

All American Queen

Chapter 13

I stared at the ladder dubiously.

All around me, sorority babes lounged in skimpy clothes. Well over a dozen pretty faces and sexy bodies, all on full display in revealing underwear. All of them relaxed and at ease, not at all worried that there was a horny guy in the room with them.

Part of me thought I should be offended by that. Like these chicks thought of me as a brother or caretaker - not even worth hiding their skimpy bodies from. But the more logical part of my brain knew better. What was the point in them dressing modestly around me when I'd already seen them all naked, had explored their bodies just like they'd all explored my cock?

The ladder. It didn't look stable.

We were in one of the sorority's common rooms, the largest of them. Next to me was a pile of banners and fairy lights and other party decorations, things that needed to be put up in preparation for tonight's festivities.

The girls had roped me into doing the heavy lifting, of course. I was the 'big, strong man' and it was my 'duty' to do all the 'scary and dangerous' work.

As far as I could tell, none of them were doing any of the other work. They had Charlotte for that.

Right now, my girlfriend was taking care of the laundry - cleaning all the dresses and outfits the rest of the sorority girls wanted to wear. She'd be slaving away, doing everything she could to make tonight's party a success.

I shook my head, concentrated. The ladder. The rusty, old, cracked, wobbly ladder. I had to climb it, put up decorations...

"I'm so going to break my neck," I muttered under my breath.

"Probably," a feminine voice said behind me.

I spun around, saw Vanessa standing there. Short red hair, wicked smile, clad in a sundress and carrying a purse.

"Hey," I grinned. "Aren't you a little overdressed?"

"No," Vanessa smiled. "I'm heading out for a bit. There's something I need to pick up for tonight's party."

The twinkle in her eye made me want to ask more, but I held back. If she wanted to tell me, she would. I wasn't about to let myself be baited into asking.

"Alright," I shrugged. "Just make sure you're back in time."

Laughter burst from Vanessa's lips, bright and cheery.

"You're something," she said once her brief outburst was over, a wide smile on her face. "You're definitely something. I'll be back in an hour. Hopefully all this is up by then."

She nodded to the pile of decorations.

I grimaced, shrugged.

"It will be," I sighed. "Even if I break my neck in the process. See you later."

As Vanessa left, I mustered up the courage to climb the ancient ladder. Save for a bit of wobbling and creaking, it held up well enough. No toppling over, no breaking my neck. I made my way around the large common room, put up banners and ribbons and lights. And, when all that was done, I tasked myself with blowing balloons.

One of the sorority girls kindly offered to help with the blowing; which turned out to be a very pleasant offer. She was a talented blower, though her lips never touched a balloon.

After the balloons came music and setting up speakers, after that came snacks and treats.

Of all the pre-party tasks I had to deal with, the most difficult by far was the bed. Moving an emperor-sized bed into the common room, setting it up right in the middle.

Luckily, I did have a *little* help with that one.

By the time all the tasks were done, I was left with only an hour or two to myself before the party was set to begin.

Charlotte found me leaning against a brick wall, the outer wall of the sorority house. Eyes on the horizon, the setting sun and the amber clouds.

"Just finished," she breathed, moving to sit down next to me, back to the wall. "I'm *exhausted*. But everything's done. Everything's ready."

"Are you?" I asked, not looking at her.

"Exhausted?"

"Ready."

Charlotte was silent for a long moment, eyes drawn to the setting sun and fiery sky.

"Yes," she whispered finally.

"Not too late to call it off," I said. "If you're not. You don't have to go through with all this."

"It is kind of too late," Charlotte smiled. "We've made snacks and everything. But it's okay. I'm ready. I'm excited. I'm just... Nervous."

"Remember back when we started dating?" I asked. "When we kept everything a secret. No-one had any idea we were a thing."

"Mm'hm," Charlotte hummed.

"Look at us now," I smiled. "Look where we are."

