

## All American Queen

### Chapter 7

Charlotte sat on my lap, my hands on her waist.

Before us, a beautiful sunset. The sky glowing orange over a glittering ocean. A gentle breeze swept through, rustling tree leaves and long, wild grass. Waves crashed lightly onto the beach, swishing and rolling.

Neither me or my girl said anything.

It was a moment.

The kind of thing we'd remember forever. And both of us knew it. A perfect, beautiful, awe-inspiring moment.

There was no-one else around. Just us.

Finding this place had been a pain. Lots of pushing through rough, untouched woodland. Following the shoreline as much as we could, avoiding other people. There'd been several nice beaches, but all of them had been filled with people. Families and couples and noise.

That wasn't what we'd wanted.

Or, it wasn't what Charlotte had wanted, at least.

For whatever reason, she'd wanted it to be just us. Me and her. No-one else. A day spent together on a small, abandoned beach. Sunbathing, chatting, laughing. A bit of sex and cuddling, too – getting blown while sunbathing was a special kind of pleasure. Mostly, though, we'd spend the day in silence. Enjoying each other's company while relaxing.

It was the last day of break.

Tomorrow, we'd be heading back to the college dorms.

"We could stay here forever," Charlotte whispered softly.

"We could," I agreed.

Blatantly, we couldn't. But when a girl is as dedicated to making you happy as Charlotte was, it was better to just agree with her when she said nonsensical things.

"It'd be nice," she whispered. "Just us. No worries. Just relaxing and smiling every day. It'd be so... nice."

I moved my hands, wrapped them around her tummy, held her close. Charlotte relaxed into me, shut her eyes, let out a contented sigh. The sent of sea water filled my nostrils when I tilted my head, nose brushing her hair as I kissed her cheek.

Soon, the sun faded beyond the horizon.

It was still light enough to see by. I looked at my girlfriend, saw the evidence of our intimacy clear on her skin.

She was in three tones. Pale where her skin had been hidden from the sunlight most of the day; bra and panty lines. A faint tan over most the rest of her body. Her face and chest and tummy and legs and arms. And, amusingly, a third skin shade – two sunburned red handprints on her back.

Guess I'd accidentally removed some of the sun lotion when we'd been getting nasty earlier.

Oops.

"We should get moving soon," I said. "While it's still light enough to see. Getting back to the car will be a real pain if we leave it too long."

Both our phones had flashlights, of course. And plenty of battery charge, what with the 'phones on mute, only use in case of an emergency' rule. We *could* get back to the car using our phones for light. But it'd still be annoying and needlessly difficult.

Slowly, Charlotte nodded her head.

"We should sleep in the car," Charlotte said, pushing herself off my lap and stretching. A stunning creature, my Charlotte. Blonde hair tied back, body of a goddess, tits swaying as she reached down to pick up some of our supplies. "It'll be safer than driving

through the countryside at night.”

“Sounds like a plan,” I grunted, forcing myself onto my feet.

One of the unexpected benefits of my *unique* relationship with Charlotte and her sorority sisters was that they were all completely comfortable with me being around the sorority house.

I didn't even bother heading to my dorm complex. As soon as we parked at the college, me and Charlotte both went straight for the sorority house. Wearing our dirty beach clothes – a long t-shirt and shorts covered in brambles and sand for me, and an almost transparent sundress with her red bikini underneath for Charlotte – first thing in the morning, we probably looked like hobos. Certainly, we had the messy hair and grimy, sandy bodies.

Save for raised eyebrows and confused amusement, none of the sorority sisters – most of which had just woken up and were in pyjamas and nighties and thin robes – found my being there odd.

Charlotte and I headed right for the largest bathroom in the sorority house.

Hiking through bushes and wild land, spending a day on a beach, having sex multiple times – you don't know what it's like to 'feel dirty' until you have dirt, sand, sweat, sea water, cum, sun lotion, and spilled soda all dried up on your skin at the same time.

We had the shower running in moments – blissful hot water and sponges slathered in soap.

