

## All American Queen

### Chapter 20

I barged into the room, huffing and gasping.

On the bed, both girls froze. Just for a second. A few moments of stunned surprise. Charlotte on all fours. Tilly behind her.

Charlotte blushed.

Tilly smirked.

And then they were at it again. Tilly fucking Charlotte from behind, slapping her ass and grinning wildly. Charlotte moaning breathlessly, eyes staring right at me as her face flushed hot crimson.

"Don't be rude, Tits," Tilly snapped, grabbing a fistful of Charlotte's hair. "Say 'hi' to your boyfriend."

Charlotte gasped, shuddered. Her mouth opened.

"Hi," she said – the word coming out more as a moan than anything else. As she said it, she trembled, shook. A little, high-pitched whine followed the word. Then she slumped, smiling blissfully.

"What a nasty slut," Tilly chuckled, tugging on Charlotte's blonde hair. "Just look at her."

My girlfriend winced in pain, but the satisfied smile remained in place. The bliss fusing with her discomfort in an odd, alluring expression of pain and pleasure. Her back arched as Tilly pulled her hair, body rising as she was forced almost upright – huge tits protruding outwards, obscene expression obvious for all to see.

Me, and the myriad of cameras Tilly'd set up.

At least one of those cameras was streaming a live feed. The one Tilly had sent me. What about the others? Were they streaming too? Recording? Who else was watching? Who'd see the videos?

Oddly, I found myself not caring about the answers.

If this was what Charlotte wanted, she could have it.

Tilly moved slowly, the big dildo attached to her strap-on dragging Charlotte's hips back before every thrust. A thick toy in a tight hole. From my angle, I could see the toy – the wetness it was drenched in, cream clinging to it in streaks.

I could see Charlotte's body. Covered in sweat, pinpricked and lean. Her huge tits jerking and bouncing with each thrust Tilly gave her. Nipples hard and damp. Had Tilly been sucking on them before I arrived? Was that sweat? Charlotte's own saliva?

"Look at this ass," Tilly giggled. She released Charlotte's hair, dropping the girl onto her face, and grabbed Charlotte's beautiful ass instead. "Fuckin' dump truck over here."

It was a nice butt. No denying that. In this, as with everything, Charlotte was perfect. Flawless. A big, round, bouncy ass. The kind a guy could spend hours groping and teasing; slapping it and watching those firm buns dance.

Mine. They were *mine*.

And yet Tilly grabbed them all the same, squeezed them roughly, manhandled them. When she spanked Charlotte, there was no playfulness in it. It was firm. Disciplinarian.

She was *punishing* Charlotte. And I was beginning to understand why.

It had to do with her father. His mistresses.

"You're a walking, talking fuckdoll," Tilly said, gripping Charlotte's backside. "Aren't you?"

"Yes!" Charlotte moaned, face in the blanket beneath her.

"Say it, whore. What are you?"

"I'm a walking, talking fuckdoll!" Charlotte gasped, sounding *far* too happy with it.

But this was who she was.

Since they'd first started experimenting with her cuckqueen and humiliation kinks. *This* was who Charlotte was. Who she'd always been. I'd just never pushed her as hard as she craved.

Tilly did.

"Look at the mess you've made on my toy," Tilly said, drawing back. The big toy pulled out of Charlotte with a wet *pop*. "I should make you clean it, filthy bitch."

Charlotte collapsed onto the bed, panting softly. She put her hands palm-down, tried pushing herself up, collapsed back down again. Her arms too weak right now. But she was eager. I could see the excitement in her eyes. The desire.

She *wanted* to clean that dildo. She *wanted* to be confronted with her own shame. She *wanted* to be disgusted with herself.

"No," Tilly said, shaking her head and smiling. She looked down at the strap-on, eyes flicking to Charlotte's ass. A wicked gleam twinkled in her irises. "On second thought... this is *perfect*. Nothing beats natural lubricant, after all..."

She leaned over Charlotte, reached down and grabbed her ass. Tilly spread Charlotte's butt-cheeks apart, thumbs dangerously close to the puckered hole she'd exposed there.

