

All American Queen

Chapter 27

"So..." I said. "You wanna talk about it?"

Charlotte, sitting in the passenger seat, shook her head.

Her cheeks were flush and her eyes were averted. Clad in a black sweater that clung to her body like the two were made for each other, bra-clad breasts clearly defined under the sweater and her slender waist and flat tummy equally visible.

It looked good on her. *Really* good.

But then, it was the same for everything she wore.

Her bright blonde hair was up in a quick ponytail, more than a few hairs poking free and falling over her face or fraying out in random directions. No make-up, either. Not that Charlotte needed it. Even now, with tired eyes, she was beautiful beyond compare. An angel.

With devilish tastes.

We hadn't spoken much since everything that'd happened with her mother. And we hadn't talked about *that* at all.

Me fucking Irene while she'd sat there watching.

Crazy. Utterly insane.

And yet it'd happened. The MILF had invited me over, had spend hours taking care of my needs. All while Charlotte sat by wordlessly. Panting, breathing heavily, twitching. Forbidden from pleasuring herself.

My cock stirred just *thinking* about it.

A shame our time was up.

Back to college, and to the sorority house. All the pretty girls waiting for me there, more than willing to spread themselves for me. Orgies aplenty.

"That's fine," I said, eyes on the road ahead. "Just as long as you don't regret anything."

"I..." Her voice was soft as a mouse, so quiet that I had to strain to hear her. "I don't..."

That's all I needed to hear.

Knowing Charlotte, she'd have a lot of internal conflict about it all. Lots of coming to terms with it. But, at the end of the day, this was what *she* wanted. It was *her* kink. And it was *her* who got off to the pain of it all.

That's what it was, ultimately.

Charlotte was an emotional masochist.

Some people got off on being hurt – the physical pain and torment. And that was true of Charlotte, no doubt. But the thing that truly set her arousal into overdrive was the *emotional* anguish. The pain of me being with other women. *Better* women.

It was her poison.

"Wonder what Tilly is doing right now," I mused. "Knowing her, she's setting something up for you."

A tiny smile tugged at Charlotte's lips.

"Never thought you'd enjoy college so much, eh?"

"I don't know," Charlotte shrugged. "I wasn't expecting anything, really. It's nice though."

"Nice?"

"Not having to hide it," Charlotte said. "Who I am."

I nodded, left her to her thoughts.

And let myself get lost in my own.

Plans for the future; our lives together and what that might look like, given our unique relationship.

Me 'n' Charlotte were made for each other. She was perfect for me; beautiful and intelligent and kind, with a kink that let me fuck her – and anyone else I wanted to – whenever I wanted. And, apparently, I was perfect for her too. We fit together like pieces of a very odd puzzle.

I might not know exactly what it'd look like, but there wasn't a doubt in my mind that we'd spend the rest of our lives together.

I kissed her goodnight, watched as she walked away with a bag slung over her shoulder. Off to the sorority house and whatever the girls there had planned for her.

After driving all day, I was too exhausted to follow.

Much as I'd enjoy Charlotte's torture, all I wanted right then was to faceplant my bed and pass out for a day or two.

So I watched her go, enjoyed the view, and when she reached the sorority house doors, I headed for the dorms. A longer walk than Charlotte's – I'd parked closer to the sorority house for her benefit – but I could live with that.

Inside the building I stepped, up the staircase I walked, and down a corridor to my room.

I breathed a sigh as I closed the door behind me.

"Look who it is!" A familiar voice said, sounding *far* too happy. "We were just talking about you."

"Whatever it is," I told Twig, "it can wait."

"We're friends, right?" Twig said, ignoring my disinterest. "Good friend! I mean, me 'n' you, we're practically *brothers*. Don't I say that all the time Rock?"

The big guy grunted affirmation.

"Real good friends," Twig said with a nod.

"Whatever it is," I groaned, "the answer is no."

"Buddy," Twig said, shuffling over to me, practically *looming* over me as I kicked off my shoes, started undressing. "Pal. *Brother*. You know you can count on me for anything, right? *Anything* at all..."

No. No I did not know that. In fact, I knew the *opposite*.

"I'm tired," I told my roommates. "Anything you want will have to wait 'til tomorrow."

"There's an interesting rumour we've heard about you," Twig said.

I groaned internally.

Well, it was only a matter of time. Something like Charlotte's kink could only be kept secret for so long, when so many people were involved with it. That it'd taken this long for these two to find out about it was a small miracle in itself.

"And we're not judging!" Twig said quickly. "It's the twenty-first century. People have all kinds of things going on. No shame or anything!"

What would I have to be shameful of? What was this idiot talking about?

Mid-way through putting on an old, oversized t-shirt, I turned to look at the pair of them. Twig and Rock.

They were nervous. And excited.

Why?

"What," I grunted, "*exactly* have you heard?"

"Oh, nothing bad," Twig said, glancing at Rock for support. "Just, ya know, you're into some weir- some *modern* stuff."

"What stuff?" I asked, narrowing my eyes at the pair.

"Cuckolding," Twig admitted, trying not to smile. "You like it when, you know, other dudes fuck your girl."

So close and yet so far.

"It's cool if you are!" Twig said quickly. "We don't care. Do you 'n' all that shit. We were just thinking, since we're your best friends and all, that maybe we could help you out."

You want your, uh, *bulls* to be trustworthy right?"

"I'm going to sleep," I told them.

