

All American Queen

Chapter 24

Charlotte was quiet. Looking forward, a curious expression on her face. She seemed lost in her thoughts. Oblivious to the fact I wasn't driving back to the dorms.

What was she thinking about?

I wasn't sure I wanted to know.

She wouldn't go for Mr Kane's deal. There was no chance of that. She had everything she could ever want right now. She wouldn't throw all that away.

Would she?

I wished I could see into her mind. Know what she was thinking.

She wasn't *actually* considering it, was she?

The things Mr Kane had said... It was exactly the kind of thing Charlotte wanted. To be treated badly, mocked, belittled. To be used as an object, discarded when her body wasn't needed. To be nothing more than a pretty face with legs wide open.

What could I give her that he couldn't?

It was a sour thought. One that made something inside me coil and twist. Made my mouth dry and my eyebrows narrow.

Without really realising it, I found myself clutching the car's steering wheel tightly. Knuckles white, fingers digging in.

Charlotte didn't notice. Her gaze was far off in the distance.

So on I drove.

It took Charlotte a good twenty minutes, half an hour, to snap out of her thoughts. Realise we were going to the dorms. If we had been, we'd have arrived there a while ago.

"Babe?" She asked, turning to look at me.

I didn't answer.

"Where're we going?" Her soft, sweet voice sounded. "I thought the plan was..."

She saw the look on my face, closed her mouth.

It was another few minutes before I said anything.

"Your favourite clothes at home, what are they?"

"Huh?" Charlotte raised an eyebrow. "Clothes?"

"Not in the sorority house," I clarified. "But all the way back home. What's the favourite outfit you left behind?"

The question was so out of left field that it took Charlotte a moment to understand what I was asking, and another moment after that to formulate a response.

"I... I don't know," she said softly. "I mean... I brought all my favourite tops and stuff here. Most of the clothes I have back home are either boring or too small or they wouldn't have made sense to bring."

"There's got to be something," I grumbled. "Think."

"Hmm..." Her gaze flicked to my face, an odd mixture of curiosity and concern in her eyes. "I suppose there's the dress I wore to prom. I still have it, I think. Though I haven't worn it in forever. It's probably way too small for me now."

"Perfect," I said, a memory flashing in my mind.

"Why?" Charlotte asked.

I ignored the question.

Prom. Prom had been interesting.

It'd been back when me and Charlotte were early into our relationship. A secret relationship, though I hadn't known *why* Charlotte had wanted to keep 'us' a secret back then. We hadn't gone to prom together, and I'd been forced to watch as Charlotte danced with every guy who had enough balls to ask her.

That night hadn't been the first time we'd had sex. But it had been a special night all the same.

Sneaking into Charlotte's bedroom through the window, watching as she put her pink prom dress back on. Something about it being 'special' for her to wear it as we got under the covers.

Come to think of it, how hadn't her parents heard us that night? Or any of the other nights I'd crept into her room?

"Here," I said, pulling a hand off the steering wheel and plucking my phone from a pocket. I tossed it lightly over to Charlotte. "You remember my pin?"

Charlotte nodded her head quickly.

"Go through my contacts until you find your mother," I said, keeping my eyes on the road. "Text her. Tell her to send me a picture of herself wearing your prom dress."

Charlotte's head swivelled to look at me so fast, I was surprised she didn't pull a muscle in her neck.

"If she asks why, or tries to say no, tell her I think it'd look better on her than it ever did on you. And... Tell her I know she was listening in on us when I fucked you after prom."

Charlotte gaped at me.

I didn't look her way. Just basked in that surprised stare, the flush in her cheeks.

When she didn't move to obey, I cleared my throat.

"I'm not asking, Charlotte. Get to it."

It took her a few more seconds but, finally, she unlocked my phone, began typing out the messages.

What followed was a discussion that lasted several minutes. Charlotte's mother replying to the messages, with Charlotte reading out those replies. Then me telling her how to respond. For a few minutes, Charlotte became the secret messenger that her mother and I flirted through.

Irene had no idea this was happening, of course. As far as the MILF was concerned, this was a private conversation between just the two of us.

At first she coyly refused my – Charlotte's – request to put on the prom dress. Then she distracted with few comments, confessing that she had indeed overheard me and Charlotte a few times.

"Looks like your mother knows you're a slut," I chuckled.

From there, it was a simple matter of convincing the older woman to don her daughter's prom dress. All I'd needed do was to have Charlotte tell Irene I wanted her more. That, while I'd been fucking Charlotte on prom night, I'd been picturing her mother.

Irene enjoyed flattery as much as Charlotte enjoyed mockery.

When the first picture came, I had Charlotte show me.

"I was right," I said, giving the photo a quick look. "She does look better in it than you ever did."

By now, Charlotte's blush had spread from her cheeks to her entire face. Bright red, eyes a mixture of anguish and lust and shame and so much more. Her lips were parted, practically panting.

It wasn't even that much of a lie.

Charlotte had worn the dress better, for sure. But Irene wasn't exactly 'hideous' in it. The middle-aged woman looked young for her forty-something years, could easily have passed for a movie highschooler. And her impressive bust filled out and stretched the prom dress magnificently.

