

All American Queen

Chapter 26

Usually, it was me behind the wheel. I liked to drive and Charlotte enjoyed taking in the sights we passed. But, for the last leg of the journey home, I'd encouraged Charlotte to take the wheel; sat myself down in the passenger seat and patted the driver's seat beside me.

It felt more fitting this way. More *momentous*.

Charlotte being the one to ferry me home, to where her mother waited for me. Charlotte being the chaperone to my 'date' with Irene.

I didn't even need to point it out to her.

With every mile that passed, every minute we drew closer to our hometown, Charlotte's cheeks grew redder and redder. Her breathing slowly morphed into steady, soft panting. Her body reacted to the flare of lust and arousal; thighs grinding together, brow growing damp with sweat, biting her lower lip as she tried to restrain herself.

As always, the flush in her cheeks brought Charlotte's beauty to heart-stopping heights.

I could've stared at her all day long.

Her shy blushes, her wide smiles and twinkling eyes. A vision of beauty so radiant that it was like a spell cast on me. Enthralling me and making me fall for her all over again.

Yet, in recent days and weeks, I'd found myself appreciating other faces she could make. Expressions of horror and pain and humiliating embarrassment, all intertwined with slutty arousal. The pleasure in her eyes as she was abused in body and mind and soul. Such beautiful agony that it awoke things in me that'd been buried deep, deep down.

More than ever, I craved to see those faces again.

"I'm going to fuck her," I promised Charlotte.

She tensed, let out a hot breath.

"Before the weekend is over," I continued, "I'm going to fuck your mother's brains out. When she kisses you goodbye on Sunday, sends you back to college, it'll be with my cum inside her."

Today was Thursday.

We'd begin the drive back to college on Sunday.

That gave me the rest of today, tomorrow, and Saturday.

"I'm going to fuck her," I repeated, silently swearing it. "And you'll be there to listen when I do."

Panting, Charlotte nodded her head. Head and neck and shoulders bright red from the heat blazing inside her. The arousal threatening to overwhelm her.

"I bet she's a good fuck too," I added with a smile. "Much better than you, for sure. That red lipstick she always wears... I wonder how it'll look on my cock. What do you think, babe? Think your mom will enjoy sucking me off?"

On and on it went. My words filling the silence as we drew ever closer to our hometown. Closer to Irene and her red lips.

I didn't see Irene that first day, save for a quick exchange with her as I'd escorted Charlotte to her house's front door.

Before Charlotte could even pull her keys out, unlock it herself, the door swung open to reveal Irene. Clad in a thin, silk robe that was open enough to expose a delicious valley of cleavage. A hot smile on her face, cheeks as bright as Charlotte's were.

A quick exchange of pleasantries, then the door closed and I was left walking back to my car.

That evening, before heading to bed, I'd sent the older woman a few messages. Complemented her robe, telling her that I wanted to see more, a little flirting here and a

sexual inuendo there. And, for my reward, I got yet another set of nudes from Irene. Wearing that same robe; though, in the photos, it was open fully.

As soon as I had the pictures, I sent copies to Charlotte. Told her all about how I was going to fuck that slutty body. The pair of them – mother and daughter both – kept me busy for the following hours. Setting up plans with Charlotte while teasing Irene with naughty promises.

By the time I'd called it a night and knocked out, there was a whole scheme ready to be set into motion.

And so, the next morning, I walked to Charlotte's home to enact it. Stood outside the large house, strode up to the front door, rang the doorbell. Heart thundering in my chest while I leaned against the doorframe. Waiting.

It didn't take Irene long to open the door.

Her eyes widened when she saw it was me on the other side.

"Oh," the MILF gasped in surprise. "Hi..."

Her cheeks turned pink in an instant, her shock quickly giving way to a fidgety nervousness. She glanced behind me, left and right. Searching for *something*. People watching, perhaps?

"Charlotte's not here," Irene said quickly, unable to meet my eyes. "She's meeting up with friends and-"

"I know," I stated, flashing her my most charming smile.

She flushed brighter, stammered something.

