

All American Queen

Chapter 14

It was strange, being back home. I'd grown up in this house, had spent a massive chunk of my life in this bedroom, and it still somehow felt alien to me. I'd only been away for a couple of months, not even a full year, and this place had somehow stopped feeling like home. I felt out of place. A stranger.

My bed was too comfortable. Not nearly as firm as the mattresses in my dorm room. It was bizarre – how something being so comfortable made sleeping more difficult. And the posters on the walls, bands I'd stopped listening to and films I hadn't seen or thought about in months or years and video games I hadn't touched since moving out. Even my old clothes felt wrong somehow.

I'd only been away a few months. Why the fuck did it feel like I didn't belong here now?

I sat up in bed, sighed, checked the time.

Well past midnight.

What would Charlotte be doing right now?

Sleeping, probably. Maybe staying up late to study.

I got out of bed, slipped on some clothes. Before I really knew what I was doing, I'd crept through my parents' house to the front door, was walking past the threshold into a pitch-black night.

There was no destination in mind. I just didn't want to be in my old bedroom.

I walked through lamp-lit streets, my thoughts a confused and tangled mess. Charlotte popped up in my mind over and over again. A beautiful, blonde goddess. Perfection personified. The all-round, idyllic American dream-girl. The sound of her laughter mixed in with the echoes of her moans.

All the things we'd done...

All the girls I'd fucked while Charlotte watched. All the tortures and torments inflicted on her, and how she'd loved every second of it. The odd fusion of freedom and enslavement that'd been our lives since we'd headed off to college.

Being back here - back home - it all felt like a hazy dream.

Maybe that's why everything felt so wrong. I was afraid I'd go to sleep and wake up, and the last year would've been nothing but a dream. Or maybe it was simply that being back home and having that old normalcy returned was so alien to how me and Charlotte had been living for the last few months.

Eventually, when my feet began to ache from walking, I sat down on a random bench. Leaned my head back and looked up at the sky, which wasn't quite as dark now as it'd been when I'd set off on my walk.

"What now?" I whispered to myself.

I had everything a guy could possibly want. Charlotte, a total babe that *wanted* me to fuck other women, who *got off* on being submissive and obedient, who was so beautiful that no other girl could possibly compare. College was easy and my grades were great. Once I graduated, finding a well-paying job would be relatively simple. Everything was *amazing*.

So why did I feel like something was missing?

I sighed, shook my head.

Being back home *sucked*.

When my phone vibrated in my pocket, the swarm of dark thoughts vanished. Who'd be messaging me *this* early in the morning? Confused and curious, I plucked the phone from my pocket and checked.

Charlotte.

So she was awake.

The message she'd sent me was short. Just two words.
'It's quiet.'

"You look tired," Charlotte said, voice laced with concern.

"I'm fine," I waved my hand dismissively.

For a girl who'd barely gotten any sleep, Charlotte had no right looking so good. No bags under her eyes, no slumped posture, not even frazzled hair. She looked as amazing now as always. Stunningly beautiful and completely radiant. A bright smile on her face and a twinkle in her eyes.

"Are you sure?" She asked. "We can always hang out some other time. We've got all break."

"I'm fine," I grunted. "Promise."

When a waitress came to take our orders, I couldn't help but notice Charlotte giving the woman a once-over. Similar to the subtle way a guy might check a girl out, appreciate the curves of her body. But Charlotte's motives were very different to a horny guy's.

She was judging the girl's attractiveness, seeing if she was hott enough to involve in our sexcapades.

After writing down our breakfast orders, the waitress smiled at us, turned and began walking to the diner's service counter.

"Nice ass," I whispered to Charlotte.

Her face lit up in an instant.

"Do you want to fuck her?" She asked excitedly. "I could go over and talk to her and-"

"Nah," I shook my head. "Not my type."

The shadow of disappointment that crossed over Charlotte's face made me chuckle. My tiredness melted away as the two of us got talking, discussing what exactly my 'type' was. The more my description deviated from Charlotte's appearance, the hornier she seemed to get.

By the time our breakfasts arrived, Charlotte was convinced I was into petite, flat-chested, pouty, brunette girls. Not at all true, of course. But whatever made her happy.

"I was thinking about calling some of my old friends," Charlotte said between bites. "Olivia and Becca and the rest. Hang out with them, see if they'd want to have fun with you again. But..."

An odd look crossed her face. A wincing, sad discomfort.

When she didn't finish her thought, I tried filling in the blank.

"But they don't feel like friends anymore?"

Charlotte shook her head quickly.

"They're still my friends," she said, sounding way too cute and innocent for a girl as kinky as she was. "They always will be. It's just... I don't know. It's like I'm not the same person I was, and neither are they. There's this... *disconnect* now. Distance. And I don't know how to close the gap, or even if I *want* to. Does that make sense?"

"Uh-huh," I nodded, keeping myself from frowning.

There was none of that 'disconnect' with me and my old friends. Ever since I'd headed off to college, I hadn't spoken to or contacted any of them. Had barely even *thought* about them. Why bother?

"Feels strange," I added. "Being back here."

Charlotte nodded her head in agreement.

