

## All American Queen

### Chapter 17

As I stepped into my dorm room, I let out a soft sigh.

Everything was the same. Not a single thing had changed. The same silly posters on the walls, the same discarded clothes on the floor and empty bottles on side tables. Even the *smell* was the same. Not quite stale, but far from fresh. The sent of spilled booze, the pungent aroma of recently smoked weed.

It was like I'd never left.

With a smile tugging at my cheeks, I strode over to my bed and dumped my backpack beside it. Behind me, Charlotte stepped into the dorm room, sniffed the air and grimaced.

For someone who'd spent the better part of two days trapped in a cramped car, who'd had no time to beautify herself with fresh make-up or clean clothes or even brushed hair, she looked unbelievably stunning. Her hair stood out at odd angles, fluffy and frayed. But not so much that it looked *bad*. She looked like a girl who'd been having a wild time. Old, marred make-up and slightly dishevelled clothes gave her the appearance of a girl skulking home after a one-night stand.

And if there was anyone who looked especially hott with a 'walk of shame' get-up, it was the picture-perfect Charlotte.

"This place is a mess," my girlfriend said, closing the dorm room behind herself. "Is... Is that a *sex doll*?"

I followed Charlotte's wide-eyed stare, saw what looked like a blow-up sex doll's leg and arm protruding out from under one bed. I rolled my eyes, waved a dismissive hand.

"That," I said, hovering over my bed and pushing away all the shit my roommates had left on it – empty bottles and food packets and discarded, balled paper. "Is nothing. A bad joke. Don't worry about it."

"Your friends are gross," Charlotte said, looking down her nose at the crap covering the dorm room floor. "No wonder you stay at the sorority house so much."

"Yeah," I smiled. "*That's* why I like it there."

She blushed, pursed her lips.

"Get naked," I said. "I wanna warm up a lil' before we go see your sorority sisters. Wouldn't do for me to finish too soon when I'm with them, would it?"

"Here?" My girlfriend asked, doubtful. Her eyes roamed the dorm room, nose scrunching in disgust. She took in empty food packets, half-eaten snacks, dirty clothes strewn about randomly. "Now? I don't know... Wouldn't it be nicer to do it in my room instead? I'll have my soft bed and clean sheets and..."

I stared at her, watched as her face heated to a bright cherry red. She shifted nervously, unable to meet my gaze.

"I wasn't asking," I spoke softly, voice clear. "Get naked and get on a bed. I don't care which one. But I'd hurry up if I were you. No telling when the dumbasses will get back. Don't want them to walk in on you getting fucked, do you?"

Charlotte was butt-naked in moments. Leaping onto my bed as if her life depended on it.

Watching the tit-jiggle, those heavy melons bouncing and swaying, was a pleasure. No matter how many times I saw Charlotte's perfect tits, I never tired of the sight. They were like an artistic masterpiece, worthy of lengthy stares and deep gazing – a sight worthy of closer, intimate inspection.

She positioned herself on her back, legs spread, head on my pillow. Chest rising and falling, pussy glistening.

No. Not like this.

"On your hands and knees. We're doing it doggy style."

If Twig or Rock did happen to barge in on us, I wanted them to have a nice view of Charlotte being fucked. Not me on top of her, blocking her from view. And not her on top, able to drop down and hide her goodies from view.

Charlotte obeyed, rolling onto her knees and pushing herself up on all fours.

God, she had a nice ass. Round and perky. The kind of backside that rippled and bounced when spanked. Tight to squeeze, soft to slap.

She truly was perfection incarnate.

I climbed up onto the bed, made sure she was facing the dorm room's door before positioning myself behind her.

Had to make sure she gave the best view possible.

"Keep your eyes on it," I whispered into her ear, leaning over her as I fished out my cock. "They could come in at any moment. They might be walking down the corridor outside right now..."

"Baby," Charlotte breathed, voice hot with arousal. "Maybe we shouldn't... What if-"

I sank my cock into her.

She gasped, let out a high-pitched moan. Instinctively, she pushed backwards – impaled herself on my cock fully. Without me even needing to thrust, Charlotte began riding my cock. Ass bouncing off my body as she slammed herself back, tits swaying as she lurched forward only to drive back again.

Closing my eyes, I wrapped my hands behind my head. Leaned back and enjoyed the sensation of Charlotte fucking herself on me.

"Slut," I groaned softly. "Eager, aren't you? What's the matter? Afraid of being walked in on?"

Charlotte's only response was a sweet moan.

"No," I chuckled. "That's not it, is it? You're eager *because* you want someone to walk in. Makes you so horny you can't control yourself, doesn't it? Imagine it. Them barging in on us, seeing how much of a slut you are."

When she tried to say something – refute it – I thrust forward, buried myself to the hilt inside her. Her protests were cut off by a loud, sharp gasp. Within a few minutes, she was breathing raggedly. Unable to restrain her moans and gasps and panting.

"So loud," I said, stretching my arms out. "Bet half the dorm can hear you."

"Pl- Please," Charlotte gasped. "I... I can't..."

