

## All American Queen

### Chapter 6

"Dude, is it true?" One of my roomies asked – a tall, skinny guy we'd dubbed 'Twig'.

"Is what true?" I said, looking up from my textbook.

"That you're dating that hott blonde chick. The one with the massive tits and nice ass."

That was certainly an accurate description of Charlotte, to be fair. Though, I *had* been visiting bone-town with several busty blondes lately. It was impossible to tell exactly who Twig was referring to.

"You're gonna have to be more specific than that, my man."

A deep voice snorted. Another roomie, 'Rock'.

"Thinks he's so smooth," the short, bulky man grunted. "I bet he doesn't have a girlfriend at all."

"You got me," I smiled, turning my attention back to my text book. "No girlfriend for poor ol' me."

"You know who I'm talking about, though. Right?" Twig added quickly. "Blonde chick. Hottest girl I've ever seen. She has that pink hoodie she's always wearing. Takes Economics I think."

"Charlotte," I said, flipping a page. "Her name's Charlotte."

"So *are* you banging her or what?!"

I couldn't keep the smile from my face. If these guys knew what me and Charlotte – and her sonority – got up to behind closed doors... I held back the urge to laugh.

"We're dating, yeah."

"Dude!" Twig practically hopped across the room, sat down on my desk. "What the fuck!"

I rolled my eyes, tried to ignore him sitting there.

"How? Not to be rude or anything, but you're kinda fuck-ugly, dude. Why in the world would that babe ever date you when *I'm* an option?"

"Guess she has low standards," I shrugged.

"No shit," Rock grumbled from across the room.

"Don't hold out on us, dude. How'd you meet her? How'd you convince her to give you a chance? Had she sent you any *nudes*?"

I knew this day would come eventually. Me and Charlotte, we weren't exactly trying to keep our relationship a secret – even if we weren't being overly public about it either. These idiots were bound to find out at some point.

For the next few weeks, I was sure, I'd have to deal with Twig's endless questions and his thirst for nude pictures and videos. Rock, at least, would keep his mouth mostly shut about it – preferring to stick to his grumbled comments here and there over a constant stream of annoyance.

Still, if things were going to be bothersome *now*, I could only imagine how bad they'd be *later*.

It was, after all, only a matter of time before Twig and Rock and everyone else at the college learned about Charlotte's 'openness' to me fucking other girls. When *that* day came, I expected my roomies would probably try to kill me in my sleep – overcome with jealousy and envy at the guy who had it all.

"Oh, look at the time," I said, intentionally not looking at the room's digital alarm clock. "Gotta go."

Twig complained and Rock chuckled as I retreated, leaving the dorm room behind me. It was a short walk to Charlotte's sorority house, but I took a long route anyway. Didn't want to seem too eager, after all.

I don't know what it is about girls and jealousy.

Somehow, Charlotte being as mind-numbingly beautiful as she was seemed to piss a lot of the other girls off. As if Charlotte's perfection were somehow a direct insult on them. They could be pretty and sexy in their own right, yet they always seemed to despise my girlfriend for her unobtainable beauty.

That, on it's own, would've been fine. Guys could have problems with one another for literally no reason too. But at least guys were honest about it. Up-front. You didn't like a guy? You put your fist in his face and see what happened. Girls? They had their own ways of addressing their contempt, and it was rarely ever as clean or straight-forward as a firm punch to the chops.

I wasn't sure if they were intimidated by Charlotte's looks or what, but her sorority sister could be real bitches. But, like, not in blatant, obvious ways.

As I entered the sorority, for example, a dozen pretty girls led me to a private little room – began doting on my, playing the part of affectionate lovers. If I wanted something to eat, one of them would go get it for me, spoon-feed me while I fondled another's ass or tits. If I wanted a drink, they'd get me the coldest beer they could find and hold it up to my lips for me. If I was tired after a long day, I'd receive a full-body massage from half a dozen girls at once.

All in sight of Charlotte, who'd have nothing to do but watch.

And they'd make comments as they took care of me. Venomous comments spoken in sweet voices, about how they'd 'treat me right' and wouldn't 'neglect' me like some *other* girls had.

