

## All American Queen

### Chapter 2

"I've been thinking a lot," Charlotte said, cheeks red. "About *that*. You know, the 'plan'."

We were in her room, under her pink blanket together. Naked and warm and happy, my cock slowly deflating against Charlotte's thigh. Her parents were out, wouldn't be back for hours yet. It was just the two of us. Enjoying our time together as lovers do.

I gave her a little, comforting squeeze.

Tomorrow was the big day. The 'thing' we'd been planning ever since Charlotte's best friend had caught us in the act.

"I don't..." My girlfriend's voice was quiet, a gentle breath against my chest. "I don't think I can go through with it."

I raised an eyebrow.

"Wasn't it your idea to begin with?" I asked.

"Technically," Charlotte whispered, "it was *Olivia's* idea."

"But you agreed," I said. "You're the one who wanted it..."

Why did I feel so annoyed?

I mean, the 'good boyfriend' thing to do would've been to accept my girl's change of heart. If she'd decided that she didn't want me fucking her best friend, there wasn't really much I could do, you know? But, deep down, something stirred inside me. That annoyance and indignation, the denial of what I wanted.

"I know," Charlotte sighed. "And a part of me *still* wants it. But I can't. I don't... I'm *scared*."

"Scared of what?" I smiled reassuringly.

"I'm scared of losing you," Charlotte said so quietly, I could barely hear her. "What if you have sex with Olivia and she's better than me? What if you don't want me any more? What if you leave me to be with her? What if-"

"Babe." The one word cut her off, made her look deep into my eyes. "Charlotte..."

I wanted to fuck Olivia.

Charlotte had given me something every guy wishes for – the freedom to fuck anyone he wants. And now she was trying to take that away. Olivia was hott – not as stunningly sexy as Charlotte – but more than hott enough for me. No way was I going to let this opportunity slip me by.

"Maybe I will," I told her.

She tensed, eyes widening.

"Maybe she'll be so much better than you that I won't want to fuck you ever again," I continued, heart thumping. "Maybe I'll break up with you and start dating her instead."

Charlotte's eyes began to water. Tears forming.

I reached down, rubbed her cunt – knew that her eyes weren't the only thing getting wet.

"That's what scares you, isn't it?" I asked her as my fingers glided down her snatch. "You're terrified you're not good enough. You're terrified of losing me. And who knows, maybe you will."

Charlotte pursed her lips, looked down.

"But that's too bad," I told her with a smile. "Because I'm going to fuck Olivia tomorrow anyway. I'm going to pound her and you're going to watch."

"Please," Charlotte gasped, shutting her eyes as the tears began to fall. "Please don't."

I grinned, gave her nose a little peck.

Olivia opened the house's front door, sauntered inside with swaying hips and a sultry smile.

I walked in after her, Charlotte following meekly behind.

"You're sure we've got the place to ourselves?" I asked, eyeing Olivia's bubble butt. "No chance of interruption?"

"I'm an only child," Olivia smiled. "Mom's dead and Dad gets home at around midnight. We've got all afternoon to enjoy ourselves."

Her eyes flicked to Charlotte and her smile widened.

"Great," I said, nodded my head. "In that case, lead the way."

Olivia was, as I've already mentioned, hott as fuck.

Tan skin and long dark hair, with matching dark brown eyes. Slender and athletic build. She wasn't as busty as Charlotte, but where she lacked in tits she more than made up for in the ass department. Her butt-cheeks were as round and full and juicy as anyone could ever hope for in a woman. She had the kind of backside that twerking was invented for.

Clad in a black tank-top and amazingly tight jeans, she was a mouth-watering sight to behold. The second hottest girl at school.

As she led us up to her bedroom, I glanced back at Charlotte.

My girlfriend was downcast. Looking at the floor, shoulders slumped, accepting of what was about to happen but not in any way happy about it. She would be though. As soon as things got going, I knew, Charlotte would be the person who'd be into it the most.

