

## All American Queen

### Chapter 19

For a whole week, I waited. Attending lectures, spending my free time with Charlotte, hanging out in the dorms with my roommates. Tilly's words bouncing around inside my skull all the while, her voice teasing and taunting. A whole week of mental torment.

The worst part? Nothing really happened.

Every moment of every day spent waiting for the inevitable, for Tilly to cross the line.

When my phone vibrated as I was grabbing a bite to eat, my chest thrummed. Every vein in my body seemed to pulse. I reached into a pocket, pulled out the phone, read the message from Tilly.

The picture that accompanied it was of Charlotte, her pretty lips wrapped around a dildo. Eyes staring up at the camera, watering slightly as she struggled against the dildo's length. Cheeks wet with saliva, makeup running, hair messy.

Another picture followed a few minutes later, as I was striding towards the sorority house.

This one was a lower shot. The camera placed below Charlotte's head, looking up at her through a valley of cleavage.

Drool ran down Charlotte's jaw to her chin, collecting there in a big, shiny glob of saliva. The dildo was still in her mouth and, amazingly, I could see the bulge of it in her throat.

My cock stirred even as I quietly cursed Tilly.

By the time I reached the sorority house, I was drenched in sweat and panting like a dog. I barrelled in through the front doors, b-lined it right for Charlotte's fuck-room. I'd recognised the walls from the photos Tilly had sent.

I found Charlotte holding up a glossy-wet dildo.

She was kneeling on the floor, holding the base of the toy with both hands. The entire thing was drenched in her saliva. All of it. A foot-long dildo, and Charlotte had managed to deepthroat the whole thing.

The glowing pride in her eyes said it all.

"My," a familiar, teasing, bitchy voice said. "You got here fast, didn't you? Look, you're drenched in sweat. Tsk, tsk."

I tried to reply, respond, but the only thing that came out of my mouth was a choked gasp. I hunched over, sucked in air, tried to steady my breathing. Which, of course, Tilly used as an opportunity to get a few little digs in.

"Can't have run *that* far," she tutted. "You shouldn't be this out of breath, not even close. Gotta work out more. Improve your cardio and so on."

"Fuck," I breathed. "You."

"You might just get the chance to!" Tilly laughed. "Would you like that, Tits? Wanna watch me fucking your boyfriend?"

Charlotte glanced between us, blushing brightly.

"Uh-huh," Tilly giggled. "I thought so!"

Charlotte looked down, face red.

"What d'ya say, loverboy?" Tilly said, turning to face me, smiling wickedly. "Do you wanna fuck me?"

My voice caught in my throat, eyes widening.

In the back of my mind, images of choking the bitch out as I fucked her flashed. Spanking her as I pounded her from behind. Filling her tight ass with cock, listening to her loud screams. Having her beg me for more, under my complete control.

Yes. After everything she'd done, all the problems she'd caused, I *did* want to fuck the cunt. Put the bitch in her place.

"Sure," I grunted, as nonchalant as I could manage.

The twinkle in Tilly's eye told me she knew *exactly* what thoughts were running through my head. Her smirk widened.

Then she turned back to Charlotte.

"I told you, didn't I?" She asked.

Charlotte nodded her head, eyes still down.

"He wants me," Tilly said with a vicious smile. "Probably dreams about fucking me. Fantasises about it."

She wasn't wrong. Hate-fucking the bitch had been a persistent thought of mine for a long, long time. If anyone deserved it – being railed and used like a cheap whore – it was Tilly.

"That's *really* why you wanted me back here, isn't it Tits?" Tilly continued, voice filled with gleeful poison. "You know none of the sorority girls are a *real* threat. He might fuck them, sure. But they're not going to steal him away from you. They're just... harmless fun, aren't they?"

Charlotte's blush spread to her neck, her lips opening as she let out a breathy pant. The faintest hints of a moan.