I knew, even as they went so far out of their way to make me as comfortable as possible, that they didn't care one iota about me. All they cared about was hurting Charlotte. Humiliating her. To them, I was just a tool. A weapon. And they were more than happy to use me.

Just as I was happy to be used.

Because, when my hunger and thirst had been seen to, when I was relaxed and happy, it was time to move on to the main event.

Two dozen sorority girls. All good-looking, with lovely bodies that ranged from petite and cute to busty and slutty to round-bottomed and bouncy. Women from ethnicities the world over, diverse and devious and delightful.

They descended on me like a pack of feral animals.

Hungry and horny.

"Freshman," one of the sorority girls purred. "Come here..."

Charlotte stepped forward, cheeks pink. She was wearing a slutty maid costume; cheap and revealing.

"Your boyfriend's gone and made a mess all over my tits, be a good maid and clean it up for me."

Charlotte bowed her head, walked towards the girl.

I sat back and watched, hands behind my head.

It all started with a tentative lick. The tip of her tongue barely touching the girl's chest. Her face was down, but she looked up with wide eyes, saw the glee in her sorority sister's expression. When she began licking in earnest, the girls in the room – a good dozen or so, began cackling.

I was laying down on a queen sized bed, pink sheets and fluffy pillows and teddy bears all around me. It was probably the girliest, pinkest room in the sorority – and was the only one large enough for all these girls to stand in at once. There were no wardrobes or dressers, no shelves. Only the big, pink bed and a lot of open space.

Watching Charlotte lapping my cum off another woman's body, with the occasional flash of a camera phone and the malicious giggles of her 'friends'. It was a hell of a thing.

It wasn't long before the girl she was 'cleaning' grabbed Charlotte by the hair, forced her to start licking and suckling on a nipple.

"Look at how eager she is!" One of the onlookers screeched.

"Makes sense," another girl said. "What if she's actually a dyke? She doesn't actually want to watch her boyfriend with other girls, she just wants to see us getting off. Lil' pervy lesbian."

"No!" Charlotte pulled her face away from the tit she was suckling, red-faced with embarrassment. "That's not-"

"Hey! Who said you could stop?!"

Before she could utter another word, Charlotte's face was once again forced onto a waiting nipple.

"What a slut," a girl laughed – pointing her camera at Charlotte and recording the scene.

How long until those videos and pictures ended up in circulation, passed around from student to student? I doubted it'd be all that long before rumours about Charlotte were dancing around the college campus. A beautiful girl like her, with naughty kinks? It was the type of thing people paid attention to.

"Keep going," the girl Charlotte was cleaning said after a little while, pushing Charlotte's head lower down her body. "Go ahead and get me ready for your boyfriend's big cock. Get a good taste of the pussy he wants so much more than yours."

Charlotte shuddered, did as she was told.

Interesting, that.

I was pretty sure Charlotte was as straight as a flagpole. She, as far as I was aware, had no interest in girls. Not even slightly. She'd never gone through an 'experimental' phase, had never expressed any interest in being with a chick. If she was eating a girl out, it wasn't because she *wanted* to.

For her, it'd be all about the humiliation.

Not only was she willingly giving her lover to another – better – woman, but she was going so far as to *prepare* said woman for her lover's cock.

"When you're done with that," I said, drawing many pairs of eyes, "come over here and get my cock hard for me again."

Charlotte flinched, slowly nodded her head.

A few minutes later, she was on the bed with me. Her hand around my cock – still slick with a different sorority girl's juices – while her mouth continued to work another girl's wet pussy.

As Charlotte had returned to the bed with me, so had the action. Two more of the sorority girls were on the bed, one on my left and the other on my right – my hands on her bodies as I alternated between making out with them. The camera flashes and the comments for the onlookers faded from my mind as I lost myself in the curves and tongues of pretty girls.

"I think that's enough," a voice said, drawing my attention.

It was the girl who currently had my girlfriend's tongue in her cunt. As I watched, Charlotte moved her face away from between the girl's legs, took her hand off my cock.