We scrubbed ourselves, and each other. Smiling and laughing to ourselves. There's something euphoric about shedding *that* much filth off your body, getting clean. I leaned down, kissed Charlotte's lips as we stood in that large, walk-in shower. When I pulled away, she was blushing. Smiling the sweetest, prettiest smile I'd ever seen. Water and soapsuds running down her naked, perfect body.

I let my eyes roam over her. Those massive tits with their perky pink nipples. Her slender waist and curvy hips.

Before I knew it, I was rock hard – cock pointing right at her.

Charlotte smiled wider, a twinkle in her eye. She raised a hand, began reaching for my cock. Was about to touch it when the bathroom door slammed open and several voices sounded outside the shower.

The shower was too loud in my ears to hear what was being said, or to make out who the voices belonged to. They were all women, and they sounded excited. That was all I knew.

Charlotte looked up at me with wide eyes.

A moment later, the shower door slipped open and in danced four girls.

The four of them spared Charlotte a glance before turning their full attention on me. They pushed my girlfriend aside, snatched a soapy sponge right from her, surrounded me with smiles and giggles.

Several pairs of hands started roaming my body at once.

It was amazing.

Sorority girls? They were hott. All of them attractive in different ways; from model thin to pornstar curves, soft and firm and everything in between. Pretty faces, sexy faces, faces of every shade.

The four women sensually scrubbing my body clean? They were the kind of chicks most guys fantasised about.

Slender fingers wrapped around my cock the same time a pair of hands slid over my pecs. Another hand on my cheek, tilting my head to one side so her lips could touch mine. I felt another pair of lips on my body – my inner thigh, just below my balls.

So many hands, so much contact, I couldn't keep track of it all. I just stood there, basked in the sensation of four women doing everything in their power to please me.

It was, by far, the best shower I'd ever taken.

Distantly, over the sound of the shower and flowing water, I heard words being spoken. I only caught a few of them, most lost in the rush.

"-Make breakfast-" Was all I heard clearly enough.

My eyes flicked open, lips pulling away from the kiss I was sharing with a pretty redhead. I saw Charlotte, glancing between me and a fifth girl. Tilly. Charlotte looked crestfallen, eyes down and face pained. She lowered her head, nodded faintly. Then she turned, left the shower with her shoulders slumped.

Tilly turned to look at me, a sly smile on her face.

She opened her mouth, said words that I couldn't hear over the shower and the heartbeat pounding in my ears.

Then, she stepped towards me.

Sitting in a lecture hall, listening to a professor drone on about economics, taking notes. It felt so alien, so *mundane*, compared to what I'd been doing just an hour or two before.

Sixsomes, I could confirm, were something.

One guy, five girls. It was one of those things that could simultaneously make a man feel like a king or a god, while also filling him with uncertainty and doubt. How in the world was one guy supposed to keep five beautiful, sexy women satisfied all at once? It was a question, I knew, not many guys were lucky enough to have to ask.

The answer was simply. I *didn't*.

Oh, all five left that room fully satisfied. No doubt about that. But it wasn't *me* who had to satisfy them all.

They helped satisfy each other.

There's something truly wonderful about fucking a girl's ass while another girl eats her out, and while she eats out someone else. Fingers were in holes, tongues were in other holes, hands were on bodies, lips were on private places, my cock took turns everywhere.

It was uncoordinated. Messy. Chaotic. And yet, it worked.

No flow. Just pure animal desperation to fuck and suck and kiss and hump. Everyone finding some part of someone else to use for their own pleasure.

If the shower woke me up, the fuck-fest that followed it almost knocked me out again.

My body ached. Every muscle.

I barely had the energy to listen to the lecture.

Every few minutes, I felt my attention waning and my gaze floating – looking around the lecture hall at the faces and bodies around me. Mentally stripping the clothes off women, picturing them naked, imagining their mouths spread open around my cock.

I felt like an addict, unable to focus on anything but my craving.

Was that what I was becoming? A sex addict?

I almost laughed at the thought.

There were worse things to be addicted to, I thought to myself. Especially with my girlfriend's 'openness' to me screwing other chicks. I'd take a sex addiction.

Not that I was addicted.

I just liked having a bit – a *lot* - of fun.

No harm in that, right?

