

## All American Queen

### Chapter 12

Lil' Momma's Diner. It was off campus, but easily within walking distance. Every step I took on the way there felt heavy, my heart pounding and mind racing.

I checked my phone before heading in.

Late. Of course I was late.

It was only by a few minutes, so the man would probably still be in there. Waiting for me.

Tilly's father.

If the man was anything like his daughter, this whole venture might not go as well as I was hoping. The last thing I needed was to be adding more problems to my plate. I could bail now, get out and throw my phone away, not contact the man again. Cut my losses and think of some other way of dealing with Tilly. I didn't *have* to commit to this route.

I shook my head, pushed the doubts aside.

Chin high, back straight, I walked into the diner.

Finding the man wasn't difficult.

A lone guy in a business suit, sitting at a table with a mug of coffee and a newspaper open in front of him. I knew his face from pictures I'd searched online.

Mr Kane.

Business man, entrepreneur, possible mob guy. Not the type of man who'd appreciate being blackmailed.

I walked over to him, stopped by the table.

He didn't react to my presence, simply continued reading his paper. Not a hint of concern on the man's face at all.

I reached into my pocket, pulled out my phone and some earphones, dropped them onto the table. The phone had a folder of video files open. Recordings of Tilly and Charlotte.

"You've got balls," Mr Kane said, turning a page of his newspaper. "I'll give you that."

"Over a dozen recordings," I said, glancing around to make sure no-one would overhear. "Your daughter abusing another student, attacking and humiliating her. Using her sexually. There's a video of the victim talking about the abuse in there too, in graphic detail."

Convincing Charlotte to play along, say what I wanted her to say, had been easy enough.

"I've made backups," I added.

Finally, the man set his newspaper down and looked at the phone, then at me.

"What do you want?"

The way he said the words, sounding dry and bored, sent a shiver down my spine. Like he was humouring me, curious to see what I'd say but having no intention of complying.

"Nothing," I said.

The man raised an eyebrow.

"All you have to do," I said, throat feeling suddenly tight, "is transfer Tilly away. I want her gone. That's all. I want her out of the picture."

"You and I have very different understandings of what 'out of the picture' means."

"Withdraw Tilly from college," I said. "Have her study somewhere else, and I'll delete every copy of those files I've made. No unfortunate headlines, no PR nightmare, no public embarrassment for you to deal with."

"Done," the man stated.

"Done?"

"I'll send my idiot daughter elsewhere, make sure she doesn't bother this girl again. You delete the files. And we never interact with one another again."

That was... Easy.

"But," Mr Kane added, "make no mistake; if those videos end up online or out in the public domain at any point, it'll be you who pays the price. I will personally make sure that you are *out of the picture*, if you understand my meaning."

I have a stiff nod, snatched my phone off the table, walked out of the diner.

He hadn't even watched the videos.

After all the effort I'd gone through recording them.

I shook my head, a smirk splitting my lips.

"It's done," I told her. "As long as he keeps his word, Tilly will be gone soon."

Charlotte looked up at me, face a mask of conflicting emotion.

"She won't be able to hurt or torment you again," I added, moving to sit down on the park bench with her. "From here on out, it'll just be me in charge. None of the sorority girls will try to challenge me again. I've seen to that."

Charlotte remained quiet, eyes forward.

She didn't look happy. Didn't appear as thrilled by the news as I thought she'd be.

"It was terrible," she said softly. "The things Tilly did. Made *me* do. It was bad. But..."

She turned her head, looked me in the eye.

"But I liked it."

Her eyes shot down, unable to hold my gaze.

"She made me feel worthless," Charlotte continued in a gentle whisper. "Like I don't deserve to breathe the same air as her. Everything she made me do, it was horrible and gross and dehumanising and I *loved* it."

Her words hung in the air. Seconds ticked by.

"If you think it's better that she's gone," Charlotte said, "I trust you. You know what's best for me. I just... I'll just miss how she makes me feel. How worthless and pathetic and..."

Charlotte shook her head, stood up.

"I have a class starting soon," she said. "I'd better get going. See you later?"

