

All American Queen

Chapter 11

It was a nice house. Definitely on the wealthier side. Classical architecture with a neatly mown lawn and immaculate flowerbeds, a garage large enough for four cars. It was the kind of home I expected the typical uber-wealthy business man to live in. Not an unnecessarily huge mansion, but a practical yet elegant home. The best house on a street of a modern, wealthy suburb.

I looked down at myself, made sure I was presentable.

Casual-formal suit? Check. Flowers and chocolate? Check. Cleanly shaven with a neat haircut? Check.

No stains. No tears.

Everything was good.

For a brief moment, I almost laughed at myself. Taking this so seriously. It wasn't *real*. It was just another game.

Still, meeting a girl's parents was kind of a big deal.

Had to make a good impression. Had to make sure she approved.

I strode towards the house.

My heart thumped heavily as I raised my hand, rang the doorbell.

I didn't have to wait long before the door opened, revealing a pretty girl with short, red hair. Clad in a modest dress, green eyes twinkling with amusement, full lips curved into a welcoming smile.

"You're early," Vanessa said. "Good. Daddy loathes tardiness."

Rich girls. They were something different.

"Come in," Vanessa continued, stepping back from the doorway so I could pass. "And be convincing."

"Uh-huh," I muttered, walking into the home.

Vanessa led me through her extravagant house, ignoring all the art on the walls and the sculptures and vases we passed. When a person grows up in wealth, I supposed, they must become desensitized to the value of everything around them.

Tilly, no-doubt, was the same. Taking everything for granted. Thinking she owned everything around her. *Everyone* around her. After all, who'd ever deny her?

It'd be the bitch's undoing, in the end.

But, before I could deal with the queen bitch herself, I needed allies. Neutral parties like Penny and Vanessa who'd be able to lend a hand - give me more options.

"Smile," Vanessa whispered when we reached a closed door. "Try not to look nervous. Daddy respects confidence."

"Anything else 'Daddy' likes that I should be aware of?"

She shot me a look, a tiny glare. Then she opened the door, stepped through into a large parlour. Like the house's entryway, the walls were lined with art. The sofas and chairs, despite looking no different from any regular leather furniture, probably cost more than my entire college tuition.

A man sat in the room, wearing a business suit and flipping through a newspaper. Glasses, neat-cut hair, slightly greying. Exactly the type of guy who wore the CEO title like he was made for it.

"Daddy," Vanessa said, though her father didn't look up from his paper. "My boyfriend is here."

The man huffed silently.

He turned a page of the newspaper, nodded his head slowly, set the paper down on the arm of his chair. Finally, looking thoroughly unamused, he glanced up at me. Gazed at me with hard, judgemental eyes.

"I can't decide," the man said after a long silence. "Is my daughter going through

typical rebellious phase; dating a man she knows I'd not approve of. Or does she simply have bad taste?"

Rude.

"Daddy!" Vanessa gasped.

"I am just wondering, dear, why you've chosen to date someone so..."

The man paused, the words he wanted to say clear in his expression. 'Beneath you'. 'Common'. 'Lowly'.

"...Unfitting," he settled on.

Vanessa opened her mouth to say something. I beat her to it.

"Nice to meet you sir," I smiled at him. "Apologies if I seem a little underwhelming. It's hard to compete when there's a girl as beautiful as Vanessa in the room."

I met the man's eyes, locked gazes with him.

A long moment passed. The air still and tense.

Then a grin broke out on the man's face. All at once, the tension evaporated and everyone relaxed.

"Fair point," Vanessa's father chuckled. "Please, have a seat."

The mother and father waited in the doorway as Vanessa led me to my car. They were smiling and waving, were looking forward to seeing their daughter's 'boyfriend' again soon.

Vanessa was smiling too and, when we were out of earshot of her parents, she leaned in to speak.

"You did well," she said softly. "I think my mother has already started wedding planning."

"Did you expect any less?" I smirked.

"Yes," Vanessa said. "A lot less, actually."

"Ouch."

When we reached my car, we turned to face each other.

"I did what you wanted," I said.