"You want it right *here*," Tilly said, prodding that tight little hole. "Don't you?"

Charlotte groaned, shuddered.

She moved her hips slightly, ass pushing back against Tilly's grip. Almost as if she were trying to get Tilly's thumb inside herself, her body moving by itself. Desperate on an instinctual level to be used and abused, owned.

This is who Charlotte was.

I'd known it, known she was into this kind of thing. But seeing it, like this, was different. Her giving in completely, submitting herself to Tilly. It was like an awakening.

She kept glancing at me, looking away ashamed.

But that shame was also an aphrodisiac for her. It was everything she wanted. Everything she craved.

She kept looking at me, unable to resist her body's pull.

When Tilly pressed the tip of her dildo to Charlotte's hole, Charlotte flinched. Her eyes snapped wide open. Her lips parted in a squeak of anticipation. All at once, her body went rigid, every muscle tensing.

Tilly pushed forward.

A moment of resistance. Charlotte's body as tense as I'd ever seen it. Then penetration. A sharp gasp. A shudder. Then Charlotte's body seemed to relax all at once, going limp on the bed as Tilly leaned over her, planting her hands on Charlotte's shoulders.

"How does that feel, Tits?" Tilly asked, hips slowly gyrating. "Like being fucked by a big cock?"

"Yes," Charlotte whimpered, eyes glazing over with lust.

"Slut," Tilly whispered in her ear. "Worthless fuckdoll. Your boyfriend is watching, you know. Maybe today is the day he'll finally decide to dump you. After all, who'd want to date a whore like you?"

Charlotte shuddered, trembled. Moaned.

This was what she wanted.

I was taking my clothes off before I really knew what I was doing. Shirt and shoes and pants, all scattered to the floor.

Tilly slid her dildo deeper into Charlotte.

"Loser," I heard the petite bitch saying. "Useless. All you are is meat. Stupid, braindead fuckmeat. The only thing you have to offer the world is these three holes."

I stepped forward, eyes on Charlotte.

The most beautiful girl in the world was lying face-first on the bed, tits mashed up

against the bedding. Shoulders pressed down by Tilly, ass raised to receive a hard fucking. A sheen of sweat coated her body, a horny haze filled her eyes.

"Please," Charlotte pleaded. Begged. "Please..."

I walked up to her, stopped right in front of her face.

That's when she noticed me. Eyes widening, mouth hanging open in a satisfied groan.

"Babe," she breathed. "I'm-"

I shoved my cock in her mouth, gripped her head.

"Shut it, slut," I growled. "And suck."

Charlotte, ever the amazing girlfriend, did just that.

Life seemed to change overnight.

In the past, it'd been as if I had a storm cloud hanging over me. Always there, threatening to thunder and rain. Blocking out the sun, casting me in perpetual darkness. Always, I'd been worried about a thousand different things.

Tilly. Charlotte. The sorority. College. Sex. Abandonment.

Everything had felt so tense and bleak, as if I was waiting for the inevitable moment I lost everything. Constantly trying to fight to stay in control, planning and plotting against Tilly, acting like some crazed, insecure boyfriend.

But what did I have to be insecure about really?

Charlotte was mine. As much now as she'd ever been. Sure, she might enjoy her time with Tilly. But that was nothing. It was *me* who she was with. Me who'd be there when college was in the rear-view. Me she'd end up marrying one day.

What did I have to be worried about?

Tilly wasn't a threat. She was an *asset*. A tool.

I didn't have to be *afraid* of her. I needed to *use* her.

Whatever her deal was with her father and his mistresses, it wasn't dangerous to me. I was certain of that. My best guess was that Tilly resented her father, hated his choice in women, was aware of how well Charlotte fitted her father's tastes, and so wanted to humiliate her and abuse her for it. Likely, there was more to it than that. But, for now, it wasn't something I had to worry about.

Tilly wasn't a threat to me. Or Charlotte.

And, if she wasn't the enemy, why not make her an ally?

