

All American Queen

Chapter 22

"We made a deal," the man said, watching me closely.

I glanced from him to the folder sitting on the table between us. Unmarked, unlabelled.

A prop, or something more?

"We did," I shrugged.

"And you broke that deal," the man said coolly.

That was a bit much. I hadn't *broken* the deal. More like, I'd *cancelled* it. The deal had been simple; in exchange for Tilly being removed from my and Charlotte's lives, I wouldn't go public with evidence of Tilly's abuse.

Really, it was more blackmail than deal-making, but calling it a 'deal' made everything feel just a bit more legitimate.

This man – Tilly's father – had kept up with his end.

Until I'd given Tilly the green light to return.

"I didn't break our deal," I told him, meeting his cold gaze. "I freed you from it. There's a difference."

The corner of the man's lips quirked up. A tiny smile.

"Not as far as I'm concerned," he said simply.

The words hung in the air. An awkward silence.

The man's eyes remained locked on me, that tiny smile almost seeming to mock me for the discomfort it caused.

"When two men strike a deal," he continued at last, "it becomes an almost sacred arrangement. Both parties keep their end, and the world continues turning. Deals, men keeping their word, are what keeps civilisation from crumbling down around us."

A bit extreme a viewpoint, for sure. But, I supposed, this was a man who lived and breathed in the world of cutthroat business. Maybe 'deals' were more meaningful to him than they were to most people.

Or maybe he was bullshitting me, playing some sort of angle.

"Can we cut to the chase, please?" I said, meeting the man's eyes and holding that cold stare. "I've got places to be and bitches to fuck."

"Including my daughter, no doubt." Oddly, the man's smile widened at that. You'd think my fucking his only child and calling her a 'bitch' would piss a guy off, but apparently not.

"Possibly."

"The things that girl will do to annoy me," Mr Kane said with a shake of his head. "Even now, she spends my money setting up an orgy for you and your girlfriend."

The way he said that last word – 'girlfriend' – sent a shiver down my spine. The apathy in his voice giving way to intrigue for the briefest of moments.

"Is that why your people have been following me?" I asked. "Because of Tilly? The *relationship* we have?"

The man waved his hand dismissively.

"Then why?" I asked. "Why bring me here again? The deal's off. There's no need for any of this."

Mr Kane tapped the folder in front of him, slid it over the table to me. When he drew his hand away, waited silently, I reached for the folder and flipped it open.

Data. Dates and times and activities, with photos attached of me or Charlotte or both of us together. Almost every page inside the folder was filled to the brim with information on me and Charlotte. Our schedules, our favourite foods, where we liked to hang out, the classes we were taking. There were even one or two pages dedicated to Charlotte's parents.

"What is this?"

"A man doesn't break a deal without facing consequences," Mr Kane said. "You blackmailed me to protect your girlfriend. Charlotte. I can respect that. She's quite the catch, after all. I'd have done the same in your shoes. But..."

His hand slid over the table, pulled the folder back.

"You reneged. Overplayed your hand. Let's be real, kid. You were never going to post those videos. As much of a masochist as your girl is, *that* would've been too far. You care enough to save her from my daughter, which means you care too much to betray her like that."

My heart thundered in my chest.

A pang of dread blossomed deep inside me. Uncertainty and doubt. An impulse to leave the diner right away, take Charlotte as far from this place as I could.

But I didn't move. Didn't show how concerned I was.

"You didn't want Tilly back. You wouldn't have gone through the risk of blackmailing me if you weren't absolutely certain about getting rid of her. It's *Charlotte* who wants my daughter here. That must've stung. Finding out you're not enough for her, that she wants something more."

"Again, cut to the chase," I grunted. Thankfully, I sounded a lot more confident than I felt.

"You broke the deal," Mr Kane said simply. "Blackmailed me only to chicken out later. These things come with a cost."

"And that cost is that, exactly? Having to listen to you prattle on and refuse to get to the point?"

"Charlotte," Mr Kane smiled. "The cost is Charlotte."