"Half of it," Vanessa noted. "You still owe me a romantic date."

"And, once that's done..."

"I'll keep my word," Vanessa said. "And help you with your Tilly problem. And I won't get in your way when the time comes."

"Good," I smiled. "Well, I should get going now."

"And yet you're not getting in your car."

"You should kiss me goodbye. Make it look all authentic and such. Don't want your parents questioning anything, after all."

She frowned, glanced back at her parents.

"You don't have to," I told her. "But it'll look better if we make out a little. Put all their worries to sleep."

"Fine," Vanessa sighed. "But make it quick."

What followed was perhaps the most unenthusiastic make-out session I'd ever had. It was painfully obvious from the moment our lips touched that Vanessa was *not* interested in playing along.

When I pulled away, the girl looked downright disgusted.

"So, does tomorrow night work for you?" I asked with an awkward, half-cocked smile.

Being a third wheel was interesting.

The date started off simple enough. The three of us going to watch a movie together, with me sitting a few rows behind them. After that, it was to a small restaurant. I stayed in the car as Charlotte and Vanessa had a romantic little dinner.

Then we headed to a hotel.

Since it was Vanessa's date, she was more than happy spending some of *Daddy's* money on a room for the night.

I trailed along after the girls, found myself a comfortable corner to occupy while Vanessa led my girlfriend to a queen-sized bed. With my arms folded, I leaned back in my corner, watched silently.

Charlotte sat down on the edge of the bed, eyes flicking over to me constantly. Vanessa climbed onto the bed fully, crawled behind Charlotte and knelt with her chest to my girlfriend's back. Wordlessly, she reached for Charlotte's shoulders, began massaging them.

"You're tense," she whispered into Charlotte's ear. "Relax. I'm not here to hurt or humiliate you. No tricks, I promise."

It was a curious thing to watch. My girlfriend having her shoulders sensually massaged by a pretty lesbian. How stiff she was, how uncertain. Like a lost little puppy, not knowing what to do.

I was looking forward to seeing how everything unfolded.

Both girls were good-looking. Charlotte being the busty, blonde bombshell she was - clad in a white sundress, thin straps the only thing keeping that dress on. Make-up that brought out her natural beauty brilliantly; a rosy blush on her round cheeks, eyeliner around her stunning sapphire eyes, lipstick that made me want to kiss her - feel those lips around my cock. A quiet, nervous, wide-eyed beauty.

And, behind her, the redhead. Vanessa. About the same height as Charlotte, though lacking the blonde's bust and ample cleavage. She was petite, pretty in a boyish way. The kind of girl that looked more suited to pants and t-shirts than dresses and skirts. Sun-tanned skin that was currently hidden behind a thin sweater and jeans combo.

She rubbed Charlotte's shoulders slowly, gently. Urging the blonde to relax, soothing away her uncertainty.

"Nothing to worry about," she promised, hands sliding under the shoulder straps of Charlotte's sundress. "It's just me. I've never hurt you before, have I?"

Charlotte shook her head.

"I'll take care of you," Vanessa said, pulling the straps aside. "No need to hold back, not with me..."

The sundress slid down Charlotte's body.

Instinctively, my eyes were drawn to my girlfriend's chest. Those massive globes, barely contained behind a strapless bra.

"Do you trust me?" Vanessa cooed.

Hesitantly, Charlotte nodded her head.

The girl's lack of animosity towards Charlotte was why I'd approached her to begin with. She wasn't one of Tilly's cronies, wasn't afraid of the sorority's head bitch. From what I'd seen of the girl, she'd seemed far more interested in looking out for and befriending Charlotte.

I'd only leaned of her sexual leanings after approaching her a week ago. That she was a full-blown lesbian, with no interest in men at all - which explained why she always made herself scarce whenever sorority 'activities' included me.

A lesbian girl from a rich, old-fashioned family. One that didn't approve of 'homosexuality' and was *very* curious about why their prized daughter had never brought a guy home to meet them.

That was how we'd struck this deal.

