

## All American Queen

### Chapter 23

"So," I said. "What's the deal with your dad?"

Tilly rolled her eyes, sat up in bed.

"No wonder Tits wants you to fuck other people, if *that's* your idea of post-coital conversation. You ever hear of 'pillow talk' dumbass?"

I sat up too, didn't say anything. Just stared at her and waited.

"Fine," the bitch finally sighed. "He's got a thing for blonde bimbos with huge jugs. Your *girlfriend* is exactly 'his type'. He'll make a move on her, probably offer her some money to be his mistress. Not much else to it."

"Yeah," I grumbled. "I got that much."

"He's used to getting what he wants," Tilly shrugged.

"He's not getting Charlotte."

Tilly shrugged again.

"Is he going to be a problem?"

"Who knows?" Tilly flopped back on the bed, stretched her arms out. "Ask me in the morning."

Still a bitch.

But at least she wasn't the enemy anymore.

Grunting, I rose from the bed. Charlotte was exactly where we'd left her; on the floor beside the bed. As she saw me getting up, she followed suit. Both of us naked, exhausted, and thoroughly sexed-out.

As Tilly lounged and relaxed, Charlotte and I got dressed and left the room.

Why Charlotte had decided to shadow me, I couldn't have guessed. I was too tired to ask. Probably, she'd been listening in on the 'discussion' I'd had with Tilly. Wanted to know the details and what was going on, all of that stuff.

I reached my hand out and Charlotte took it.

We didn't head to my dorm room. Nor did we stay in the sorority house. Instead, I led Charlotte to my car.

It was pretty late, but this was a college town. A lot of food places would still be open. We could grab a bite to eat, talk, head to a cosy little motel and spend the night there. No sorority sisters to get in the way, no roommates to sneak peeks and listen in.

As the car engine rumbled to life, I looked to Charlotte.

The epitome of feminine beauty, even tired and haggard as she was. Baggy eyes and faded make-up, eyelids that fluttered sleepily, head resting back and shoulders slumped. And still the most beautiful girl I'd ever seen.

A heart-shaped face with big, dazzling eyes. Plump lips curved into a lazy, tired smile. Her hair, dishevelled and wild, only served to amplify her sex appeal. Pale skin and rosy cheeks, stained somewhat by lines of dried mascara – tears spilled during the heights of passion. A dark hickey on her neck that I was fairly certain I hadn't given her.

She was wearing a loose white t-shirt. One of my old t-shirts, baggy and dress-like on Charlotte's small frame. Her huge breasts protruded out; the seatbelt between them emphasising their shape and size, revealing to the whole world that Charlotte wasn't wearing a bra underneath.

The urge to kiss her was too strong to resist.

I took Charlotte's cheek, tilted her head to me, pressed my lips to hers.

Surprised at first, she met the kiss with equal enthusiasm.

By the time we set off, her face was flushed and my cock was rock hard.

Thoughts of grabbing some lunch were side-lined by my body's desire to find the nearest empty bed to toss Charlotte onto, have my fun with her. But, fun as that'd be, my

stomach was rumbling.

Fucking Charlotte could wait a couple minutes.

"You and Tilly seem to be getting along," Charlotte said as I drove. "Did you two sort out your issues?"

An image flashed through my head. Me and Tilly as two arguing children, and an adult Charlotte standing over us with crossed arms and a kindly smile. A mother or teacher, making sure the kids were being nice to each other.

That look – older and maternal, motherly – suited Charlotte more perfectly than any outfit I'd seen her wear.

One day, she'd make an amazing mother. Of that, I had no doubt.

Handing herself over to be some rich asshole's mistress? Nah. That didn't fit Charlotte at all. It'd be like hiring a world-famous painter, an artistic savant, to paint a house white. A total waste of everything they were capable of.

Charlotte? She was perfection personified. The most beautiful woman in the world, with a heart to match.

