

All American Queen

Chapter 25

I pulled out my phone, snapped a quick photo.

Before anything else, I made sure that beauty was backed up on the cloud and safe from accidental deletion.

Then, knowing that there were half a dozen video cameras set up around the room, I took a step forward. Stood before Charlotte with a wide, if slightly shy, grin on my face.

She was *beautiful*.

Hands cuffed behind her back, a blindfold wrapped snugly around her head, a ball gag in her mouth. A line of drool exited her mouth on either side of the gag; spit running down her chin and dripping down onto her exposed cleavage.

Charlotte was wearing a cape.

More than that, she was wearing an entire outfit.

Something between Wonder Woman and Supergirl. A tight, constricting corset in red. A little blue miniskirt. Gloves on her hands and heeled boots on her feet. A fake-gold belt separated corset and skirt, and at the very top of the corset, where cloth ended and bare skin began, a matching fake-metal trimming followed the edge of the corset right down into Charlotte's cleavage.

She looked spectacular! Mouthwatering!

If not for the cheap costume and the porn-shoot setup of the room, I might've been able to believe she was the real deal. A beautiful, brilliant superhero. Heroine. Whatever!

Charlotte looked amazing!

And the fact that she was bound up, ready for ravishing, pulled the entire look together beautifully.

What guy *hadn't* wanted to fuck a superhero chick at some point in their lives? And here I was, about to come as close to that dream as it was possible to.

I could hardly be blamed for taking my time. Savouring it.

"Well, well, well," I said, hamming it up with my best evil supervillain voice. "What do we have here?"

Charlotte mumbled something into her gag. Put on a show of 'struggling' against her bindings. It was a feeble attempt, even for being utterly fake. She just sort of wiggled in place, moving her cuffed hands from one part of her back to another.

"Lady Liberty herself," I said, using the first name that popped into my head. "I promised I'd find and capture you, didn't I?"

A hot flush spread across my face as I spoke.

Roleplaying. How had I gotten myself into a 'sexy' roleplay with Charlotte with all these cameras around? And why did it have to be such a silly setup?! A superhero captured by a villain? Sure, it sounded good on paper. But it was so *corny*...

Just the idea of Tilly and the other sorority sluts watching these videos back later... I cringed at the thought.

But, this was what Charlotte wanted.

I supposed, if I was going to go through with this, I might as well commit. Really 'dig in' to the role.

"Mu-ha-ha!" I barked out the most exaggerated evil laugh I could, ignoring the heat in my cheeks as I did. "Now you're all mine! Are you ready to become a cumdump, hero?!"

Charlotte mumbled something around her gag. The corners of her lips curled up in amusement.

I knelt down in front of her, reached for the front of her flimsy corset. As I gripped it, I felt Charlotte tense.

"Look at these tits," I whispered to her. "What kind of a 'superhero' has jugs this big? You sure you're not a super-whore instead?"

Charlotte mumbled something, let out a breathy moan.

"By the time I'm done with you," I told her. "That's exactly what you'll be. The biggest whore around."

I yanked the corset down, watched as Charlotte's tits bounced and jiggled free. Her nipples hard as ice. She let out another soft, muffled moan. Arched her back and pushed out her chest for me.

My heart thundered as I reached out to grasp a breast.

Just as my hand was brushing bare skin, I hesitated.

Charlotte wanted to be treated roughly. To be broken down and dominated. She wasn't here for gentle caresses or loving embraces. She wanted something altogether more brutal.

So I slapped her tits instead.

I brought my arm up, paused for only a moment, then swung at those huge, beautiful globes.

Charlotte yelped, flinched back. She whimpered into her gag and hunched over. On her pale skin, the outline of a red handprint formed on the side of her tit.

"A bitch like you," I said, walking around her and grabbing her cape, using it as a leash to drag her to the bed, "needs to be taught her place."

I tossed her onto the mattress, climbed up onto it behind her.

"Always walking around in those tight clothes, teasing guys while pretending to be a 'good girl'. You know *exactly* what you're doing."

I might've broken character a little there.

