

All American Queen

Chapter 4

"What do you think?" I grinned. "Do I look like a wizard?"

Charlotte's did a quick once over – eyes scanning me from head to feet. She smiled, shook her head.

"Wrong type of hat. It's not pointy enough."

I checked myself out in her full-body mirror, grinned at my reflection. The robe and hat had come in the mail today, a few days before graduation. The robe was sleek and black and *definitely* the kind of thing a wizard would wear. The hat? Ehh. Not so much. A square graduation cap with a little tassel, not a pointed wizard hat. But it was close enough.

"You got yours too?" I asked, flashing Charlotte a grin.

She nodded her head, pointed at an unopened parcel near her bed.

"Try it on," I grinned. "Gotta make sure it fits..."

Charlotte rolled her eyes, cheeks tugging her lips into a beautiful smile.

"Sizes don't really matter that much when it comes to robes. I'm sure it'll fit just fine."

"Only one way to find out," I said, stepping over to the parcel and picking it up. When I held it out for her to take, she knew she had no choice but to accept it. "Come on, it'll be fun."

"Fine," she smiled.

I waited until she'd torn open the parcel, was sliding the black robe onto her shoulders, before speaking up. I cleared my throat, looked my amazing girlfriend up and down, then shook my head.

"You're doing it wrong," I told her. "You've gotta take the rest of your clothes off first. All of them."

Charlotte blinked, looked at me.

"I want you to wear the robe and hat," I grinned. "*Just* the robe and hat. Nothing else. Think you can do that for me, babe?"

She blushed.

Even after everything we'd done over the last few months, even with how kinky we'd gotten, she *still* blushed at the idea of getting naked for me. Cute and shy, even if she was a total pervert deep down.

She didn't say a word as she began stripping, face bright red.

And, as she undressed, I was reminded yet again of just how *lucky* I was. Having a girl like Charlotte? Most guys could only ever *dream* of it.

Perfect, perky tits. The kind that bounced and jiggled just right with every movement she made. The kind of tits that seemed to *want* to dance around. And, on that lean frame, they looked absolutely spectacular. Mouth-watering.

She pulled off her blouse, unhooked her bra. She slid her skirt down her legs, tugged down her panties right after them.

Her nipples were hard. Her pussy leaking with arousal.

Charlotte moved slowly as she put on the robe, not bothering to tighten it around her waist. She thought – or, at least, *hoped* - that I'd be mounting her soon, wanted to make sure there was nothing to get between me and her body. When she put the graduation cap on her head, she turned her eyes on me. Smouldering, hungry eyes.

I knew, if I wanted, I could tell her to bend over and spread her legs for me and she'd do it. No question, no hesitation. If I wanted to fuck her up against her bedroom window, she'd happily agree. If I decided to fuck her outside in the middle of the street, I was certain I could make it happen.

With how wound up she was, Charlotte would take *any* excuse to get off. Any reason possible to allow herself to climax.

I could've fucked her there and then.

I wanted to. And I knew beyond doubt that *she* wanted me to.

But... I held back.

Instead of fucking my insanely sexy girlfriend, I pulled out my phone and began snapping pictures.

Charlotte bit her lip, didn't try to stop me.

"Put your hands on the robe," I told her, pointing my phone's camera at her. "Yeah, like that..."

No sex with Charlotte. Not today. Not for a *while* yet.

But pictures? Those I *could* do.

My eyes roamed the people around me, searching for familiar faces.

Charlotte was seated next to me, of course. By now, most of the school knew she was dating me. And, more importantly, they'd heard the rumours about Charlotte's kinks. More than a few pairs of eyes glanced my way, and plenty of tongues wagged and lips moved as they whispered and gossiped quietly.

Besides me, Charlotte's face was a brighter shade of red than I'd ever seen it before. Her eyes were forward, staring at the plinth in front of the rows of chairs. Pretending to listen to the school's principal drone on about 'responsibility' and 'success'.

We – me and Charlotte – sat amongst a sea of square hats and black robes. Waiting silently as the whispers surrounded us.

If everyone had been silent – like they were supposed to – they might've heard it. As things were, even though I knew it was there and was actively *trying* to listen for it, I couldn't hear the sound either. The soft hum of activity, the quiet noises of all these people packed into rows and rows of seats, drowned it out.

I reached into my pocket, gripped the small controller and increased the power.

Charlotte tensed, turned her head and glanced at me.

Yup. It was definitely on. Just too quiet to hear.

Shame.

I turned my attention to the podium up front. The principal and his boring, lifeless speech. Surely there couldn't be much longer of this nonsense. I had plans for today. Big plans. I did not need them being bogged down by a boring, bland graduation ceremony.

Minutes ticked by slowly.

I entertained myself by playing with the remote in my pocket. Switching it between low and medium power, enjoying my girlfriend's red face and her attempts to hide that anything was wrong.

She fake coughed to hide gasps or moans.

She covered her mouth, fake-yawned.

She kept her eyes forward – pointedly away from me.

Truthfully, Charlotte was doing well at hiding it. But, I knew my lover and I knew how this pleasurable torment must be affecting her.

