

All American Queen

Chapter 5

"What do you think?" I asked, glancing over at Charlotte. "Should we stop here, stretch our legs for a bit?"

"You do realise," she pouted, looking out the passenger side window. "We'd probably already be there, if we'd just taken the highway right?"

"Yeah, I know," I grinned. "But this is more fun!"

I spied around, looked for a nice spot to park the car.

Hours of driving down country roads and dirt paths, admiring the scenery as dawn faded away and the sun rose in the sky. Much more enjoyable than sticking to one bland highway all day! So what if it was past midday and neither of us had eaten yet? So what if we'd gotten a little lost once or twice? It was the *journey* that mattered.

This little town in the ass-end of nowhere? We'd have never come across it, if not for taking the back-roads and avoiding the highway.

It was a quaint place. Full of gentle personality. The kind of little town that was trapped in time; with its old-school local diner and its walking, talking fossil-like inhabitants. A farming town, probably. Where everyone knew everyone else and new faces were a rare sight.

The GPS on my phone led the way, directed us to the local diner. A place without a name, but one that looked cosy enough.

I parked the car, turned the engine off and climbed out.

My legs felt cramped and stiff, but I walked around the car all the same, opened up the passenger door for Charlotte and gave a little bow.

She rolled her eyes, tried to hide her smile.

"You're an idiot," she mumbled as she climbed out of the car.

I shut the door behind her, took a step back. "Come on, I'm starving. Lets see what they have to eat!"

A minute later, we were sitting on either side of a small table, being stared at by more than a few people. All on the older side, all sitting at tables of their own. When a waitress – an old woman in a sun-bleached waitress dress – came by, a wide smile on her face, me and Charlotte ordered burgers.

"If we use the highway," Charlotte hummed softly as the waitress walked away from our table, "we might still make it there today. It's either that, or we sleep in the car tonight."

"Not necessarily," I shrugged. "We could always rent a motel room."

The blank stare Charlotte gave me was priceless.

"Relax," I chuckled. "We can get there a day late. Not like lessons start tomorrow or anything. We've got plenty of time."

"Maybe," Charlotte sighed. "But that doesn't mean I want to be cooped up in a car all day."

"Then you won't be," I said with a nod. "We'll spend the rest of the day here. No more driving today. And, tomorrow, we'll hit the highway and get to the college."

Charlotte stared at me, doubt written all over her pretty features.

"Come on," I leaned forward, held out my hand. "When was the last time we hung out? Properly, I mean. When was the last time we spent the day together, just us two? When was the last time you and I went on a nice date?"

"A while," Charlotte admitted.

With everything that'd been happening lately, all the sexy fun and all the teasing and all of it – we hadn't actually spent that much time together. Just her and me. We'd been too busy exploring her kinks.

"Let's take today," I smiled. "Me and you and nothing else. It's a nice day, sunny 'n' all that. Why don't we just hang around, spend some time together. We'll rent a motel room

tonight and worry about tomorrow when tomorrow comes. Let's enjoy today."

After that, Charlotte was lost in thought. Quiet and reserved.

She looked beautiful. Absolutely stunning. Still way out of my league and still the most beautiful woman I'd ever laid my eyes on. Her blonde hair tied back in a flowing ponytail, cool blue eyes lost in contemplation. Wearing a flannel shirt with the top few buttons undone – showing just enough cleavage to tempt, but not enough to tease.

For all that I'd enjoyed fucking other girls, and having them play with me, Charlotte was still my favourite. She was still my girl.

Slowly, her hand moved – slid across the table and gently took hold of the hand I'd left resting on the tabletop. She squeezed my hand, smiled at me.

"Okay," she whispered, eyes bright. "We can have today off."

"A little town like this," I grinned back at her. "Bet they have a lot of cool stuff to find."

Not long later, we were eating our burgers, laughing and joking and chatting in a way we hadn't done in far too long. My girlfriend's giggles filled the local diner with life and energy, brought smiles to the faces of the older folks sitting around eating their afternoon meals.

Holding Charlotte's hand, smiling like a dumbass with her blushing beside me, we stepped into the motel reception.

The old man behind the counter didn't see us at first. He was too busy sitting back and staring at a TV screen off to one side. But, as we approached, he caught sight of us. With a pleasant smile, he welcomed us.

A brief exchange followed – him asking for our names, and what kind of room we wanted to take. Single-bed, naturally. We paid, he tossed us the key and, just like that, the room was ours for the night.

We headed to the room, still holding hands.

"What if we make a mess?" Charlotte whispered softly beside me, as if realising for the first time that we'd be doing a lot more than just 'sleeping' in the rented room.

"No 'if' about it," I chuckled. "Knowing you, we *will* be making a mess. Don't worry about it. It's their job to clean up after we leave."

"But they'll see!" Charlotte blushed brightly. "They'll know we-"

"Babe," I said with a roll of my eyes. "Charlotte. We're two young adults renting a single motel room together. You're sexy as all hell, and I'm not too bad looking myself. They already *know* that we're gonna spend half the night porking. They'd probably be more surprised if we *didn't* fuck."