Hold back? Stop herself from cumming? Keep herself from being loud? Something else? It didn't matter. If she came, she'd be punished. If not, I'd just have to punish her for being such a loud, cock-hungry slut instead.

"Bet you *want* them to hear you. Hear how much of a *whore* you are, don't you?"

"No!" Charlotte moaned, bucking her hips vigorously. "No, I-"

I grabbed her arms around her elbows, pulled her back.

Her chest rose up almost vertically, tits dancing wildly at the door. If anyone walked in now, not only would they get a magnificent view of my girlfriend's naked rack, but she'd be completely unable to hide herself. Her arms tight in my grip, I fucked her with everything I had – feeling that familiar pressure building up inside. Mind fogging over with that one simple impulse; to fuck and fuck and cum.

Charlotte's moans and screams of pleasure echoed through the small room so loud, it was impossible that no-one else nearby couldn't hear them.

"Please!" My girlfriend begged. "Baby *please*! I need it! I need it so bad!"

"No," I grunted.

And I came.

Erupted, more like. A miniature volcano pumping wave after wave of cum into Charlotte. Burst after burst of pure satisfaction, followed by increasing waves of joyous exhaustion.

I collapsed backwards onto the bed, dragging Charlotte with me. Her pussy milking

my cock, desperate for more action – for a release of its own. And, as my cock softened, I swear I could *feel* her cunt's disappointment in how it squeezed my cock.

It took us a few minutes before we rose from the bed. A few more for Charlotte to put her clothes back on, cheeks pink and breathing ragged – lust in her eyes. Worked up and denied release.

I almost felt bad for her. Was tempted to give her permission.

How would she take it if I did? How would her sex-addled mind react to that kind of freedom? In my mind, I pictured her tearing off her jeans, finding the nearest hard, phallic object she could, and going to work on herself there and then.

Tempting. But not quite tempting enough for me to do it.

Let her suffer with denial.

Just as she was beginning to calm down, her arousal cooling off, the dorm room door opened.

A flare of hope blossomed inside me. A thought that could've spawned so many interesting ideas. What if they'd heard - Twig and Rock? What if they'd been listening, had waited for things to quiet down before entering?

But no. As they entered the room, noticed Charlotte standing there, the genuine surprise on their faces killed that possibility.

"Oh!" Charlotte gasped, turning away from them quickly. "Okay, so I'll see you in a bit? I'll just go freshen up and... Ah... Yeah! See you there!"

Before I could respond, she was rushing out of the room, brushing past my roommates and whispering apologies to them as she went. Both guys, predictably, leaned out of the open doorway as Charlotte made her way down the corridor. Staring at her ass, no doubt.

As soon as she was gone, both guys stepped back into the room.

"So..." Twig began, then paused. He sniffed, eyes narrowing. Then his eyes widened, flicked to my bed and back at me. "Hold up. Were you *fucking*?!"

"You realise just how fucked you are, don't you?"

I let out a sigh, shook my head.

Of course I knew. I'd known the instant I'd sent the text.

"What madness possessed you to invite her back? After all the effort you went through to send her away..."

"I know," I said. "I know."

"Seriously," Vanessa snapped. "What were you *thinking*?"

I had no idea how to answer that. Why *had* I invited Tilly back? There were reasons, obviously. Charlotte wanted to be tortured and tormented by her, and I wanted Charlotte to feel that punishment. But the reason why I'd *actually* typed the message, the thing that'd made me push 'send'; that was something I was still questioning *myself* over.

So, instead of answering Vanessa, I said the only thing that came to mind.

"Hey, how come you've never let me fuck you?"

"Are..." Vanessa blinked at me. "Are you broken?"

"You're gay, I get it," I gave the redhead a once-over, appreciating her subtle curves and lean build. "Not into guys and all that. But, like, what if you weren't doing it for you or for me, but for Charlotte? You want to turn her on and get her horny right? Blowing me is a guaranteed way of doing that."

She rolled her eyes.

"Come on," I said, slapping the most charming grin I could muster onto my face. "You can't tell me you're not at least *curious* about it. Me and you. A bit of naughty fun, purely for Charlotte's benefit. What do say?"

"Not a chance in hell," the redhead said.

Worth a shot.

"I can handle Tilly," I said. "Now she knows I'm not messing around, she'll fall in line. Just had to remind her who was in charge, is all. Now everyone is on the same page."

Vanessa snorted.

"Anyway," I continued. "Charlotte's waiting for me. I'll see you later. Unless you'd like to join us?"

"Pass," Vanessa said, waving her hand dismissively.

Her loss.

I slipped out of her room, made my way to one of the two rooms assigned to Charlotte. Not the fuck-room with the massive bed and collection of sex toys, but the supply closet she'd been given to sleep in. A cramped space, to say the least. Barely big enough for a single bed. But perfect to let Charlotte know her place.

As I walked to the supply closet bedroom, I passed a group of girls. All hotties; skinny and slutty and shameless. They giggled as I walked by, a few flashing me winks and suggestive looks, a few whispering things to the others and prompting even more giggles and grins.

When I entered Charlotte's room, I discovered why.

My girlfriend was a mess.

