

## All American Queen

### Chapter 16

It was gonna be a long drive. The kind where we'd have to stop at a motel tonight, continue on tomorrow. Near enough thirty hours behind the wheel, spread out over two days – dawn 'til dusk.

Which begged the question: How was I going to entertain myself?

It'd be me and Charlotte stuck in this small car together, no way out and few stops along the way. Hours and hours of just us together, no interruptions and no onlookers. So... How was I going to take full advantage of the situation? What could I do to make the most of this wonderful opportunity?

Simple ideas came and went.

I could have her blow me as I drove. Get her to flash other cars and drivers. I could give her a vibrator, have her pleasure herself for hours on end, forbid her for climaxing all the while.

All fun ideas, ones that'd kill a bit of time each.

But I could do better.

Charlotte's kinks; they made her want - *need* - the most intense forms of self-deprecation. She thrived on being insulted, belittled, mocked. Some deep, dark part of her hungered for it. To feel like she was worthless, useless, pathetic. Unwanted. To the point she wanted Tilly's torments back. She wanted to surrender all control of herself, hand it over to someone who'd abuse it *and* her.

How could I make her feel that way?

Useless. Undesirable. An object, not a person. And an unwanted, replaceable one at that.

Fucking her mother hadn't worked out, in the end. The MILF needed more time than I could give her. Maybe, in a few months when Charlotte and I were on break again, I could push Irene past her reservations and hesitation. But, for now, fucking Charlotte's mother was off the table.

A real shame, that.

Making Charlotte listen, showing her recordings, telling her how much better her mother was – that would've been more than entertaining.

What other ways were there for me to feed into Charlotte's insecurities?

Reminding her of all the women I'd fucked, and how I'd choose any one of them over her if I could. That'd sting her, and turn her on, but it was hardly breaking new ground. Demeaning her and tormenting her, I could do. But again, there'd be nothing new there. Nothing *spicy*.

Charlotte's confession rang in the back of my skull. Her desire to have Tilly back, to be at the mercy of that little bitch again.

The sound of Tilly's laughter echoed inside my skull.

Charlotte wanted to be tortured. To feel like she was nothing at all. A toy to be played with and tossed aside. A worthless piece of garbage that deserved nothing, was happy being used and abused.

I'd been going easy on her. Far, *far* too easy.

And there it was again. The question.

What else could I do?

In the early hours of the morning, I picked her up.

She was waiting outside her home, carrying a large bag and looking far too groomed and beautiful for a girl who was up and about so early in the morning.

Rosy cheeks and big, round eyes. Smiling radiantly, like a beacon in the night. Her golden hair was tied back in a loose ponytail. Her clothes, a jacket and jeans and t-shirt,

looked neat and clean and fashionable.

By comparison, I had baggy eyes and whatever scruffy, old clothes I'd happened to stumble over after forcing myself out of bed. My hair was a mess, clothes unkempt. If I looked anything like I felt, then I'd look fucking *tired*.

Not that Charlotte seemed to notice. She rushed over to my car as soon as it was parked, waving her hand at me and smiling a wide, vibrant smile. She opened a backseat door, tossed her bag in, then circled around to the passenger side door.

My eyes were glued to her the whole time.

How was it possible for one woman to be so *beautiful*?

Everything about her – not just her looks, but the way she moved, her constant smiles, the sweet sound of her voice – made Charlotte that much cuter and prettier.

From an outsider perspective, she probably seemed like an innocent, adorable girl. The kind that was too shy to try out kinky stuff in the bedroom. She looked like the kind of girl who dreamed of being a housewife, a mother. A loyal, loving, ideal girlfriend.

A year or two ago, that was exactly who she'd been.

Then she'd told me about her kink, the things that turned her on. And now... Well, she wasn't that girl anymore.

Again, the distant sound of Tilly's laughter bounced around inside my skull. That gleeful, mocking, evil cackle.