Charlotte scrunched her face, blushed brightly.

How was it possible? A girl who'd been happy to be recorded wearing nothing but a pair of pink, fluffy handcuffs while she listed all the ways her boyfriend liked to be pleased, instructing other women how to satisfy him. And she was worried about what some motel cleaner would think of a lil' after-sex mess?

I shook my head, baffled, as I unlocked the motel room's door and stepped inside.

Women. They were unknowable creatures.

The motel room was small. Barely enough space for a double-bed and an old box of a TV. There was a small bathroom attached – a toilet and shower and sink, and nothing else.

Still, everything looked clean enough. Fresh bedsheets 'n' all.

"Stop worrying," I said, taking my Charlotte's hand and guiding her to the bed. "We've had a nice day, right?"

She nodded her head.

"We've got a long day ahead of us tomorrow, too."

Another nod.

"So, we might as well enjoy tonight as much as we can. Finish the day off with a

bang. No worries. No complaining.”

Charlotte climbed onto the bed, laid down on her back and looked over at me. She nodded her head, smiled.

“No worries,” she repeated.

I climbed onto the bed after her, planted my hands either side of her head and leaned down to kiss her.

A gentle, loving kiss.

The kind that always led to more.

In mere moments, I was unbuttoning her flannel top and she was unzipping my jeans. The swell of her huge breasts under the palm of my hand, my hard cock with her fingers wrapped around it.

All thoughts of the mess we might cause were soon forgotten.

And a mess we did make.

“Another one?” Charlotte asked, lips pursed.

“Yup,” I nodded my head. “The last one was about me. This one's gonna be all about you, baby.”

“Me?”

“Yes, you.”

She looked far from convinced. And, once again, she glanced around – made sure there was no-one else around.

There wasn't. We were in an empty field a ten minute drive off the highway. No towns around. No hint of civilisation. Just us two.

“What... What should I say?”

“Tell them about the things you like doing,” I answered. “And the things you enjoy other people doing to you. The abuse and insults, the pinching and slapping. Everything you can think of. Oh, and you should get naked first too. It'll make the video work so much better.”

Charlotte looked down at her flannel shirt, sighed. Without a moment of hesitation, she raised her hands and began undoing one button after another.

I pulled out my phone, turned the camera on and started recording.

“My name,” Charlotte said as she unbuttoned her shirt, “is Charlotte. And I am a cuckqueen. I enjoy watching my boyfriend having sex with other women.”

The flannel shirt opened up to reveal Charlotte's smooth, pale skin. Her flat stomach and massive, bra-clad tits. An amazing, mouth-watering figure. The kind most girls could only dream of and most guys were all too eager to dream about. A shimmy of her shoulders and the flannel shirt dropped down to the grass at Charlotte's feet.

“It's an odd kink,” Charlotte said, forcing a smile onto her face. “But... it is what it is. Seeing him fucking other girls makes me wet. It's so... thrilling.”

She reached behind her back, unhooked her bra.

“Knowing that I'm second best, that I'm not the one he wants,” she shuddered, held the bra cups to her breasts. “It's *amazing*. The way he makes other women scream and moan and beg for more. The way he fucks them like he owns them...”

The bra dropped, revealing Charlotte's amazing breasts. Her full, huge globes. Her perky nipples.

“I like to watch. And... I like to be involved.”

She fondled her breasts, squeezed them and pinched her nipples. A soft moan escaped her lips.

“When the women he's fucking... When they talk to me, call me names, it's so *good*. So horrible and mean and erotic! Mocking me as they ride his dick, showing me how they're better than me, showing me how useless and worthless I am. I can't stop thinking about it. Every time I close my eyes, I see it. I hear it...”

She closed her eyes, let out a breathy sigh.

"Call me stupid. Call me ugly. Tell me how much I don't deserve him. Show me what a real woman can do, what a man like him needs. Mock me. Tease me. Humiliate me. Treat me like a cheap toy."

Her eyes snapped open, her hands sliding down her body to her pants – thumbs hooking under the waistband.

"Slap me. Spank me. Pinch me. *Hurt* me. I want to *feel* it. I want you to make me *suffer*."

She dropped the pants to her ankles, stood there in only her white panties. A sexy sight, made all the more so by the heat in her eyes. The wanton lust and desire.

"You want to fuck him? That's fine. More than fine. I *want* you to sleep with him. I want him to sleep with whoever he wants. But I want to be there when you do it. I want to watch. I want to see it happen. And..."

She bit her lip, fingers sliding down the front of her panties.

"And I want to be *involved*. I want to suck his cock, get it nice and hard for you. I want to lick you, make sure your wet enough to take it. I want you to slap my tits, make me hurt. I want to... I want to lick his cum off your body. I want you to spit on me. Spank me. Call me names. I want you to- Ahh!"

Her legs wobbled, knees bending. Her tits trembled and jiggled as Charlotte forced herself to stand upright again.