"But not me," Tilly said. "Me? I'm different. If I wanted to steal your boyfriend away, I could. Make him break up with you, have him start dating me instead. *That's* why you want me here. It makes everything *real*. Any time I want, I can ruin you. Take everything from you. *Break* you. There's nothing you can do about it. And that turns you on, doesn't it? Makes you wet and horny to think about..."

Tilly giggled at Charlotte's shame, walked over to the kneeling girl. Without warning, Tilly lowered her form-fitting yoga pants, exposed her crotch right in front of Charlotte's face.

"Eat," Tilly commanded.

And, without hesitation, Charlotte obeyed.

"That's right," Tilly giggled. "Pretend like you're licking your boyfriends cum out of me. Who knows, maybe soon it will be."

I shook my head at the sight.

Charlotte hungrily lapping away at Tilly's insides. Tilly standing over her, that same evil look in her eyes as always. A predator toying with its helpless prey.

If not for how kinky and slutty the sight was, I'd have been disgusted by it. By Tilly and Charlotte both. But, as it was, I found myself shifting uncomfortably where I stood – hard cock being crushed by pants that were too tight around it. I reached down without thinking, began massaging the bulge as I watched Charlotte work.

Was it true? Did Charlotte *actually* believe I'd leave her for this short, flat-chested bitch? It seemed so absurd, so silly, that I couldn't even take the thought seriously.

Not in a million years. Not *ever*.

But... If Charlotte really *was* worried about it...

I filed the thought away for another time.

"Enjoying the show?" Tilly said, looking over her shoulder at me. "Sandy's waiting in her room for you, if you want to go get your cock wet."

There was a glint in her eye. A challenge.

She was dismissing me. Telling me to go fuck one of her sycophants. Would I 'obey', go fuck Sandy? Or would I resist her, deny her, cause a scene?

I grunted, turned, left the room.

It wasn't worth the effort to put Tilly in her place. Not right now. The last thing I needed was to look weak and whiney in front of Charlotte.

But, that wasn't to say I was just going to heel.

I didn't head to Sandy's room. Not yet. I'd get my dick wet with that slut soon enough. But, right now, I had a golden opportunity. My feet led me through the sorority house, up a flight of stairs, took me directly to Tilly's bedroom door.

With a smile on my face, I let myself in.

It was an ordinary room. Not much in the way of decoration or personality. Plain bed and sheets, plain dresser and wardrobe, a few articles of clothing scattered around. No posters on the walls, no picture frames or ornaments.

I began my search with the drawers.

Panties and bras and socks in one, shirts and blouses and dresses in another, pants and skirts filled a third.

The wardrobe was filled with coats and shoes and formal wear, none of which was very useful to me. I was closing the wardrobe doors when I spotted it, nestled under a shoebox at the back of the wardrobe.

A small, black folder.

I snatched it up quickly, began riffling through it – looking for anything I could possibly use against the queen bitch.

What I found was something completely unexpected.

A list of women, followed by a document on each of them. Who they were, where they worked, how old they were, places they frequented, where they graduated from and with what achievements. Full documents detailing the lives of a dozen different women, each sheet coming with a photo of the woman it was about.

And all of them had very noticeable similarities.

Large busts. Slim waists. Blue eyes. Long blonde hair.

All of them were in their twenties or early thirties. All of them were beautiful, albeit with obvious cosmetic surgeries in some cases. And all of them were well-educated.

It was like looking at a line-up of wannabe Charlottes.

One of them had a blatant nose-job, huge tits that must've been fake with how they ballooned out. Another's blonde hair was obviously dyed that way. Yet another had dyed hair *and* fake tits.

What the hell was all this?

I flipped the folder shut, read the single word printed in bold letters on the cover.

"Mistresses."

Tilly had mistresses?

But no, that didn't make sense. All these women, they lived in another city. Most of them, it seemed, had ties to Tilly's family business. A secretary here, an intern there. One of them, curiously, was marked as the 'daughter of a subordinate'.

What was all this-

It clicked.

Not Tilly's mistresses. Her *father's* mistresses.