Flopping down onto my bed, letting the shadows creep in around my vision. All I could do was bark out an internal laugh.

Where in the world had these two idiots gotten *that* idea?

"Just think about it, yeah?" Twig said. "Won't need to worry about Charlotte getting hurt or stolen away if it's us."

I was asleep in seconds. Roommates ignored completely.

"Is there any reason in particular that you spread rumours about me being a cuck?" I asked. No anger, just weary curiosity.

Tilly looked up at me from behind her desk, a smile tugging at her lips.

"And please," I sighed. "Don't pretend it wasn't you."

"It was," Tilly said, eyes twinkling.

"Why?!"

"Because it's *funny!*" She grinned. "And it's not far from the truth. You like watching us fuck her with toys. That's practically the same thing."

"No! It's not the same at all!"

I groaned as the bitch giggled.

Being known as the cuck with the super-hott girlfriend was going to be a pain, I could feel it. So many guys would see it as their opportunity to get into Charlotte's panties.

What a pain in the ass.

"You sure about that?" Tilly smirked, rising to her feet.

As she circled around the desk, walked towards me, I crossed my arms. The hatred I might've felt previously wasn't there. As annoying as it'd be, this was just who Tilly was. A perpetual chaos that'd do whatever she wanted to.

"Wasn't expecting you to ditch Charlotte's 'Welcome Home' party. We all had so much fun."

"I'm sure you did," I sighed.

"If you wanna see her, she's taking care of some things down in the basement right now. Won't be up for a while, she's a little tied up. But I'm sure she'd be glad to see you."

"Stop changing the subject," I told her. "That rumour you spread is gonna cause me a lot of trouble."

"Don't worry," the short girl said, planting a hand on my chest. There was a twinkle in her eye. "I'll make it up to you."

"Yeah?"

Her head bobbed up and down, lips wrapped around my cock.

I stood, back against a wall, hand on her head.

Enjoying the sensation.

Wet lips, a long tongue, a tight throat. And an eager sucker. Jerking her head enthusiastically, gagging and spluttering with the effort.

More pleasing than the act, though, was the fact it was *Tilly* doing it. The bitch that'd been the bane of my life for so long. On her knees, sucking me off. Choking on my dick. *That* was what made the moment so thrilling for me.

"That's it, slut," I said, guiding her head. "Suck it."

She glanced up at me, a hint of annoyance in her eyes.

"I didn't tell you to stop," I said with a thrust of my hips. The ensuing gag was beautiful to hear. "Keep going."

And she did.

She'd get back at me for it later, I knew. But, for the moment, she obeyed. Acted like the good little cockslut and sucked me off with everything she had. Drool on her cheeks,

throat fucked raw, she satisfied me with her fleshlight of a mouth.

Until, inevitably, I dumped my load all over her face.

Plastering Tilly's face with cum? One of my favourite things to do, apparently.

What I was left with was an image I never wanted to forget.

Tilly, annoyed and exasperated, with strands of white on her cheeks and forehead and hair, globs gluing one of her eyes shut. Her mouth open, some cum on her lips.

I pulled out my phone and snapped a few photos.

"Smile," I told Tilly, knowing she'd make me regret it at some point down the line. "Say cheese."

"Cheese," the bitch grumbled, looking up at the camera lens. She didn't smile.

To add insult to injury, I took my cock and wiped it on her top.

"Charlotte's downstairs, you said? Think I'll go pay her a visit. Be a good girl and fetch me some snacks, after you've finished cleaning yourself up. I'm starving!"

Her glare promised retribution.

But I didn't care.

Tilly and I? We had an understanding of sorts. We'd mess with each other and have fun at the other's expense. But we wouldn't go *too* far. Neither of us wanted to fuck up the good thing we had going here.

As I left Tilly's room, headed down through the sorority house, I saw many familiar faces.

Most of which had tasted my cock in the past. A few that'd taken it in their back door. One who'd done so while fucking Charlotte with a strap-on. All of them pretty.

Smiles greeted me. One or two offers to 'spend some time' in their rooms.

Walking through this building was like being the king of the castle, surrounded by women eager to throw themselves at me. A situation most guys could only dream about. All made possible thanks to Charlotte and Tilly.

Down in the basement – a sex-dungeon – I found Charlotte.

Blindfolded, gagged, tied up atop a wooden horse. Nipple clamps, a vibrator in her ass, naked body covered in red lines and marks from whips and paddles.

Beautiful.

Had she been there all night?

If so, she'd be beyond exhausted.

I walked over to her, started undoing her bindings.

She slumped into my arms, body trembling.

"It's me," I told her as she mumbled around her gag. "Give me a moment and I'll..."

I gripped her vibrating butt-plug, gently pulled it out.

Charlotte groaned, gripped onto me.

"Here, your bed is this way..."

I could've removed the blindfold and gag, I supposed. But why bother? She could do it herself, whenever she woke up.

With a smile on my face, I carried her over to her bed. Set her down and covered her with a blanket. Listening as she mumbled something incoherent around the gag. Within moments of me putting her down, she was fast asleep. Still half-bound, gagged, blindfolded.

My exhausted sleeping beauty.

"As if I'd ever let another guy have you," I said with a soft chuckle, shaking my head. "You're mine."

The sorority house could play with her. Tilly could torture her. But, at the end of the day, Charlotte belonged to me. And, in a way, so did the others. Tilly, the sorority sluts, Charlotte's mother. *All* of them were *mine*.

"Sleep well, princess. I've got big things planned for you."