

All American Queen

Chapter 15

As I waited in line, I reached into my shorts pocket, pulled out my phone. The single new message I had put a smile on my face. A benign, pleasant well-wish. 'Enjoy the beach!' The contact's name was, of course, 'MILF'. Charlotte's mother.

I still wasn't sure if it'd be possible; me seducing a married woman. But the first seeds had been planted. I'd exchanged phone numbers with her, had sparked up a few casual and innocent conversations, sent her a few photos of me and Charlotte together. Nothing untoward – yet. Just innocent, normal messages.

In time, I'd take things further. Have her open up to me about her life, form attachments. And, with a bit of luck, I'd make her *want* me. Take her to bed. Have Charlotte listen.

I didn't reply to Irene's message. Not yet.

I simply waited for the line to move, bought some ice-cream cones when it was finally my turn to order, then headed back to where I'd left Charlotte.

The beach was large, with plenty of people about. Not enough that it was crowded, but more than enough to make a maze of bodies between me and my girlfriend. The indistinguishable hum of activity was all around me; people talking and laughing, kids shouting and running around, the distant sound of music, the noise of the ocean.

When I reached Charlotte, I found her lounging on a towel. Soaking in sunlight in a cute, pink bikini.

For a millionth time, I was taken aback by her beauty.

Golden blonde hair flowed down slender shoulders, a few shining strands flowing in the light, salty breeze. Twinkling sapphire eyes looked out to sea, a pretty smile curling her full lips. High cheekbones and a sharp chin, light blush and the barest hint of make-up; enough to enhance her natural beauty and no more. She looked ethereal in her beauty. Too stunning to be real.

Unbidden, my eyes drifted to her body. That perfect, too-hot body, with its massive tits and slim waist and bubble butt. Her pale skin glistened with suncream.

I was glad for the t-shirt I'd decided to wear. If I was just in swimming shorts, it would've been impossible to hide my rapidly-growing boner. Not that anyone was looking my way. Charlotte's beauty was like a beacon, a fire in the night, drawing gazes from all around. Lusty guys and jealous women.

With a shake of my head, a cocky grin on my face, I strode towards Charlotte.

"Babe," Charlotte said happily when she saw me. She sat up eagerly, reached out a hand. "That didn't take long!"

"The line was short," I shrugged, handing her an ice-cream cone. I sat down on the towel next to Charlotte's. "Your mother sent me a text while I was waiting."

Charlotte tensed, ice-cream half-way to her mouth.

"She's gotta be lonely, messaging her daughter's boyfriend like that. Only a matter of time before she starts hitting on me, I think. Being a cock-hungry slut must run in the family."

I raised my ice-cream to my lips, basked in the doubt and uncertainty on Charlotte's face.

From there, the day went well. Once we were done with our little snacks, I told Charlotte to lay on her back, that I was going to 'cream her up'. The fact she was already coated in suncream didn't matter. We both knew it was just an excuse for me to fondle and grope her in public, much to the enjoyment of the guys around us – and the disdain of the women.

"They hate you," I whispered to Charlotte as I slid my hands under her bikini top. "All their boyfriends and husbands want to fuck you, and they know it. They'd probably spit on

you if they could. Slap and choke you. How many of them would be willing to sleep with me just to fuck with you?"

Charlotte trembled, let out an erotic gasp. Which only made the guys more interested in her, and the girls loath her for it.

Eventually, my excuse to fondle her body ran out. And, for an hour or two, we relaxed. Soaked up the sun, enjoyed the day together. We talked and chatted; about college and the future and life, staying away from the topic of Charlotte's kinks as much as possible.

It was nice. Pleasant.

But not enough to stop me from tormenting her a little more.

"You have that t-shirt I gave you?" I asked her. "In your bag, I mean. You didn't leave it in the car?"

Charlotte shook her head, eyebrow raised. "It's in my bag, yes."

"Pull it out."

Charlotte did so, reaching for her bag filled with beach supplies; sandwiches and sunscreen and towels and drinks. A moment later, she was holding out the large t-shirt for me to take. An old and ragged thing, with holes and tears here and there.

I didn't take it.

"Go to the toilets," I told her. "Take your bikini off and put that on instead. Just that."

She stared at me for a long moment, eyes wide.

And, slowly, she withdrew her hand, still holding the t-shirt.

She rose to her feet as if in a daze, eyes forward. Then she left. Walking in the direction of the beach toilets, clutching the t-shirt in a white-knuckled grip. It was hard keeping track of her with all the people in the way, the ocean of bodies blocking my view. But I didn't see her look back once.

As I waited for her to get back, I pulled out my phone. Sent Irene, Charlotte's mother, a message. Told her me and Charlotte were having a good time, that she should come with us 'next time'. Being nice, friendly.

The daughter got back before the mother replied.

Charlotte walked across the beach in bare feet, dancing from foot to foot on the hot sand. And, with each little hop, her tits bounced under the oversized t-shirt she was wearing. In her hands, she was gripping something pink.