We ate and chatted, spent the rest of the morning together. Walking around and shopping and just spending time with each other. Which also felt a little odd.

Back before we'd gone off the college, we'd kept the fact we were dating a secret. Only a select few friends and acquaintances of Charlotte knew about us, and that was only in order for me to get my dick in them. Everyone else – all my friends and most of

Charlotte's, our parents, *everyone* - had no idea we were a thing. Which meant hadn't spent a whole lot of time hanging around outside, especially locally.

"I should head back home," Charlotte said after midday had come and gone. "Mom said she was gonna make some big feast for us, celebrate me being back. I think she missed me."

"Your father out of town again?"

"Mm'hm," Charlotte hummed. "From what Mom said, he's been going on a lot of business trips lately..."

Interesting.

"So your mother's been home alone a lot," I said, keeping my voice even and casual. "That's gotta suck. She must be lonely."

"Definitely," Charlotte said, voice filled with compassion and empathy. Not a hint of the naughty slut she kept hidden underneath.

Probably, she hadn't even *thought* about it.

No worries. I could fix that.

"Tonight, I want you to masturbate," I told her. I had her full attention immediately. "And I want you to picture me fucking your mother as you do."

I told Mom I have a boyfriend. She wants to meet you.

The message that'd led to this moment. Me walking up to Charlotte's home, dressed in a nice suit with my hair swept back neatly and my face clean shaven. Looking every bit the neat, polished gentleman that a 'good girl' like Charlotte would be interested in.

Had to make a good first impression, even if it was a total lie.

I strode up to the large house's front door, planted a friendly smile on my face, rang the doorbell.

First impressions. They were key when seducing a woman.

Make the right first impression? You can start your seduction of the girl right away. Make a bad one, and you'll have to spend countless interactions after that point correcting that initial impression and judgment.

The question was, what type of man would Charlotte's mother spread her legs open for?

A lonely wife whose husband was probably cheating on. Alone for the first time in decades, thanks to Charlotte moving to college. Quite probably in a sexless, romantically empty marriage. At the age where she'd be grieving over lost youth and dreading the coming years and ravages of time.

What face should I present her with?

A kind, caring guy with a shoulder to cry on and a ear to listen to all her woes? A confident, cocksure man who'd make her feel safe and wanted? Or a cocky guy? Someone who'd come off as a jerk, but who'd titillate the right woman - make them feel young and full of energy again, sexy and naughty.

It was impossible to say for sure, so I went with confident.

A wide, pleasant smile. Relaxed posture. Deeper, commanding tone of voice – nothing too over the top, though. Just enough to make the woman feel comfortable around me.

Over the last year, I'd gotten almost *too* good at knowing what women wanted; and knowing how to give it to them.

A perk of my unique relationship with Charlotte.

The house's front door opened.

For the briefest of moments, just a single millisecond, I thought it was Charlotte standing before me. But no. Laugh lines and slightly shadowed eyes and just a little too much make-up.

Irene. Charlotte's mother.

As beautiful as her daughter, aged like fine wine.

She had the same blonde hair flowing down her shoulders, the same plump lips, the same dazzling eyes. The same massive tits.

"Hello there," she said, voice every bit as musical as her daughter's. "You must be the boy who's dating my daughter. Come in!"

Boy?

No, no. I couldn't have *that*. If I was going to get between this woman's legs, I couldn't have her thinking of me as a *boy*. She needed to see me as a *man*.

"Wow," I let out an appreciative whistle, eyed the woman up and down. "I can see where Charlotte gets her looks from."

Irene's cheeks turned pink.

"I- ah. Yes, well..." She stammered, and that was all it took. I knew *exactly* what kind of woman Charlotte's mother was, and how I was going to seduce her. "Thank you. I... Food's almost ready. Come in, come in!"

She led the way to a living room, ass bouncing with every step. I made sure stare at it all the way, knowing that the woman would feel my eyes on her.

As soon as I was seated on a sofa next to Charlotte, Irene made herself scarce – said something about food preparation.

The moment she was out of earshot, Charlotte leaned in.

"It's so wrong," she whispered, voice quivering. "We shouldn't. She'll never go for it... She loves Dad too much, she'd never cheat on him. It's a waste of time. You shouldn't even bother. It's not gonna-"

"How much does it turn you on?" I asked, not bothering to whisper. Irene wouldn't hear, and the risk that she might would only turn Charlotte on all the more. "Be honest."

"A lot," my girlfriend moaned. "So much..."

"Do you want me to fuck your mother?"

"I... I don't know."

"Doesn't matter," I said with a smile. "I'm going to anyway."

Charlotte trembled in her seat, let out a shaky gasp.

"When we're having food," I continued, "I'm going to undo a button or two of my shirt. That's your signal to make yourself scarce. Go to the bathroom or whatever, just get out of the room and leave me and your mother alone together for a few minutes. Got it?"

Charlotte nodded her head, was practically panting with excitement and arousal.

"Good. Now why don't you go ahead and tell me all about Mommy and her hobbies. The sooner I know what I'm working with, the sooner I'll have her bouncing on my cock. And I *can't wait* to find out which one of you two is the better fuck. My money's on her."