The man had a thing for busty, beautiful blondes. Had his own little extra-marital harem of them. A dozen women! No wonder he didn't have any time for Tilly, if he was off getting his balls emptied *this* much.

Suddenly, it made sense. Tilly's disdain for Charlotte, her glee at Charlotte's suffering, all of it.

Charlotte was everything these mistresses were and more. She was all natural, a true beauty. Charlotte didn't need a nose job or lip plumper, she had perfect tits without needing implants or enhancement. She was everything these women wanted to be. Everything Tilly's father could possibly want in a woman.

And Tilly *hated* her for it.

There was more – I was certain of it.

Why did Tilly have this folder? Who'd compiled it for her? A private investigator? Why would Tilly go *that* far? What possible reason could she have to hire someone to track these women down and document them?

And what did all this mean for me and Charlotte?

I slipped the black folder back where I'd found it, closed the wardrobe, stepped

away.

No time to figure it all out now. I'd already been here longer than I'd planned. Couldn't have Tilly or her cronies coming to look for me, finding me in her room.

My head buzzed with thoughts as I left, headed through the sorority house and made my way to Sandy's room.

"You really worried about me leaving you for her?" I asked as we walked through the campus holding hands.

"I... I don't know," Charlotte blushed. "I don't *think* you'll dump me for her. I know how much you dislike her. But, at the same time, part of me thinks you *might*. Even if you don't like her. You *could*, you know? Does that make sense?"

"Not really," I shrugged.

Her face scrunched up as she tried to think of a better way of explaining it. Before she could come up with something, I continued speaking.

"But it doesn't matter," I said, squeezing her hand. "I'm not gonna dump you. Not for Tilly. Not for anyone."

"Careful," Charlotte smiled. "Don't make promises you can't keep!"

"I'm not," I grinned. "Gonna keep this promise forever."

"Really?" Charlotte beamed. "Even if I want you to stop sleeping with other girls?"

"Yup. Who needs other sluts when I have you?"

"What if one of the videos leaks, and everyone finds out about me and my *stuff*?"

"So what? Let 'em be even more jealous of me."

"What about when I'm all old and wrinkly?"

"You'll still be beautiful."

"What if..." Charlotte pursed her lips. "What if I cheated on you with another guy?"

I raised an eyebrow at her.

"Hypothetically!" She said quickly, blushing. "I haven't actually- I was just- I mean-"

"You won't," I smiled, shrugged. "Sleeping around isn't your 'thing'. You get all the sex and pleasure you could ever want, and then some. You can thank me and your sorority sisters for that. You wouldn't cheat, Charlotte. You're not the type."

She nodded her head, cheeks rosy.

"Now *me* on the other hand? Hands down I'd fuck around with other girls. Who knows, I might be cheating on you already."

Charlotte looked up at me, eyes wide.

"Who knows," I smirked. "Maybe that's where I'm going tonight. To go fuck my other girlfriend's brains out. Spend the night at her place. You'd never know if I did."

Charlotte bit her lip, face hot.

"All hot and bothered thinking about it, aren't you?"

She nodded her head.

"Good slut."

The room we were in was more like a studio than a bedroom. Large lights shining at the bed, expensive-looking cameras on tripods all pointed at the same place. If not for the lack of a camera crew and director, I'd have assumed I'd just walked in on a porn set.

I glanced at Tilly, who walked right past me.

"A bit much, isn't it?"

She ignored the question, walked by each of the cameras and checked to make sure they were all working properly.

Clad in a neat schoolgirl outfit; blouse buttoned up, a blazer on top with matching tie, plaid skirt and stockings too. She walked over to the bed, stood at the foot, turned to look at me with that self-confident smirk of hers.

"For the next half-hour, I'm yours," Tilly said, looking me up and down. "Do whatever

you want to me. I'll be your fuckdoll 'til the timer runs down. Make the most of it, loverboy. This might well be the only chance you ever get."

Fuckdoll? Say no more.