Her being some old man's on-call pussy, an exclusive prostitute in all but name, would be *wrong*. It'd go against everything Charlotte was. Everything she could be.

Eyes forward, on the road, I tried to imagine the future.

"Babe?" Charlotte's soft voice sounded beside me. "Are you okay?"

"Do you ever think about the future?" I found myself asking her. "Five years from now. Ten. Fifteen. Thirty."

"Not really," Charlotte said after a few moments. "I daydream about it sometimes. Living in a nice little house with a white picket fence, two and a half kids, a dog, hopefully a swimming pool too. I think about my wedding a lot. Imagine what it could be like. Silly daydreams, you know?"

'My wedding'. Not *our* wedding. My chest lurched at the thought, but I pushed the riot of emotions down.

"What kind of dog?" I asked instead.

"I'm not sure," Charlotte grinned. "Something big. One that I can take on runs with me. And I want a treehouse for the kids! And a barbeque grill out back, by the pool. For those hot summer days. Burgers and breaststrokes!"

I glanced at her, saw her rosy cheeks pulled up by a huge smile.

She'd never looked so beautiful.

"And the kids?" I couldn't help but smile myself, seeing her so happy. "Got their names planned out too?"

She shook her head quickly.

"No names," she said. "But I daydream about them sometimes. Taking them to soccer practice or baking cupcakes with them, the whole family sitting together at night to watch films. And picnics! Going camping! There's this one daydream I have where we go to this theme park and-"

"I thought you said you didn't really think about the future," I interrupted. "Sounds like you think about it a lot to me..."

"Nu-uh," Charlotte blushed. "Daydreaming is different!"

"And in these daydreams," I chuckled. "Do you ever have superpowers?"

"Superpowers?" Charlotte repeated, eyebrow raised. "No. Not that I can recall. Why would I daydream about having powers?"

"Because it's fun!" This time, it was me who blushed. "Flying around, kicking ass, people cheering for you. Like in those superhero films! It's gotta be thrilling."

"Guys are weird," she sighed dramatically, made a show of rolling her eyes. "So, where're we going?"

The next few days passed without incident. No hired goons stalking me or Charlotte. No

word from Tilly's father. Just the usual college life we'd grown accustomed to. Classes, lunches together, fun at the sorority house, quiet moments together when no one else was around.

I'd gotten a few more naughty texts from Charlotte's mom, but not anything *too* nasty. And Tilly, for the most part, had been cordial and unintrusive. If anything, the little bitch seemed more reserved than usual. Leaving the Charlotte-based activities early, not really participating all that much. Likely, it had to do with her father.

Now *that* was one messed up family.

The dad who was shady at best, and a downright mobster at worst. And the daughter than resented him with a passion I didn't fully understand. I didn't know anything about the mother, but I figured that was a strong hint in itself. The man liked his mistresses, more so than his actual family; to him, Tilly and his wife were nothing more than an afterthought.

Or, at least, that's what I'd managed to surmise from the crumbs of information I'd been given.

In my darkest, stupidest moments, I almost found myself feeling *bad* for Tilly. Trying to empathise with the short bitch. Forgetting all the frustration and annoyance she'd burdened me with in the past.

All in all, Mr Kane's revelation in the diner hadn't changed much about life. At least, not yet.

When Charlotte sought me out after class one day, her eyes wide and an uncertain frown twisting her lips, that changed. Wordlessly, she handed me a piece of paper. A letter.

An invitation.

It was address to Charlotte, but my name was in there too. Both of us being invited to dine with Mr Kane that evening at some fancy, overpriced restaurant. The kind of place that demanded formal wear, where the waiters and waitresses were drones in tuxedos, forbidden to show emotion. The kind of restaurant that took itself way too seriously.

That was the picture I painted of it in my head, at least. I'd never actually *been* there.

I didn't have *that* kind of money to burn.

The invitation made no mention of Tilly. I read it over a few times, mostly to give myself time to think.

"Some guy in a suit handed it to me," Charlotte chimed up.

