

## All American Queen

### Chapter 3

I was off to one side, face in my locker. Barely able to hear what the girls were saying, but paying close attention to their body movements and expressions. I couldn't stare – not without drawing undue attention to myself, but I looked as much as I could reasonably get away with.

Charlotte chatting with one of her friends – a cheerleader.

Dark hair, cold blue eyes, cute lips. She was standing with her back straight, arms crossed over a decent bust. She had to tilt her head back a little, but somehow she managed it – that distinct 'I'm looking down my nose at you' expression. The one all bitchy cheerleaders seemed to master.

Slim, athletic, hott. Nice ass, decent tits, and not shy in how much skin she showed off in her shorts skirts and low-cut tops.

And, from what I'd heard, a real freak in the bedroom.

She was listening to what Charlotte was saying, an eyebrow raised. The 'proposition'.

Charlotte stood nervously, meek. Her eyes down, shoulders slumped. Her fingers were fidgeting with her hoodie's tightening strings. Speaking quietly, eyes flicking around to make sure no-one was listening in on the conversation.

I moved some crap around in my locker, made it look like I was actually doing something in it – not just standing there motionless with it open.

Part of me wanted to get closer, hear the whole conversation. But, I couldn't. Not without potentially spooking Vicky – the cheerleader bitch. So, I stood there instead. Eyes flicking over to the two of them, guessing at what was being said from their faces.

For a moment, Charlotte looked relieved. Like she was about to sigh and smile and walk away. Then Vicky said something, the cheerleaders lips twitching into a venomous smile. Charlotte's face paled, she opened her mouth – said something quickly. Vicky simply shook her head, smile widening. She pulled out her phone, tapped the screen a few times, said something else. Charlotte opened her mouth to speak, stopped, slowly nodded her head – eyes on the floor.

After that, Vicky walked away, leaving Charlotte on her own.

A lot of eyes, I noticed, were drawn to my busty blonde bombshell of a girlfriend. Not just the guys, either. But girls too. Lots of whispering and pointing and giggles.

Charlotte glanced around, noticing the attention.

Everyone pretended they weren't staring at her, looking away and back again when Charlotte turned around – began walking down the corridor.

Gossip, as always, travelled fast.

I caught a few snippets of conversation as I followed a short distance behind Charlotte.

“...cheating on her...”

“...likes to watch...”

“...who knew she was such a...”

Fragments of conversation that all but confirmed my suspicions. It looked very much like Olivia had been true to her word. She *had* started spreading a rumour about Charlotte's kinks. And, over the course of the day, I picked up a few different versions of said rumour.

One, the favourite of nerdy and desperate guys, claimed that Charlotte was still a virgin and was saving herself for marriage. He anonymous boyfriend didn't want to wait that long, and so Charlotte had given him a free pass to fuck any girl he wanted.

That rumour painted Charlotte as a victim. A pure girl with an asshole boyfriend. The kind of fantasy those guys lived for – being the white knight who saved the pretty girl and

won her heart in the process.

Another rumour was that Charlotte was so in love with her secret boyfriend that she put up with his blatant unfaithfulness. That she was too meek and kind and forgiving, too *good*, to let go. Again, that she was the victim of some asshole who was using her for sex.

A lot of people wanted to see my girlfriend as the victim, it seemed. If they knew the truth, what would they think?

My favourite version of the rumour was the most accurate one. That Charlotte was the female version of a cuckold. That she got off on seeing her man with other women. That little miss perfect had a kinky, humiliating, slutty side that none of them knew about.

The whispers followed Charlotte everywhere she went at school. Not quite enough to tarnish her reputation – it was still just a rumour with no real evidence to back it up. But, soon, there'd be enough girls with stories about fucking Charlotte's boyfriend that *everyone* would know the truth.

And, though she might appear as if she hated the attention, I knew that – deep down – it was making my girl hotter and wetter than she'd ever been before.

I climbed through the bedroom window, hopped onto Charlotte's bed and made myself comfortable. She stood to one side, unable to look me in the eye.

"What's wrong, babe?" I asked. "You look... upset."

"I..." Charlotte shook her head. "I'm not. I just..."

Ah, I knew what this was.

She hadn't given in to her kinks yet. Not fully. On some level, it still bothered her that I was fucking other girls. She hadn't come to terms with it, made her peace with it. And so, at times like these, she convinced herself that this wasn't what she wanted. That what she *really* wanted was to go back to an ordinary, vanilla sex-life.

"I think," she said slowly, each word chosen carefully, "that it might be a good idea for us to-"

"No."

Charlotte froze, stared at me with an open mouth.

"You think you want us to stop," I said, leaning back on her bed. "But you don't. Not really."

"That's not-"

"Yes, it is." Charlotte, my forever girl. Why couldn't she just let this happen? Why did she have to hold herself back so much? "It makes you horny that I'm fucking other girls. It makes you wet when you think about it. You're ashamed of that, you think it feels wrong, and it makes you want to stop."

Charlotte said nothing, just stared at me.

"You remember that skateboard I used to have? Years ago, when I was in my 'skater' phase. Do you remember what happened to it?"