"Little miss perfect," a female voice said, sharp and unkind. "I hate bitches like you. You think you're so special, don't you? You think you're so *important*. Well, I've got news for you, bitch. You're not important. Not anymore."

I wasn't meant to be able to hear.

They'd put little plugs in my ears that were supposed to block out sound – make it

so I wouldn't be able to listen in on what they had planned. Luckily for me, those earplugs didn't seem to work very well. I could – if faintly – hear pretty much everything.

We were in one of the sorority house's rooms – one that'd been emptied out save for a sofa, a wall-mounted television, and a bed.

I was sitting on the sofa, which was in the middle of the room. Behind the sofa – out of my line of sight – was the bed, where Charlotte and Tilly were. And, in front of me, the wall-mounted television.

"Don't shake your head at me, cunt," Tilly's voice snapped. "I fucking *hate* that. Pretending to be innocent. Acting like you don't know *exactly* what you are."

Porn was playing on the television. Softcore, artsy porn with lots of close-ups on sideboob and hips while hiding the *actual* action as much as possible. The kind of porn that was meant to be sensual and erotic, but which came off as lame and boring instead. It was muted – the girls assumed I wouldn't be able to hear it anyway, what with the earplugs.

Between my legs, a pretty girl had my cock in her mouth as I pretended to watch the porno.

In reality, I was listening to Tilly intently.

"I knew a bitch like you in middle school and high school. *Jenny*." Tilly spat the word with clear disdain. "Another little miss perfect. Blonde hair, big tits, pretty face. All the teachers loved her. All the guys wanted to fuck her. And all the while, she pretended not to notice. Pretended that she was just some ordinary, plain jane. She acted all humble and kind, all sweet, just like you."

Charlotte was perfect. The ideal woman. Looks, personality, she had everything. The All-American Dream Girl. She was kind, she was humble and sweet and flawless.

"You're just like her," Tilly growled softly, voice barely audible. "A stuck-up cunt. You think you're so much *better* than the rest of us, don't you?"

"No, I-" Charlotte's voice cut off with a yelp.

"Did I say you could speak?" Tilly demanded.

A momentary silence followed the question. I assumed Charlotte was shaking her head.

"This whole thing you've got going on," Tilly continued, voice low and harsh. "Wanting us to sleep with your boyfriend. I know what it's really about. You just want to see what it's like having something taken from you, little miss perfect wants a taste of defeat before going back to her perfect life."

I noticed something then.

The television screen was reflective. It only happened when the porn video got particularly dark, but I could see a reflection of what was happening behind me. Tiny glimpses every now and then.

Charlotte was kneeling on the bed, back straight and hands behind her head. Naked.

The naked part, I already knew. This whole setup with the porno, the excuse Tilly had given for it – something, something getting me in the mood, preparing Charlotte for me. I wasn't allowed to look back because it'd 'ruin the surprise'. But the way Charlotte was positioned – it was the kind of on-the-knees positioning someone might have while being arrested at gun-point. Wide-eyes, fearful submission.

"Thing is," Tilly said, the sound of her voice barely reaching me, "that's not going to happen."

The porno transitioned between scenes, television screen going black long enough for me to see Charlotte in its reflection – Tilly's hand around her throat.

"You're not going back to your perfect little life. Not ever. I won't let you."

The next scene began, cutting off my vision.

Temptation to look back at Charlotte and Tilly. It was almost overwhelming. I

resisted, barely. Kept my eyes on the screen and its new scene.

"I'm going to break you," I heard Tilly whisper. "Just like I broke Jenny. By the time I'm done with you, that hung boyfriend of yours isn't going to want to touch you with a ten-foot pole. He'll be so disgusted by you, he won't even be able to *look* at you. But don't worry – he'll still be getting all the pussy he'll ever need right here."

I could feel both pairs of eyes on the back of my head.

"Ask him to save you," Tilly said. "It's your last chance."

"Sa... Save me," Charlotte's gentle voice murmured.

"Beg him to take you away while he can."

"Please," I heard my girlfriend say, "take me away. Please."

"See that?" Tilly voice said with sadistic happiness. "He's not moving. He doesn't care. He *wants* you to suffer."

