

## All American Queen

### Chapter 28

Days passed and weeks followed. In the routine Charlotte and I had fallen into, the time flowed by. Before either of us knew it, months had passed and our exams were just weeks away. The end to our first year at college.

I met up with her after lectures, walked with her through now-familiar corridors and buildings. Ate with her in cafeterias and common rooms, hung out with her in my dorm room and her sorority house.

It was an odd realisation to wake up to one chilly day.

This – college – had become my new normal.

I climbed out of my bed, stretched the stiffness from my limbs, made my way to the bathroom and shared shower.

Within just a few minutes, I was striding through the campus with a warm cup of coffee and that lingering sense of curious surprise. A cloudless sky above me, air crisp with autumnal aroma, breath misting between sips of coffee.

When I arrived at Charlotte's sorority house, saw her waiting there for me at the main entrance, I couldn't help but shake my head in wonder.

More beautiful now than ever before.

Long blonde hair tied into a thick braid that curved over a shoulder and hung beside her large chest. Clad in a simple coat and well-worn jeans, sturdy boots in place of her usual sneakers. Her crystal blue eyes twinkled as she smiled, her beauty lighting up everything around her.

It shouldn't have been possible, her taking my breath away. Not after all the time we'd spent together. Yet, somehow, she managed it.

I couldn't help it. I grinned right back at her.

And, as she strode towards me, a skip in her step, I felt my heart swell. Felt a surge of pure joy coarse through me.

Our kiss was brief.

Public displays of affection might be fine for some, but not for Charlotte. For all her interesting kinks, her depraved mind, she couldn't handle *that*. Kissing in public, making out in full view of everyone – which, at that particular moment, wasn't that many people at all. Even holding hands made Charlotte's cheeks flush with shyness.

Bizarre, really. She could be the centrepiece in an all-girl orgy, complete with strap-ons and double-ended dildos and all manner of other toys, being recorded from every angle. But kissing in public was too much for her.

Women. I'd never understand them.

After that brief, chaste kiss, we headed to my car. Began our little trip.

With exams around the corner, and both of us exhausted and stressed out, it only made sense to ditch school for a day and just *relax*. Spend some time together away from it all.

So a day spent out in nature. Not a textbook or screen in sight, no Tilly to tease us, no sorority sluts to distract me or torment Charlotte, and no *suits* creeping around and watching our every move. It'd be just Charlotte and me.

"Suburbia," I said as I drove. "It's the classic, right? White picket fence, friendly neighbourhood, plenty of unsatisfied wives for me to fuck. It'd be ideal for us."

Charlotte smiled, rolled her eyes.

"Don't get me wrong," I continued. "A little cottage in the woods does sound nice. Very serial killer. Dig that. But there'd be no-one else around. And we both know how bored you'd get."

"But the aesthetic!" Charlotte said. "A nice little cabin, log fire and a rocking chair. Surrounded by nature-"

"Bugs, you mean."

"It'd be beautiful! Imagine it; waking up in a magical forest, no noisy cars or pollution, no drama. Just peace and quiet and-"

"Bugs."

Charlotte huffed annoyance, but I could see her smile out of the corner of my eye.

"How about," I said, "we have a cabin in the woods as a holiday home. Live in suburbia most of the year, but spend winter – or summer – at the cabin. Best of both worlds."

"Uh-huh. And how are we going to afford two houses on one person's salary?"

"One person's?" I asked, glancing over at her.

She blushed brightly, couldn't meet my eyes. "Well," her voice came out in a whisper. "Someone's gonna have to stay home and look after the kids."

"Kids?"

"Yes," Charlotte squirmed. "Kids. Our kids."

"Huh." I knew Charlotte wanted children one day, but we'd never really talked much about it. "And how many kids are we gonna have, exactly?"

"Three," Charlotte whispered, red-faced. "Two boys and a girl. And a dog. Maybe a cat, too. I haven't decided."

"And who's gonna be staying at home looking after our three kids and our dog and maybe cat?"