The short drive back to the campus was silent. Charlotte, seeing the look on my face, had known better than to ask me what was going on. And I was *far* too busy with my thoughts to even *attempt* to explain them to her.

That greasy bastard didn't *really* think he could win Charlotte over, did he? Him?

She'd never go for it. Not in a million years.

Older men weren't Charlotte's thing. And money *certainly* wasn't a motivator for her. If Tilly's father thought he could *buy* Charlotte's interest...

I shook my head, gritted my teeth.

Charlotte. The perfect girl, who got off on being *lesser*. The horny slut who basked in shame and disgust and self-loathing, wanted nothing more than to be looked down on and insulted.

Being made into a literal whore would be a turn on for her.

Almost as much of a turn on as being told she wasn't even worth the money someone would spend to fuck her. That she was lower than a cheap whore, not even as valuable as a used fleshlight.

Right there and then, as she sat next to me in the car, I knew I could've pulled out a single penny – bought a blowjob from her with it. Knew that she'd treasure that penny forever, as a reminder of how much she was worth.

But no. Even if that *was* a turn on for her, it didn't mean she'd jump into bed with another guy for some cash.

She was loyal. Faithful.

Except for the many, many girls she'd pleased and been used by over the last year. All the sorority sisters...

But they were chicks! She'd never – would never – have sex with another *guy*. That wasn't who she was. It wasn't her *thing*.

You're not enough for her.

Bastard.

I was beginning to see why Tilly loathed the man.

The fucker really thought he could steal Charlotte away from me? That I'd just *let* that happen?

No. Not a chance.

As I parked the car, I looked over at her. A radiant beauty with flowing blonde hair and breath-taking blue eyes. Cute and pretty and stunning. A dream girl.

My girl.

I wasn't stupid. I knew Charlotte was way out of my league. She was the kind of beautiful that could have any man – or woman – she wanted. Her choosing someone like me? It was baffling. Mind-boggling.

But she *had* chosen me.

And we went well together, dammit. Fit each other like matching jigsaw pieces. No way in *Hell* was she going to drop me because some rich, arrogant asshole had shown up.

Would she?

"Babe?" Charlotte's soft voice spoke. "Are you okay?"

I nodded my head, forced a smile. "I'm alright."

"Lil Momma's Diner," she said, sounding concerned. "What was that all about? Those men at the door..."

"Tilly's father," I sighed, killing the car's engine and sitting back. "They were his goons. Apparently, the old creep's been staking us."

Charlotte's eyes widened at that.

"He has a crush on you," I added. "Thinks he's going to convince you to dump me and become one of his mistresses. Dude's got a hard-on for busty blondes. If you ever wondered why Tilly has it out for you, that'd be why."

"Huh," was Charlotte's only response.

"Just when I'd sorted things with the daughter, the father becomes an issue. These aren't the sorts of problems I was anticipating when we decided to go to college together. So much for 'sneaking you into my dorm room' being the biggest issue to overcome."

She put her hand on mine, leaned closer.

When I stared at her, looked into those glittering eyes, I felt every worry melt away. Every doubt vanish.

"I love you," she whispered.

"I know," I shrugged, smiled. "I have no idea *why*. But... I know."

She grinned at me.

As we strode hand-in-hand towards the sorority house, I couldn't help but wonder what we were about to find.

What changes had Tilly made to the building?

What sadistic tortures had the little bitch come up with now?

I squeezed Charlotte's hand, looked to her.

She was blushing, smiling, practically *skipping* with excitement. Her eagerness was enough to infect *me*. The closer we got to the building, the heavier my heart thumped.

"Ready?" I asked when we reached the building's main entrance.

"Mm'hm," Charlotte hummed excitedly.

I waited a moment, took a deep breath.

Then we opened the door and stepped inside.

To a sorority house that looked exactly the same as it had yesterday morning. Save for a trail of flower petals leading to a stairwell, the place was identical. Unaltered.