"How much sleep did you get?" Charlotte's musical voice sounded beside me. She was reaching for her seatbelt, getting comfortable. "You look like hell."

"Enough," I shrugged, forced a smile. "Ready?"

She nodded her head eagerly.

And, simple as that, we were off. Beginning the long drive back to college. Back to the dorms, to the sorority house, to all those hott college babes eager to spread their legs for me.

So why didn't I feel as excited as Charlotte obviously was?

"It's odd," Charlotte was saying, head tilted back thoughtfully. "We have so many options and *that's* the one we're all taught when we're young. Arguably the least intuitive version, and it's the one we all know. Don't you think that's weird?"

"Sure," I grunted. "Totally."

When in doubt, always nod your head and agree.

I knew what she was trying to do – keep me focused and awake, stop me from falling asleep at the wheel. Asking me questions, talking about stuff that I'd need to focus on and pay attention to in order to follow. But *fuck* was she bad at picking 'interesting' conversation topics.

"It's probably something simple like it's easier to fit the traditional table on a rectangular piece of paper. Easier to put on posters and in science books. But I *still* think plain two-dimensional spiral periodic tables would suit better. Three-dimensional tables are the most interesting but-"

"Babe," I said, cutting her off. "I'm gonna be real with you. I have no fucking idea what you're talking about."

Charlotte blushed, glanced at me. "When did I lose you?"

"When you stopped talking about actual furniture tables and started with... whatever *that* was."

"Oh," she blushed brighter. "I was just thinking about decorations and posters and that got me thinking about... Nevermind! Feeling more awake now?"

"I am," I said. "Wide awake, actually. And hungry."

A wide, self-satisfied smile split Charlotte's lips.

"I packed some sandwiches!" She said, turning her head and looking back at her bag. "And some drinks and snacks. Want me to fish 'em out for us?"

"In a bit," I shrugged. "We've got a fuel stop coming up in an hour or so. We can eat then."

Charlotte nodded her head and, for a little while, there was silence. Calm, comforting, perfect silence. The kind that felt like a warm blanket, a reassuring hug. Everything in those moments felt wonderful. Happy.

Then Charlotte spoke.

"We'll be back at college tomorrow," she said softly.

"Yup."

"Looking forward to seeing the girls again? A few of them have been texting me, asking about you..."

And there it was. Her kink. Arousal leaking into her voice.

"Thinking about me fucking them?" I asked.

Charlotte blushed brightly, slowly nodded her head. She let out a little pant, an echo of a moan.

A weird sensation shot through me. Some odd mixture of anger and disgust and annoyance and resentment. It rocked me from head to toes, tight in my throat and heavy in my chest. Without really noticing, I gripped the steering wheel tighter. Felt my eyes narrowing.

"I don't remember ordering you to do that," I said. "Why are you only telling me about those texts now?"

"I'm..." She blinked, blushed. "I didn't think..."

"For someone who pretends to be clever," I snapped, "you never seem to think about the *right* things, do you? Truth is, Char, you're not smart. You're just another dumb slut, aren't you?"

Her mouth dropped open, eyes wide. The flush in her cheeks spread to her ears, down her neck. Slowly, she nodded her head, panting softly.

"A dumb slut," I repeated. "Just like your mother."

Before Charlotte could react, I reached into my pocket and pulled out my phone, tossed it to her. Eyes forward, on the straight stretch of highway, I ignored the voices of doubt and uncertainty, ignored Tilly's echoing laughter, pushed everything aside but the writhing pit of rage and resentment inside me.

"Look at the messages she's sent me. The photos. Turns out, slut, the apple doesn't fall far from the tree. Your mother is almost as much of a whore as you are."

In the corner of my eye, I saw Charlotte's trembling fingers as she tapped on my phone screen, opened my messages and scrolled through everything her mother had sent me. All the sly flirting, all the teasing, all those naughty pictures.

"Read it," I ordered. "All of it. See just how much of a slut mommy is. See why I'm going to fuck her the next chance I get."