"I am," she said, eyes on the phone camera, "worthless. Useless. I'm not worthy of a man like him. I don't deserve him. But he wants me, and so I am his. But I know he wants others too. So many women. He is a man, after all. And what my boyfriend wants, he gets. No matter what."

I couldn't help but smile at that.

"When you're fucking him, consider me to be your personal slave," Charlotte continued, back straight and tits on full display. "If you want a glass of water, just let me know. I'll get it for you. If you're running low on condoms, I'll happily find some for you. If you want entertainment in the time between him cumming and getting hard again, I'll *be* your entertainment. Use me. Please."

I stopped recording, lowered the phone.

"You want to be 'entertainment', do you?" I smiled.

Charlotte blushed, looked away, nodded her head.

"In that case..." I thought for a moment, tried to come up with a fun way she could *entertain* me. "We're what, two hour drive away from the college now?"

"Uh," Charlotte said, confusion flitting across her face. "I'm not sure..."

"Yes, it's two hours. I'm pretty sure." I eyed my girlfriend up and down, felt for about the millionth time that she was *way* too beautiful for a guy like me to ever bag. "Tell me, how many time do you think you could make me cum in two hours, using only your mouth?"

Charlotte stared at me, the pink in her cheeks spreading further.

"I don't think we've ever done that before, have we? You blowing me while I drive? What do you say, baby. You up for a two-hour cock-sucking challenge?"

Charlotte rubbed her jaw, winced.

"You okay?" I couldn't help chuckling. "Maybe that was a bit too much, huh? Still, we're here now."

I nodded out the car windscreen to the college complex beyond.

Many large buildings; some connected, others not.

There were plenty of people walking around, men and women. Groups of friends and lone stragglers. A lot carrying bags, a handful with parents in tow.

"Any idea on where we're supposed to go?"

"Orientation?" Charlotte said, voice gravelly. "Registration? We need to find out where our dorm rooms will be. Sucks that we won't have the same one."

"Dumb rules," I grumbled. "Girl dorms and guy dorms. I should file a complaint. Sexist segregation. It's the twenty-first century, dammit. No need for any of that nonsense. I'll-"

Charlotte pinched my arm.

"I'll see what sororities they have here later," she told me softly. "Figure out which one I'll join. Are you going to try joining a fraternity?"

"Nah. Not my style," I shrugged. "I'm more of a lone wolf."

"More like a lil' puppy dog," Charlotte mumbled.

I glanced at her, raised an eyebrow. "Pardon?"

"Nothing," she grinned. "Come on, I'm gonna need your help with my bags. Let's go sign in and figure out what's going on."

As she climbed out of the car, I admired Charlotte's backside.

No more hiding the fact that we were dating, then. Not that it'd been all that much of a secret towards the end of high-school anyway. Practically everyone around knew about us being together, and that I had a pass to fuck any girl I wanted.

I climbed out of the car, a realisation slowly dawning.

Why *had* we kept our relationship a secret?

Part of it had been my not wanting to draw attention to myself, sure. I didn't want all that gossip and drama about me. Too much of a hassle to deal with. But, there was more to it than that.

Charlotte had wanted us being together to be a secret.

At first, I'd thought it was about her reputation. Her not wanting to create any drama or anything around herself either. But now, I had my doubts. What if... What if she'd wanted us to be a secret because of her kink?

Back before it'd evolved into what it was now, turning her into a cuckqueen. What if, back then, it'd been as simple as her finding it erotic to have a secret boyfriend?

It made sense. A secret relationship, one that no-one knew about, could be kinky – in a tame kind of way.

But, since discovering this side of her - the masochistic torture-slut – Charlotte had a much bigger kink to satisfy herself with. Why settle for a mildly kinky 'secret boyfriend' when she could be overwhelmed with eroticism about her boyfriend being stolen away from her?

Curious.

I set the thought aside, smiled at my girlfriend – who was carefully rubbing at her lips, making sure none of my cum remained.

"I love you," I told her.

She froze. Turned her head to look at me. Blushed.

"I..." She spoke so quietly, I could barely hear her. "I love you too."

"Come on," I waved. "let's grab your bags and figure out where your dorm room is. I wanna know where I'll be spending most of my nights from now on. Here's to hoping you have some hott room-mates."

Charlotte's face turned bright red.

Much as she might not want to admit it, I knew she'd be hoping for the exact same thing. Sexy room-mates for me to fuck. Me spending the night in her door room, but not necessarily in her bed.

My eyes flicked over to the college complex.

Home. For the next few years, at least. Buildings filled with sexy girls and endless opportunities to fuck them. None would be as good-looking as Charlotte, I was certain of that. But I wouldn't be saying 'no' to any of 'em all the same. First, Charlotte's room-mates. Then her sorority girls. Then, who knew? Maybe a professor. Or a campus security officer.

One day, perhaps, I'd even try my hand at bagging and banging Charlotte's mother.
But, for now, we had a dorm room to find and bags to unpack.
"Alright," I grinned. "First day of the rest of our lives. Let's get a move on!"