"No, keep it there," the girl said with a smile, nodding between Charlotte's hand. "I want you to hold it in place for me."

Charlotte paled, slowly nodded her head.

She took hold of my cock again, held it upright.

"Wow," the girl laughed, patting Charlotte's head. "You must really want me to fuck your man, huh?"

I looked at Charlotte. She turned away, blushing.

The girl climbed onto my lap – lowered herself onto my cock as Charlotte held it steady for her.

How many so far? I'd lost count.

A pretty brunette bounced on my cock, moaning loudly as her small tits jiggled in my face. Her body was lean, firm. Tight.

"Yes!" She cried out. "Fuck me!"

I did my best, thrusting underneath her. But, given she must've been the fifth or sixth girl on my dick in the past hour, I was having a lil' difficulty keeping up my energetic fucking. My hips screamed at me, my back ached, my legs felt numb, and my cock felt sore and raw.

How many times had I orgasmed? There was the shot I'd plastered over that one girl's rack. And another inside the same chick. Then there was the three-mouth, alternating blowjob. Then...

I grunted, grabbed the girl currently riding me by her hips, slammed her down onto my lap.

"Fuck!" She screamed, head tilting back.

Her body began shuddering, pussy clenching around my cock.

Somehow, I managed to hold myself back from cumming as the chick quivered and climaxed atop me. There were still so many women. Too many. If I wanted to get around to all of them, I couldn't go spending everything I had so soon.

"I can't," the girl on my dick breathed, a smile on her lips. She leaned down – collapsed on me. "I... Wow..."

"Alright," a female voice said from somewhere, "who's next?"

If I'd had the energy to, I'd have rolled my eyes.

"Wait," another voice spoke up, "I have an idea!"

Whatever the 'idea' was, I couldn't be bothered to pay attention. There was some huddling, some whispered conversation followed by laughter and girly giggles. Then, the next thing I knew, I was being shuffled over – moved from the middle of the massive bed to one of the sides.

Not bothering to hide my confusion, I watched as the sorority girls laid down a human-sized teddy bear next to me.

"Study time!" One of the girls called – the ringleader of the bunch, Tilly. "Strip her!"

A half-dozen sorority girls descended on Charlotte in an instant, tearing away her maid uniform and leaving her standing there butt-naked. For some reason, my girlfriend tried to cover herself up – hand and arm over her breasts, other hand between her thighs. But the sorority girls soon solved that – dragging Charlotte's arms away from her body while others laughed and took pictures.

"Oh my god!" One giggled. "Look at how fat she is!"

A total lie. The only parts of her body that could even *remotely* be considered 'plump' were her tits and ass. If she was 'fat', the other girls in the room – all skinny and sexy - would've been morbidly obese.

"Bet she's had surgery," another girl snickered.

"She *should* get surgery. Only hope she has of fixing that ugly face."

"Look at her nipples!"

"Gross skin, can you see-"

"-can't believe a girl like her has a boyfriend and I don't-"

"-stretch marks-"

"-probably pregnant-"

"-whore-"

A barrage of comments; too many to catch, but every one negative and insulting. Charlotte wilted under the gazes and comments, eyes watering even as her nether-regions moistened.

"Move, newbie!" One voice barked loudly.

Charlotte flinched, was pushed forward. Someone grabbed my girl by her blonde hair, dragged her onto the bed – forced her to straddle the teddy bear.

“Here!” The ringleader – Tilly – said, smiling sweetly. “Your new boyfriend!”

“He's not-” Charlotte gasped. “We're not-”

Tilly put her hand over Charlotte's mouth, smiled a evil smile. “I said,” she whispered threateningly. “He's your new boyfriend.”

Charlotte's eyes looked to me.

Odd. She'd never resisted her humiliations before, not really.

I was tempted to speak up, spin the situation in a way that'd make Charlotte more comfortable. But, for some reason, I couldn't.

“Since you're such a horrible lay,” Tilly said, removing her hand from Charlotte's mouth, “me 'n' the girls have decided to help you out, freshman. We're going to give you a *special* lesson.”

