

## All American Queen

### Chapter 21

I ran a single finger down her spine.

She breathed into my shoulder, body pressed against mine. Her hands were on my chest, her breasts squeezed between us.

When I reached down and cupped her ass, Charlotte let out the tiniest of whines. A pitiful plea for me to stop, so noncommittal that she could barely muster up the sound at all.

Truth was, she was even more excited about this than I was.

Me playing with her body in the company of others, knowing that my roommates might realise at any moment. See her for the wanton slut she was. The idea that her reputation, the perfect girl who could do no wrong, could be shattered forever.

It thrilled her to an impressive degree.

Breathing heavily, panting like a bitch in heat, at the faintest of touches. No way was she going to last the night without putting on a show.

Knowing my roommates, they were still awake.

Both of them, Twig and Rock, had the hots for Charlotte. What guy *didn't* lust after her?

Charlotte was pure sex appeal wrapped in a 'good girl' facade. A pornstar body barely contained within conservative sweaters and cardigans. Just looking at her in her modest clothes conjured up images of 'corrupting' her, introducing her to a world of sex and depravity. The thought of actually having her? Seeing what was underneath all those form-fitting, lewd by omission layers?

Yeah, there was no way Twig and Rock would be asleep.

Just the *possibility* of seeing Charlotte in action would be enough to keep them awake.

I squeezed her ass some more, gave her backside a little pat before allowing my hands to explore further. Sliding them up Charlotte's sides, trailing their way to the swell of her huge breasts.

God, I loved these tits.

Soft, perky watermelons. I could sink my fingers into them, squeeze and fondle and grope them to my heart's content. And I could shake them and bounce them, watch them sway hypnotically as I fucked her tight pussy into the shape of my cock.

Walking around every day in cardigans and sweaters, her mouth-watering chest protruding blatantly, the fabric of her tops strained and tight.

Perfect, wonderful tits.

Tits that I held my hands to under the blanket, kneaded with my thumbs.

She was still clothed, of course. Stripping down to her birthday suit with the guys in the room? No, that wouldn't have fit. She and I had gone to bed fully dressed. Me in a t-shirt, her in a white blouse and pink bra.

I'd caught my roommates glancing at that blouse more than once. The thin white fabric, stretched to all hell as it was, had given a sneak-peak of the bright pink bra underneath. Stare hard enough, and you'd notice the shape of the bra, the straps and the little bow between breast cups. Modest – the blouse had been buttoned up to the point that not a hint of cleavage was visible – yet immodest. A bra-blouse combo that was as much 'Charlotte' as the massive tits they contained.

I rubbed her breasts over the blouse, over the bra. Squeezing and stroking, marvelling in just how huge my girlfriend's bust truly was.

How in the world could a thin blouse and a simple bra hold these mountains in place? What magic kept the blouse's frail fabric from tearing, and what feminine sorcery kept Charlotte's bra straps from snapping and breaking every day?

My fingers slid to the front of Charlotte's blouse, hands sandwiched between her pillowy bust and my hard chest.

I felt a small, plastic button. And, slowly, I undid it.

My girlfriend's warm breath tickled my neck. My t-shirt felt hot where Charlotte's face, her mouth, touched it.

When I undid the next button, I felt her shudder.

A sharp, ragged breath escaped her lips. Loud enough for any eavesdroppers to hear.

Another button came undone.

Charlotte shifted on the bed, her hands making their way down between my legs. The motion caused bedsprings to creak and groan. The sound was deafeningly loud in the near silence.

I smiled to myself as Charlotte's hands reached into my pants.

A moment later, another blouse button came undone. With each one, it seemed like Charlotte's breasts swelled out even more. Huge globes freed from the restraining tightness of the white top.

When I'd finally gotten the blouse fully unbuttoned, I pushed the cloth open. The thicker fabric of Charlotte's bra pressed against my chest, and I could feel the tension in the cups. The strain the bra was struggling to contain.

The bra was too small for her. By a whole cup size or two, at least. In the back of my mind, a memory flared.

Charlotte's sorority sisters making Charlotte wear their bras instead of her own. Bras that were far too small and compact for Charlotte's huge bust.

Was *this* bra one of those? A bra belonging to another girl that Charlotte had been forced to wear?

Or was it Charlotte's own bra? Too small for her, but worn anyway for the discomfort it'd bring her?

Either way, I supposed, it didn't matter.

I grabbed hold of both bra cups, pushed them up.

The bra rode higher on Charlotte's chest, right up to her collarbone. Her huge tits fell free.

Despite the quiet, sound filled my ears.

Shifting bedsheets and blankets, barely audible yet impossibly loud. Charlotte's panting, hot like the summer sun against my neck and shoulder. The rapid thumping of her heart, felt under my fingertips as I gripped her enormous tits. A slower, rhythmic jerking motion between my legs as Charlotte stroked my cock with one hand and fondled my balls with the other.

Vaguely, I had the sensation we were being watched.

Twig and Rock.