Walking back to the car was a pleasure. Charlotte beside me, hugging my arm to her chest. So many pairs of eyes on us. The sun was low on the horizon, sky glowing amber. In an hour, the sun would be gone and night would be here in full force.

When we reached the car, I made Charlotte wait.

Others got into their cars, began driving away. One by one, until only a handful of vehicles were left. When it was just me and Charlotte and another couple around, I turned to my girlfriend and put my hands on her waist.

She yelped when I lifted her up, pushed her onto the hood of the car. That was more than enough to draw the attention of the other couple. They froze mid-way into their car, looked over at me and Charlotte.

I pushed Charlotte onto her back, spread her legs open.

She let out a little gasp, glanced over at the couple. Her cheeks were red in an instant, entire body tensing. But she didn't stop me.

I tugged down my shorts, stepped forward.

"They're watching," Charlotte squeaked out as I prodded her with my cock. "They can see us..."

"I know," I smiled.

Then I thrust forward.

Any thoughts of our audience left Charlotte's mind. She bucked on the car's hood,

let out a sharp moan. Her legs tightened around my waist, pussy clamping down on my cock.

For the next few minutes, I lost myself in the act. Watching Charlotte's face contort in pleasure, straining to hold back for climaxing as she took my cock like a pro. Her heavy tits swayed and bounced, flashes of nipple visible under tears in the t-shirt. Her moans filled the air, loud and unrestrained.

When I felt the pressure growing, the need to cum tugging at me, I took a step back, pulled Charlotte off the car's hood. She dropped to the ground with a gasp, knelt before me as I jerked off – cock aimed at her face.

She opened her mouth, looked up at me with big, round eyes.
And I splattered her pretty face with cum.

"Do you ever feel like something is missing?" Charlotte asked.

We were sitting in the car, parked outside her house. Her in the oversized t-shirt, me in shorts and a shirt. Neither of us moving to get out. Just sitting there, looking past the windscreen at nothing in particular.

"What do you mean?"

"Like..." Charlotte thought for a moment. "There's something vital that's missing. Something important that's just not there. A little hole in life that you can't ignore, no matter how hard you try."

"No," I grunted. "I don't. My life is perfect."

Holes? Something missing? What in the world was she on about? Our lives were great. Amazing. There were no *holes*. Nothing was *missing*. Everything was perfect.

"Sometimes..." Charlotte shook her head, smiled. "I don't know. Just sleepy, probably. Thinking about stuff."

"What stuff?"

"Us," Charlotte said softly. "Our *thing*. I love it, and it's fun and exciting and great..."

"But?"

"But it feels like something is missing," she said.

I glanced at her, tried to read her expression. But her eyes were distant and her face was blank, thoughtful. She shrugged, looked at me, leaned in and kissed my cheek.

"See you tomorrow," she whispered, unbuckling her seatbelt and reaching for her car door.

"What's missing?"

The question froze her. Made her draw away from the car door, sit back down beside me. She pursed her lips, gave the question a little thought. Then, finally, she answered.

"Tilly."

The word – that name – took me a few moments to digest.

The short, skinny, flat-chested bitch that'd made everything so complicated and difficult. The cunt who'd tried snatching Charlotte away from me, who'd made Charlotte's life agony for months and months. *That* was what Charlotte felt was missing?

"What about her?" I grunted.

"You know how you asked me what I thought about you sleeping with my mom? And how you made sure I found it kinky and everything before going for it? Tilly isn't like that."

I waited, pushed down the wave of resentment I felt bubbling under my skin. Anger at being reminded of that bitch.

"You care about me. Even if you're doing something to hurt or torment me, you still care. You have limits. If I genuinely didn't want you making moves on my mother, you wouldn't. You respect me too much for that. You love me."

She looked at the windscreen again, the darkening beyond.

"Tilly never asked. She didn't care. If I didn't want to do something, it just made her want to make me do it even more. There were no limits or lines she wouldn't cross. It was wild and messed up and *scary*. But that's what made it so *hott*. She didn't give a shit. I was just a toy for her to use and abuse."

"And you miss that?" I asked. "You miss being scared?"

"I do," Charlotte confessed. "It's like... Excitement. Suspense. I never knew what to expect. Everything now is a lot tamer and simpler. And I like it! I'm having fun and this is all nice and stuff. But..."

"But it's not as *exciting* as things were with Tilly."

Charlotte nodded her head.

I took a few moments. Mostly to digest that, push down the anger I felt. After everything I'd done to get rid of Tilly, *this* was what I got?

"Okay," I said at last, breathing out a sigh. "I'll see what I can do."

Charlotte beamed at me.

It really was a simple thing. A few texts here and there, testing the water and seeing how receptive she was. Then, once I was confident she wouldn't find it strange, I sparked up a conversation. Spent hours texting Irene about things we 'had in common'. Thanks to Charlotte, I knew exactly the type of things that'd grab her mother's attention.

Hours long text conversations turned into a phone call here and there, silly dad jokes turned into slightly naughty innuendo, innocent pictures of me and Charlotte together changed into photos of me working out alone.