I nodded my head, watched her go.

A beautiful blonde with an hourglass figure, strutting away with her ass swaying. The temptation to chase after her, grab her and have my way with her behind some bushes, was almost overpowering.

I didn't move, though.

I stayed sitting on that bench for at least an hour.

Lost in thought.

Tilly? She had to go.

It was more than how she treated Charlotte, the extremes she was more than happy to engage in. As long as that bitch was around, I'd always have someone challenging my control - trying to strip it away from me and take it for themselves. So long as Tilly was around, I'd never be allowed full control of Charlotte or the sorority.

But seeing the disappointment in Charlotte's face? That'd been surprising. Unexpected.

I thought she'd be glad.

Torment. Humiliation. Her degrading treatment at Tilly's hands. Was she so deep into masochism and her desire for torture that she mourned the loss of Tilly?

I'd been holding back until now. Dismissing my darkest thoughts and ideas for Charlotte as 'too extreme'. Had that been a mistake? With my girlfriend's reaction to the Tilly news, it might just be the case. I'd been worried about pushing Charlotte too far, crossing some hidden line.

It seemed I'd been too timid. Too careful. Too *considerate*.

What Charlotte wanted was total humiliation, to be less than dirt. To be treated like an object and nothing more. Something to fuck and toss aside. She wanted to feel as worthless and pathetic as it was possible to be. Beneath every other woman in the world.

So be it.

That's what I'd give her.

If my dear, beautiful Charlotte wanted Tilly's brand of extreme degrading, that's exactly what I'd give her.

No limits. No holding back.

Not anymore.

There was a general air of confusion and curiosity permeating through the sorority house. Lots of gossiping and whispering and stares. By the time I arrived at the sorority house that afternoon, Tilly was already gone. Her room empty, her cronies in disarray.

I stood in her room, basking in my victory.

Empty drawers, a bed without a mattress, some discarded junk on the floor. Any trace of Tilly was long-gone.

Truth be told, I was a little disappointed.

If only I could have seen the bitch's face. Witnessed the realisation in her eyes, the defeat.

Oh well!

Never seeing the bitch again was more than good enough for me.

As I walked out of Tilly's room, one of the queen bitch's cronies walked over to me - a hot glare on her face. She pointed at me, looked right into my eyes.

"You did this," she spat. "If you think-"

"Tilly shouldn't have played with someone else's toy without permission," I said with a smile. "She learned that lesson the hard way. How about you?"

Her face went bright red. She raised her nose, turned away from me, and stormed away.

I watched her ass as she went.

The Sorority's queen was gone. It was only right that a new king rose to take the crown.

Once she was gone, I headed down to the sorority house's main entrance. Pretty soon, Charlotte's last class would come to and end. She'd come back here, find me waiting for her.

While standing there, leaning against a wall in the entry hall, I caught more than a few girls looking at me. Chicks that I'd seen naked, had fucked, that'd sucked me off, all staring at me like they were seeing me for the first time. Whispering to each other about the Tilly situation.

I made sure to smile for them. Let them all know that I was responsible. That I'd been the one who'd gotten rid of Tilly.

The sooner the sorority girls knew who was in charge now, the better. I'd have to gather them all together soon, let them know that things were going to be a little different now.

But that could wait.

The doors to the sorority house opened, a handful of girls chatting to each other as they walked inside. And, behind them, off on her own, was Charlotte.

Her eyes widened when she saw me.

I gestured to her, beckoned her towards me.

She grinned as she approached; a beautiful, radiant smile that sent electrical tingle running up and down my spine.

Fuck, she was beautiful.

"Hey," Charlotte said when she got to me. "You should've messaged me and told me you'd be waiting. I was just about to-"

I reached forward with both hands, grabbed her tits through her shirt and began squeezing. Charlotte gasped in surprise, drawing a dozen pairs of eyes towards up. A second later, she was bright red. Blushing profusely. She pursed her lips, leaned back, tried weakly to put some distance between us.

A growl escaped my lips. A wordless warning. Gripping her massive tits, I pulled her towards me.