Without the constant worry and fear nagging at me, my days on the college campus seemed a whole lot brighter. I hung out with my roommates, went to parties with them. I excelled in all my classes, was overachieving in every aspect. And, when it came to ladies, I had my pick – quite literally. Pretty much all of Charlotte's sorority sisters were happy to spread their legs for me at any time.

Not to mention Charlotte's mother.

Irene. The hottest MILF I'd ever seen. A more mature, refined version of Charlotte. And a woman in desperate need of a good fucking. Seriously, that woman was *thirsty*.

If the fact I was dating her daughter had ever been an issue for the woman, it wasn't the case now. With the horny messages she sent me almost daily, I couldn't help but look forward to the next trip home. But, more than the thirst itself, it was how Irene *displayed* it.

The woman didn't want to be too obvious or blatant about it. Really, it almost seemed as if she were trying to trick herself into believing our chats and 'photo exchanges' were purely innocent.

A photo she'd sent me of her 'baking cookies'. Bent over the oven, wearing nothing but a white apron and oven mitts. Followed by some excuse about how she'd 'just gotten out of the shower' and felt some 'cravings for cookies'. Acting like it was a totally normal, not sexual at all photo to be sending me.

Another asking me to check out a 'bump' she'd found on herself, sending me a

picture of her tits – nipples hidden behind her arm. Not a bump or blemish in sight.

Another pair of pictures of her body in lingerie, asking me which of the two sets looked ‘cuter’. As if I was some ordinary friend she was asking advice from, completely harmless. No sexual undertones whatsoever. Utterly ignoring the fact that she was posing on those photos, giving me the best view of her slutty body as possible – even blowing a kiss in one.

Every time, I voiced my appreciation. Told her how hott she was.

And, every time, she sent me a barrage of shy and blushing and cheeky emojis. Acting, by all accounts, like a horny schoolgirl that was too embarrassed to tell her crush how she felt.

It was remarkable how innocent Irene was compared to her daughter.

The last interaction I’d had with Irene was warning her that I’d ‘accidentally’ set her home as a shipping address for a gift I’d been ‘trying to order for Charlotte’. The package in question; a dildo that was as close in size and shape to my cock as I could find. Telling Irene that it’d be a shame for it to go wasted and unused.

Irene hadn’t replied to *that* quite yet. But I was certain she’d send me something soon. A message. A photo. Maybe even a video. A guy could hope.

Life was good.

Finally, after months of pointless worries, I felt like I could relax and really enjoy myself for once.

Walking through the college grounds, holding hands with Charlotte, I couldn’t stop myself from smiling.

Fresh air. A full belly. A beautiful girl next to me.

What more could a man want?

“Tilly’s organising something,” Charlotte said as we walked, glancing at me with her lips pursed. “Some kind of party or something. It’s supposed to be a surprise...”

Tilly planning something. A few weeks ago, that would’ve set me on high alert. As things were now, though, I felt a little jolt of excitement at the idea. Curiosity flaring as my brain took guesses as to what her ‘surprise’ might be.

“She... She told me to tell you that... that I’m not allowed in the sorority house tonight. Whatever’s happening, they’re doing a lot of redecorating and setup. It won’t be ready until tomorrow evening.”

Curious indeed.

“It’s not anyone’s birthday, is it?” I asked. “No, can’t be that. What’s the special occasion?”

Charlotte blushed, shrugged.

“Guess you’ll be spending the night in my dorm room.”

That’d be a first. Beyond quick introductions and the occasional brief interaction, Charlotte and my roommates were complete strangers to each other. She’d never spent the night in my bed, and certainly hadn’t spent more than a few moments with Rock and Twig before.

“Is that... Is that okay?” Charlotte blushed. “Aren’t there rules about ‘guests’ staying over?”

“No idea,” I shrugged. “If there is, no-one else follows them. It’ll be fine. You’ll just have to keep extra quiet.”

Outside of sex, my girlfriend was quiet as a mouse. But during it? She could get loud. Very loud. Which only made the idea of fucking her in my dorm room at night all the more fun.

“It’s still early yet,” I added. “No need to head there right away. We could turn the rest of today into a date.”