She'd even applied some quick make-up. Some eyeliner and blush and lipstick. Really selling the look.

"What do you think?" I asked Charlotte.

"She... She looks nice."

"Ask her if she's still wearing it. If she is, tell her to take another picture with her tits out."

The second picture came shortly after.

Irene smiling up at the camera, massive tits exposed.

"She's just as much of a slut as you are."

Another photo, and another. One of Irene on Charlotte's bed, legs spread. Another of her holding one of Charlotte's plushies, a teddy bear that she'd had for years. Another still of her stripping the prom dress off completely, sending full nudes to me and Charlotte.

"Next time we visit home," I told her, "I'm going to fuck her. On your parents' bed, on your bed, in your kitchen and bathrooms, in your pool. There won't be a place in that whole house you'll be able to go and not see me fucking her there."

"Babe," Charlotte gasped. "Please."

"Maybe I'll set up a camera, let you watch as she takes care of me. Think she spits or swallows?"

"I... I don't know," Charlotte breathed.

"Ask her," I grinned. "Right now. Ask if she spits or swallows."

The answer didn't take long.

"Swallow," Charlotte whispered.

"Your mom's gonna drink my cum," I chuckled.

Charlotte shifted in her seat, breathing heavily.

"After I've fucked her," I promised, "I'll come tell you which of you two is a better lay. My money's on her."

I sent Charlotte to bed, ordering her to imagine me with her mother and forbidding her from pleasuring herself to the thoughts. As soon as she was wrapped up snugly in bed, practically salivating at her own imagination, I went in search of Tilly.

Unsurprisingly, I found her in her room.

Half-naked, frozen in place while buttoning up a pyjama shirt. She stared at me, torn between annoyance and mute acceptance.

"Your father," I said, entering the room and closing the door behind myself, "is a bastard."

That seemed to put Tilly at ease.

She unfroze, resumed buttoning up her sleep shirt.

"He make a move on Tits?" She asked.

"You could say that. Wants to make her one of his 'concubines' or something. House her, feed her, fuck her. Said all this shit about..." I shook my head. "What's the *deal* with him, anyway?"

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

I grunted, didn't respond.

Tilly finished buttoning her shirt, walked over to her bed and sat down on the edge. She raised an eyebrow at me.

"You gonna just stand there like a lemon?" She asked. "Sit down. Grab the chair."

She motioned to her desk chair.

Sighing, I did as instructed.

"Tits is everything *Father* wants in a woman. The 'full package'. What guys see in blonde hair and big tits, I'll never know. And why anyone would want such a pushover..." She smirked at me. "If he's got his eyes on her, he's not gonna give up on it easily. Not unless he decides he's wasting his time."

"So," I grumbled, "how do we make him decide that?"

Tilly shrugged.

"Come on," I snapped. "You've got to have some idea."

"Not really. Me and my father are hardly close. All I know is that he's *really* into living Barbie dolls with over-inflated boobs. And he doesn't hold back when it comes to the things he wants."

I stared at her, waited for more.

"Messing with your girlfriend is fun," Tilly said, a note of sympathy in her voice. "I guess I have a little bit more of *him* in me than I thought. But for me, it's a game. For my father, Charlotte is a challenge. Something to beat and conquer and claim. He's not going to hold anything back."

Not exactly what I wanted to hear.

"Do you love her?" Tilly asked.

The question took me by surprise.

"Well?" Tilly pushed when I didn't answer.

"Yes," I said. "I do."

"And does she love you?"

"I... I think so, yes."

"Then you've got nothing to worry about. As much as she's a weirdo slut that gets off on being tormented, she's not an idiot. If she loves you, nothing my father promises her will matter. She'll stick with you all the way. If not... Well, I suppose it's better to rip the bandage off early."

I opened my mouth, but no words came out.

Part of me wanted to thank Tilly while another part wanted to throttle her.

If not for her, none of this bullshit would be happening.

Still, she was being uncharacteristically *nice* for some reason.

"I..." The words wouldn't form. I couldn't bring myself to say them, actually thank her. "Umm..."

"We done here?" Tilly demanded, crossing her arms. "I've got shit to do tomorrow and I need to sleep. If there's nothing else, you can kindly get the fuck out of my room now."

Heat spread across my face.

I stood quickly, retreated out of the Bitch's room.

My lips pressed to her earlobe, whispered little insults as my hands explored her perfect body.

Charlotte was naked, on her hands and knees.

My fingertips slid from her toned tummy down between her legs. Gliding over her shaved crotch, gently prodded at that special area that should've been mine and mine alone.

How many of her sorority sisters had explored Charlotte's slutty holes? How many times had the other girls used Charlotte like that?

"Useless," I whispered into Charlotte's ear.

She gasped, swayed her hips. Her backside pressed against my hard cock, caressing it with those plump buns.

"You're just a fuck-doll," I told her as I slid a single finger into her hole, teasing her opening. " Tits and ass and a pretty face. It's all anyone sees when they look at you."

"Babe..." Charlotte moaned, clenched down on my finger.