Was I imagining it, or was the feeling true? Were my roommates listening to us, watching us?

If they were, they wouldn't see much. Not yet.

All the fun stuff was hidden under the blanket. Both our bodies, everything below the neck, was hidden from view. Save for the shifting movements under the blanket and Charlotte's gentle panting, there was nothing *obviously* sexual happening.

Time to change that.

I rolled over slightly, dragging Charlotte with me until I was fully on my back and she was atop me.

In the darkness, I saw the glint in her eye. The heat and curiosity and adoration, all in a soft twinkle. She bit her lip, glossy in the faint light, and stared at me.

I lifted my hands out from under the blanket, gently slid them up from her shoulders and along her neck. I brushed her cheek with my thumb, smiled at her, then continued

moving my hands higher. Until, at last, they came to a rest on the top of Charlotte's head.

When I pushed, there was only a moment of resistance. Then Charlotte got the message.

Her head lowered slowly, retreating under the blanket.

My eyes flicked down, staring at the blanket as it rose above my legs. Charlotte's knees either side of my feet, her hands on my waist. The blanket moved with her as she lowered her face down onto my crotch.

The sensation of her lips on my cock sent tingles down my spine.

She kissed it gently, licked it up and down.

If either of the guys were watching, there'd be no mistake as to what Charlotte was doing under the blanket.

When she wrapped her lips around the head of my cock, began lowering her mouth along its length, that fact became doubly apparent. The muffled, quiet sounds of the act filled my small dorm room. Wet slurping and sucking were all well and good, but the loud gagging was what sealed the deal. Charlotte's head rising and falling, taking as much of my cock down her throat as she could before bringing herself back up – letting out the unmistakable, lewd noise of a cock-sucking queen.

At first, she was loud intentionally. Putting on a show. But, pretty soon, the noises were loud by necessity.

Charlotte's slid her lips along my length with desperate speed and lust-fuelled hunger. Committing herself fully to the task at hand, forgetting all else. She forced my cock's head deep down her throat, choking as it spread that narrow tunnel wide. Coming back up for air, gasping for it like a drowning woman only to cut herself off by throating my cock again. The only time she spat my cock out of her mouth completely was to lick its base, smother my balls with loving kisses.

Her movements were quick and sharp enough to make the bedsprings under her squeak and groan, the sheets fluttering and crumpling and sinking lower down my torso.

I reached down, gripped her head through the blanket, forced it lower down my cock.

I thrust up, pushed down, marvelled in the sensation of her throat around my cock as her plump lips brushed my balls and base. Held her there for long seconds, enjoying Charlotte's still acceptance morph into breathless uncertainty and further into desperate suffocation.

When I released her, Charlotte's head jolted back.

My cock sprang from her mouth with a muffled pop, followed immediately by her rasping and gasping for air. Coughing and spluttering as she struggled to breathe.

It was loud, and it was beautiful.

I didn't dare look over at the other beds, check to see if Twig and Rock were watching. But, deep down, I knew they were.

For a little while, I waited. Listened as Charlotte struggled for air. Then, as her gasping shifted into heavy breathing, as she stopped shuddering and shaking and hunched over instead, I reached down and took her hand.

Charlotte gave a little, surprised yelp when I pulled her towards me. She collapsed atop me, head on my chest. Her mouth, warm and wet with saliva, left a damp spot on my t-shirt.

I let go of her, reached down under the blankets with both hands and cupped Charlotte's ass instead.

As I lifted her, guided her lower region to my cock, she got the idea. She pushed herself up onto her knees, head still on my chest, and positioned her crotch above mine. Warm, delicate hands took hold of my cock, guided it to her entrance.

She let out a loud, wanton gasp as my cock slid inside her.

Charlotte kissed me goodbye, whispered a quiet 'I love you' before turning and walking away. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes twinkling. It was almost painful to see her go.

Still, watching her ass swaying as she walked away *did* make the parting that much more bearable.

As soon as she was out of sight, I let out a sigh, closed the dorm room door and turned back to my roommates. Rock and Twig, neither of which were able to meet my gaze.

"Sorry again," I said, walking over to my bed and sitting down. The scents and smell of sex was still thick in the air. "About Charlotte sleeping over. She's been going through some stuff lately, didn't want to be alone."

"It's..." Rock grunted. "It's fine. No worries."

His cheeks, I noticed, were quickly turning pink.

"Y-yeah," Twig added. "I mean, a bit of warning next time would be nice. But we don't really mind Charlotte staying over or anything. It's fine!"

"You sure?" I asked, resisting the urge to smirk. "I can always stay at her place in future. You sure you don't mind her here?"

What followed – the two of them trying to convince me it was 'fine' for Charlotte to sleep over, while also trying not to sound *too* eager about it – was quite the show. I played dumb through all of it, pretended that I had no idea they'd been spying on my and Charlotte during the night. And they, for their part, pretended that nothing at all had happened.

A few minutes after Charlotte left, I followed suit. Walking through the dorm building and heading outside to where she was waiting – two steaming cups of coffee in hand.