"Guess we're supposed to follow this," I said, nodding to the petal trail.

Charlotte nodded her head, blushing an adorable bright pink.

She led the way.

I glanced around as we walked to the stairwell, searching for any hint of the work

that'd been done. But there was nothing. No building materials or empty boxes, no muddy footprints or anything out of place. No people.

The place was deserted. Not a single sorority sister lounging around, no lackeys to greet us and bring us to Tilly.

Likely, they'd all be waiting at the end of this petal trail.

A thought that made my anticipation flare.

Charlotte opened the door to the stairwell, stepped inside, froze in place.

I stepped up behind her. Saw what she was looking at.

Down.

There were stairs leading *down*.

Those... Those hadn't been there before.

The sorority house did have a basement, but it was small. Located on the other end of the building. A place to store junk and furniture the girls didn't want to throw away. It didn't reach *this* part of the building.

Had Tilly paid to extend it?

Why?

Answer to *that* question came in a flash.

Sex dungeon.

After she'd recovered from the surprise, Charlotte began slowly descending the stairwell, one step at a time. I followed right behind, practically trembling with excitement myself.

My very own sex dungeon.

Sure enough, when we opened the door at the bottom, we found were all of Charlotte's sorority sisters were hiding.

All of them, every single one, was dressed in black latex bondage gear. Some with parts exposed, others more modest. Some holding toys, others wearing strap-ons. And every single one of them cheering and applauding as Charlotte and I entered.

No, not *everyone*.

Charlotte stood in the centre of the spacious room, wearing a strap harness and smiling wickedly. In her hands, a bundle of frilly cloth in pink and white.

Clothes for Charlotte to wear.

Judging from the bunny-ear headband at the top of the bundle, and the fluffy white ball attached to a butt-plug, I didn't have to guess what Charlotte's costume was.

A slutty, cute bunny.

A bodysuit that'd cover her torso while leaving her legs and arms bare, frilly and pink, with – I guessed – holes for all the 'fun bits'. Her pussy, ass, tits.

It was an outfit that'd look *amazing* on Charlotte's perfect body. And one that'd look all the better as she was getting pounded from all sides by latex-wearing, strap-on wielding sluts.

"Don't make me tell you what to do," Tilly's voice reverberated though the room loudly.

Good acoustics in this place too.

Charlotte didn't hesitate. In moments, she was tearing off her clothes and tossing them aside. Putting on the slutty bunny outfit. As she did, several of the sorority girls began to lube up.

I took the opportunity to look around the room. A true sex dungeon, with entire walls dedicated to toys and tortures. Dildos and paddles and whips and vibrators. An assortment of strap-on dicks of various sizes. From short and stubby to cervix obliterating monsters.

The 'bed' was more a mountain of mattress and blanket, piled high with pillows and familiar-looking plushies.

Charlotte's plushies.

Guess this was Charlotte's new bedroom, then.

Several of those innocent plushies, I noticed, were also wearing strap-ons. I could already imagine what Tilly had planned there.

I stood back as several sorority girls shoved bunny-Charlotte to the ground, pounced on her.

Tilly, curiously, came to join me.

"What do you think?" She asked happily as Charlotte gasped loudly, let out a moan that was quickly muffled by a dildo.

"Honestly?" I said, glancing around. "I'm underwhelmed."

Tilly barked out a laugh.

"I mean it's nice and all," I shrugged. "Just not the 'big reveal' I was hoping for."

"Oh? And what were you expecting?"

Again, I shrugged.

"It's not just this," Tilly said, flicking her finger at the room. "There are a few other little things. We had a door-hole thing cut into one of the walls upstairs. Kinda like a gloryhole, only big enough for Tits to fit her waist in it. It's lockable too. While she's stuck there, anyone who happens by can do what they want to with her. Slap her ass, shove a cucumber in her. She won't even know who it is."

Charlotte stuck in a wall. Could be fun.

"There are also intercom things in all the bedrooms. Press a button and the speakers down here will turn on. Any time you fuck one of the girls, you can make Charlotte listen on loudspeaker."