She had come, after all.

It would've been the easiest thing in the world for her to walk home, or head somewhere else. Instead, she'd come here. With us.

She *wanted* this. She was just feeling a little uncertain. That's all.

Once inside Olivia's bedroom – a large room with boy-band posters and artistic tapestries all over the walls – I took my girlfriend by the hand. She didn't resist, didn't say anything, as I led her to Olivia's queen-sized bed, had her sit down on it.

"So," I said, turning to face Olivia. "Should we get started?"

The girl laughed, eyes once again flicking to Charlotte.

"What, no foreplay or light fun? Just right down to business? No, that's not gonna work. I like to nibble on my food before I eat it. Really savour the taste..."

There was something a little off with Olivia and Charlotte's friendship. I'd always sensed it, always seen it in the way Olivia sometimes looked at her best friend. But it wasn't until now that I realised what it was. All those narrow-eyed looks? All those little comments she made from time to time?

It was envy.

Olivia was *jealous* of Charlotte.

I don't know what it was exactly that brought on the realisation. Perhaps it was just the oddly erotic spiteful glee in Olivia's eyes as she looked at Charlotte. But I knew it was true the moment the thought came to me. Olivia was envious of Charlotte. She was jealous of her best friend.

It made sense. Charlotte was an overachiever. A perfect student and athlete, beautiful beyond compare and charismatic in a way that few people could be. Charlotte was everything a girl could ever aspire to be – she was the quintessential All-American 'Dream Girl'. Blonde, beautiful, busty, brilliant. There was plenty to be envious of.

But still... The realisation was surprising.

And, somehow, sexy.

"Savour away," I chuckled, stepping towards Olivia. "Taste to your heart's content."

I wasn't able to look at Charlotte's face as Olivia leaned in to kiss me. I couldn't see the anguish or arousal in her eyes.

But, as my lips and Olivia's mingled, as our tongues danced and our hands explored each other, I found myself caring less and less about what my girlfriend might be feeling. I lost myself in Olivia; the taste of apple and cinnamon on her lips, the firm butt-

cheeks that I'd only ever been able to appreciate from afar 'til now, the feel of her body against mine, her tongue in my mouth.

When we broke apart, Olivia was panting. Face flushed.

"If you fuck as good as you kiss," she breathed, placing a hand on my chest and pushing me backward – towards the bed. "Then we're going to have to make this a regular thing."

"I'd be up for that," I grinned.

Our lips met again when we reached the bed.

Before I knew what was happening, I was falling backwards onto the mattress, Olivia on top of me. For a girl who said she didn't like to rush things, she certainly got my pants off real fast.

"Oh wow," Olivia giggled, hand wrapping around my shaft as she straddled me. "Someone's packing heat. If I'd have known you were this *equipped*, I'd have done this a long time ago."

It would've been a sweet thing to say, if she hadn't been looking directly at Charlotte as she said it.

For her part, Charlotte didn't say anything. She just sat there, eyes wide, face pale. Watching. Unmoving.

"So," Olivia smiled. "Are you ready to fuck me, big boy?"

"You know I am," I grinned up at her.

"No condom," she purred. "I want you to fill me up."

Again, her eyes flicked to Charlotte.

"Don't worry," I told her. "I will."

When Olivia left the room to go get snacks, I turned to look at Charlotte.

Her cheeks were pink, hands between her legs.

She couldn't look me in the eye.

"Well that was fun," I smiled at her. "Your friend really knows how to ride dick. You should ask her for some tips."

Charlotte flinched, didn't reply.

"You're wet, aren't you?"

Slowly, my girlfriend nodded her head. She looked down at the mattress in shame and, once again, I was struck by just how beautiful she was. A blonde bombshell. Perfect.

"Say it," I told her softly.

She blushed brighter, shook her head.

Totally naked, I sat up in bed, reached out a hand and took hold of Charlotte's chin – made her look at me.

