know me and Charlotte were a thing. Nobody did.

Instead of a classroom, I led my girl to a guy's bathroom. Pulled her in with me.

Luckily for her, there was no-one inside.

Disappointing, really. I'd have loved to see Charlotte's reaction to being caught in a situation like this.

I pulled her over to a line of urinals, pointed at the dirty floor.

“Kneel.”

She followed the command instantly.

“Pull up your skirt and start touching yourself.”

Again, she obeyed without hesitation. Her eyes never left me as she slid her hands between her legs, began touching and rubbing herself. A soft moan escaped Charlotte's lips.

“Any moment now,” he told her, eyes on her boob-tube top and her hard nipples, “someone could walk in. A jock, a nerd, a teacher. Anyone. And they'll see you.”

Charlotte gasped.

“If they report it, and the school administration finds out, it's only a matter of time before they call your parents. How will Mommy and Daddy feel, knowing how much of a filthy whore their daughter has become? They'll be heartbroken.”

My girlfriend bit her lip, shut her eyes tight.

"And you can say goodbye to college and a nice job in future. You'll be lucky if you end up in a strip-club. Chances are, you'll be working a street corner somewhere. Bending over and taking it from any smelly Joe who happens across you."

I knelt, put a gentle finger on Charlotte's chin.

"Open your eyes," I told her. "Look at me."

She did. Wide, beautiful eyes gazing into mine.

"Deep down, I bet you want that, don't you? If you ruin your life, you'll have no excuses *not* to whore yourself out. That's how much of a disgusting degenerate you truly are, Charlotte."

I stood, stared down at my love.

"You're no better than one of these urinals," I told her. "In fact, you *are* one of them. So be a good urinal and take care of my cock for me."

The next few minutes were bliss.

Charlotte slurping and chocking on my cock as I stood there, not a care in the world.

It was a wonderful, amazing sight.

Charlotte was beautiful. Stunningly beautiful. She was the American dream girl made flesh. Perfect in every way. And here she was, on her knees in a men's dirty restroom, sucking on a cock while imagining what'd happen if she got caught.

How in the world had she ever chosen *me* of all people?

I mean, sure. We'd always been close. But more than just friends? It still amazed me, even now. I hadn't been trapped in the 'friend zone' with her. Hadn't been overlooked and considered a 'brother' in her eyes.

She was all mine.

Just the thought made me grin like a madman.

Perhaps, in hindsight, if I'd been paying more attention, I might've been able to do something about it. Probably not, in all honesty. I mean, what could I have possibly done to prevent someone *actually* walking in on us? But, all the same, I got too distracted with what was in front of me to react to what was behind me.

"Oh my God!"

A girl's voice. Familiar.

We both froze, me and Charlotte. Her throat constricted around my cock as my muscles tensed.

I spun on the spot, my cock sliding out of my girlfriend's throat and mouth with a wet *pop*. And there she was, wide-eyed and just as stunned and speechless as we were. Charlotte's best friend, Olivia.

Dark hair, dark eyes, tanned skin. A slender hottie, though no-where near as beautiful as Charlotte.

"What the *fuck*!?"

The tree's branch creaked as I crawled along it, leaves rustling.

Slow and careful, I reached for the window ledge. When I had a strong enough grip, I hoisted myself up, slid open the window, climbed in.

Charlotte was waiting for me, sitting on her bed, phone in hand.

She looked fine, at least.

Not pale with dread or shaking in fright, not angry or upset or fearful. If anything, she looked *eager*. Though eager for what, I couldn't say. There was a pink flush in her cheeks. Her nipples visible under the thin fabric of her nightie.

"I told Olivia everything," she said as I shut the window behind myself.

"Everything?"

"Mm'hm," Charlotte nodded her head. "Us being together, being neighbours, sex. Our plans for college. And our trying new things in the bedroom. The humiliation thing."

So the cat was out of the bag.

"She promised not to tell anyone," Charlotte said quickly. "She was actually really cool about it all. Just..."

She blushed brighter.

I raised an eyebrow at her.

"Yes?"

"Well, we got talking about my kink," Charlotte said, glancing away from me. "She wanted to know why we were in the men's bathroom instead of an empty classroom or storage closet or something. And I told her, and..."

She shut her eyes, hid her face out of embarrassment.

"She saw your cock."

"I'm aware," I shrugged. Kinda hard not to notice her staring at it after I'd turned around. Her eyes had been all but glued to my saliva-coated meat.

"She said she won't tell anyone, but..."

"Do you trust her?" I asked when Charlotte didn't finish her sentence. "Can she keep a secret?"

Charlotte shook her head quickly, face still hidden.

"It's not that," she murmured, voice trembling. "She promised to keep it a secret if... if..."

I waited, curious.

Charlotte was usually confident and sure of herself. The only time I'd ever seen her like *this* before was when she'd told me she wanted to have sex with me for the first time. Her parents were out, we had plenty of free time, cold winter day with lots of cuddling under the blanket. Then she'd gotten really shy and blushy all of a sudden, whispered something too quiet for me to hear. When I asked her to repeat it louder, well...

That was the day we'd lost our virginities together.

"She promised to keep it a secret," Charlotte repeated, an erotic moan escaping her lips, "if I let her have sex with you."

I blinked.

"What?"

Finally, Charlotte's hands came away, she looked over at me with a tomato-red face.

"What could be more humiliating than being forced to watch as your best friend and boyfriend fuck right in front of you?" My girlfriend breathed. "Can you imagine it?"

I stared at Charlotte for a long moment, trying to read that expression on her face.

Then, slowly, I nodded my head.

Yes. Yes, I could imagine it.