"Me," Charlotte squeaked.

"And I guess I'll have some office job?" I asked, with a smirk.

"Upper management," she answered, looking away. "Good pay but not too many hours. You'll always be home in time for dinner, except when you're late because of your secret affair with your secretary. You'll send me a text letting me know you'll be 'home late' and I'll know exactly what it means. And, when you get home, you'll smell of her perfume and..."

"Yes?"

"You'll tell me all about..."

The trail I'd chosen wasn't too difficult. We wouldn't be scaling the sides of any mountains or wading through rivers. It was a simple walk through some maintained woodland, with nice views and plenty of points to stop and rest.

We were here to relieve exhaustion, not to add to it.

It shouldn't even take us too long. Four hours, at a good pace. After which, we'd go get some food, spend the rest of the day cuddling someplace warm and quiet.

A simple day date.

"I think one of my professors is into me," I told Charlotte as we walked. "A hott one too. Likes to wear skirts that're just a little too short to be totally professional."

"Oh?" Charlotte squeaked.

"Yeah. I think, if I play my cards right, I can get her into bed. Maybe even get a few good grades out of it."

When I looked to her, I saw Charlotte blushing.

"What do you think?" I asked. "Should I go for it?"

I didn't need to ask. I already knew the answer. And, the embarrassed nod Charlotte gave me confirmed it. Yes. She wanted me to seduce my professor.

In truth, I wasn't sure I could do it.

The professor in question – Adaline Cooper – *had* given me some inviting signals. A little bit of flirtation, some body signals that she was interested. But she was still a professor, and I was still me. Could be that she just liked to flirt with students. Or, could be, she wanted more. I wouldn't know until I made a move.

With the hands-on experience I'd gained over the last year, I didn't doubt my ability

to rock her world. If she *did* end up in bed with me, she certainly wouldn't regret it.

"I..." Charlotte began, coming to a standstill.

The scenery around us was nice. Fall leaves on the ground around us, a clear blue sky above. Nothing breathtaking, but pretty in its simplicity.

"I'm going to pass," Charlotte said, sounding almost sad.

Pass? On me sleeping with the professor?

But no. That didn't make sense.

"Pass what?" I asked.

"My exams."

That only served to confuse me even more.

Why did she sound so gloomy about it?

I considered asking, but decided against it. Charlotte didn't need nudging. She'd stopped to tell me whatever it was that was bothering her, and she would. I just had to give her a moment, let her collect herself first.

"I'm going to pass my exams," Charlotte said again. "With high scores. The highest, probably."

I stepped closer to her, a comforting presence.

"I thought... I thought maybe I'd struggle, you know? With the studying and remembering and all of it. But I'm not. It's all so... *easy*. Like it's always been. I'm gonna pass with flying colours, even if I don't bother studying at all."

And that was... bad?

I *wished* I had Charlotte's brain. Revision and trying to remember everything I'd learned at college so far was downright soul-crushing for me.

Why was she treating her brilliance like-

Oh.

Right.

"Little miss perfect," Charlotte whispered, an uncharacteristic bitterness in her voice. "Never fails at anything she does. Weirdo, freaky, *perfect* Charlotte."

It was Charlotte's vice. Her major flaw.

She was *too* perfect.

Too beautiful. Too clever. Too amazing.

It set her apart from everyone else, isolated her.

*That* was where her kink stemmed from. Her desire to be cheated on, discarded, mocked and belittled for not being 'good enough' for me. She *craved* mediocrity, inferiority.

And here she was, succeeding where everyone else struggled and stumbled, not even having to try.

"Fuck 'em," I shrugged.

Charlotte blinked at me.

"Fuck 'em," I repeated.

"Fuck who?" She asked, bewildered.

"Everyone."

She blinked again, confusion creasing her perfect brow.

"Fuck everyone who isn't you 'n' me," I said. "Fuck 'em all. Who gives a shit what any of them think anyway? They're all losers. Nobodies. The only people who matter are me and you."

"I don't-"

"Charlotte," I said, standing tall. "You're not perfect."