"Babe," Charlotte whispered urgently, "what're you doing?"

"Playing with my toy," I answered loud enough for everyone to hear. "Got a problem with that?"

She blinked, lips in a thin line, then shook her head. Looking uncomfortable and embarrassed, but not daring to stop me.

"Atta girl," I smiled.

Pretty soon, her back was to my chest, my hands fondling her watermelons as sorority girls passed by - some stopping to watch, others sparing Charlotte a glance before moving away.

Warmth radiated from Charlotte's body. Her face hot, cheeks redder than ripe tomatoes.

"I've been thinking," Charlotte said, "about the whole Tilly thing. Her not being here anymore."

We were alone now. In Charlotte's room, sitting on her bed together. There was a camera on a tripod pointed right at us, but it wasn't recording. Not yet at least. For now, I wanted to hear what my beautiful girlfriend wanted to say.

"Yes?" I urged.

"I... As much as I might've enjoyed those things... The things she did to me... I've been thinking, and yeah... It's best that she's gone. I don't think... I don't think going to those extremes was a good thing for me."

"Oh?"

"I don't know why I'm like this," Charlotte said softly, eyes down on the floor. "I don't know why I enjoy being mocked and humiliated and degraded so much. I don't know why you being with other women drives me so crazy. The worse things get, the more intense it all feels. And that's bad."

I shuffled along the side of the bed until I was right next to her, placed a comforting hand on hers.

"It's like a drug," she whispered. "Addictive. Powerful. The more terrible the things Tilly made me do, the more I'd think and fantasise about it all afterwards. It's *all* I'd be able to think about."

"And that's a bad thing?" I asked gently.

Charlotte nodded her head slowly.

"In the park this morning," Charlotte said, "when you told me about Tilly going away, it made me feel *sad*. I don't care about her. I don't even like her. If anything, I kinda hate how cruel and evil she is. But... It still felt like I'd lost something important. Like a part of me was gone."

I stayed silent, let Charlotte speak. What she was telling me right now, I could use later. It was *valuable*.

"I've spent today thinking about that. The need I have to be degraded, my need to feel worthless and unwanted. And it's not normal. It's not *healthy*, is it? And it got me thinking... Is this *really* who I want to be? Is this what I truly want for myself?"

My heart did a little stutter. A flash of panic shooting through my body. I didn't react physically, though. Didn't want Charlotte to have any idea what I was thinking behind my

comforting smile.

"Maybe... Maybe this is a good time to ask those questions," Charlotte continued, looking over at me. Pretty eyes pleading softly. Begging for guidance. "With Tilly gone, maybe we can tone down all the kink stuff. Maybe we could try having a more normal sex life, just the two of us and see if-"

"Charlotte," I interrupted. "You *are* worthless."

Her eyes widened in shock. A grimace of pain, followed by a cute little gasp of pleasure. So many emotions flitted through her face in just a single second.

"I'm not going to stop fucking other girls," I told her firmly. "Because I don't want to. Because they satisfy me where you don't. And I'm not going to stop degrading you or humiliating you or any of that. It's fun."

Charlotte's face flushed, breathing shifting to breathy panting.

"Tilly being gone doesn't change who you are, babe. Nothing is going to change that. And you know it."

Part of her wanted to resist, to fight it. I could see it in her eyes. A sliver of willpower bleeding through the arousal.

"You want to be abused. You *need* it. It's who you are."

"I don't..." Charlotte breathed. "I'm not..."

"Lay back," I commanded her. "On the bed. Now."

She opened her mouth, perhaps to deny me, but the only sound that passed her lips was an aroused gasp.

Slowly, hesitantly, she obeyed.

Charlotte leaned back, laid herself down on the mattress, waited. Her chest rising and falling, eyes wide as they stared at me, glossy lips spread open.

"Spread your legs," I told her, standing up. "One of the only things you're useful for is being a self-cleaning flashlight. Not a *good* flashlight, but you'll get the job done."

She let out a sharp moan, opened her legs.

"What are you?" I asked, unbuttoning my jeans.

"A flashlight," Charlotte gasped, body trembling with arousal. "A useless flashlight."