"He say anything?" I asked. "The guy?"

Charlotte shook her head.

What was it with Tilly's family and giving me migraines? Couldn't the fucks just leave me and Charlotte in peace?

I sighed, folded the invitation and slipped it into a pocket. Then, taking Charlotte's hand, I began walking. Striding down a long corridor, through the college building, out onto the campus.

"What do you think?" Charlotte asked, keeping pace beside me. "Should we go? I mean, we don't have to or anything. I just—"

"We're going to see Tilly," I grunted. "See what she thinks of it. But probably. Always wanted to eat at a pretentious restaurant. Think they'll give us proper food, or those comically tiny portions? If *Mr Kane* is going to be paying, might as well get a full belly out of it. See how the other side lives, and all that crap."

"Are you sure?" Charlotte asked, lips pursed.

"We'll see," I said. "Don't worry about it. I've got everything under control."

A lie, but one I'd make true.

I tugged Charlotte along, led the way to the sorority house.

I barged into Tilly's room, froze at what I found inside.

Tilly. Sitting at her desk. Dressed in girly pyjamas, a pair of glasses on the bridge of her nose. She had a bad case of bed head, her short hair played out in all directions. Bags under her eyes, a pencil in her hand, earbuds in her ears, textbooks and notes splayed out before her.

For a few baffling moments, she didn't look like Tilly at all.

The cruel bitch who gleefully torment Charlotte was nowhere to be found. Instead, all I could see was a petite college girl in her room, studying while listening to music.

A normal, ordinary girl.

Her eyes widened at me, surprised. Maybe even embarrassed. Shy.

And, for an instant, I saw Tilly in a whole new light.

Then her eyes narrowed at me, and the bitch was back.

"What the *fuck* do you-"

"Your father," I said, cutting her off. Already, she'd pulled out her earbuds, was taking off her glasses. "He's invited me and Charlotte out this evening."

It was amazing how quickly her entire demeanour shifted.

The relaxed, hunched posture morphed instantly into a straight-backed self-confidence. Her face shifted to the sneering disdain I was so used to. When I looked at her desk, I half expected to see the textbooks and notes to have changed, a bland tome on modern economics becoming a crash-course in sadomasochism in the blink of an eye. But no, the notes and books remained the same. Even if their owner had snapped into a completely different person instantaneously.

She glared at me for a few seconds, digesting my words.

Finally, she stood up, folded her arms and somehow managed to look down her nose at me. Despite me being much taller, and despite her wearing the most adorable set of pyjamas I'd ever seen.

"He hasn't met Charlotte yet," Tilly said. "This'll be his chance to see her up close, examine her himself. A show of wealth and power, proving he can look after her. Typical stuff."

"Should we go?"

Tilly shrugged. "He's going to meet Tits at some point. No stopping that, now that's he interested. If you stop her from going today, it'll be an excuse to keep you out of it next time."

"So we *should* go."

"Do you think Tits will dump you and hop into bed with him instead?" Tilly asked, feigning boredom.

"Not a chance."

"Then knock yourselves out. Go. Enjoy the food. Just get out of my room. I've got studying to do."

I stared at her for a few more seconds. Trying to figure her out.

The bitchiness, was that an act?

No. Not with how far I'd seen her take it. How much she obviously enjoyed it. No, the bitchiness wasn't an act.

There was simply more to her than it.

"Fine," I grunted. "Sorry for bothering you."

She waved her hand dismissively.

I sighed, left her room. Charlotte, of course, was waiting for me on the other side of the door. Her big, round eyes staring at me intently. Silently asking a question.

"Dress up fancy later," I told her, making the decision. "We're eating somewhere fancy tonight."

A waiter with a stick up his ass led us to the table.

Mr Kane, of course, was already seated there.

As we approached, his eyes flicked over me. When they moved to Charlotte, the gaze lingered. Roaming up and down my girlfriend's body with undisguised appreciation.

The urge to ram my fist into his face flared.