Her eyes widened in surprise.

"You're smart," I continued. "And pretty. And you have a good memory. But you're also really fucking dumb too. Remember that time you forgot to bring condoms over when we started dating, so I had to fuck your ass instead? Real dumb blonde move, that. You're great, babe. But you're not perfect. And anyone who thinks you are doesn't know you."

An array of emotions crossed Charlotte's face. Everything from surprise and confusion to adoration and gratitude.

"Who cares if you pass your exams, anyway?" I grunted, turning and continuing along the path. "We both know the only job you're good for is staying home and taking care of the house 'n' kids while I'm out banging my much younger and hotter secretary."

As soon as the elevator doors closed, I was on her. Pushing her back in the cramped space, manhandling her slutty body.

Just the two of us, the metal floor and walls around us vibrating as we ascended to the penthouse.

I tore open Charlotte's jacket, slid the keycard into her deep cleavage. Ordered her to keep it safe, that she'd better not lose it or Tilly would be pissed. Knowing that, in telling her that, I all but guaranteed she'd 'misplace' it somewhere.

The elevator hummed as each floor passed us by.

Hands on Charlotte's sides, I towered over her, held her in place and gazed down at her.

Too sexy by far.

Charlotte's truly was a face that belonged on posters and in movies, a star shining brighter than any other. And her body? It was, if anything, *too* sexy for porn. *Too* hott to be shown off on some cheap set with amateur lighting and terrible acting.

Hers was a figure that needed *fucking*.

One that belonged on a cock, bouncing wildly, spread open and split apart. Lost in the heat and haze of true arousal.

I was turn. My brain unable to decide what to do.

Shove Charlotte onto her knees and shove my cock down her throat, watch those pretty lips struggle to accommodate my girth as tears drew mascara lines down her cheeks? Spin her around and yank her jeans down, have my way with that perky ass and all its bouncy goodness? Tear her top down and feast on her watermelon tits, groping and slapping and kissing and biting until the pale globes were marred and marked, bruised so thoroughly she'd have to wear high neckline clothes for days?

Before I could make up my mind, the elevator dinged. Its doors opened to a luxurious apartment. Empty save for the cameras Tilly had no-doubt set up beforehand.

I did the first thing that came to mind.

Grabbing onto Charlotte's thick braid, I dragged her into the apartment, led her like a bitch on a leash to the apartment's bedroom.

I tossed her onto the mattress, grinning as she bounced on it and yelped in surprise.

A moment later, I was atop her. Pinning her wrists to the bed, leaning down and kissing her neck. Basking in the scent of her floral perfume. Listening to her heavy, breathy panting. The warmth of her.

Two lean legs wrapped around my waist, pulling me closer.

"Babe," Charlotte purred.

I released her wrists, moved my hands down her arms and over her chest. Squeezing her mountainous melons and enjoying the half-pained, half-pleasurable gasp Charlotte let out. Then I moved my hands lower, began pulling her top up and her pants down.

It was a messy thing, stripping a girl's clothes off when our limbs were tangled and our bodies were so close I could feel her heart beating. Awkward in the best possible way. For a minute or more, we writhed and untangled, shedding every piece of clothing we could get our hands on before getting all tangled up again. Lips on lips, skin on skin. Until, mercifully, the puzzle was undone and Charlotte lay naked under me.

Flawless perfection.

Pale, soft mountains tipped with cute, pink nipples. A lean frame and a tight body.

No excess weight, nor unseemly wrinkles or blemishes. Her muscles toned and defined, but not oversized in a way that'd detract from her soft, sweet appearance. A cute, pink pussy between her legs, bald and inviting.

It was her face that drew me in most, though.

Those rosy, flushed cheeks. Her dazzling blue eyes. Her pouty lips, wet and glistening. Head framed by a flowing, shiny halo of bright blonde hair.

The perfect girl.

My girl.

"Charlotte," I breathed, face inches from hers.

She looked up into my eyes, smiled sweetly.