"Now, I'm going to teach you exactly where a slutty hero like you belongs. Lift your ass up."

She rolled onto hands and knees, did what she was told.

I pulled up the short skirt, exposed Charlotte's ass to the world. And, more importantly, to the many cameras dotted around.

"A thong," I laughed, shaking my head. "Some hero you are."

Charlotte moaned.

"And look at that. You're wet. Soaked, actually. I guess *someone* has been looking forward to this..."

Charlotte lowered her head, shuddered.

I was about to raise my hand, give Charlotte a few spanks, but something stopped me. A tingling ache in my palm from the tit-slap, paired with a dark thought nudging at the back of my mind.

No. Spanking her wouldn't be enough.

I needed to *destroy* her.

Spanking would hurt my palm as much as it did Charlotte's ass. Before long, I'd have to relent and stop. But, if I used something else instead...

There. On the bedside table along with a collection of other toys and tools.

I grinned, crawled over the bed and snatched it up.

A large, wooden paddle.

The kind of thing Charlotte's sorority sisters liked to use on her. And the type of thing I always hesitated to use myself.

But no more.

"You're not a superhero," I said, raising the paddle. "You're just slut in a cape."

We'd long since abandoned the roleplay.

From the moment I shoved my cock into Charlotte's puckered butthole, *that* game had ended. Her gag was gone, her costume a complete mess. The cape, I'd spun into a makeshift rope and wrapped around Charlotte's throat, holding onto it as I pounded her from behind.

Charlotte met every thrust. Slamming her body backwards as I rammed forward. My hips slapping against her round ass, the sound echoing around the room.

"Fuck me!" Charlotte cried out. "Harder! Harder!"

I obliged. Tugging on the cape, forcing Charlotte to arch her back, fucking her with everything I had.

"Baby!" My girlfriend half-screamed. "More! Please! I love it! Fuck me more!"

She was insatiable.

Her neediness, my indignation and anger at it, pushed me on. Made me grab the back of her head, shove her face-first into a pillow to shut her up. All the while, I kept hammering her from behind. Stretching out her asshole, losing myself in how tight and warm she was.

When I came, Charlotte's entire body tensed and shuddered.

She let out a muffled squeak, a gasp. Her ass convulsed around my cock, squeezing it from all sides.

Then she went limp.

Her body rocked forward, dropped onto its side.

Charlotte, I saw, was drooling onto a pillow. Her eyes distant as a satisfied smile pulled at her flushed cheeks.

"You didn't just..." I shook my head, barked out a laugh. "From anal? I wasn't even playing with your clit or anything! You just came from me fucking your ass."

Charlotte nodded her head dreamily.

"Hmm..." I leaned over her, planted a little kiss on her rosy cheek. "I don't remember giving you permission to cum."

Charlotte blinked, slowly turned her head to look up at me.

"You know the rule, baby. You only get to cum when I say you do. And you just broke it, didn't you?"

Wide eyed, Charlotte nodded her head.

"You know what that means..."

"I... I need to be punished," Charlotte whispered, voice trembling slightly. Though, if I had to guess, it was less from fear and more from arousal and anticipation.

"That's right, hero bitch," I grinned at her. "You need to be punished. And, luckily for you, I have just the thing in mind..."

It was nice to sit back and watch.

A guy could only do so much, after all. Once the nutt came and went, I was out of action 'til my body recovered. And what better way to spend that 'recovery period' than watching my beautiful Charlotte getting gangbanged by a group of strap-on sluts?

True to the roleplay, the girls all wore balaclavas. Two with holes for their eyes and mouths, the third with another hole that her ponytail was sticking through.

I had my suspicions about who the three were. By now, I'd fucked every sorority girl a dozen times over. Even the girls that preferred other chicks. For them, a night or two with me was well worth the access to Charlotte I provided.

One slut was beneath Charlotte, fucking her from below.

Another was behind her, taking advantage of the same hole I had not an hour ago.

The third was gripping Charlotte's face, was thrusting a fat, long, floppy dildo right down Charlotte's throat. The visible bulge of it moving as the girl face-fucked her.