"No brains... Nothing special... Just tits and ass. Something to use and discard. But you love that, don't you?"

"Mm'hm," Charlotte panted.

I pulled my finger out, brought it up to her lips.

She tasted it without hesitation. Slid the fingertip into her mouth and sucked on it, moaning all the while.

"Bet you want my cock right now," I whispered. "Bet your pussy is so hungry for it that you can't think straight."

"Yes," Charlotte gasped around my finger. "Please!"

"But you don't deserve it," I told her.

She groaned, trembled.

"I fucked one of your friends earlier," I said, sliding my finger out of her mouth, drawing a line of saliva down her cheek and chin and throat. "Before I came here, I stopped by her room. The one with the dyed pigtails."

"Carmen," Charlotte moaned.

"She's good with her mouth," I smiled. "Sucks like you wouldn't believe. And she doesn't have a gag reflex. Can deepthroat her for days. Those pigtails make for good handles, if you catch my meaning."

I slid my finger over Charlotte's chest, cupped a heavy breast in my open palm.

"You should ask her for lessons..."

I pulled back, pushed Charlotte down onto the bed roughly.

Face to the bedsheets, chest pillowed by her large breasts.

"Wait here," I told her. "Don't move."

With a smile, I climbed off the bed, left the room, went in search of some other slut to fuck.

Whoever I found, I'd bring back to Charlotte's room. Throw them right on top of my girlfriend and fuck 'em there. Charlotte underneath us, nothing but a piece of furniture.

"You've been different lately," Charlotte said.

We were on one of our little days out together. This time, visiting a park that was just out of the way enough to not be a popular attraction. There were people around, but not so many that it was overcrowded or noisy. We had privacy, fresh air, a picnic table to ourselves.

"What do you mean?"

"Ever since that dinner," Charlotte said. "You've been *different*. Quieter. More forceful. Like... I don't know."

"I thought you wanted me to be more 'forceful'. It's why you wanted me to bring Tilly back, isn't it?"

"Yes," Charlotte blushed. "I mean, I do. I like that you're being assertive. Everything you've been doing is nice! It's just... You've been *cold*. I don't know how to explain it."

"Cold is good, isn't it?"

"It is," Charlotte pursed her lips. "Just not *all* the time."

And there was the crux of it.

Where was I supposed to draw the line between 'asshole boyfriend' and 'loving boyfriend'? How much was too much, and how far was not far enough? It felt like, no matter what I did, I'd fall short somewhere.

"You're not... You're not worried about what Mr Kane said, are you?"

"What's there to be worried about?" I grunted, ignoring the tugging sensation in my chest. "Just some rich fuck that thinks he can buy whatever he wants."

Charlotte reached across the picnic table, placed her hands on mine.

The smile she gave me was painfully compassionate.

"I dream about the future a lot," Charlotte said, voice soft and sweet. "Not just the next few weeks or months or years, but decades from now. I think about exams and jobs, what I'll do if I flunk college and where my life will go..."

There was a twinkle in her eye as she spoke.

"Sometimes, in my daydreams, I'm a successful business person with a high-paying job and a nice house. Sometimes, I'm a housewife raising kids. Sometimes, I dream I've flunked and failed and ended up in some small trailer park somewhere. I've pictured myself as a scientist, an artist, a porn star, a famous musician. I've even had daydreams where I'm a superhero!"

She *would* look great in spandex...

"You wanna know what all those daydreams and fantasies have in common?" Charlotte asked.

I gave a half-nod, half-shrug.

"You," Charlotte said.

She squeezed my hands, smiled at me.

"In every single one, you're right there with me. The man I come home to after work, or the one I wait for after cleaning the house. The one who helps me write songs, or who runs out without question to buy my art supplies when I'm low. Whenever I've pictured myself as a porn star, you're *always* the one making movies with me."

Her smile widened.

"I love you," she said, not a hint of doubt in her voice. "And, no matter what happens or what I end up doing with my life, I want you to be there with me all the way."

Something inside me relaxed a little. A tension dissipating.

"Some dummy thinks he can buy me just like that?" Charlotte shook her head, laughed. "Not a chance. I'm *yours*. And I always will be. Nothing's going to change that."

I opened my mouth, not quite sure what to say. In the end, the only words that came out were the four that made Charlotte beam.

"I love you too," I told her.

It took a few minutes after that before the embarrassing, lovey-dovey stuff passed. Us making plans for the future, deciding how many kids we'd have and what to name them.

When we stood, held hands and started walking back to the car, I pursed my lips – remembered something Charlotte had said.

"So you as a superhero," I mused. "In that daydream, was I another hero, or some loser you had to save?"

"Neither," Charlotte blushed. "You were the evil villain."

"Oh?" I raised an eyebrow at her.

"You, uh, captured me and..." The blush spread across her face and down her neck. "Oh look! I think there's a hotdog stand over there!"

I burst out laughing, let my red-faced girlfriend lead the way.

In the back of my mind, I made a note to invest in some costumes for me and Charlotte. Some spandex, maybe a cape, handcuffs and rope...