Sprawled out on her small bed, staring up at the ceiling and breathing heavily. Drenched in sweat and fluids I didn't even want to guess at. Breasts, with bright red lines crisscrossed all over them, rising and falling with every laboured breath. Blonde hair wet and sticky, far more dishevelled now that it'd been just an hour earlier. Her clothes were torn up, discarded onto the bed and floor. And, strewn about with the remains of Charlotte's clothing, were more sex toys than I could count at a glance.

I saw vibrators and butt-plugs, studded dildos and little whips. All of which seemed to have a wet sheen on them.

It'd only been an hour! How had the sorority bitches managed to do all *this* in such a short amount of time? It baffled the mind.

I stepped into the room, careful not to stand on a blue cock that was *still* vibrating. Inched my way towards Charlotte and sat down on the bed next to her.

She didn't react. Didn't even look at me.

"They really did a number on you, didn't they?"

Charlotte didn't respond.

"Should've expected it," I nodded to myself. "Of course they'd want to have some fun the moment you got back. Hell, now that I'm thinking about it, there should probably have been more of them. A whole line of bitches waiting to have fun with the sorority's fuckdoll."

The room stank. More than my dorm room had, certainly.

"Funny, isn't it?" I smiled. "We guys have a sex doll and the sorority has you. Only difference is, *you* actually get used."

That'd been the 'joke' with the doll. It was a dorm tradition. Most the guys got together, decided on which dorm room was the most 'sexless', and get that room a sex doll to share. Truly, the peak of drunken college-bro humour.

When I'd pointed out that I was dating the hottest girl around, implied I spent the majority of my time in this sorority house getting my dick wet, the dumbasses had claimed I was 'secretly gay'. That Charlotte was 'dating' me so other guys wouldn't hit on her. And that the reason the sorority girls 'tolerated' me was because I was 'practically one of them'.

I let out a chuckle, leaned back and grinned.

If only they knew.

But, truth was, they *needed* to see me as harmless. A few of the guys were dating girls from this very sorority. Girls I'd been fucking for months. If they didn't see me as harmless, they'd be forced to realise the truth of things.

"I was hoping to have some fun with you," I said, glancing to Charlotte. "Ya know,

carry on from earlier. But... looking at you now? I think finding some other slut to fuck would be better. Less messy and disgusting. You don't mind, do you?"

Still no response. She stared blankly up at the ceiling. Chest rising and falling, blinking occasionally, panting softly.

A broken, used, discarded doll.

"Fuck," I barked out a laugh. "I remember when you were the most dignified, mature, respectable person around. The girl everyone loved; teachers and parents and everyone at school. Charlotte, the good girl who could do no wrong. Who'd grow up to be a lawyer or doctor or whatever."

It was hard to imagine the creature beside me being anything other than a pornstar or prostitute. A high-class cocksleeve, for sure. With her looks, she'd never be some lowly streetwalker. But a lawyer or doctor or respected professional? Never.

"Now look at you."

It was a subtle change. Only noticeable because of how intimately aware I was of Charlotte's body. The way her breathing sped up just a little, the rosy flush in her cheeks, how her thighs spread just a little further apart. Charlotte might not have been aware of the shift herself.

She was getting aroused again.

"The next few years," I said, closing my eyes and picturing it. "They're going to be wild. All this shit we've been doing so far? It's just the start. Think of it. All the sluts I'll be fucking. All the torment you'll receive. It's only a matter of time before it's public knowledge, you know. It's only a matter of time before *everyone* knows just how much of a horny, kinky whore you are."

It was kinda surprising that it hadn't happened already. All the sorority girls that knew about Charlotte's kinks, all the quiet gossip and whispering, the photos and recordings. By now, everyone at the college should have heard about it.

"You won't be Miss Perfect anymore," I told her. "No one will look at you and see the beautiful, flawless Charlotte. All they'll see is the loser slut who gets off on being cheated on and abused. The campus laughingstock."

I pushed myself up, stood straight.

"Well then," I said happily. "I think I'm gonna go find one of your sorority sisters to fuck. Be a good doll and clean yourself up. And clean up the rest of the sorority house while you're at it. This place is filthy."

I didn't look back as I left the room. I didn't need to.

Charlotte's arousal, her agonising disappointment, were plenty familiar to me at this point.

Wind her up just to leave her hanging. A simple tease, but a classic. It'd never get old.

The last thing I heard before closing the door on her was Charlotte's soft whine. All her arousal and displeasure poured into that one, pitiable noise. Truly, it was a musical sound.

The grin on my face as I went in search of pussy didn't last long, however.

The rumbling of activity, the clamour of voices, and a weight of dread. I followed the noises, certain of what I'd find. Walked through the sorority house until I was standing at the top of a stairwell, looking down at a crowd of girls. Some happy, others disappointed. Most, I noticed, were confused. Not certain why they were all gathered, but curious to find out.

Past the crowd, at the sorority house's main entrance, the mass of women thinned. A single figure stood in the open doorway, an arrogant smile on her face and a twinkle in her eyes.

She looked up at me, and I met her gaze.

The gleeful amusement on the bitch's face made my insides coil, my stomach twist

and turn.

There she was. Back sooner than I'd been hoping.  
Tilly.