"You lost it," Charlotte said, confused. "Right?"

"I threw it off Redriver Bridge. Watched it float away."

I loved that board. Saved up all my money for over two months to buy it, got special wheels for it and some sweet decals. Watching it drift away and out of sight was one of the worst – and stupidest – moments of my life.

"We weren't dating back then," I continued, eyes on the ceiling. "Hell, I'd only just started *masturbating* at the time. And I know that because I was jacking off thinking about *you*."

I didn't need to look at my girlfriend to know she was blushing.

"I felt so guilty about it too. I thought I was 'violating' you by jacking off to you so much. Even stole a pair of your panties to masturbate with. And I hated myself for it. Thought I was being creepy. Thought it was wrong. Why couldn't I masturbate to porn like a regular guy? Why'd I have to constantly be doing it thinking about you or looking at your

pictures? It felt so *wrong*.”

I was mentally cringing thinking about it. It felt like so long ago, and I doubted Charlotte would mind. But, even so, remembering it made my face heat up.

“I wanted to stop, but I couldn't. So I made a deal with myself. If I kept doing this thing that was so *wrong* and *shameful*, I'd punish myself. I'd throw away or break something that I cared about. And, well, I ended up tossing my skateboard off a bridge. And I poured water over my computer. And set fire to my old stamp collection.”

The stamps going up in flames was a difficult one. But, in retrospect, probably wise. Didn't want to be collecting stamps into my college years or anything, did I?

“And, even after all that, I kept jacking it to you. Hell, if anything, I jacked off even more. Right up 'til we started having sex. And even *then*.”

I sat up in bed, stared at Charlotte.

“Point of the story is, I couldn't change my desires no matter how much I tried. And I only ever screwed myself over by trying to deny it. I was who I was, and you are who you are. I accepted me, and you need to accept you. You get wet thinking about me with other girls. So what? You like to be degraded. Who cares? The sooner you accept who you are, babe, the sooner life will get a whole lot more enjoyable for you.”

“I...” Charlotte pursed her lips, cheeks pink, and slowly nodded her head. “I'll try.”

“Now come over here, slut,” I grinned, patting the bed. “I've got so much to tell you.”

“Holy shit,” I grinned, wrapping my arms around Charlotte from behind. “I mean, the rumours are one thing. But to experience it first hand? I gotta say it, babe. Vicky is one hell of a cocksucker.”

Charlotte flinched. She didn't say anything, just trembled at my words – face red and body warm.

“Much better than you,” I added, giving her a little squeeze. “You should ask her for tips.”

“I don't think that's-”

“When I said 'should',” I told her firmly. “I meant 'will'. The next time you see her, tell her how inferior you are at pleasuring me and ask her for advice. Understood?”

Another flinch, a ragged breath.

“Yes,” Charlotte answered.

“Good,” I smiled. And, slowly, I reached down between my girlfriend's legs, under her panties. “Someone's excited.”

Charlotte let out a soft moan, nodded her head.

“After I leave, you're going to finger yourself thinking about Vicky's lips around my cock, aren't you?”

Slowly, face red, Charlotte nodded her head again.

“Hmm...” I smiled. “No, you're not.”

She tilted her head to look at me.

“From now on,” I commanded, “you're not allowed to pleasure yourself. Ever. No touching, no fingering, no toys. Not unless I give you permission. In future, the only person who's allowed to pleasure you is me. And the only one who decides when you get to cum is me. Understood?”

“Yes sir,” Charlotte answered meekly.

“Good girl,” I said, rubbing her cunt. “Now, I haven't told you about what me and Vicky did after I plastered her face with cum. So, listen closely...”

“I got in!”

The happy screams and excitement that followed my words were deafening. Charlotte hug-tackled me, jumped on the spot.

“Yay!” She grinned happily. “I knew you could do it!”

"Only because of you," I smiled.

Charlotte shook her head quickly.

"I didn't do anything," she said. "You passed the test. You wrote the letter. You got the points. *You* deserve it! All I did was give you a lil' bit of tutoring. And even then, we spent most of *that* time making out..."

Making out, and more.

"If you hadn't given me the motivation," I told her. "I wouldn't have tried as hard as I did. I wouldn't have made the cut."

"Motivation?" Charlotte asked, eyebrows scrunched in confusion. "I didn't..."

"Being with you," I clarified. "In order for us to go to the same collage, I had to get in. What better motivation is there than *that*?"

A few minutes of kissing ensued after that.

Her lips on mine, my hands on her body. A few blissful minutes where nothing else in the world mattered.

When it was over, I took her hand.

"My parents aren't home," I told her with a smile. "Wanna come over and congratulate me properly?"

Charlotte's cheeks instantly flushed pink.

"I suppose I don't have anything else to do today..." She smiled. "But why go to your place? You know my Mom and Dad are out. Why not do it here instead?"

"You'll see," I said with a wink. "Trust me, you're going to love it."

Charlotte's smile wavered but, as I took her hands and tugged, led her out of her house and towards mine, she didn't try to resist. Deep down, despite her uncertainties, she wanted this.

