

## **All American Queen**

### **Chapter 8**

To say the park was 'run down' would've been an understatement.

The slide was rusty, the seesaw broken and useless, a climbing frame missing some bars while the others were dented and rusted. Even the park's vegetation looked old and decrepit; dead grass and tress without leaves and tangled hedges.

No wonder I'd heard the place was haunted. It looked like it belonged in some cheap horror flick.

Charlotte, true to her nature, didn't seem to notice the park's flaws. She smiled happily as she tugged me along, led me to the park's swing set.

Several swings were missing. And, of those that remained, only one looked even remotely safe to use. Rusted chains and broken swing seats and a frame that looked like it could fall apart at any second. I couldn't help but feel a wave of trepidation and anxiety as my girlfriend sat herself down on the one usable swing.

It didn't break.

The images in my head of her falling painfully to the ground, rusted chains snapping or seat coming loose or frame collapsing, none of it happened. She simply sat there, eyes twinkling, and smiled up at me.

"Push me?" She asked, voice soft and sweet.

I glanced around, saw no one.

The park was abandoned. The whole area deserted. If it'd been earlier in the day, there might have been more life around. But right then, in the evening with the sun setting on the horizon, it was only me and her.

"Sure," I said with a nod.

With an odd tension in my body, I walked around the swing until I was standing behind her.

Gently, I placed my hands on her hips.

I didn't put much force into the first push – still paranoid that the swing might break. But, as Charlotte swung back to me unharmed, I felt myself relax – began pushing her a bit more earnestly.

She sat on the swing, legs out, watching the sunset.

And I pushed her, mind absorbed with so many thoughts. The day's events, our plans for the rest of the night, the idea I was planning on presenting to her. More than anything, I was caught up on the sight of her.

My Charlotte. The most beautiful woman in the world.

Wavy blonde hair, long and shiny and full of life. Floating on the breeze as she swung back and forth. Her brilliant blue eyes shone in the dying light, a soft reflection of the sunset in her itises. Full lips curled into a gentle smile.

"I can't remember the last time someone pushed me on a swing," she said, voice cutting through the still air. "It's been years. Years and years."

I didn't reply. Just kept my eyes on her.

Save for the creaking and groaning of the swings, and the sound of distant traffic, the park was silent. Charlotte lost in her thoughts and memories, me thinking of tonight and the bombshell I was planning on dropping.

Pretty soon, the sun was gone. Dropping fully past the horizon.

The sky slowly changed colour, from vibrant oranges and reds to navy and dark indigo. Stars began twinkling into sight in the darkest half of the sky, while the lighter half steadily shifted darker and darker.

Finally, Charlotte put her feet down – dragging the swing to a stop. She looked back over her shoulder at me.

My heart stuttered at the sight of her eyes – beautiful and breath-taking in the muted

light. Unreadable eyes that twinkled and shone, dazzling blue irises that put the night's sky to shame with their natural beauty.

Even now, after being with her for so long, I *still* couldn't get over how stunning Charlotte was.

She still took my breath away. Still made my heart skip beats.

"It's getting cold," she said, voice music to my ears. "We should head back soon."

I smiled at her, shook my head.

"Date night's not over yet," I told her. "There's one more place we need to go."

One of her eyebrows perked up.

"Come on," I grinned. "It's not too far from here."

Charlotte hopped to her feet, stretched her arms out and let out a soft, breathy sigh. She reached out a hand and I took it, led her out of the park with that grin still on my face.

What would people think, seeing the angelic beauty that was Charlotte holding hands with a plain, ordinary guy like me?

Would there be envy? Jealousy? Disbelief? All that and more?

The motel was only a few streets away. I'd never been there before, but the reviews I'd seen when researching for this date all seemed positive enough. With any luck, it wouldn't be as run down and disappointing as the park had been.

When it came into view ahead of us, Charlotte shot me a glance. Lips pursed, cheeks turning pink.

"We don't have to," I told her as we approached it, "if you're not feeling it. I just figured you'd want to. We can't really do it at the sorority house without the other girls getting involved 'n' all. And I doubt you'd wanna do the do in my dorm room with Twig and Rock there."

Or maybe she would. Compared to Charlotte getting off on me fucking other women and humiliating her, us being watched while we had sex seemed almost innocent in how tame it was.

"I guess," she said in a soft, shy voice.

"So..." I said, stopping outside the motel entrance. "Do you want to go in?"

She looked at me, face red. Slowly nodded her head.

It was dark.

For some reason, Charlotte had insisted we keep the lights off. Save for moonlight streaming in through a curtainless window, there was no source of light in the room.

I laid back on the motel bed, hands behind my head, naked.

Slightly chilly, mostly curious. Waiting.

When I heard a door creaking open, I tilted my head – looked over at the motel room's bathroom.

In the darkness, all I could see was her silhouette. The outline of her amazing body in the moonlight. My breath caught in my throat, heart fluttering in my chest.

The curves of her body, painted milky white in the moonlight, sent a thrill through me. My cock twitched, began hardening at that titillating sight. Huge, round breasts and the inward curve of her waist, her hips and ass that swayed as she stepped into the room. Her breasts jiggled, silvery hair flowing over them in waves and ripples. A shining glint in her eyes as she looked me over.

Was she blushing? I couldn't tell.

Her full, moist lips were curled up slightly, a faint smile.

Slowly, body swaying hypnotically, she walked around the bed, stopping at the foot.

I watched transfixed as she raised a hand, brushed her hair behind her back, revealing her shoulder and slender neck. The outline of her cheek and chin. Her gaze, those twinkling pale blue eyes, lowered to my cock.

Her lips moved – her biting her lower lip as she smiled.