Charlotte who was, right now, deepthroating a strap-on dildo while being fucked from behind. Huge tits bouncing wildly below her. A loud, wet *slap, slap, slap* echoing through the room.

"And," Tilly added, "one of the rooms has been retrofitted to be a miniature theater. Somewhere the whole sorority can get together and watch some 'homemade' films, or put on a live performance."

I looked at Tilly, standing there smug and proud.

She had no idea...

"Your father's in town," I said. "He came to have a chat with me. About Charlotte."

The smugness dropped from Tilly's expression like a lead weight. Eyes that'd just been filled with self-satisfaction morphed into an angry glare.

"He thinks he's gonna steal Charlotte away, make her his mistress or something. Told me to 'make the most' of the time I have left with her."

"Fucker," Tilly growled, eyes darting to Charlotte. "Over my dead body."

"What's the deal with you and him?"

"Not important," Tilly snapped.

It seemed pretty important to me. But I let it slide. For now.

My gaze returned to Charlotte, happily getting fucked by three girls at once. Bouncing on fake cocks with wild abandon, moaning with every slap and pinch and insult thrown her way.

I sat down next to a panting, exhausted Charlotte.

She barely reacted to my presence. Her chest rising and falling heavily, eyes on the ceiling, lips curled into a dazed smile. Covered in sweat, marks and bruises all over her body, limbs splayed out.

Fucked into a stupor.

"She's out of it," Tilly said, sitting down on Charlotte's other side.

"Nah," I smiled. "She's just tired. Probably fighting off sleep as we speak. Isn't that right, baby?"

Charlotte's eyes moved to look at me.

"See? Just tired. She can hear us just fine."

“Good,” Tilly giggled.

It was an odd sound, coming from her. A girly, playful giggle. No malice or venom. Just light-hearted amusement, a hint of something more.

“Did you enjoy getting gangbanged, Tits?” Tilly asked, running a finger down Charlotte’s body, between her breasts.

Charlotte’s eyes moved to Tilly, her lips opening a little wider. A flush spread across her cheeks, but she didn’t speak. Perhaps she couldn’t, after all the throat-fucking she’d endured over the last few hours.

“I’ll take that as a yes,” Tilly grinned.

“Doesn’t look like you can take any more, though,” I said, feigning sadness. “And I was looking forward to us making love tonight. No mindless fucking, but real *intimate* stuff. You know?”

“Might’ve been fun to watch,” Tilly said, a glint in her eye. “Two lovebirds getting it on? Oh well, oh well.”

“If only you weren’t such a slut,” I said, leaning and speaking into Charlotte’s ear. “We could’ve had a romantic, wonderful night.”

“Just because *she’s* not up to it,” Tilly chimed in. “Doesn’t mean you can’t have a hot, steamy, romantic night with someone else. Someone better.”

Charlotte’s eyes flicked between us. Me and Tilly.

The flush in her cheeks turned to a full-pink blush.

A shudder rocked her body.

When I leaned over her, kissed Tilly, Charlotte let out a strained, pained moan.

Tilly grinned, grabbed my shirt, tore it off.

In moments, we were atop Charlotte, using her tits as pillows and her body as a mattress.

Tilly’s tongue slid into my mouth at the same time as my cock entered her tight hole. She bit my lip as her pussy squeezed me cock, moaned into my mouth and wrapped her arms around my neck.

Heat surged through me.

“What’re you waiting for, Loverboy,” Tilly teased, breath hot on my chin. “Fuck me. Make love to me. Show Tits here that she’s not special at all.”

Under us, Charlotte trembled and let out a gasp.

The two women couldn’t have been more different. Light hair and dark, slender and buxom, sweet and sour. Two vastly different flavours that somehow, in some wild way, complemented each other.

For the first time, I felt like I was seeing the real Tilly.

And I’d be lying if I said I didn’t enjoy every loud, tight, wonderfully naughty moment of it.