A month of being denied orgasm. One whole month in which I'd forbidden her from climaxing. It was driving her insane. The desperation to unleash and cum was overwhelming her right now. Her obedience to me, her love of torment, and her fear of people finding out about who she really was - they were the only things keeping her from letting loose right there and then.

Finally, the principal finished his speech.

Next up was the student body president's turn. A girl with a very straight back and a no-nonsense attitude. Small bust, but a nice ass. Rose was her name, and being an 'adult' was her game. Seriously, she was the type of girl who probably did her parents' taxes for them - and *enjoyed* it.

Her speech, thankfully, was far shorter than the principal's. And a whole lot more

cringey.

Then came time for the handing out of diplomas.

Names were called out, a line of people formed. And, one by one, they marched up to the principal where they were handed a rolled up piece of paper before disappearing off-stage.

Finally.

I kept my hand in my pocket, firm on the remote, waiting.

When Charlotte's name was spoken, she flashed me a look. Lips pursed, uncertain and blushing, she took her place in line. Fully aware of what was going to happen when she was on stage. In full view of everyone – students, teachers, family, friends.

I could only imagine the anticipation she must've felt.

She stepped onto the stage, was reaching out to take her diploma with a fake smile on her face. That's when I did it.

For the first time, I cranked the remote up to max.

Charlotte stumbled, legs wobbling. Her eyes shot wide open, mouth clamping shut on instinct. She snatched her diploma, gave the confused principal a thin-lipped smile, walked slowly off stage with her head held high and her face tomato-red.

I had no idea what the range on the wireless vibrator was, or what'd happen when Charlotte stepped out of it – would the full-power vibrations continue or stop? - but, I must say, I was looking forward to finding out.

I recognised most of the girls, even if one of them made my eyebrows raise in surprise. Two of them, though, were chicks I was certain I'd never see before.

Six of them, sitting around a table with me – the only guy.

There was Charlotte, of course. Flowing blonde hair and beautiful blue eyes. The hottest girl here, with her slender body and perky tits. My girlfriend.

Next to her was Olivia. Tan with dark hair and equally dark eyes. Athletic and thin, though not as busty as Charlotte. Wearing her graduation robe, like the rest of us. Though, underneath that robe, she seemed to be wearing very little clothing. A short skirt and a tank top, maybe. Not a lot at all.

Vicky was next. The queen cock-sucker herself. Icy blue eyes and dark hair, cute blowjob lips and a decent bust. She had her characteristic bitchy smile on her face as she took a sip from her bottle.

Amazingly, next to the cheerleaders, sat Rose. The student body president herself. Miss 'adult', who'd always seemed to me to be obsessed with her reputation as a 'model student'. What in the world was this flat-chested girl doing here?

The other two were a complete mystery to me. A redhead with massive jugs and a short-haired brunette. Both of them wearing graduation robes but, for the life of me, I couldn't recognise either of them. Olivia had brought them along, a twinkle in her eye.

"So," Olivia smiled at Charlotte, "how long has it been since your boyfriend here last fucked you?"

Charlotte blanched, was too stunned by the question to answer it.

"I only ask," Olivia continued, turning her smile on me, "because I know how busy *he's* been with other girls. What's your body count up to nowadays anyway?"

"I don't know," I shrugged. "I stopped counting."

"Spoken like a true lady-killer," Olivia laughed. The two nameless girls she brought with her smiled at each other.

I gave another shrug, pushed down a smile of my own.

"So..." Olivia said, turning back to Charlotte. "How long *has* it been? With all the pussy he's been getting, you've gotta be feeling neglected."

"I don't-" Charlotte stammered, eyes wide. "I mean, I- I'm not-"

"How long?" Olivia repeated, voice shifting to a firmer, more demanding tone. One

than expected answers.

"Over a month," Charlotte whispered, eyes down.

"How about you, loverboy? When was the last time *you* got laid."

"Yesterday," I told her.

Olivia let out a loud, joyful laugh.

Charlotte lowered her head.

"Well," Olivia grinned, slapping her bottle down on the table and glancing around at everyone. "We all know why we're here. What're we waiting for? Let's get started!"

For a moment, I thought Charlotte might speak up, put an end to all this. But no, she remained seated in place as the other five girls dragged me away. Not out of the room – that would've spoiled the fun. But away from Charlotte.

They pushed me up against a wall, began tearing my robe and clothes off.

I looked over at my girlfriend, saw her watching, gave her a wink.

An orgy between me and five ladies. The graduation-day party.

It'd be the last time we saw any of these girls, I knew. Me and Charlotte were going to college far away. This would be the last chance these girls had to torment Charlotte – and Olivia seemed very much eager to make the most of it.

Before long, the bitches were taking turns licking and kissing my cock. Three of them on their knees in front of me, one on either arm. My hands had a tit each in their grasp, my cock bouncing from one mouth to the next. The air filled with heat and warmth and girly giggles.

And, all the while, Charlotte watched me – lips parted as she panted heavily.