Pink fluffy handcuffs trapped Charlotte's hands behind her back.

She stood naked, face bright red. Her eyes on my phone's camera. In her eyes, the shadow of doubt. But, even as uncomfortable as she must've felt, she did as I'd instructed and spoke the words.

"Hello," she told the camera. "I'm Charlotte, and this an introductory video for sleeping with my boyfriend."

I reached out, cupped one of her heavy breasts, gave it a squeeze.

"If you're watching this," my girlfriend continued, "then you have agreed to have sex with him and he's decided to share this video with you for clarification purposes. First and foremost, I want to say that it's totally okay for him to be sleeping with other women."

When we were off at college together, I was certain there'd be plenty of opportunities for me to hook up with random chicks. But, I also knew some women had a problem with guys they saw as 'cheaters'. Fingers crossed, this video would help with that.

"I am a... I'm a..." Charlotte looked at me pleadingly. "Do I *have* to say that?"

I nodded my head, squeezed her tit a lil' harder.

"I am," Charlotte breathed, "a cuckqueen. I get off to my boyfriend sleeping with other women. You having sex with him isn't a betrayal. If anything, it's 'good' for our relationship. You don't have to feel any guilt when it comes to sleeping with him, even though he's not single."

There was something juicy about Charlotte giving blanket consent for me to have sex with any girl I wanted, giving every chick in the world a pass to fuck me.

"If he's showing you this video," Charlotte went on, "it's because he values you and your consent. He's a good guy, who doesn't want to lie about being single so he can fuck women. And, not only is he an great person and a fantastic boyfriend, but he's also an amazing lover."

Charlotte looked down at herself, at the breast I was currently fondling. I moved my thumb, began rubbing her nipple with it.

"You'll find that out for yourself soon," Charlotte bit her lip, shut her eyes for a second. "But, for the sake of ensuring you two have the best sex imaginable, I'd like to share some tips with you..."

As Charlotte began listing my likes and dislikes, I groped her soft tit-flesh. Mostly gentle at first, then firmer and harsher. Before long, I was tugging on her nipple and twisting it, grabbing her tit and digging my fingers into it. By the time Charlotte was done with her list of tips, I was raising my hand to slap the massive jug.

I didn't stop recording.

"Ready?" I asked, eyes on Charlotte's pale face.

I didn't give her time to respond. My palm came down, fast and strong – striking Charlotte's tit without restraint.

Charlotte gasped, flinched. Instinctively, she hunched over and took a step back – protected herself from a second swing. Her tits swayed heavily – one now sporting a bright red hand-print.

"Oww," Charlotte whimpered, handcuffs rattling. If not for her being bound like she was, she'd have probably tried to cover her breasts with her hands – protecting them from another slap.

"Stand up straight," I ordered.

Charlotte blinked at me, eyes wide.

Slowly, she did as she was told. Stopped hunching, resumed her former, back-straight pose. Her wide, blue eyes silently begging me to go easy on her.

"Think of this," I said, raising my hand again, "as a chance to show the world how tough you are. How much you can take."

Charlotte's head twitched in what could have been a nod.

"You don't want anyone to think you're weak, do you? You don't want them to look down on you. To pity you."

She shut her eyes tight, pushed out her chest.

"Good girl."

My hand slashed through the air, slapped both of those huge, perfect tits in one go.

The melons bounced and jiggled. Charlotte flinched and grunted. But, when the bouncing was done, when pink lines – the marks my fingers had left behind – glowed against pale skin, my girlfriend remained in place. Unmoved. No step back, no hunching. Simply standing there, waiting for the next strike.

Up my hand went, and down it came.

*SLAP.*

Up, and down.

*SLAP!*

Charlotte grunted against the pain, gasped and cried out. But her back remained straight, chest protruded – even as it went from pale, milky white to pink to strawberry red.

I kept going. Not stopping until my hand stung too badly to continue.

"Looking forward to it?" I asked, rubbing lotion over my girlfriend's abused tits.

She winced, gritted her teeth.

"To what?" She managed to grunt out as I slathered her breasts with the lotion – something to help with the pain and soreness.

"Going to college."

Charlotte looked at me, eyes searching.

"I suppose," she said at last. "It's going to be... interesting."

"I think," I smiled, massaging the ointment over her massive tits, "you should join a sorority. Seems like the best way to find cute girls for me."

Charlotte didn't reply.

"No-one is going to know who we are there," I added. "It'll be just me and you and a

bunch of strangers. No rumours, no having to worry about popularity or friend groups or anything like that. We can be us."

"If I want to stop," Charlotte whispered, unable to look me in the eye. "You know, the sleeping with other girls stuff. The humiliation and torture and all of it. If I want us to go back to being a normal, regular couple. Would you accept that?"

I was silent for a long moment.

"If that's what you wanted," I said at last. "Yes, I'd accept it."

A moment's pause.

"But," I added softly. "You don't want that. Not really. You might *think* you do right now, but you're wrong. The truth is, babe, we've only just begun exploring your kinky side."