I showed interest in Irene like she hadn't felt in years. Decades.

Which was interesting. A woman as *hott* as Irene was should've been getting hit on as a daily occurrence. Man should've been climbing over each other for a chance to fuck her. But, for whatever reason, she soaked up all the attention I offered like a sexy, big-titted sponge.

But there was one problem.

I was running out of time.

There were just two days of break left. After that, me and Charlotte would be heading back to college.

And true, I could continue my texts and phone calls and seduction of Irene while at college. But that sounded *unpleasant*. Having to keep contact with a woman for months and months in the hopes of sleeping with her? I was no-where near desperate enough for *that* nonsense.

If I was going to fuck Irene, it was going to be tomorrow or the day after.

Which meant I needed a plan.

I spent a little while thinking about it. And, when I had the beginnings of a scheme brewing, I sent Irene a text.

The next morning, I went to go pick her up.

"Charlotte?" I asked as Irene got into my car.

"Still sleeping," Irene giggled girlishly. "Whatever you two got up to yesterday, it must've worn her out!"

She gave a playful wink, which I met with a smile.

"Perfect," I said. "So, where to first?"

Clothing store after clothing store. A jewellery seller here, a pawn shop there. Hours and hours spent searching for the 'perfect gift'. Which, critically, Irene was more than willing to help with. Trying on clothes, giving her opinion on underwear and lingerie, commenting on what kind of gift her beautiful daughter might like.

She didn't know Charlotte as well as she thought she did, that was apparent. Her daughter didn't want clothes or jewellery or trinkets. No, her perfect Charlotte wanted

agony.

And agony I'd give her.

When it became obvious Irene was beginning to lose steam, I bought some moderately naughty lingerie. Moved my plan on to the next stage.

A little, cosy diner.

Somewhere me and my MILF could talk privately.

We sat down at a table, ordered some food, and chatted.

"I don't know if Charlotte will like it," I said, feigning uncertainty. "It's a little out there for her."

A greater lie had never been told. Charlotte not liking some lingerie because it was too naughty for her? Just the thought made me want to laugh. But it's what her mother would believe, I was sure. Irene probably thought her daughter was a saint who could do no wrong, innocent and proper.

"I'm sure she will," Irene smiled, eyes twinkling. "Though not as much as you, I bet."

"Oh, I'll enjoy it," I grinned. "I'm just sayin'. Charlotte can be a little antsy, when it comes to naughty stuff."

Irene nodded, shrugged.

"Not much you can do about that," she said. "But wait and let her come out of her shell in her own time."

"Of course," I said. "I'm happy to wait. She's worth waiting for. It'd be a shame, is all. Buying something so nice and having it go to waste..."

It was a leading statement. Either Irene would take the bait and say she'd take it, or she'd come up with some benign deflection; a change in subject, telling me to hold onto it, or to return it for a refund. Luckily for me, the bait was perfect for a woman who'd been starved for attention for so long, who craved it enough to spend all day with her own daughter's boyfriend.

"If Charlotte doesn't want it," Irene winked, "it's her loss. I'd be happy to have it as a gift."

It was all I needed.

"Then it's yours," I said. "If Charlotte doesn't want it, you can have it. But..."

"But?" Irene asked, eyebrow quirking up.

"But... I think it's only fair you model it for me first. So I can still enjoy it myself."

Irene blushed. Cheeks turning bright pink, eyes widening in shock. In that moment, the resemblance she had to her daughter was uncanny. I felt like I was staring at an older, more mature Charlotte.

Would she wave it off, act like I was joking? Would she reject me, scold me for being inappropriate? Or would she accept?

Our food came before I got any kind of answer.

We ate in silence, Irene red-faced and adorable. Far more innocent than her daughter. She was acting like a schoolgirl who'd just been asked out; all blushes and glancing away in embarrassment when I looked at her, forcing awkward small-talk and ignoring the elephant in the room.

She regained a bit of her composure on the drive back, mentioning break coming to an end and me and Charlotte going back to college soon, if I had any plans.

When I pulled up outside her house, she hesitated for a moment before climbing out the car. As she was saying goodbye, I reached for the shopping bag with the lingerie in it, held it out for her.

"Take it," I told her firmly. Confidently. "It'll look great on you, I know it. Don't forget to show me later!"

I had to shove the bag into her hands, she was so stunned.

And, before she could think of a diplomatic way to refuse me, I bade her goodnight and drove away.

A few hours later, as I was packing away some things for college, enjoying my last few days of having a bedroom all to myself, my phone vibrated. I froze at the sound, tried pushing down the hope and excitement that exploded inside my chest.

I checked the phone.

'Fair is fair', one message read.

Followed by a photo.

A sexy, slutty body clad in a red and black corset that looked far too small for the enormous pair of tits contained within it. Blonde hair flowed from slender shoulders, and a familiar face above a valley of cleavage.

Irene.

Maybe I'd be able to fuck the horny MILF after all.