"I said," I spoke slowly. "Say it."

"I... I'm wet," Charlotte confessed.

"Nasty slut," I grinned. "Getting wet from watching your best friend ride your boyfriend. She has a nice cunt, you know. Very tight. Not loose like *some* girls."

Charlotte closed her eyes, let out a hot pant.

"My cock's covered in her cum. That's no good. When she gets back with snacks, we're gonna start fucking again. And I can't go fucking her with a dirty cock now, can I?"

Charlotte's eyes shot open. She knew what I wanted, even without me needing to say the words.

"Suck it dry," I commanded her. "Show me just how worthless you are, whore. Suck your best friend's cum off my cock. Clean me for her."

When she didn't move, didn't obey, I grabbed the back of her head. Gentle, yet firm, I guided her face to my flaccid cock.

She didn't resist. Didn't fight it.

And, when her lips came into contact with it, she did what I wanted her to do. She

began licking, then sucking.

The look on her face as she cleaned my cock with her mouth was wonderful. The perfect mixture of shame and disgust and arousal and pain. An overwhelming stew of emotions that urged her on as she swirled her tongue around my meat, slid her lips up and down its length.

Slowly, my cock began to grow – harden.

Charlotte noticed it too, moaned when she realised what it meant. Not only was she cleaning me; she was *preparing* me for her friend.

“Keep going, bitch,” I told her, hand still on the back of her head. “And put some real effort into it. If you were better at sucking cock, maybe I wouldn't have to fuck your friend instead.”

A giggle from the doorway snapped my attention.

Olivia standing there naked. In one hand, a bag of chips and two candy bars. In the other, dog treats.

She walked into the room, hips swaying.

“Who's ready for snacks?”

“Lay down, right there,” I pointed at the middle of Olivia's bed.

Wordlessly, Charlotte complied.

“And you,” I said, nodding at Olivia, “get on hands and knees above her.”

The smile that split Olivia's face made me remember the envy and resentment I'd seen in her eyes earlier. Best friends they might be, but Olivia was all too happy to bring a bit of misery into her friend's life.

She crawled across the bed without hesitation, planted her hands either side of her best friend's head.

“Fuck me,” Olivia gasped, staring into Charlotte's eyes, wiggling her amazing ass at me. “Fuck me hard!”

As I positioned myself behind her, pointed my cock at her dripping hole, Olivia leaned down and whispered something in Charlotte's ear. Whatever she said made my girlfriend squirm beneath her.

I guided my cock inside Olivia.

She moaned loudly – a little *too* enthusiastic. Her pussy clamped down on me, sucked me in. And, before I knew it, I was hammering away at her. Fucking her as deep and as fast as I could. My hands gripping her amazing ass, my eyes on the back of her head.

Olivia moaned and groaned, groped Charlotte's tits roughly. She cried out my name, begged me for more, for me to make her mine. To take her. Have her. Be hers.

Beneath us, Charlotte trembled, eyes on her best friend's face.

“Fuck,” Olivia groaned. “Your cock is so *good*!”

“And you,” I grunted between thrusts, “have the best pussy I've ever felt.”

Both women moaned at that.

As things sped up, Olivia stopped roughly fondling Charlotte's body, instead decided to wrap her arms around her friend's neck instead. She held Charlotte in a tight, intimate embrace as I fucked her from behind.

When I came, I came hard.

I pumped and pumped, filled Olivia with so much cum that I collapsed onto the bed beside the girls, breathing heavily.

Surprisingly, even though she was panting as much as I was, Olivia didn't collapse with me. Instead, she pushed herself up straight, looked down at Charlotte with a smug smile. Before I realised what she was doing, the tan girl had repositioned herself on the bed – was squatting over Charlotte's face, hand between her legs spreading her pussy lips apart.