It was surreal. Remembering what life had been like just a year or two ago. The shy Charlotte wanting to keep us a secret, the perfect student who'd been so afraid of what people would think. The girl every girl wanted to be, and every guy wanted to date.

That much was still true. Every guy I knew had the hots for Charlotte, not that I knew a whole lot of guys these days.

My social circle consisted mostly of sorority girls nowadays.

"I think Vanessa's got a surprise for you," I said. "She went out to buy it earlier. No idea what it is, but if I know her, it'll be needlessly expensive and over the top."

I pushed myself off the wall, looked down at my girlfriend.

My too perfect, too beautiful girlfriend.

A busty, blonde bombshell. A pretty face with a killer body; big, round eyes and massive, round tits. She was a goddess in human form. The ultimate dream-girl, with a kink that every guy wished their girlfriend had.

How many guys could say that their girlfriend was not only okay with him sleeping around, but actively *encouraged* it?

That was one thing I'd been uncertain of back in the beginning. The sleeping around, fucking other girls. I hadn't really wanted to - not when I already had Charlotte. The risk of it damaging our relationship seemed far too great for me to go along with it.

But I'd changed my mind. Grown since then.

As perfect as Charlotte was, as much as I knew I'd never meet a girl as sexy as her again in my life, I still wanted to fuck other bitches. I loved Charlotte with all my heart, but my cock still wanted to explore. Knowing I had the freedom to? That was an amazing feeling.

"Come on," I said, reaching down a hand for her to take. "Let's go grab a bite to eat before the party begins."

It started off slow and normal. Drinks and chatting and music playing in the background. Save for the sorority being locked down and all the windows being covered, it was no different from any other party. There were no guys except for me, obviously. But apart from that one oddity, this party seemed like any other.

Vanessa's announcement changed that.

The common room was filled with people, all furniture removed save for the massive bed and a few sofas set around the room against walls. And, the moment Vanessa entered the room, walked up to the emperor-sized bed and stood up on it, every single person went quiet.

It was time for the main event.

"Hello everyone," Vanessa said loudly, a wide smile on her lips. "Hope you're enjoying the party so far."

There were a few soft-spoken replies. Affirmatives.

"As you all know," Vanessa continued, "next week is the end of semester. A lot of you will be going home, others will stay here, others still will leave and never return."

There were nods of agreement, sadness in more than a few eyes.

"That's why we have these end of semester parties. To celebrate how far we've come, to enjoy each other's company and companionship, to drink and fuck and have a good time while we still can!"

A few half-hearted cheers. Raised glasses - and red, plastic cups. Mostly, though, the sorority girls remained quiet. Anticipation and excitement clear on most faces.

"But *this* party," Vanessa said, gesturing at all the gathered faces, "is a *special* one."

As she spoke, she turned to one of the common room doors.

The girls near that door moved away, made a walkway between it and the bed. One guess as to who was on the other side.

"Our sorority," Vanessa smiled. "Has a secret mascot. One you've all come to know and play with. And this party is in her honour. The queen of filthy sluts herself; Charlotte! Come on in!"

The door opened, and in she stepped.

Charlotte. My girl. The hottest girl in the world.

The sight of her took my breath away.

An hour spent having her hair done up, make-up masterfully applied, dolled up to look as stunningly beautiful as possible. There were little, pink flowers in her bright blonde, flowing hair. Her lips were glossy, cheeks pink, eyes dazzling behind long lashes and flawless eyeliner. Her shy smile, white teeth flashing past pink lips, was stunning. And, atop her head, was a dazzling, rose gold tiara - twinkling with pink gemstones.

That thing looked like it cost a fortune. Which could only mean it was another of Vanessa's contributions to tonight's festivities.