She wanted to be bullied. Wanted to be treated harshly. And she thought I was too *smitten* with her to be cruel.

I'd show the bitch otherwise.

Show her who was boss. Who she *belonged* to.

"See how desperate she is? How much she wants my dick? It's *sad*. Pathetic. What an old, needy hag. And I'd *still* choose her over you..."

I tugged hard on Charlotte's arm, ignored her yelp of surprise as she tumbled onto the motel bed. She looked up at me with those big, doe eyes; watched as I strode to our room's door and kicked it shut, began tugging my shirt off.

"Tomorrow night," I said, tossing my shirt aside, "I'll be able to choose any pussy I want. But, for tonight, I guess *you'll* have to do. Get naked. Now."

She wasted no time. Her jacket went flying, t-shirt following a moment later. Her chest rose and fell, tits bulging behind a bra that looked far too small for them. She

unbuttoned her jeans, kicked her shoes off, rolled onto her back and yanked the jeans down in a lust-fuelled rush. In seconds, she was dressed only in bra and panties and socks. All cute and white and frilly. Innocent.

Her cheeks were rosy-pink, lips parted slightly. Panting softly, eyes filled with unspoken desperation.

*Slut.*

Slowly, with shaking hands, she reached behind her back.

There was a little struggle, Charlotte trying to unclasp her bra with clumsy fingers, before the straps went suddenly slack. The bra which, until right then, had been digging into Charlotte's soft tit-flesh, loosened. She raised her hands, looked away from me – too shy and embarrassed to meet my gaze – and pushed the bra-straps down her shoulders.

The bra fell away, exposing Charlotte's perfect tits.

Huge and round and heavy, yet with barely any sag. They were, despite their impressive size, perky and bouncy and beautiful. With cute little nipples; pink and pretty, and hard as ice. Begging me to climb onto the bed and taste them.

*Whore.*

She let out a little gasp, trailing her fingertips down the front of her body, over those obscene tits and protruding nipples, down and down until they brushed the frilly fabric of her panties.

Already, I could see a damp patch over her crotch. A little area where the bright white of her panties had darkened.

*Fucking cumdump bitch.*

Thumbs hooked under the panties, began pulling them down Charlotte's legs, peeling them away from her crotch. She shuddered, let out a barely audible moan.

When the panties were off her, tossed aside and forgotten, Charlotte pressed her knees together – some pointless, silly attempted at modesty. She sat back on the bed, looked over at me, bit her lip, waited.

I took a step forward, saw her tremble in anticipation.

*Filthy cunt.*

She wanted to be treated badly? Abused? So be it. Despite what this *bitch* thought, I could be mean. I could be *cruel*. I could be *just* as sadistic as *Tilly*.

"Look at you," I said, eyeing her up and down. "Little miss perfect, hungry for cock in a cheap ass motel room. You know this is where guys bring whores, right? Maybe that's why you're so wet. You know this is where you belong."

She shuddered, knees parting slightly.

When I reached the edge of the bed, I stared down at her. The perfect girl, beautiful beyond belief.

"Turn over," I commanded. "Show me your fat ass."

There was no hesitation. She rolled over, was on hands and knees instantly. Bubble butt swaying as she rocked her hips, urging me to fuck her right away.

That ass was like a magnet. A hypnotic pendulum swinging back and forth. Without thinking, I had my cock out – pointed at the glistening slit between Charlotte's legs. I pressed forward, driven on by pure instinct and desire.

When I penetrated her, she let out a loud gasp. An erotic moan. She pushed her hips back, took my entire length in one go.

I grunted, felt the warmth and tightness engulf me.

It felt good. *Really* good.

And yet...

I gave the slut a few light thrusts, gripping her bubble butt and basking in the sound of her pleasure – the soft gasps and moans, the gentle panting. Then, without warning, I pulled out. She let out a whine, wiggled her ass at me.