I watched, dumbstruck, as Olivia's pussy twitched, convulsed. As she squeezed the white cum out from inside herself, had glob after glob of it drop down onto Charlotte's face. Only then did she collapse, rolling over on top of me and pressing her lips to mine.

"What did she say?" I asked as we walked home together.

"Huh?" Charlotte blinked, coming back to reality. She'd been dazed and confused all evening – ever since the fun with Olivia had come to an end.

"She leaned down and whispered something to you," I shrugged. "I couldn't hear what she said. What was it?"

"It was... Nothing," Charlotte murmured.

We walked in silence for a while after that. The cool night air tickled the back of my neck as we made our way home together.

"Was it good?" Charlotte asked eventually.

I took a moment, actually thought about it.

"Yeah," I answered. "It was good. Not really what I was expecting, but good all the same."

"What were you expecting?" Charlotte asked, looking at me.

"I don't know," I smiled. "I didn't think Olivia would be so fixated on you. I thought it'd just be me and her fucking while you watched. But that was... Different."

Slowly, Charlotte nodded her head.

"Did *you* enjoy it?"

Again, Charlotte nodded her head.

"Would you like to do it again sometime?" I asked her.

My heart thumped at the question. A giddy tingle of excitement in my chest. More fun with Olivia? Sign me up. And why stop there? Why not get other girls involved? There were so many cuties at school. Quite a few I'd be more than happy to spend a few hours and a box of condoms on, easily.

"I'm..." She hesitated, shook her head. "No. It was *interesting*, and it made me horny. But-"

"We'll do it again sometime," I stated clearly.

My girlfriend's head snapped to me, eyes wide.

"I want to," I said, looking her in the eye. "And you like it. I bet you want to, deep down. So we're going to do it more. A lot more. Understood?"

At first, I hadn't been sure about my girlfriend's unusual kinks. I'd been willing to humour her, try things out. But I wasn't exactly big on the idea of belittling her or humiliating her or any of that. I loved her, after all. This was the girl I wanted to spend the rest of my life with.

But, just because I wanted to spend my life with *her*, didn't mean I shouldn't be able to have some fun with other girls. Especially not when Charlotte could be made to enjoy it along with me.

She just needed to be brought out of her shell, is all.

Before long, I was sure, she'd be bringing me girl after girl. Excited for me to fuck them in front of her, on top of her, you name it. But first, she had to come to terms with her desires. Not shy away from them when they got too 'real' for her.

Charlotte was a masochist. She liked pain; the emotional kind especially. Being *unworthy* made her feel good. She was a cuckqueen.

I just needed to show that to her. Make her see it.

And sure, I'd be lying if I said I wanted to do it for her sake. I totally had my own motivations for wanting what I wanted. But I'm a guy. You can hardly blame *me* for my desires.

At the end of the day, everyone would win.

Steadily, even though she didn't want to, Charlotte nodded her head.

"You're going to hook me up with more of your friends," I stated.

Again, she nodded her head slowly, her body trembling.

"Say it, Charlotte."

"I... I'm going to hook you up with my friends."

"Good girl."

When we arrived home – my house right next to hers – it was time for us to part ways.

If I'd wanted to, I supposed, I could sneak into Charlotte's room. Sleep with her, or just hang out a little more. But I was tired and my cock was well and truly used up for the day. So, instead, I kissed Charlotte on the nose, wished her a good night, and turned around.

I took three steps before she spoke up.

"I can't wait to tell everyone how pathetic you really are," Charlotte said behind me.

I spun on my heels, looked at her with wide eyes.

Charlotte was blushing, eyes on the floor.

"That's what she whispered," my girlfriend spoke softly. "The thing you couldn't hear. She said she was going to tell everyone how pathetic I am."

I had to hold back a sigh of relief.

"Makes you wet when you think about it, doesn't it?"

"Yes," Charlotte answered softly.

"Good," I said, turning back around – continuing my walk away from her. "Because that's exactly what's going to happen."