I'd pretend to be her boyfriend, take the heat off her with her family, and I'd allow her to take Charlotte on a *mostly* private date. And, in exchange, she'd help me with my scheme to get rid of Tilly.

So far, it was all going smoothly.

Vanessa's lips brushed against Charlotte's neck, an intimate kiss. Her delicate

fingers undid Charlotte's bra latch, dropped the bra down onto Charlotte's lap.

"Relax," Vanessa whispered. "It'll feel good, I promise."

Charlotte wasn't into girls. She was as straight as Vanessa was gay, a polar opposite to her. But, even so, my girlfriend blushed when Vanessa kissed her, embraced her. Her nipples hardened, skin prickled. She let out a soft, erotic sigh.

"That's it," Vanessa smiled, hands sliding around Charlotte's torso, cupping her humungous breasts. "Relax. Let me take care of everything, baby..."

Charlotte's arousal wasn't for Vanessa. It was for me.

This - her being compelled into this situation - fed into her kinks nicely. Later, when Vanessa was gone and we were alone, she knew I'd tease her over what was about to happen. Use it to toy with her, mock her, taunt her.

Vanessa might think it was her who was making Charlotte sweat, her who Charlotte was getting all wet and hot for. But, really, it was me. It was *always* me.

Let the lesbian have her fun. It was a small price to pay.

Before long, Vanessa was pulling Charlotte backwards onto the bed, leaning down over her. They made out, Charlotte melting under Vanessa's touch. The redhead, it seemed, was a fan of my girlfriend's massive tits. She pawed at them relentlessly, bent down and suckled on hard nipples, groped them and played with them without pause.

The only time she stopped paying attention to the big tits was when it came time to remove Charlotte's panties.

Vanessa kissed her way up Charlotte's thighs, whispering words so softly I couldn't hear them. She spread Charlotte's legs open, pressed her lips between them.

Charlotte moaned, gripped the bedsheets beneath her.

It turned out to be quite the show.

One last piece left. One more sorority girl I needed to get onboard before I could bring Tilly down, replace her.

I stepped into the sorority house, target in mind.

And, immediately, I heard the sound of laughter. Vicious, callous laughter. The kind that came along with mockery. It was the sound of sadistic glee.

Which could mean only one thing.

I followed the laughter. By now, I knew the layout of the sorority house better than the back of my hand. One staircase and two corridors, and I was standing outside one of the common rooms. A sparsely decorated room that some of the girls liked gathering in – mostly when it was time to torment Charlotte.

The laughter coming from within was familiar.

I felt myself tense when I heard it, had to push down the annoyance. I opened the door, stepped inside.

"Bark for us," Tilly said, a wide smile on her face. "Go on!"

"Woof," was Charlotte's only reply. "Woof, woof."

She was on hands and knees, surrounded by girls. Naked, save for a doggy-ear headband, a collar, and a dog-tail butt-plug. Heavy tits hanging obscenely from her chest, blonde hair flowing down onto the floor.

"Woof, woof," Charlotte repeated meekly. "Woof."

"That's right, bitch. You-"

"Funny," I said – interrupting Tilly. "I thought you were supposed to call me whenever you set something like this up. I don't remember getting any calls or texts from you, Tilly."

Every face in the room turned to look at me. A dozen pairs of eyes all staring at me at once.

"Huh," Tilly shrugged, smiled. "Must've slipped my mind."

"I bet," I muttered.

The sorority girls made some space for me, allowing me to get closer to Charlotte. A few, I noticed, left the room entirely. Pretty soon, it was just me and Tilly and her cronies. And Charlotte.

My girlfriend looked up at me with wide eyes, face flushed.

"We were just about to punish this bitch for bad behaviour," Tilly said, drawing my gaze to her. "Unless you have any objections?"

She brandished a wooden paddle, lips curled in an innocent smile.

I stared at her for a long moment. Could feel every pair of eyes in the room on me, waiting to see what I'd do.

"No," I smiled. "Go right ahead."

The smirk that crossed Tilly's face made me feel a momentary pang of pity for Charlotte. But she could take it; would enjoy whatever torment Tilly had in store for her. It was much more important that I let things play out, use the opportunity to watch the rest of the girls. If I could get one of Tilly's closest followers onboard with my plan...