"Mind if I come in?" I spoke over her. "I'm pretty thirsty 'n' all. Could do with a glass of water. You know how it is."

Irene's eyes widened further.

She shifted nervously, swaying with the conflict and uncertainty in her irises. But, finally, she stepped aside slightly, allowed me entry into the house.

Grinning, I strode past her.

I knew the layout of Charlotte's home well enough. I'd been here enough times to not get lost. But, just because I knew where the master bedroom was, didn't mean I could head there right away. For two reasons.

The first; Irene seemed to have some cold feet. The fantasy of being seduced by her daughter's boyfriend had become too real for her, and I didn't want to scare her into backing down. Best to take this as slowly and carefully as I could.

The other reason...

Well, I had to give Charlotte a bit of time to set herself up, didn't I? It wouldn't do for Irene and I to barge into the master bedroom only to find Charlotte half-way under the bed or climbing into the closet or wherever it was she'd decided to hide.

I had to give my girlfriend enough time to creep about up there, find a good hiding spot, before I took Irene up.

So, the dining room.

The living room would've made more sense, true. But it was also directly below the master bedroom. Why risk the chance of Irene hearing floorboards creaking?

"Charlotte," Irene said, following behind me, voice strained with her worry and uncertainty. "She left a note and... She said she'd be with Olivia. And... I don't know when she'll be back, so... Maybe... Maybe now's not the time to..."

She didn't finish the thought. A good sign.

I stepped into the dining room, looked around and nodded my head appreciatively.

"You've got a nice house," I told her. Stepping slowly around the large dinner table. "A really nice house. And everything's so clean. You do all the housework by yourself?"

"I- Uh..." Irene blushed, nodded her head. "Yes..."

Smalltalk. Something to distract the woman from the battle going on in her brain.

"House this big," I blew out a whistle. "That's gotta be a lot of work. You deserve a

break. Cleaning and brushing everything, scrubbing floors on your hands and knees... You *definitely* deserve a little time for yourself, don't you?"

She met my gaze then, face flushed and red lips parted.

Her eyes were wide, still conflicted, but with a look I knew all too well from my time with Charlotte. A hazy, wanton heat.

Lust.

"Can't promise you won't end up on your hands and knees, though." I stared into her eyes, watched as hers widened. "But you'll definitely enjoy it a whole lot more with me..."

Her mouth bobbed open and shut, trying to form words but having no idea what to say. Her entire body shuddered at my implication, even as she raised a hand to her heart and took a step back.

Unlike last night, the woman wasn't wearing a sexy robe.

She had on a getup right out of the fifties: A red dress with white polkadots, a frilly white apron, even a hairband tied at the top of her head. On her hands were a pair of pink rubber gloves. And, on her feet, a pair of comfortable slippers.

Had she been washing dishes when I'd come knocking?

Either way, it was the kind of look I could see Charlotte adopting one day. The cute, traditional housewife.

Irene locked eyes with me for what seemed like forever. Lost in her arousal and inner turmoil, uncertain what to do or say, only able to stand there and stare into my eyes.

Finally, the woman's brain seemed to reactivate.

"Water!" She half-shouted, voice sounding only slightly desperate. "You said you wanted water! W- wait here. I'll go fetch you a glass..."

She spun on her heels, rushed out of the room like her life depended on it.

In some ways, I supposed, it did.

Being unfaithful to her husband was a big deal. It might not end her life. But it could very well change it forever.

I counted the seconds after she left the room.

Six... Seven... Eight...

At 'fifteen', I grinned, followed after her.

In the kitchen, I found Irene with her hands on a kitchen counter, her back to me and her head lowered, the rubber gloves she'd been wearing set down neatly to one side. She was muttering something, but her voice was too quiet for me to make out any of it.

Trying to figure out what to do, I imagined.

Quietly debating with herself – lost in her thoughts – she didn't hear as I approached behind her.

When I placed a hand on her hip, Irene jumped.

She looked back at me, eyes wide.

Such pretty eyes, too. So much like Charlotte's eyes, I almost needed to remind myself that this was Irene and not her daughter.

