

All American Queen

Chapter 18

I followed the bitch into her bedroom, closed the door behind me. Even with the door closed, I could hear the muttering beyond. The dozen female voices all chattering to each other, their curiosity and need for gossip ruling over them. Likely, one or two would be pressing their ears to the closed door. Hoping to eavesdrop.

The temptation to kick the door, scare all the gossipy sluts away, blossomed inside me. My leg twitched. But I let the feeling pass. Let the urge evaporate away.

I had much bigger fish to fry than nosy whores.

Tilly sat down on the edge of her queen-sized bed, made a show of stretching her arms and letting out a little, happy sigh.

"Before you get too comfortable," I said, stepping towards her, "there are some things we need to go over. Some ground rules, if you will."

The bitch leaned back on her bed, smirked up at me.

I resisted the urge to reach down and throttle her.

"Yes?" Tilly hummed, somehow managing to sound confident and arrogant and amused all at the same time.

"Nothing happens to Charlotte that I haven't given my *express* permission for. No games, no tricks, no pushing boundaries unless you've come to me about it first. If you do anything, and I mean *anything*, without my stamp of approval, I'll have you kicked out again so fast you'll get whiplash."

Tilly's eyes twinkled with mischief. Her smile widened.

"I mean it, bitch. *I'm* in charge here, not you. Fuck with me, and you're gone. Fuck with Charlotte, and you're gone. Do *anything* to piss me off, and you won't even have time to pack your shit before I throw your ass out."

"Got it," Tilly smirked.

I glared at her.

"Is that all?" The short bitch asked sweetly. "Don't mess with you or Tits. Anything else?"

"Don't cause any problems," I grunted. "Don't get in my way."

"Kay."

I felt a vein in my temple bulge. Regret growing by the second. Why the fuck had I invited this cow back here?

For a few seconds more, I glared. Stared at that smirking, self-confident bitch and let every dark thought roll around inside my skull. Every vile name, every savage impulse. Then, without another word spoken, I turned away. Strode back to the bedroom door and yanked it open.

The gaggle of sluts outside parted for me as I thundered past, tittering and cooing to one another.

My feet took me exactly where I needed to go.

I barged into the small room without warning.

The girl who'd been curled up on her bed flinched, jerked upright. Eyes wide. Lips parted in shock.

Charlotte. Her big tits swaying, body as enticing as ever.

"Babe?" She managed to squeak out as I approached. "What's-"

I took her hand, pulled her towards me.

In one smooth motion, I was sitting on the edge of her bed with Charlotte across my knees. Ass in the air, head down. A yelp of surprise, but not a hint of resistance.

Without warning, I raised my hand.

Tilly. That *bitch*.

I brought my hand down, slapped Charlotte's ass hard. Her body jerked, tits

dangling beside my leg. She let out a loud gasp, followed by a quiet moan. Her big butt rippled, bounced back into a perfect, round shape.

Fuck her. *Fuck her.*

Again, I raised my hand.

An image of Tilly's smirk flashed in my mind. That cocky, arrogant, rich little cunt.

My hand came down, slapped Charlotte's ass again.

Another gasp of pain. Another whimper of pleasure.

The palm of my hand stung as I lifted it again, fingers flexing. My body felt hot. Heart pounding.

Charlotte. Why did she have to be such a *freak*? If not for her missing Tilly, wanting the bitch back, I wouldn't have to deal with this shit again. Tilly's attitude. The sorority sluts swarming to her. *Everything*.

"You deserve this," I grunted, voice sounding raw and rugged even in my own ears. "Stupid, needy *slut*. This is *all* you deserve!"

"Yes!" Charlotte gasped when I spanked her again.

The next time I raised my hand, I pictured Tilly across my knees. The short, petite, arrogant bitch herself.

I spanked Charlotte's ass so hard that time, I felt the reverberation all the way to my shoulder. Hot tingled shooting up and down my arm.

"It's your fault," I grunted, pulling my arm up. "Yours!"

"Yes!" Charlotte moaned, raising her ass higher. "Please!"

And down my hand came. Again and again and again.

I couldn't sleep. Staring up at my dorm room ceiling, feeling exhausted to my core. And I couldn't sleep.

The thoughts bouncing around in my skull, the endless barrage of images torn straight from my worst nightmares, kept my eyes wide open. Imaginings of Charlotte under Tilly's control, the bitch stealing her away, turning her down a dark path of self-destruction.

Charlotte was mine, dammit. *Mine*.

Why'd she have to go and tell me she wanted Tilly back?

Why couldn't she have just been happy with what I gave her?

Keeping Tilly in line... I didn't know that it'd even be possible. The only card I had to play against her was the photos and videos, her abusing Charlotte. It'd been enough to get her out of the way once. But twice? I doubted it. I wouldn't be able to take things directly to the bitch's father again, I was certain of that. And, with Tilly being who she was, what other options would I have?

She had wealth, power, influence. She practically ran the sorority, could probably dictate things to the college as a whole.

What could I possibly do, besides let her have her way?

My only hope was that Tilly wouldn't push things. Would fall in line. That she'd believe my threats, wouldn't see right through them. But how likely was *that*?