Charlotte looked like a fairy-tale princess. At least, above the shoulders she did. Everything below her neck was a different story. Pink lingerie that hid none of the goodies from view, exposing her huge tits and cute nipples; the bra did nothing but push her watermelons up and out. Same story with the thong - it'd show off her ass magnificently, but did nothing to hide her shaved crotch from sight. Topping off the slutty outfit were a pair of stiletto high heels that clicked on the floor with every step she took.

She entered the common room, every set of eyes upon her.

"Look at her," Vanessa continued. "A useless, stupid fuck-doll. At least she's easy on the eyes!"

Jeers and laughter and insults followed Charlotte as she walked towards the bed, face turning bright red as she went.

"Today," Vanessa smiled as Charlotte approached, "is a special day. Today is the day Queen Slut here officially becomes the property of this sorority. Isn't that right, whore?"

"Yes," Charlotte said quickly, bowing her head. "Mm'am."

Vanessa snapped her fingers at one of the other sorority girls and, a moment later, that girl was handing her a permanent marker. Vanessa popped off the marker's cap, gestured for Charlotte to come closer.

"Stay still," Vanessa commanded as she wrote something on Charlotte's chest. "Don't want to mess it up..."

"Thank you," Charlotte whispered. "For taking my boyfriend on a date and making everyone think he's yours. Thank you for making me eat you out."

When Vanessa moved back, a bright smile on her face, the words 'Property Of Vanessa' were left written on Charlotte's chest in black. She winked at Charlotte, whispered something that I couldn't make out, then turned to address the many sorority sisters around her.

"Everyone who's made use of our Queen Slut," she said loudly, "feel free to stake your claim. If you want this worthless cock-socket as your personal property, sign your name on her and make it official! Who's next?"

It was an interesting game to watch. One by one, the sorority girls approached the bed, signed Charlotte's skin with permanent marker. Some only added their name, others drew little pictures or added comments – a dick on Charlotte's forehead, or the words 'Public Use' written above her cunt. Every single girl in the sorority lined up and waited to have their turn with the marker.

And, as each girl made merry with the marker, Charlotte thanked them earnestly.

"Thank you," she said to one. "For spanking me every time I'm late doing laundry."

Interestingly, there wasn't any pain or embarrassment in her eyes as she thanked them. She was smiling, gratitude writ all over her features. Genuine, real appreciation.

"Thank you for making me do your homework while you were busy fucking my boyfriend," she said to one.

"Thank you for testing out your new dildo on me," she said to another.

"Thank you for spitting in my face."

"Thank you for mocking me..."

"...for recording me..."

"...for sleeping with..."

"...for making me..."

"...for being a..."

On and on it went, girl after girl painting Charlotte's flawless body with their names and mockery. Comment after comment, an endless barrage of thanks from Charlotte. And all the while, Charlotte was smiling. Eyes twinkling as tears of happiness formed.

It wasn't just Charlotte getting emotional, either. As the last few girls in line got their moment with Charlotte, more than a few had happy tears in their eyes. Smiles on the faces.

I watched it all from the edge of the room, my back up against a wall. Confused, in part. Amused. Curious.

Was it possible, even with the abuse and mockery and all of the degrading stuff they'd put her through, that Charlotte's sorority sisters actually *cared* about her? That they were *touched* by her gratitude?

They *had* all been living together for quite a while now, I supposed. Anything was possible.

As the last sorority sister signed her name on Charlotte's ankle – there wasn't much space anywhere else for her to write – my girlfriend began weeping. Actually crying with joy.

"Thank you," she said between sobs. "For everything."

Finally, it was time for the main event.

Me and Charlotte On the emperor-sized bed, surrounded by the whole sorority. A sea of faces watching us.

Charlotte blew me first. Took my cock down her well-trained throat, gagged and spluttered on it as she tried milking it with everything she had. It was pleasant. More than pleasant. I'd had my cock sucked by most of the many women in the room, and Charlotte was the best at it by far.

But, for as good as my girl was at sucking dick, I had the advantage of experience. When a guy has unlimited, free access to all the pussy he could ever want, he learns how to hold back. A mouth, even Charlotte's throat, wasn't enough to make me cum - not if I didn't want to.