She blushed as she handed mine over.

"So?" She asked in a nervous, excited whisper. "What'd they say? Did they... *you know...*"

"Hear us?" I smiled.

She blushed even brighter, nodded her head.

"With how loud you were last night," I chuckled, raising the coffee cup to my lips, "I wouldn't be surprised if the whole *dorm* knows we fucked."

I let that idea linger in her mind, walking in silence alongside her. Enjoying the cool, morning air.

Our college campus was a nice place. Full of green grass and winding paths, modern buildings and refashioned old ones. More than a few groups of students milled about on benches and near vending machines, chatting loudly – their breaths misting in the air.

One or two people, I noticed, shot glances at me and Charlotte. One with a knowing smirk, another with a roll of their eyes.

Charlotte *had* gotten pretty loud.

But that was part of the fun of it. Everyone knowing who she really was, no-one saying it. The unspoken accusations thick in the air.

Not that a lot of the people around us knew who Charlotte or I were. The college was too huge to know *everyone*.

But those that knew, *knew*.

"Your mother sent me some new lewds," I said as Charlotte raised her coffee to her lips. She winced, spluttered. "I think she's almost ready. Next time we go home for break, I'm gonna fuck her brains out."

Charlotte shuddered, lips parting in a breathy gasp.

"I'll set up a mic or something so you can listen in when it happens. Your boyfriend – your fiancé – being stolen away by your own mother. Can you imagine it?"

Of course she could. It'd be *all* she'd imagine for the next few hours. Her mother bouncing on my cock.

"You know," I said with a smile, "I've been thinking..."

My eyes narrowed at a someone – a man that looked like he was in his thirties – watching us. As soon as he saw me staring at him, he turned quickly away.

"Yes?" Charlotte asked, oblivious.

"I've been thinking," I said, trying to regain the thought I'd lost. Who was that guy? Why was he watching us? "What if one of the sluts I'm fucking gets knocked up?"

It wasn't likely to happen. None of the sorority sisters wanted to end up with a baby; they all took plenty of precautions to avoid that. But, just because it wasn't going to *actually* happen, didn't mean I couldn't play with the idea.

Charlotte's eyes widened. She sputtered, mumbled something incoherent. Her cheeks flushed bright. She raised her coffee cup to her lips again, buying time before answering.

I took the moment to glance around.

Another man, following a safe distance behind us. Looking purposefully away from me and Charlotte, but still standing out like a sore thumb. Something about the man seemed vaguely familiar, like I'd seen him somewhere before. Someone who'd followed me and Charlotte before?

My thoughts immediately went to Tilly.

Would the little bitch be so bold as to hire some goons to stalk us? Right now, Tilly was overseeing some renovations to the sorority house – a surprise for Charlotte. Had she paid these men to keep Charlotte away until it was time to unveil the surprise?

No. This was something else.

I turned and looked ahead again, making a mental note of what the two men looked like.

"You've always wanted to be a mother, haven't you?" I asked, planting a smile on my face. "How humiliating would it be to have to raise a kid that isn't yours? One of my bastards. You can't tell me the thought hasn't occurred to you before."

"No!" Charlotte said quickly, eyes still wide. "I mean- I've never really..."

"Your mother's quite young, isn't she?" I said. "There's gotta be a decent chance she can still, *you know*. And you've always wanted a little brother... Who knows, maybe I could help you with that next time we're home."

Charlotte's face went so red, her eyes so wide, I half expected to see steam rising from her ears as she tried to process everything I was implying. It was too much for her, too many new and naughty ideas for her to contemplate.

I chuckled, led the way to my car.

Getting rid of the tail was simple. As soon as I noticed a car following us, I drove somewhere there was no traffic. From there, it was as simple as pulling over and waiting. The tail, not wanting to give away that they were following us, had no choice but to drive right past. From there, all I had to do was book it outta there and get lost in a maze of streets and traffic.

Charlotte, though she raised her eyebrow at me, didn't comment on the unusual behaviour.

"So," I said when I was certain the tail was well and truly gone. "What do you wanna do for the rest of the day? Tilly won't be done 'til evening, right?"

"I don't know," Charlotte shrugged. A tiny smile tugged at her lips. "We could have a little date day..."

That was the plan.

But, unfortunately, that plan went out the window the moment my phone began to vibrate.

The number texting me was unknown. The contents of the message was an address and a time. An hour from now in a diner I knew all too well. A diner where I'd made

a deal – more blackmail than deal-making – with a man I'd hoped to never meet again.

What in the world did Tilly's father want from me?

And why did I feel like it wasn't going to be good?

I didn't say a word to Charlotte as I drove to Lil Momma's Diner, save to tell her to wait in the car when we arrived.

Outside the diner, I saw the same car that'd been tailing us. And, either side of the diner's entrance, the two men that'd been following me and Charlotte this morning. Neither of them acknowledged me as I walked past them into the diner, strode to the very same table we'd sat at last time.