I saw it in the television screen's reflection.

Tilly raise her hand.

It came down hard and harsh, smacking Charlotte's chest with full force. The slap resounded off the walls, echoed inside my skull. Painful. Brutal. Tilly hadn't held back at all.

Up her hand went again.

*SLAP.*

Charlotte yelped, winced, flinched back.

*SLAP.*

Again and again, Tilly raised her hand, brought it down harshly. Relentlessly. No restraint, no hesitation. In the brief glimpses I got from reflections, I saw pure glee on the girl's face. And pure agony on Charlotte's.

I blew my load quickly.

How could I not, with a pretty girl sucking me off while I listened to all that?

After she was done gulping down my cum, the girl climbed onto my lap, put a finger on my chest, mouthed two words, then pulled a blindfold from her pocket and tied it over my eyes.

'No looking.'

The sound of the titty slapping stopped after a few minutes. Then came odd rustling sounds, some giggling – enough for me to know more girls had entered the room. I felt them moving behind me, heard the bedsprings creaking.

With the blindfold on, I couldn't even look for reflections on the television screen. I was completely in the dark.

What were they *doing*?

"Where's the gag?" I heard one girl ask.

"Here," another giggled.

Minutes passed. Lots of commotion behind me, though not a lot of taking. Not enough for me to have any idea what was happening.

Then a hand touched my shoulder.

Someone plucked one of the plugs from my ears, leaned over and whispered softly.

"Are you ready to see our new toy?"

Tilly's voice.

Stiffly, I nodded my head.

She reached over, plucked the other earplug out. Leaned in and whispered in that ear next.

"We made it ourselves," Tilly said gleefully.

The blindfold came undone. The girl put her hand on my chin, slowly turned my head around. I had to shift myself on the sofa, turn my entire body to see it.

The sorority's new 'toy'.

At first glance, it looked like all they'd done was cover Charlotte with a thin, white blanket. The shape of her body was clearly visible under it. But then, almost immediately, I saw the three holes they'd cut out of the blanket – and the three things protruding out those holes.

My eyes were drawn to Charlotte's tits.

A hole for each of them. Bright red, sore from being slapped over and over again. Bound painfully tight in rope, squeezing them to the point of deformity. Clamps over her nipples, with a thin but sturdy metal cord connecting the two clamps together.

Charlotte had big tits. Huge tits. The way they were bound in rope, the tightness of it, made them look less mountainous and more like hourglasses. The clamps over her nipples looked crushingly tight – squeezing flesh so hard that I felt a pang of worry over if she'd be okay later.

The third hole in the blanket was over Charlotte's mouth.

A big, black dildo protruded up from the hole, telling me all I needed to know about what Tilly had planned next.

The gag I heard mentioned? It was a dildo-gag. Probably two sided. The other end of that dildo, if it had one, would be in Charlotte's mouth – gagging and muffling her.

Tilly – who was completely naked – danced onto the bed, skipped over and squatted over the blanket, feet either side of Charlotte's head.

"Here," she smiled wickedly, "let me show you how it works."

She grabbed the metal cord that connected Charlotte's nipple clamps, tugged it viciously. A muffled yelp of pain sounded from under the blanket.

"This," Tilly said, "is the handle. And this..."

She reached down, grabbed the shaft of the black dildo, positioned herself above it, slowly began lowering herself.

"This is- Mmm..." She hummed in satisfaction, the tip of the dildo disappearing inside her.

She met my eyes, gave me an evil smirk.

Without another word, she slammed herself down on the dildo. On Charlotte's face.

My girlfriend's head bounced on the mattress, her muffled groans and grunts matching Tilly's moans and gasps. Tilly brought herself up and down on the dildo, gave herself a rough fucking with it – slamming Charlotte's head into the mattress again and again.

"The girls here are gonna have some real fun with this new toy," Tilly breathed, riding the fake dick like a pro. "You don't mind, do you?"

I gulped, looked down at my boner then back up at Tilly.

I shook my head.

"Good," Tilly smiled, tugging on her 'handle'. "Sit back and get comfortable, then. Hope you enjoy the show."