Once my dick was fully lubricated with Charlotte's saliva, I pushed her onto her back, spread her legs.

Cheers went up around us. Hooting and jeering and laughter.

I stared down at Charlotte, heart pounding in my chest.

She was beautiful.

Mascara running from her happy crying, hair pooling out around her head, body covered in names and doodles. A dick drawn on her forehead, words on one cheek, a target on the other. Pink lips parted in silent panting, heavy chest rising and falling.

My eyes roamed over her. Over that perfect body, marred as it was with black marker.

"Fuck me," Charlotte breathed. "Use me. Please."

I slid into her, grunted as her tightness engulfed me. Her pussy clamped down on my cock, squeezed it.

"Yes!" Charlotte moaned, back arching. "More!"

Bedsprings creaked with every thrust. Charlotte's body shook, her tits bouncing wildly. She opened her mouth wide, let out loud, sweet moans and gasps. Her skin, marred with black ink and coated in sweat. Her eyes, wild and hungry and desperate. She'd never looked quite so beautiful before as she did in that moment.

All around us, more moans and gasps and sighs of pleasure began breaking out. I glanced around, saw stap-ons and dildos and vibrators, magic wands and toys of all kinds. Girls huddled together, playing together. Lost in their own little worlds of pleasure, fucking and licking and touching each other; no longer even paying attention to me and Charlotte. Many more were still watching us, though. Touching themselves, cheering, calling out foul things for Charlotte to hear.

"Babe," Charlotte moaned. "Please... I need to... I need..."

"Not yet," I told her. "Hold it."

She whimpered, let out a soft moan.

"How long has it been?" I asked, staring into her desperate eyes. "How long since the last time you came?"

"Don't," Charlotte panted. "Know... Can't... Think..."

"You want to cum?" I asked.

"Yes!" Charlotte practically screamed. "Please!"

That drew every pair of eyes in the room. Some dazed eyes, others lustful, others completely focused. All staring at the massive bed, at me and Charlotte.

"What do you girls think?" I asked loudly, looking around as my hips continued thrusting. "Should Charlotte be allowed to cum?"

A chorus of voices followed.

"No!" Most called.

"Yes," a quiet minority answered.

"Let her!"

"No way!"

"Hell no!"

"Not a chance!"

It was clear which side had won the impromptu vote. The sorority had, once again, chosen to deny Charlotte her orgasm.

Charlotte groaned, eyes watering. She bit her lip, shut her eyes tight, resisted the overwhelming urge to climax.

I smiled, took pity on her.

“Overruled!” I shouted loud and clear, allowing my own orgasm to erupt. “Charlotte,” I grunted. “Cum with me!”

Her eyes shot open, wide and hopeful.

I was the only one who could overrule a sorority vote. I was the one person in the world that took precedence over her sorority sisters.

A second later, those pretty eyes were rolling in their sockets. Charlotte let out an ear-shattering moan, a scream of pleasure so loud that even people outside the sorority house must’ve been able to hear it. Her body jerked; back arching, cunt gripping onto my cock impossibly tight as she began shuddering, convulsing.

I came along with her, continued ramming my cock into her, pumping her insides full.

For a long few moments, that’s all there was. Nothing else in the world existed but me and Charlotte. I came, spurt after spurt. Her body shook and trembled, every inch of her tensing and relaxing and slumping in quick succession. Her breathy sigh of pleasure, her release, was the only sound in the world.

And then the moment passed.

I collapsed on top of her, my lips pressed to hers. I tasted the strawberry of her lipstick, the saltiness from her sweat. My hands found themselves on her massive tits, kneading and groping them roughly. Around us, girls laughed and cheered and moaned.

But all I could think about - the only thing that mattered to me in all the world - was Charlotte.

I kissed her, and she kissed me back.