My lips slid along Charlotte's collarbone, barely touching her trembling skin. My hand was between her legs, fingers curled inside her, massaging her sweet-spot as I whispered – told her exactly what her mother would do for me.

"She'll suck my cock," I promised, sliding fingers slowly in and out of Charlotte. "Picture it. My balls slapping her chin, her gagging and drooling."

Charlotte covered her mouth, did her best to muffle her moans.

"I can't wait to fuck her. Bet her tits are so much hotter than yours. Imagine them bouncing as she rides me, begging me to fuck her harder and deeper. Her tight cunt squeezing my cock, milking it dry. She's gotta be good in bed. So much better than you. Maybe after I'm done fucking her, I'll have her give you some pointers."

Charlotte's pussy clamped down on my fingers. She bit her lip, groaned, resisted the urge to climax. Fought down the impulse even as she thrust her hips – fucking my fingers as best she could.

"Women are like cars," I whispered, kissing Charlotte's chest, her nipples. "The

older models are always the sexiest. Why settle for the boring new version when the older one has so much more class and appeal? Maybe I should trade you in for her, make her my girl instead. What do you think?"

"Oh god," Charlotte moaned. "I need to cum! Please, can I cum?!"

"No."

She groaned, whined. Obeyed.

I bit her nipple, teased it with my tongue. With my fingers inside her, I thumbed her clit, toyed with her.

"You don't deserve to cum," I told her. "You don't deserve *me*. That's why I fuck other women. Why I'm going to fuck your mother. Because you're not good enough. Isn't that right?"

"Yes!" Charlotte breathed. "Fuck! Yes!"

"Beg for it! Beg me to fuck your mother!"

"Please!" Charlotte cried out. "Do it! Fuck her! Please!"

I pulled my fingers out from inside her, climbed atop her. Pink bedsheets and stuffed animals surrounded us. I spread Charlotte's legs wide open, knelt between them.

"Be loud," I commanded. "I want her to hear your moans."

Red-faced, lost in erotic haze, all Charlotte could do was nod her head. Lips parted as she panted, eyes wild and hott.

When I rammed my cock inside her, she screamed. Voice filled with lust and hunger and arousal, reverberating through the large house. Unless Irene was sleeping or deaf, she'd hear that. Hear how much 'fun' her pretty daughter was having.

Grinning, I started thrusting. Hard and deep, without pause.

Charlotte was more like a living doll than a real woman when it came to sex. Her pleasure was irrelevant, her satisfaction a non-factor. Her body was mine to do as I pleased with; her pussy was nothing but a fleshlight for me to use, her mouth and ass and tits, every inch of her body. It was all for me to satisfy myself with. Nothing more.

That was what Charlotte wanted.

To be nothing. To be less than nothing. Worthless and unwanted and inferior. *That's* what got my girlfriend off.

So that's what I'd give her.

Nothing. Everything.

Whatever I wanted.

"Are you really going to?" Charlotte whispered, voice sounding especially soft in the darkness.

"Fuck your mother?" I asked, shifting on the bed. My arms were around her, one hand squeezing a tit. "If I can, yes."

Charlotte shifted in my grip, didn't say anything.

"Do you not want me to?" I asked her. "Is this your line? We've never really had any limits before. Is this too much for you, babe?"

The prospect of that being the case annoyed me.

I wanted Irene. Wanted to fuck the hottest MILF I'd ever seen. The fact she was Charlotte's Mom, was forbidden fruit, made me want her all the more. How humiliating it would be for Charlotte; sucking my cock, knowing it'd been inside her own mother.

Was Charlotte really going to try drawing lines in the sand *now*? After everything we'd already done?

No. I wouldn't let her.

Not a fucking chance.

"I don't know," Charlotte whispered.

"How about this," I began, pinching Charlotte's nipple and enjoying the tiny yelp it elicited. "I'll spend the rest of break trying to seduce her. We've got a few weeks, and then

we're back at college. If she doesn't go for it and rejects my advances, we'll drop it."

It was the most likely turn of events. Practically every chick I'd fucked had been a straight-up slut. College whores hungry for cock, enjoying Charlotte's torment. None of them were forty-something-year-old, married women. Seducing Irene in the few weeks I had would be difficult, if it wasn't downright impossible. But...

"And, if she does go for it, does want to fuck, we'll talk about it then. You can make the choice. If you don't want me to, I won't. If you do..."

Charlotte didn't reply. I squeezed her, felt her light breathing. Not slow, sleepy breaths. She was awake, thinking. Her self-respect and willpower battling with the dark lust and twisted desires eating away at her.

Which side would win out?

I smiled, relaxed, let my mind empty. Sleep approached quickly.

It didn't matter what Charlotte's choice was, in the end.

If I had the chance, I'd fuck Irene. Really *fuck* her.

Charlotte would just have to like it. And, knowing her, she'd *love* it. She'd hate it, be disgusted by it, and that'd fuel her arousal and cuckolding kink to new extremes.

Grinning, I let Charlotte have her pointless internal debate.

And quickly, happy, I drifted off to sleep.

Imagining a busty, blonde, beautiful MILF bouncing on my dick.