Charlotte looked from me to Tilly to the teddy bear they were making her straddle.

“You're going to watch me riding your boyfriend, and you're going to copy me. Every move I make, you repeat. Understood?”

Slowly, Charlotte nodded her head.

“Good. Pay close attention now. You might just learn something.” The girl leaned in, whispered in Charlotte's ear. I could just about make out what she said. “He's not your boyfriend any more. He's *mine*.”

Charlotte's eyes went wide as Tilly climbed onto me, lowered herself onto my cock.

She gasped, gripped onto my shoulders.

Her eyes, though, were on Charlotte.

“What're you waiting for, stupid?” She smiled. “Copy me.”

Body shaking, Charlotte leaned forward, grabbed her fluffy partner's shoulders.

“Good,” Tilly smiled. She turned her attention to me. “Ready?”

I gave her a nod.

She raised her hips, slammed herself down.

Charlotte mirrored her, face red, lips parted.

Before long, I was having to hold myself back yet again – resisting the urge to cum as this pretty, petty bitch rode me like her life depended on it.

The bed squeaked and shook beneath us, both Tilly and Charlotte contributing to the motion.

My girlfriend's heavy tits swung and bounced, her pussy grinding on the soft, fluffy fabric of the teddy bear. She was panting, sweat dripping from her brow. She'd given up on matching Tilly's movements, had instead begun riding the bear with hazy abandon.

“Look at her go!” One girl laughed.

“Kiss him!” Another called. “Make out with your new boyfriend!”

Charlotte bit her lip, looked over her shoulder at them.

“You're not worthy to date me,” I found myself saying.

It was like the whole room froze. Charlotte stilled, eyes wide as she turned and stared at me. Tilly stopped bouncing on my cock, a smug smile on her lips.

“You don't deserve a real boyfriend,” I added softly, nodding to the bear. “He's the best you'll ever be able to get.”

Slowly, Charlotte nodded her head.

She leaned down, began kissing the giant teddy bear's face.

Laughter rang out all around the room.

Phones took pictures, recorded as the hottest girl around made out with a teddy bear.

Tilly, still on top of me, reached over and planted her hand on the back of Charlotte's head. There was a twinkle in her eyes, a wicked gleam. Her hand moved, slid down the back of Charlotte's neck and along her spine to her ass.

"I'm going to have so much fun with you, freshman," Tilly said softly. "This is *nothing*."

Charlotte flinched.

It took me a moment to see it. The finger Tilly had pressed into Charlotte's ass – knuckle deep in my girlfriend's back door.

"By the time I'm done with you," she cooed, "you'll know *just* how worthless you truly are. That's what you want, isn't it slut? You want someone to push you over the edge. You want to lose everything. Don't worry. You will."

Both my roomies were asleep by the time I finally limped into my dorm room. I kicked off my shoes, collapsed onto my bed, was half-way asleep in moments.

A vibration in my pocket was the only thing that kept me from blacking out completely.

Groaning, I reached inside, pulled out my phone.

A message from Tilly. Great.

I forced myself to open it, read it, follow the link she'd given me. That woke me up a little.

A website that sold sex toys.

The specific item Tilly had linked was a strap-on. One that came with a particularly large dildo.

In the message, Tilly claimed it'd be for 'educational' purposes. But, directly under that statement, was a question asking how many she should get.

Or, more specifically, how many could Charlotte *take*.

For a brief moment, I felt it. A hint of uncertainty. The taste of doubt. Back home, I'd been in complete control. Charlotte was always nearby, some place I could go any time I wanted and be with her. She was always in view. Here, at college, she felt further away. Worse, she was living with girls who seemed more than happy to push and use her – who had no reason to respect boundaries.

Had I made a mistake in allowing Charlotte's sorority sisters to be involved in our 'activities'?

Or was I overthinking things?

Charlotte submitting herself to be fucked by her 'friends' and 'sisters' did sound like it could be fun...

I debated it for a quick minute before replying to Tilly.

Then, I finally allowed myself to black out and get some much-needed sleep.