Tilly circled around Charlotte, a predator circling its prey.

"I didn't tell you to stop," she snapped. "Bark, bitch."

Charlotte shuddered.

"Woof woof."

As Tilly climbed onto her knees, my eyes scanned over the faces of the other girls. Searching for any hint of disloyalty.

In moments, Tilly was raising the wooden paddle, bringing it down on Charlotte's backside. A loud, painful swat. Followed by another, and another. The sound of paddle striking flesh only broken up by Charlotte's whimpering barks.

"Woof!" My girlfriend gasped. "Woof!"

Tilly, I noted, had her full attention on Charlotte - was downright gleeful as she paddled the beautiful blonde.

As stealthily as I could, I reached into a pocket.

Recording this without anyone seeing would be difficult, but if I could, it'd help with my plans immensely.

"You sure you want to do this?" Vanessa asked, genuine concern in her voice. "He's probably not the kind of man who'll take threats lightly."

"I'm counting on it," I said, holding out my hand.

Vanessa sighed, hesitated for a second, then handed over the small note. A piece of paper with a phone number written on it.

"If you end up dead in a ditch somewhere," she said, "don't go blaming me."

"Wouldn't dream of it."

As Vanessa left my dorm room, I looked down at the phone number. A pang of uncertainty filled me. Doubt. Was this the right thing to do? Surely, there had to be a better way to go about things.

Before I could decide, my roommates barged into the dorm room.

"Who was *that*?" Twig practically shouted. "And don't try playing dumb! We saw her coming out of here."

"Friend of Charlotte's," I shrugged, slipping the phone number into my pocket. "Asked her to do me a favour. Aren't you two meant to be at the library?"

Twig snorted, Rock shook his head.

"Don't try changing the subject!" Twig barked, striding over to me. "Spill the deets, man! You're banging her, aren't you?"

"Me? Banging Vanessa?" I couldn't help but laugh. "Trust me, I'm not her type."

"Then do me a solid," Twig grinned. "Hook me up. If an ugly fuck like you can bag a babe like Charlotte, there's hope for all of us. I could totally get with... What was her name again?"

"Vanessa," I smiled. "And you're not her type either."

"That's just 'cause she hasn't met me yet."

It took a good few minutes of explaining to the dumbass that Vanessa was a lesbian before he finally relented. Looking thoroughly disappointed, he shook his head bitterly.

"Man, did you see her ass?" He sighed. "Such a waste."

"True that," I said, hiding my smile. "You should see her tits. Small but perky. And her nipples are real cute too."

Twig and Rock looked at me in unison.

"Bullshit," Twig spat. "You have *not* seen her topless."

I'd seen far more than *that*.

"There's a little mole under her left breast," I said with a wink. "And her pubes are trimmed into a heart shape."

Before either of them could say anything, I shot to my feet, walked to the door. Behind me, Twig cursed me out while Rock grunted. I shut the door on them, made my way through the dorm building.

It took me a little while to find somewhere quiet. Living in a dorm, privacy wasn't exactly common.

I stepped into the empty supply room, left the door open a crack so I'd see if anyone attempted to eavesdrop. Not that I needed to. This call should be short and simple enough.

Fingers crossed, Tilly's father wasn't a crazy mob-boss type.

I inhaled a breath, readied myself.

Then I dialled the number into my phone, hit call.

The few seconds it took before the man answered felt like a lifetime.

"I go to college with your daughter," I said before the man could speak. "And I have compromising photos and videos of her. The kind that'll cause a scandal for you if they got leaked."

"Who the fuck-"

"This Sunday at midday," I said. "I'll be waiting at the Lil' Momma's Diner just outside campus grounds. If I don't see you there, you can expect a PR disaster on Monday. Do you understand?"

The line was silent for a long moment.

"Yes," the man growled finally. He sounded *angry*.

"Don't tell your daughter - or anyone else - about it," I added quickly. "See you there."

I hung up. Stood there for a long moment.

No going back now.