Charlotte perked up at that.

Date nights and romantic days spent together were beyond rare while we were at college.

"Sure," my girlfriend beamed. So beautiful that, even after being with her for so long, my heart stuttered at the sight. "Where do you wanna go?"

"I don't know," I shrugged, smiling. "Got plenty of time to figure it out. Come on, follow me."

The afternoon passed in a blur of activity.

Charlotte and I wandered around random streets, exploring shops we'd never been in and areas of the city we'd never had reason to wander. We found an old bookstore, filled with the musky scent of old things. We came across a little, overgrown public park – swings missing from their frames, slides covered in graffiti. We even stumbled into an old arcade that looked like it belonged in another age, some time period decades past yet still operational.

We stopped for ice-cream at some small, family-owned store. Spent the evening sitting in my car, dreaming of the future and nibbling on some small cake treats we'd gotten.

It was there, in my car, watching the sky darken long after the sun had set, that I did it.

"We should get married," I said, almost casually.

Charlotte blinked at me. Blushed.

"Are you proposing?" She asked in a whisper.

It hadn't been my intention. We'd been talking about the future, what we wanted to do after college, jobs and apartments and vague plans. Mostly, just enjoying each other's company.

But...

"Yeah," I shrugged. "I guess I am? Uh..."

She stared at me, wide-eyed.

Pretty lame way to propose to someone, I supposed.

"Should I..." I glanced around. We were sitting in a car. Me in the driver's seat, her on the passenger side. "Should I get down on one knee or something? I don't have a ring, so..."

"Are you... Are you sure you want... me?"

"Of course," I smiled. "Who else would I want to-"

Her lips met mine, her cake tossed aside. Before I could react, her arms were around my neck, pulling me into a deep, lingering embrace.

When she broke away, we were both left panting.

The wide, wet-eyed smile on her face made my heart hiccup.

"Yes," she whispered happily, cheeks glowing. "I do! I will!"

And, just like that, we were engaged. Or, not really. There were no rings, and we both understood that it wasn't a 'real' proposal or engagement. We weren't going to start calling the other our 'fiancé' or the like. But it was *something*. A promise that, one day, we would be husband and wife.

On the drive back to the college campus, I looked over at Charlotte, saw her rosy-red cheeks. She was fidgeting slightly, lips parted as she silently, softly panted.

"What's on your mind?" I asked.

"Wedding," Charlotte blushed. She froze for a moment, then blushed even brighter. "And honeymoon."

"Oh?" I asked. "What about it?"

"Just..." She looked away from me, stared out the passenger side window. In the darkness, I saw her reflection on the glass. Her lip-biting, flushed-face arousal. "Things..."

She was nervous. Hesitant to tell me. Which meant it involved her kinks. And, most

likely, it involved Tilly too.

I took a guess.

"You're picturing Tilly as your maid of honour," I said. "And, for the honeymoon, it's going to be her in bed with me – not you."

Charlotte trembled. Nodded her head.

"You standing there in your wedding dress, watching as I make love to Tilly instead of you. *That's* how you want to spend our wedding night. The whole honeymoon. Isn't it?"

Slowly, she nodded her head again. Even faced away from me, I could see the bright pink on her ears, her full-face flush.

"Sounds like a plan," I said, returning my eyes to the empty road ahead. "It's gonna be my wedding night too. Makes sense for me to spend it with someone who actually knows how to make me feel good."

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Charlotte's hands reaching between her legs. Rubbing herself to the thoughts.

An odd girl, Charlotte.

How many women out there dreamed of their husband fucking another woman on their wedding night? How many girls were okay with – let alone *encouraged* - their man to sleep around?

She was a catch, for sure. The perfect woman.

And I very much looked forward to the day I'd put a ring on her and make her mine forever.

But, for now, I was happy with the little things in life.

Like fucking the shit out of her in my dorm room, my friends just a few feet away. Would they sleep through it? Or would they simply *pretend* to sleep? If I knew those two, neither one of them would have the balls to say anything or interrupt us after the action began.

Tonight was going to be very fun indeed.