"No," I told her, heart thumping heavily. "You don't deserve to feel good. You don't

deserve *anything*. You're nothing but a toy. A *thing*, not a person..."

I looked down at my cock, slick with Charlotte's juices.

Then my gaze moved to her backside. Her round, beautiful ass.

Gripping an ass-cheek in each hand, I spread them open. Looked at her puckered, tight butthole.

"This," I said, gripping her ass and moving it closer to my cock, "is not going to feel good. For you, at least."

There was a tiny yelp as I pressed the head of my cock to her butthole. A tightness and resistance blocking my entry. I pushed forward, grinning as the tip of my cock slowly disappeared into her hole. Her ass, spreading open around me, taking inch after inch of my length.

"Fuck!" Charlotte groaned. "Oh god, oh *god!*"

I pushed half-way into her, paused. She twitched, shuddered, closed her eyes. And, just before she could fully adjust, get used to the feel of my cock inside her ass, I slammed forward – burying every inch I had into her.

Her entire body lurched, jolted. A loud, sharp gasp burst from her lips. A low groan.

But I didn't give her time to adjust. Didn't give her a moment to relax. I pulled back, slammed forward, back, forward. Over and over, slamming my cock as deep as it'd go, pulling out almost all the way, then pounding forward. Putting my all into destroying her tight little ass.

Bedsprings creaked, the motel room filled with the sounds of groans and grunts. Charlotte bit down on a pillow, muffled herself with it. But, even so, her pained grunts and gasps were plenty loud. Sweet music to my ears.

But, as the minutes ticked by, and Charlotte relaxed into the act, those groans became moans. Her gasps of pain morphed into gasps of pleasure. She started bouncing herself back on my cock, eager to feel it deep inside her ass.

"No," I growled. "Not enough!"

I pulled out of her, grabbed hold of her shoulder.

She yelped as I yanked her up off the bed, dragged her towards one of the motel room walls.

No, I told myself, eyes darting around, searching for *something*. Anything I could use to break the slut down, punish her or humiliate her or make her suffer. *There!*

I pulled her over to the room's window. The curtains were closed for privacy, but what good was privacy to a whore like Charlotte? She *wanted* to be seen. She *wanted* people to know how filthy she really was.

Heart pounding in my ears, I shoved open the curtains – pushed Charlotte face-first to the window. Her huge tits pressed up against the glass, the side of her face flattened there for any passers-by to see.

It was late. Evening. But not so late that everyone would be asleep. There was a good chance someone, or multiple someones, would wander by – be treated to a lovely view of Charlotte.

"Babe," Charlotte said, sounding more than a little panicked. "I don't think-"

I silenced her with my cock.

Rammed it right back into her gaping asshole.

Her sharp gasp, the way her tense body relaxed, fully accepting what was happening, sent jolts of pure satisfaction coursing through me.

She wanted to be bullied? So be it.

I could do that and more. Much, much more...

I watched Charlotte sleep for a long while, weighing my options and trying to decide. Was this something I *really* wanted?

It was only when the weight of fatigue grew so heavy, when sleep was wrestling me

for control, that I finally gave it. Made my decision. One that, deep down, I knew I'd regret.

I picked up my phone, sent the text.

As soon as that was done, I collapsed onto the bed and curled up beside Charlotte. Though, oddly enough, when I closed my eyes and tried to sleep, it wouldn't come. I stayed curled there for an eternity, the regret already beginning to bubble up.

Tilly. The bitch who'd tried taking control of Charlotte away from me, who'd tortured and tormented my girl for so many months, who'd pushed Charlotte to her limits, would've been all too happy to push her past them... The bitch who I'd put so much work and effort into getting rid of.

And I'd just invited her back.

Stupid. It was stupid. Something that was going to come back and bite me in the ass in no time.

But I'd done it.

In the back of my mind, I heard the echo of Tilly's laughter. Her glee at making Charlotte suffer.

Fuck.

But I was too tired now. Too sleepy to do anything.

Too soon, the darkness took me.