All three sluts were going hard at it. Pounding poor Charlotte from all sides. It was a marvel to behold.

For the better part of an hour, Charlotte had been nothing more than a flesh-doll for these three sluts to abuse. A set of holes for them to fuck and nothing more. The girls themselves weren't even getting off from it! They were horny, obviously. And clearly they were enjoying themselves. But how much actual *pleasure* could come from a girl wearing

a strap-on?

They were all moaning, for sure.

Maybe there was more stimulation for a girl wearing one of those things than I was aware. Or maybe those moans were simply for the cameras.

I shrugged the musings aside, relaxed back into my chair.

For a girl being fucked as thoroughly as Charlotte was, she was surprisingly active. Bouncing her body to meet as many thrusts as she could. Deepthroating the dildo in her mouth at the same time as she was slamming herself down on the dildo in her pussy.

There was an odd rhythm to things.

As pussy-fucker pulled back, the ass-fucker slammed forward. As butt-girl drew back, pussy-pounder did the opposite.

Throat-destroyer, ignoring the tempo the other two had fallen into, satisfied herself with fucking Charlotte's gullet as hard and fast as she could. Choking Charlotte on a floppy, jelly dildo and moaning over Charlotte's chokes as moans.

Charlotte's ass, I noticed, was still red-raw from her paddling earlier.

I winched thinking of the pain she must be in. Every thrust against that sore ass would be agony. And yet, if Charlotte was in pain, she didn't show it.

Drooling around a dildo, she danced her backside along with the alternating thrusts. Played both plastic cocks like a veteran pornstar, giving both the same special treatment she'd shown my own cock earlier.

This was what she wanted.

To be used. Fucked and filled and destroyed.

I kept having to tell myself that. Remind myself exactly what Charlotte was, what she hungered for.

Looking at her pretty face, her modest sweaters and her innocent eyes, it was easy to forget how much of a rampant slut Charlotte was. In quiet moments together, with her being sweet and kind and caring, it was difficult to associate Charlotte with the sexual, desperate, perverted creature getting fucked before me right now.

And yet they were one in the same.

I'd held back on her for too long. Stopped myself from going too hard on her, stopped others that didn't have my reservations. But that'd been a mistake.

I saw that now.

As clearly as I saw Charlotte climaxing once again.

She was a creature that craved torture and torment.

What kind of a boyfriend would I be if I didn't give it to her?

In the aftermath, I cuddled my exhausted Charlotte.

Too tired to even move, she just stared at me with those dreamy eyes of hers, a smile on her face and saliva covering her chin.

"Fine," she croaked, voice hoarse. "I'll join you, villain. I'll be you cumdump superhero."

I barked out a laugh, shook my head.

The roleplay. Between watching the other girls take her three on one, and me joining in after I'd rested up a little, I'd completely forgotten about the roleplay.

"Good," I chuckled. "It's about time."

"Baby?" Charlotte whispered.

"Yeah?"

"Thank you," she cooed, closing her eyes. "For this."

"I should be the one thanking you," I shrugged. "I've always wanted to fuck a slutty superhero."

Her smile widened.

"You really like bondage, don't you?"

She nodded her head slowly, barely managing to stay awake.

"Next time," I promised, "I'll make it better. Get that real BDSM shit going. Candles and ropes and one of those cross things. Make full use of the sorority's new basement."

"Mm'hm," Charlotte murmured, drifting off to sleep.

"Dream of something kinky," I whispered to her.

Her eyes snapped open, suddenly wide awake.

She stared at me with so much intensity, I felt myself leaning back in surprise.

"Babe," she said, voice straining slightly.

"Y-yeah?"

"I don't want you to have sex with my mother."

"Oh," I sighed, placed a hand over my now-racing heart. "Right. Yeah. Okay, I won't."

"No," Charlotte said, shaking her head quickly. "Listen to me. I don't want you to have sex with my mother. I've thought about it and..."

Her cheeks glowed pink as she smiled at me.

"I want you to *fuck* her. Hard. I want you to screw her fucking brains out. And... I want to be there when you do."