"We shouldn't..." She whispered, half-pleading.

"But we're still going to," I smiled.

"Charlotte..."

"Won't be back for hours."

"I can't..." She breathed, turning to face me. As she did, my hand slid from her hip, found itself on the woman's ass instead. "It's not... not..."

I leaned forward, towered over her.

Irene whimpered, closed her eyes, tilted her head.

She moaned into my mouth as our lips met.

For a few, long seconds, all Irene did was stand there. Accepting the kiss. Barely reciprocating. Then something shattered inside her. The last walls of resistance crumbling

away. Before I knew what was happening, she was returning the kiss with more vigour than I'd been expecting. Her tongue darting into my mouth as her hands wrapped around my neck, pulling me closer.

I gripped her ass, pushed her back against the counter – which she quickly lifted herself up onto. Her legs spread apart and I pushed up in between them.

Hot minutes passed. Me pawing at her curvaceous body as she held me close, moaned and gasped into my mouth.

I only broke away from her when she started peeling off my shirt.

Both of us were left panting.

All doubt and hesitation was gone from the woman's eyes. All I saw there now was hunger. A deep, needy longing that set my heart thundering in my chest.

Irene tugged at her apron, trying to remove it.

When she bit her lip, smiled at me, it took all of my willpower not to drop my pants and take her right there and then.

"Do it," the woman purred, as if she could read my mind. "Fuck me."

"Not here," I grunted, shaking my head swiftly. "Upstairs."

Irene pouted for a moment, widening her legs and giving me a peek at the naughty, black panties she had on. Then a twinkle entered her eyes. Her pout became a white-toothed grin.

She pushed herself off the counter, grabbed my hand as she rushed passed me, dragged me along behind her as she hastened upstairs.

To my surprise, she walked right past the master bedroom door, kept walking down the hallway.

Towards Charlotte's bedroom.

A flurry of thoughts battered me. Everything from amazement and arousal at how kinky the woman was – wanting to fuck in her *daughter's* bedroom of all places. To mild panic – Charlotte was in the master bedroom, not *this* one.

Before Irene could open her daughter's bedroom door, I pulled on her hand and spun her around.

The woman's yelp of surprise was silenced by my lips.

I pushed her up against a hallway wall, buried my tongue in her mouth and planted my hands firmly on her body.

She submitted herself to my advance without hesitation. Moaning, kissing me back, planting a hand over my crotch and rubbing my cock through my jeans.

When I broke the kiss, I grinned down at her.

She raised an eyebrow. And, a heartbeat later, the other eyebrow shot up too. I pulled her to me, crouched down, lifted her onto my shoulder. Holding her legs, I turned and marched over to the master bedroom door, kicked it open and stepped inside.

Irene giggled playfully when I tossed her onto the bed.

A sound that was cut short by a gasp when I lowered my pants, my cock springing free.

The woman stared at it open-mouthed before her eyes slid up my body to my face. She nodded her head, rolled onto her back and reached up her dress skirt. When her hands remerged, they were dragging down a pair of lacy, black panties.

Panties that were drenched with her arousal.

When they were completely removed, she balled the black undies up, tossed them at me.

"Come," Irene purred, gesturing me closer.

I climbed onto the bed, crawled between the woman's legs.

As my head disappeared under her dress skirt, Irene's knees lifted up, spread further apart.

In moments, her moans filled the room.

Irene flinched when she checked her phone.

Her polkadot dress was bunched around her waist, skirt hiked up and the top pulled down. Her bare back glistened with sweat and faint red lines. Chest rising and falling steadily. Hair a tangled mess and her shoulders hunched.

When she turned back to look at me, her eyes were round with panic. She jumped off the bed, tits bouncing, and quickly began tugging her clothes back into place.

"What's wrong?" I found myself asking, not really caring.

Irene's eyes snapped to me, lounging on her marital bed. My cock was out, flaccid, covered in the woman's juices. My hands behind my head, a satisfied smile on my face.

The MILF scowled at me, averted her gaze.