It was only a matter of time before she started pushing boundaries again, started trying to take control.

And what could I do about it?

Fuck.

Fuck!

All I could do was hope. Hope I had the time to come up with a plan. Hope that Tilly would back off, wouldn't push me.

Hope that was dashed the moment my phone vibrated.

Somehow, I knew. As soon as I heard the rumbling, some part of me *knew* what it was. What it meant.

Tilly had done something.

I almost didn't check. My resignation, the deep sigh that I let out, the feeling telling me I wouldn't like it, it all tried to keep me from pulling my phone out and checking it. I almost, *almost* didn't cave.

Then an image of Charlotte flashed into my head, Tilly towering over her with that arrogant smirk on her face.

I grabbed my phone, opened it, checked my new message.

A video file, sent from Charlotte's phone.

My instincts told me to mute it before hitting play.

Charlotte stood there, red faced. Looking up from my phone screen with a mixture of shyness and arousal. In her arms, held snugly against her massive tits, were an assortment of dildos.

Nodding her head to something I couldn't hear, Charlotte began putting the toys down on the floor, arranging them by size. Everything from a thumb-sized bullet vibrator, to regular-sized plastic cocks, to a thick and floppy double-ended monstrosity. That last one, Charlotte held up in both hands, blushing profusely. Again, she nodded her head.

And the video ended.

I stared at my screen for a few seconds, heat bubbling up in my chest. My eyes wouldn't pull away, couldn't look away from that last frame of the video. Charlotte's face. Her blushing, shy, excited smile.

There wasn't a doubt in my mind as to who'd been the one recording her. Who'd been holding the phone. Who'd sent the video.

Tilly.

I was getting out of bed, putting some clothes on, when the next message came. Another video, Charlotte front and centre.

In it, she held up the smallest of the toys. The vibrator that looked no bigger than my thumb. She opened her mouth, said something that I couldn't hear with my phone muted, then nodded her head. She sat down on an unfamiliar bed, spread her legs open, pressed the small toy to her leaking mound.

The last frame of the video was my girlfriend inserting the tip of the toy, penetrating her tight hole with it.

A third video came as I was making my way down a dorm staircase. Charlotte, with a slightly bigger toy inside her. Lips parted, body shaking, hand pumping the toy in and out of herself. Her lips were moving, saying something. But, without earbuds, I couldn't risk unmuting.

The fourth video popped up as I was rushing out of the dorm building, practically sprinting towards the sorority house.

My phone buzzed with another message before I arrived there.

I didn't bother checking it, didn't stop to watch the clip. I knew what it'd be – Charlotte 'trying out' progressively larger toys. Stretching herself wider and wider until it came time for the main event. The thick, double-ended dildo.

Knowing Tilly's depravity, she'd probably make Charlotte shove both ends of the toy inside herself; one for her pussy, the other for her ass.

The moment I set foot inside the sorority house, I launched myself into the search. Kicking doors open, scaring the shit out of sleeping sluts, going from room to room in search of Charlotte and Tilly. My phone vibrated a few more times, several new videos to taunt me. I didn't waste time watching them.

But, after every room had been checked and double checked, after I'd run out of steam, I still hadn't found them.

Tilly wasn't here. Charlotte was nowhere to be found.

Heart racing, mind throbbing, I sat down on an empty bed, opened my phone, looked through my new messages.

All but one were video files. Short clips.

The one that wasn't, the most recent message, was an address.

I didn't want to get up.

My legs felt heavy. My chest ached and my head throbbed.

This was what Charlotte wanted. I should just leave her to deal with it. The consequences of her own desires.

Sighing, I slid my phone into a pocket. Stood.

The address. I knew it.

It was the exact same one I'd given Tilly's father a lifetime ago. The place I'd had him meet me. The place where I'd all but blackmailed him into pulling Tilly from college. A little restaurant not too far from college grounds. A cosy diner that shouldn't be open this late at night.

My feet took me outside, started me in the right direction.

Tilly wanted to fuck with me? Fine.

Fine.

I'd play along. For now.

But the first chance I got... She'd regret it.

Lil' Momma's Diner.

The lights were on, though I couldn't see anyone inside. No cars in the parking lot, no people going in or out. The small diner looked deserted. Abandoned, but for the fact the lights were on and bright and welcoming.

I stood there for a few moments, looking for the trap. Tilly's game. Trying to see through whatever the bitch was scheming.

Then, fists clenched and eyes narrowed, I strode forward.

I stepped into the diner, knew exactly where to go. Without hesitation, I walked over to the table I'd had my 'conversation' with Tilly's father. And there, lounging like she owned the place, was the queen bitch herself.

"Where is she?" I said, glancing around.

"Not here," Tilly shrugged. "Have a seat. Your pretty girlfriend is fine. Resting, I'd say. She's had a long day."

I glared at her.

"Sit," she said, nodding to an empty chair.

I did. Glaring at Tilly all the while, I sat down on the empty chair, waited for the little cunt to have her say. Play her silly games. In the end, it'd be me who'd have the last laugh.