I pulled my shirt up over my head, tossed it aside. A moment later, my pants and underwear followed.

I strode into view of the cameras butt-naked and rock hard.

Striding to the short bitch, stopping in front of her.

She had to look up to meet my eyes. Yet, even so, she still smirked. Silent mockery filled her eyes.

I grabbed a fistful of her hair, making the slut gasp in pain. A heartbeat later, I was shoving her head down, pushing Tilly onto her knees. Holding her by her hair with one hand, I reached down with the other – took hold of my cock and pointed it at Tilly's mouth.

The instant the tip touched her lips, I dragged her head toward me – forced her mouth onto my cock. I didn't give her time to adjust, not a single second to breathe, before I started thrusting. Fucking the whore's mouth without mercy.

She looked up at me with watering eyes and somehow, even with my cock spreading her mouth wide open, she managed to smirk.

Gagging and choking, tears running down her puffed-out cheeks, and she was *still* smirking at me!

I clutched her head with both hands, fucked her face even harder.

Gripping her by her throat, I tossed her backwards. Heat coursed through my veins, every muscle tight and every sense focused in on Tilly.

She landed on the bed with a bounce, laughing a little even as she gently rubbed her throat.

I climbed onto the bed after her.

She sat up just in time for me to grab her schoolgirl blouse and tear it open. Buttons flew off in every direction, the sound of them hitting the walls and floor was lost under the pounding in my ears. The *thump-thump* of my heart, loud as thunder.

"Is that all you've got?" Tilly laughed. "Stop being a pussy and *fuck me!*"

I growled, pushed her back. As she flopped onto the bed giggling, I grabbed her waist, rolled her over onto hands and knees. The bitch wiggled her ass at me.

I spanked her. Hard.

A gasp of pain cut through Tilly's laughter, loud and sharp. Followed by another gasp. And another. The sound of skin hitting skin, the sight of her quickly reddening asscheeks bouncing with every strike. It was musical. Magical.

Only when both cheeks were red-raw did I take hold of my cock, direct it to Tilly's dripping pussy.

She moaned as I penetrated her.

Gasped as my cock explored her deepest parts.

Grunted when I wrapped both hands around her neck from behind - squeezing her throat and basking in the choked gasps and grunts for air she made.

I was on cloud nine, fucking her like that. Pounding Tilly's hole with everything I had. Using my hold on her neck as leverage as I slammed forward, squeezing it as I pulled back. I fucked her like the stupid, annoying bitch she was.

Right up until the timer sounded.

My thirty minutes were up.

I froze in place, brain not quite able to recognise what the sound meant. Every impulse in my body and brain compelling me to ignore it, continue fucking the whore.

Before I did anything, I felt a foot on my stomach.

A moment later, I was toppling backwards off the bed.

Tilly's laughter bounced around the room.

A few hours later, sitting in bed with a terrible case of blueballs, I got a message from Tilly. A link to some private website. A livestream.

I opened it, not quite sure what to expect but knowing I wasn't going to like it.

An image of Charlotte appeared. Standing in the room I'd been fucking Tilly in, standing in the exact same spot as Tilly had been in when we'd started. Wearing an identical schoolgirl outfit that hugged her figure amazingly.

"Told you I was going to show you how he fucked me, didn't I?" Tilly's voice was saying from somewhere offscreen. "I recorded it from every angle, just to make sure I got everything right. But don't worry, you won't have to watch all of that, Tits. You won't have to watch *any* of it. Like I said, I'm going to *show* you."

She walked into frame then. Tilly.

Butt-naked except for a strap-on. A big, hard, pink dildo protruding from the strap-on harness.

Tilly walked over to Charlotte, grabbed her by the scalp.

Charlotte gasped in pain, eyes wide. And, a moment later, she yelped as Tilly shoved her roughly down to her knees.

Holding Charlotte's hair with one hand, Tilly grabbed her strap-on with the other, pointed the dildo at Charlotte's mouth.