"Who do you belong to?"

"You," she moaned. "I'm yours."

"You belong," I said with a smirk, "to the sorority. Like a chair or a table. You are the sorority's property. Say it."

"I belong to the sorority," Charlotte moaned, beginning to wiggle her hips - body hungry for what I was about to do to it.

"Yes. You, Charlotte, belong to the sorority."

*And the sorority belongs to me.*

"Yes!" Charlotte half-screamed, "Fuck me! Fuck me!"

I gripped her waist harder, slammed my cock into her, grunted at the crushing tightness. Her pussy clamped down on me like a vice, squeezing my cock, trying to milk it dry. I wouldn't be able to hold on much longer.

Beads of sweat slid down my face, dripped off my chin. My ragged breathing drowned out by Charlotte's loud moans and sighs of pleasure.

"Oh God!" She gasped. "I'm close... I..."

"No!" I grunted, slowing down again. "No cumming."

She let out a pained whine, slapped her hands on the mattress in frustration. As I thrust into her, that frustration evaporated into a new bout of moans and panting.

"You're not allowed to cum," I told her. "Not until I tell you to. Understood?"

She nodded her head, eyes unfocussed.

Fuck, Charlotte looked stunning when she was being fucked.

Pale skin wet with sweat, blonde hair a sexed-up mess, huge tits bouncing with

every thrust. She had the body of a goddess, the beauty of an angel. Her gasps and groans filled the air, made me want to lose control. But I didn't. I refused.

"Who do you belong to?" I grunted.

"The sorority!"

"What are you?!"

"Useless," she moaned. "Fleashlight."

"You want to cum, don't you slut?"

"Yes!" Charlotte gasped, eyes wide with hope. "Please! I need to. I *have* to. *Please* let me cum!"

And there it was, my ability to restrain itself vanishing. My body surrendering to the pleasure, the pressure of Charlotte's cunt.

"No," I groaned loudly, just as I began to cum.

"Please," Charlotte begged. "Please!"

I hunched over, spent. Energy disappearing in a heartbeat.

Charlotte struggled underneath me, tried thrusting herself on my cock and humping me - trying as best she could to get off. But she couldn't. Not with my weight on her, my grip on her hips. All she could do was wriggle and whine as the chance to climax slowly escaped her.

"I'm gonna go insane," she whispered a few minutes later, still panting heavily. Her voice was shaky, strained. "I was so close... So close..."

"How long has it been?" I asked. "How long since the last time you were allowed to orgasm?"

"Over a month," she sniffled, sounding on the verge of tears.

"Good girl," I grunted, rolling off her.

My cock slid out from inside her, limp and flaccid.

For a few minutes, we lay there in silence next to each other. My hand found itself on her butt, hers on my chest.

I turned my head to look at her, and she mirrored the action.

We stared into each other's eyes.

"You're perfect," I found myself whispering.

She blushed, eyes flicking away from me shyly.

"You're supposed to be mean, not cute," she muttered under her breath, though she didn't sound upset in the slightest. "Tell me I suck at sex or something."

I burst out laughing.

A small, adorable smile tugged at Charlotte's lips.

"You *are* perfect," I told her, enjoying the sight of her squirming with embarrassment. Then, squeezing her ass as I said it, I added, "a perfect sorority sex-doll."

She looked at me again, face flushing. She bit her lip, nodded her head at me.

"A terrible fuck," I told her, eyes roaming her flawless body, "but sex-dolls don't need to fuck. They just need to take it, don't they? And even the most useless, stupidest slut in the world can just lay there and take it. Really, it's about the only thing you're good for, isn't it?"

"Yes," Charlotte moaned.

"But don't worry baby," I smiled. "Your sorority sisters will be getting plenty of use out of you from now on, I'll see to that. And I'll get plenty of use out of them."

For the briefest of moments, there was a hint of uncertainty in her eyes. A shadow of resistance.

"Am I understood?"

"Yes," Charlotte gasped, nodded her head.

That last hint of resistance disappeared. And all that was left in Charlotte's stunning blue irises was arousal and desire.