I fought it down, strode to our table.

"Charlotte," Mr Kane said, rising to his feet and bowing. "It's a pleasure. Please, sit. Order anything you'd like."

He didn't even acknowledge my presence.

Charlotte blushed. Her red cheeks matching the red lipstick she had on, the red cocktail dress she wore. She glanced at me before shyly returning Mr Kane's smile. In her dress and heels, Charlotte moved gracefully, sat down with refined elegance on the chair I'd pulled out for her.

I took my place next to Charlotte.

"How was the drive here?" Mr Kane asked, sliding himself back onto his chair. "The traffic wasn't too terrible, I hope."

"N- no," Charlotte mumbled, cheeks red. "It was-"

"Cut the shit," I said, eyes on the older man. "None of us are here for small talk. What do you want?"

The man made a show of shaking his head in disappointment. He glanced to Charlotte, shrugged. As if to say 'sorry about this'. Playing the part of the chivalrous, cordial gentleman.

"What I want," Mr Kane said, "is to eat some delicious food in the company of fine people. Why else would I-"

"How many mistresses do you have?" I asked.

That shut the man up.

As he stared at me, I saw a tiny peek behind his mask. A hint of annoyance, quickly hidden behind a smile.

"That," Mr Kane said, "very much depends on your definition of 'mistress'. I have one wife, and three women you could describe as 'girlfriends'. Five more that are more along the lines of 'booty calls'. And two 'baby mommas' that I've long since lost interest in, but whom I make sure to care for anyway. Does that answer your question?"

I hadn't been expecting that. A full accounting. No denials or lies; at least none I knew about.

"I had hoped this would be a civil conversation between adults," Mr Kane sighed. "I should've known better than to invite the insecure boyfriend."

Charlotte's gaze darted between me and him. Eyes wide.

Did she realise she was the prize? The thing we'd be fighting for in this 'civil conversation'?

"You're here to make Charlotte an offer," I snapped. "Like she's some kind of whore you can just *buy*. You actually think you can bribe her into becoming another mistress. And you expect me to be *civil*?"

"On the contrary," Mr Kane shrugged. "I'm not here to offer Charlotte any money. I'm here to bribe *you*."

Again, I was caught off guard.

Bribe me?

"You see," the man said, focusing his full attention on Charlotte, addressing her directly. "I know about your *proclivities*. Your kinks. And, I must say, they are quite refreshing, aren't they? A woman that looks like you, who knows her place in the world and *gets off* on that knowledge. You, my dear, are nothing short of a miracle."

"What does that have to do with-" I began.

"Tell me, Charlotte," Mr Kane said, cutting me off. "How much would it arouse you to be *sold*? To mean that little to your boyfriend that he'd take payment for you. Imagine how humiliating and degrading and demeaning that would be..."

Charlotte's eyes widened. Her lips parted.

"Imagine being one of my many mistresses," the man continued. "The least of them. Just another pussy to fill, when none of the others are available. Oh, the things I'm going to do to you, Charlotte..."

Mr Kane had a gleam in his eye. Predatory.

And, in that moment, Charlotte resembled nothing more than a deer in the headlights. Frozen in place, unable to react.

A single breathy gasp escaped her lips.

"Imagine it," Mr Kane whispered to her. "Living the rest of your life knowing you fucked up your perfect relationship by betraying your one too love. Knowing you'll never experience that kind of love again. Knowing you don't *deserve* to be loved."

I shot to my feet, chair toppling to the floor behind me.

Without thinking, I grabbed Charlotte's hand, pulled her to her feet. She was surprised, jolted out of a stupor, but her body obeyed even if her mind was slow to react.

"We're done here," I barked.

As I pulled Charlotte away from the table, her wide eyes shot from me to the man still seated there. The man making no move to stop us. The man smiling from ear to ear.

This had been a mistake.

A stupid fucking waste of time.

There was no way Charlotte would ever fall for that bullshit. Not at all. Never.

Right?