"It was a brilliant move," Tilly said, leaning back and smiling at me. "Going to my father. It wasn't something I'd expected or planned for. You took me by surprise. So, well played on that."

With a grunt, I crossed my arms. Waited.

"Oh, don't look so butthurt. *You're* the one who wanted me back. I'd have been happy to take the L and move on. *You* are the reason I'm here. So quit it with the grumpiness! I just want to talk..."

"About what?" I snapped. "Where's Charlotte? What'd you make her do?"

"Already sent you the videos," Tilly shrugged, smiled. "You know what me and your naughty girlfriend got up to. Or did you not watch them all yet? I can respect that. Saving the good stuff for later, when you're all alone and hard and-"

"What," I said, fists clenched tight, "do you want?"

"To have fun," Tilly beamed. "I'd have thought *that* was obvious. And Tits? Well, she's the most entertaining toy I've gotten to play with in a long while."

"She's not *yours*. And she's not a toy."

"Sure, sure," Tilly said, rolling her eyes. "Regardless, I think we've gotten off on the wrong foot. I'm not your enemy here. I'm not going to steal Tits away from you. And I'm not going to ruin her for you. I'm just here to have a bit of fun, is all..."

Right. Like I'd believe *that*.

"My father," Tilly sighed in exasperation, "is a piece of work. I'm an only child, no brothers or sisters – at least that I'm aware of. There might be a few lil' bastards running around somewhere. That's besides the point! What matters is, I am my father's only heir. His pride and joy, or so you'd think."

Tilly shook her head, feigning sadness. The tug on her cheeks, the smile she was resisting, dissuaded any possibility of that 'sadness' being genuine.

"A man like him? You'd expect him to show me the ropes, put his free-time into teaching me, doting on me. All that cheesy, gooey shit. But no. I barely see him, speak to him even less. If it's not a special occasion – Thanksgiving or Christmas – I doubt he even remembers I exist."

"And you're telling me this why?" I grumbled.

What was her game? Where was the trap?

What was all this *about*?

"Context," Tilly shrugged, grinned. "Reasons. Bottom line is this; you pissed him off. A lot. I've never seen the man so angry, and he's not exactly the type of person to keep his feelings to himself. So much ranting and raging, face all red like he was about to have a heart attack or something. It was wonderful! Magical! What I 'want' is *more*. More of *that*. And you, Mr Big-Dick, are going to help me."

"And why the fuck would I want to help you?"

"Here's the deal," Tilly said, ignoring my question. "I'll do what I want with Charlotte, when I want to do it. Don't like it? Too bad. If she says 'no' to anything, I won't make her do it. I'm not a monster. And, as much fun as it'd be to pimp her out to teachers and frat boys, I won't make her have sex with any man except you. Oh, and I don't do anything to ruin her *precious* good looks. That, you have my word on."

"Where is she?"

I was too tired to deal with this. Whatever game the bitch was playing, I couldn't care less. I was over this.

Tilly didn't answer.

She simply put a phone on the table between us. A phone I recognised right away from its pink case.

Charlotte's.

"A little hotel," the bitch smiled. "Just down the road from here. Room 34."

I found Charlotte curled up on the bed. One end of the double-ended dildo between her legs, the other in her mouth. Her ass, I noticed, was also filled. A big, blue dildo spreading the whole wide open.

Her eyes were closed, drool leaking around the toy in her mouth.

Sleeping soundly.

Sighing, I walked up to the bed, climbed onto it.

She stirred as I pulled the toys out of her. Both sides of the double-ended dildo, and the second toy. Her eyes blinked open as I tossed the sex toys aside.

Pretty blue irises stared up at me, dazed and tired and content.

"Baby," she whispered happily, closing her eyes again. "I missed you... Come... Come..."

Her mouth went slack as sleep took her again.

I shook my head, pulled a blanket over her. The room, I'd been told, was paid up for the night. No-one would be coming to kick us out. Might as well sleep here.

Not that I got into bed with Charlotte right away.

I let her rest in bed, turned the light off, used my phone screen as a torch. Sitting myself down on a chair beside the bed, I went through my messages again. Clicked on the most recent video file.

An image of Charlotte popped up on the screen.

Sucking off one end of the double-ended dildo while she bounced on the other. Body hunched, the toy squeezed between her tits. I unmuted the audio, made it quiet enough that I'd have to strain to hear it.

"That's it Tits!" Tilly's voice sounded. "Work that meat!"

Charlotte moaned, fucked the toy more vigorously. The harder she rode one end, the less control she had on the other. Gagging and choking and moaning, she sounded exactly as she looked. Like a slut. A horny, sex-crazed fuck doll.

"You love it! Don't you slut?"

"Mm'hm!" Video-Charlotte managed to moan.

"Gonna show these videos to everyone! Show the whole world how much of a slut you are! Bet you'd love that, wouldn't you?!"

I stopped the video, closed my messages, set my phone aside.

Absently, my hand reached for my cock – the big, uncomfortable bulge in my pants. I shut my eyes, fondled myself, pushed all thoughts of Tilly from my mind.

When I climbed onto the hotel room bed a few minutes later, sleep was the furthest thing from my mind.