"I'm going to fuck you," I told her.

"Please do," she purred.

"I'm going to fuck you hard."

"Yes," Charlotte moaned.

"I'm going to fuck you so hard, you won't be able to walk afterwards," I promised. "I'm gonna bruise your perfect, pretty body. And I'm gonna pull your perfect, pretty hair."

"God," Charlotte gasped. "Please..."

"And the best part of all," I reached down, grabbed my cock, guided it towards Charlotte's hole. "Is you're not gonna cum. You're going to hold it all in."

She let out a whine, a little thrash.

"None of that," I growled, voice low. "Say it. Tell me what you're not gonna do."

"Cum," Charlotte breathed.

"All of it."

"I'm..." She shuddered. "I'm not going to cum..."

"Good girl," I said.

And I pushed myself inside her.

We stayed in Tilly's condo for the rest of the day, decided to spend the night there too. Cuddling in bed, chatting into the early hours. Spending time together, as couples do.

It was nice.

A contrast from the hectic revision and studying, the games with Tilly and the sorority house.

It was just me and Charlotte. Relaxing together.

"Do you ever think about the future?" Charlotte asked me in a whisper, her head nestled on my shoulder. "Like, for real."

"Not really," I said.

I was content in the present. Having my fun with all the women a man could ever dream of, having my pick of the litter. What did I have to look forward to that I didn't already possess?

When I looked at Charlotte, I saw her sapphire irises gazing up at the ceiling.

"I want kids," she confided. "One day, when we have a nice little house together, enough money to afford it. I want to have children..."

A big, silent, invisible '*but*' hung in the air above us.

She frowned, brow scrunching.

"Not sure how they'll fit in with our... *lifestyle*?"

"We're not... *I'm* not normal," Charlotte whispered. "What I like, what I make you do, it's not..."

*Make* me do?

Part of me wanted to burst out laughing at that. Did she really think she was *making* me have sex with all those numerous beautiful women? No way she believed – even for a second – that I wasn't completely on board with it all.

"Who cares?" I said, closing my eyes. "You have a kink. So what? It doesn't mean

you're going to be a bad mother or anything. It's just a kink, Char. It's a part of you, sure. But it's not *who* you are."

"But..."

"We're going to have kids one day," I told her. "Three of 'em. Two boys and a girl. And they'll have an amazing mother who'll shower them with love and attention. That's all there is to it."

I wrapped my arm around her, gave her a squeeze.

"And when I fuck the neighbours' wives and the babysitter and whatever other hott sluts I can find, they'll be none the wiser. It's that simple."

She trembled a little, nodded her head.

"Hey," I said, a thought occurring to me. "You want people to see you as imperfect, right? Flawed and sub-normal?"

Again, she nodded.

"Just think about what a pregnancy would do to your body. Sagging tits, stretch marks, fucked up nipples, a destroyed pussy. Hell, after giving birth *three* times, I doubt even *I* find you attractive anymore..."

Blatantly not true, of course. But that didn't keep Charlotte from gasping at the thought. Embracing the fantasy.

Her breathing grew louder, sharper.

"Babe," she said, shifting to look at me. She bit her lip. "How do you think my parents would react if I got knocked up at college?"

"I don't-" *Oh!* "They'll be shocked. Disappointed in you..."

Charlotte gasped, moaned, nodded her head.

A familiar pink flush crept up her neck, across her face.

"Not just my parents, either," she panted. "All their friends too. The other parents. Our old teachers. *Everyone* would be disappointed that I'm... that little miss perfect..."

"Is a slut," I finished for her. "A stupid slut who didn't think to use a condom..."

Before I knew it, she was atop me. Straddling my waist. Holding my cock to her entrance. Hungry for a creampie in a way she'd never been before. I could almost imagine some words hovering above her head, flashing brightly; 'new kink unlocked'.

Not that me filling her with cum would do anything.

She was on the pill, wouldn't stop taking it any time soon.

But the fantasy? *That* was what mattered.

It was *all* that mattered.