"Charlotte needs me to pick her up," Irene snapped, looking around the bed for her discarded bra. "Get up. And get dressed! You have to leave. Now."

I raised an eyebrow at her as she rushed over to a mirror, brushed her hair back and fixed her make-up as best she could in the half-minute she gave herself. Sparing me a single glance back, face filled with shame, Irene left the room.

Her footsteps retreated through the house, down a set of stairs.

A few seconds later, I heard the front door slam shut.

Then a creaking sound a few feet from me.

The closet door opened and out stepped Charlotte. Cheeks pink and eyes dreamy, a tiny smile on her face. She took in the sight of me on her mother's bed, shuddered, approached with swaying hips and bouncing tits.

Her phone was in her hand, I noted.

Without uttering a word, Charlotte climbed onto the bed and crawled to my flaccid cock. She didn't hesitate, slid her lips around it and cleaned her mother's juices up. Only when my cock was completely clean – save for Charlotte's saliva – did she stop.

"I sent her a text," Charlotte cooed, voice distant and dreamy. "Asked her to come pick me up from the mall."

"Good timing," I nodded my head. "Seemed like she was getting that post-nutt clarity and starting to regret doing it."

"She'll look around for me and, when she doesn't find me," Charlotte continued, as if she hadn't heard me. "She'll text and ask where I am... I'll tell her a friend drove me home instead..."

"Babe?"

"I'll apologise, and say I forgot to text her about it..."

"Charlotte?"

"Then she'll come home, and it'll be like nothing..."

"Slut!"

I snapped the word. Not overly loud, but plenty sharp. Charlotte flinched, shook herself. The daze in her eyes disappeared and she looked up at my face, as if seeing me for the first time.

"You good?" I asked, a hint of concern in my voice.

Charlotte smiled, nodded her head quickly.

"Yeah," she blushed. "I'm okay! Just... That was... Wow."

"Did you enjoy watching me fuck your mother?" I asked.

Again, Charlotte nodded. Her flush brightened.

"She's quite the screamer, isn't she?" I smirked. "I can see where you get it from. 'Slut' must run in the family."

Charlotte grinned.

I spent the rest of Friday at home. My home. Catching up with family as I waited for Irene to message me.

I'd headed out before the MILF had arrived back. When she got home, the idea was to have Charlotte there with 'no idea' about her mother's tryst. No suspicion, no awkwardness. And plenty of room for us to have fun come Saturday.

That plan died just as I was climbing into bed that night.

My phone vibrated and, expecting it to be Irene, I checked my messages. Only to find one from Charlotte instead.

Telling me to get over to her place quickly. That her mother was 'confessing' to the affair, telling Charlotte that she'd slept with her boyfriend.

I booked it over to Charlotte's house like a bat outta hell.

By the time I arrived, Irene's tearful confession was over.

Charlotte let me into the house, guided me to the living room where a very confused Irene sat on the sofa.

Red eyes, ruined make-up, and a wet and stained handkerchief told me the woman had been crying. But the pursed lips and uncertainty in her eyes told an altogether different story.

"Sit," Charlotte whispered to me, nodding to an empty armchair.

I didn't question her. Did as she bade me.

"As I was saying," Charlotte said, turning back to her mother. "It's a kink. Just a fetish, is all. I like... I *enjoy* it when my boyfriend has sex with other women. It... It turns me on. Which is why..."

Irene's confused gaze moved from me to her daughter, brow furrowed. Trying to understand what Charlotte was telling her.

"Why I asked him to seduce you," Charlotte said, voice tight.

It was stretching the truth a little, certainly. But I could see the angle Charlotte was playing.

The whole scene, everything Charlotte was saying, help me put it all together. My mind filling in the blanks and piecing together what'd happened.

Wracked with guilt and shame, Irene had told Charlotte about us fucking. Charlotte, rather than acting offended or hurt, decided to go with a more truthful reaction. Telling her mother about her kinks – some of them, at least. And letting Irene know there were no bad feelings. That, if anything, Charlotte was *happy* about it.

And Irene... She was obviously having trouble wrapping her head around it all.