"Look at you," Rose said, sneering at my girlfriend. "I just bounced on your boyfriend's cock like it was a pogo stick, and all you did was sit there and watch."

I turned to look at them – Charlotte sitting on a stool the other side of the bedroom, Rose leaning over her.

The bedsprings creaked and groaned beneath me. This bed, it seemed, did not like having five people on it at once. Me on my back. Two girls sucking on my balls, trying to get me hard again. The other two putting on a show for me to watch – some girl on girl action between the nameless redhead and Olivia. My eyes, though, were glued to Rose and Charlotte.

"You're pathetic," the student president spat. "And to think, I used to be *jealous* of you."

Charlotte looked up at her, eyes wide.

"I thought..." Rose shook her head. "Everyone loved you. The most popular, beautiful girl around. Cheerleader and prom queen and all of it. If you'd nominated yourself for student president, you'd have won. Easily. You wouldn't have deserved it. You wouldn't have been good at it. You wouldn't have *cared* about it. But you'd have won anyway."

Rose crouched down so she was eye-level with Charlotte.

"Bitches like *you* make everything harder for the rest of us," Rose growled. "With your big tits and pretty face. You have it so *easy*. If you want something, all you have to do is flutter your eyelashes and squeeze your tits together. The rest of us have to work so *hard* for the scraps. But no, not *you*. You're too *good* for that, aren't you?"

Charlotte glanced at me pleadingly. Wanting me to come to her aid. To defend her.

Instead, I wrapped my hands behind my head and watched the show.

"I doubt you even care that I just fucked your boyfriend," Rose stood. "You could get another one so easily. Just like-"

"No," Charlotte said quickly. "I don't-"

The *clap* that followed was painfully loud. Rose's hand streaking over Charlotte's face, leaving a bright red mark on her cheek. Everyone froze at the sound, looked over at the two girls.

"Don't interrupt me, *bitch*," Rose snarled. She raised her hand, daring Charlotte to speak again.

Charlotte, eyes wide, lifted her hand to her cheek, stunned by the slap. She looked over at me, face unreadable.

"Come to think of it," Rose laughed. "Why are you wearing clothes? Doesn't seem fair that you should keep yours when everyone else has taken theirs off. Come on, time to strip!"

Before anyone could react, Rose grabbed Charlotte by the hair – dragged her off the stool and onto hands and knees. Roughly, she began tearing Charlotte's clothes off – a wild grin on her face.

Charlotte looked to me for help, silently begging me to do something.

I tried to sit up, fully intending to do just that.

But a woman's hand found itself on my chest, pushed my back down onto the mattress. I looked over, saw Olivia smiling at me.

"Shh," she whispered into my ear. "Let her have her fun."

The tits she pressed to my chest as she leaned in to kiss me were very convincing. As were the second pair of tits – these ones wonderfully heavy – that flattened against my stomach while another pair of lips landed on my chest. Two more sets of lips shared my cock and balls – massaging my junk with their tongues and painting my rapidly hardening cock with their saliva.

I allowed myself to relax on the mattress, let these girls have their wicked way with me.

"Look at these fucking udders!" Rose laughed, voice followed by the sound of another *slap*. "Top of the social ladder my ass. The only place *you* belong is barn! Moo for me, cow!"

It took several more 'clapping' sounds before my girlfriend began to moo – her voice quivering.

Me though? I lost myself in the sensation of four women doing everything they could to please me. Their mouths, their bodies. It was only a matter of time before my cock ended up in another pussy. The bed springs creaking as one of the bitches – I had no idea which one – rode me.

My girlfriend's pleading became a background noise. Something that I could hear, but didn't bother paying any attention to.

The sound of slapping and spanking was more like music than anything worth worrying about. A constant beat for the other girls to ride me to.

When, a short while later, I noticed Rose herself was riding me, I was genuinely surprised. I glanced across the room – saw Olivia had replaced Rose when it came to abusing Charlotte. When had *that* happened?

"Kiss them!" Olivia was demanding, brandishing a small, black whip. Where in the world had that come from? "Do it!"

Charlotte was kneeling in front of her, face to the floor, gently kissing Olivia's toes. Her ass was in the air – criss-crossed with red lines.

"That's right," Olivia laughed, lifting her feet and presenting the soles to Charlotte. "Lick 'em clean, whore."

I shook my head, utterly baffled.

But, as Rose bounced on my cock for the second time today, I found myself laying back and relaxing – eyes on the many girls and many tits around me.

I collapsed into bed along with Charlotte.

The walk from the car to her bedroom had been the longest, most difficult journey of my life. I knew, as I lay there with her in my arms, I wouldn't be able to get up and go to my own bed tonight.

Charlotte seemed just as exhausted as I was – if not more so.

“You came,” I breathed, holding her tight, “from them bullying you?”

Slowly, Charlotte nodded her head, eyes closed. Too worn out to even speak.

“You enjoyed it?”

She shook her head.

“But you *did* cum, didn't you?”

She hesitated before nodding again.

“Good,” I smiled, my eyelids too heavy to keep open any longer. “That's good...”

As soon as my eyes closed, I was out cold.