She sat there, wide-eyed and confused, as Charlotte told her all about her cuckqueen fetish, her desire to be humiliated – especially by the other women I slept with. Confessed to her mother that I was only doing what she wanted, that Irene had done nothing wrong by having sex with me.

I nodded along whenever Charlotte gestured to me, Irene's eyes following. Planted an apologetic look on my face.

Truthfully, the only thing I was apologetic about was not fucking the woman harder. Why should I care that we'd used and manipulated her? No-one had gotten hurt, and everyone had gotten something from the experience. Charlotte had her excitement, I'd gotten my dick wet, and Irene had gotten the fucking she so desperately needed. Everything else was needless drama.

As Charlotte spoke, tried to calm her mother's nerves and explain everything, my eyes wandered. From Charlotte's backside to Irene's chest, cleavage showing nicely past a half-opened robe.

Irene caught me staring, looked down at herself and blushed.

She didn't wrap the robe tighter about herself, though.

A good sign.

"I'm sorry for deceiving you," Charlotte was saying. "We both are."

I nodded my head dutifully.

"We shouldn't have done it, and we regret using you like that."

To that, I shook my head. Locking eyes with Irene as I did.

I flashed her a smile, and she blushed all the brighter.

Finally, Irene sighed and stood up.

"I... I think I understand..." The MILF said, rubbing her brow and looking as tired as I felt. "I can't say I approve..." Her eyes flicked to me, then looked pointedly away. "But I understand."

Charlotte let out a breath.

"It's getting late," Irene continued. "And I need to sleep. We can talk about... *this* another time."

Without waiting for a response from her daughter, Irene turned and walked out of the room. Headed upstairs to her bedroom.

Charlotte looked at me, shrugged.

"That could've gone worse," she said.

The next morning – Saturday morning – I woke up to my phone vibrating.

A new message.

I almost ignored it and went back to sleep. But, remembering the events of the day prior, curiosity sparked. Groaning, I snatched the phone from my bedside table and checked my messages.

One unread text. From Irene.

It was a photo. A photo of Irene.

In lingerie.

The caption below it was simple. A four-word invite.

Feeling naughty. Coming over?

I was out of bed in an instant.

Just a minute later, I was standing at her front door, ringing the doorbell and waiting for someone to let me in.

I got another message from Irene instead, letting me know the door was unlocked and that she was waiting for me in Charlotte's room. Which only made my cock all the harder.

I entered the house, took the stairs three at a time, and rushed into Charlotte's bedroom – already pulling my top off.

Then I saw Charlotte sitting there, at her desk.

Facing the bed, where her mother sat. In black and red lingerie, a flush in her cheeks and a smile on her face. She waved to me, inviting me closer.

I spared one glance at Charlotte, who bit her lip and nodded.

After that, I focused all my attention on Irene alone.

"We talked some more," the older woman said, voice sultry. "And Charlotte and I came to an... *arrangement*. What you two do at college – and *who* you do it with – is none of my business. You're young, and certain things are to be expected. But, while you're home, I can't have you bringing strange women here to do those unspeakable things to..."

She slid a finger down between her breasts, eyes roaming up and down my body.

"What you need is a clean, trustworthy third-party that'll keep your secret and... help you *express* yourselves."

"Are you offering?" I asked, approaching the bed.

Irene's eyes flicked to Charlotte, cheeks brightening.

She closed her eyes, sucked in a breath, then looked to me. A teasing smile on her lips and heat in her eyes.

"It's a mother's duty to teach her daughter," Irene breathed, hand sliding lower down her body. "And what better way to learn than by watching?"

My shirt came off. Then down fell my pants.

Irene's eyes snapped to my cock. Smiling, she shook her head.

“Why Charlotte would rather see someone else taking that than enjoying it herself, I’ll never know.” She looked up at me. Urged me closer. “Come. Let’s show her how a real woman takes care of her man...”

How could I say no to that?

I climbed onto the bed, had Irene’s legs spread in moments.

The lust of a lonely, horny housewife had no limits.