I heard her breathing then. Soft, deep panting.

She was excited.

I was about to open my mouth to speak when her body began moving again. Slowly, she climbed onto the bed. The weight on the hard mattress shifting as she placed her hands either side of my waist.

Ass in the air, back curved, Charlotte lowered her head – soft lips pressing against my cock.

I let out a groan, felt my cock quiver under Charlotte's warm breath. She giggled, tilted her head to one side and began kissing up and down my cock's length.

My eyes shut, head relaxing back.

First it was Charlotte's lips. Kissing up and down, gentle and loving. Then I felt her slender fingers taking hold of the base, keeping it in place as she swapped from kissing to licking – tongue trailing up and down the underside of my cock, circling around the head. She mixed in kisses with the licking, pecking the tip and licking the head, pulling her head away and softly blowing on the saliva-slick skin.

Soon, the hand holding my cock in place began to move too. Sliding up and down my shaft, slow but firm. Her lips pressed again to the tip of my cock in a loving kiss, only this time they didn't pull away. Instead, they spread open around it – tongue teasing the tip as her lips took in my cockhead little by little.

"Charlotte," I groaned.

Which spurred her on even more.

Her lips slid completely over the head, tongue massaging it as she slurped and sucked. Moments later, her head was bouncing up and down, lips gliding along my cock's length. The sound of Charlotte's choked gags filled the motel room. My cock brushing the back of her throat as she took as much of its length as she was able to.

Without thought or intention, my hand found itself on the back of my girlfriend's head, gripping her hair and guiding her.

My hips began thrusting by themselves, humping Charlotte's skull while I pushed her head down – forcing my cock as deep as it'd go. Her slurping and gagging got louder, matched with my heavy breathing.

Only when I felt both of her hands on my waist – pushing at me as she pulled back – did I release Charlotte's head.

My cock left her mouth with a wet pop.

She coughed, gasped for air.

"Charlotte..." I breathed as her coughs receded and her gasping stopped.

Her weight shifted on the bed.

She lifted herself up, shimmied closer on her knees until her body was above my crotch.

"Shhh..." She purred. "Don't talk. You just lay there, let me take care of you..."

I was more than happy to oblige her.

She held my cock in place, leaned forward as she inserted it. Her heavy, huge tits hung down, the moonlight on her milky skin showing just how perfect and round they were. Then there was the pressure. The hot, wet tightness as she spread herself open on my cock.

Charlotte let out a sharp breath, a soft moan.

She stayed frozen in place for a long moment, basking in the sensation of being penetrated. Then, lips parted, she pushed herself upright, looked down into my eyes.

She bit her lip, lowered herself down fully.

I felt her tighten, quiver, as she took my entire length.

She let out a shaky breath, shuddered as my cock brushed against her deepest parts. Her arms at her sides, hands on the mattress as she leaned back, slowly began riding me.

The bedsprings creaked and groaned, mixed with the sounds of Charlotte's soft moans.

In the darkness, I couldn't see much. But what I could see; the swaying and bouncing silhouettes of Charlotte's tits, her skin slick with sweat, her plump lips open in gentle moans and groans, her hips bouncing and swaying and gyrating – it was more than amazing.

The feel of her pussy – tight around my cock, squeezing it and milking it, so wonderfully warm – was almost too much for me.

I reached out, gripped onto Charlotte's waist, thrust into her as she bounced on me.

Her moans and my grunts bouncing off the motel room's walls.

We cuddled together on the bed, her head on my shoulder, my hands wrapped around her waist. Despite the fact I'd blown my load in her just a little while ago, I was already half-way to another hard-on. Her tits pressing into my chest, the warmth of her body against mine, and the fact that she was ever so slightly rubbing her crotch against me, was all the motivation I needed to go another round with Charlotte.

Still, I held back. Resisted the urge to roll us over and climb on top of her.

"Charlotte," I whispered, raising a hand to stroke her back. "Are you awake?"

I knew the answer even before Charlotte nodded her head, moaned a satisfied affirmation.

"There's something I've been meaning to talk to you about," I said, trying to remember the words I'd planned to say.

"Hmm?" Charlotte purred sleepily.

"About our, ah, 'activities'. You know, your kink. Me having sex with other girls. The cuckqueen stuff."

Charlotte stiffened.

I felt her tensing, imagined her heart rate rising. In a single moment, I was certain, I'd snapped her out of her post-orgasm bliss and woken her from her sleepiness.

"Oh?" She squeaked so quietly I wasn't even certain she'd actually said anything.

"Uh-huh," I continued. "I've been reading up on it, looking it up online and stuff. And I saw something that might help make things more interesting. More kinky for you."

She didn't say anything. Didn't move. Hell, I wasn't even sure if she was *breathing*.

"There's this thing some couples do. A way of 'solidifying' the relationship. Or, like, making it more 'real', I guess? I mean, what we're doing right now is fun and all, but there aren't really any rules in place. There aren't any boundaries or limits that we've agreed on. We're just kinda... doing things. Which is fine! Nothing wrong with experimenting or anything. I was just thinking..."

I inhaled a deep breath, shut my eyes.

"How would you feel about signing a contract?"

"A... contract?" Charlotte said in a whisper.

"Yeah... Like, a contract detailing everything that I'm permitted to do with other women. And things that I can do to you, or can make you do with others. It'd be a chance for you to set up boundaries and limits, but it'd also solidify our relationship..."

My words felt clumsy to me, unpractised and silly. I needed to come at this from the right angle – present it in a way that'd make Charlotte want to accept.

"It'd be like... trapping you. A contract to bind you in place and take away your options. Right now, if I or the other girls do something you don't like, you can walk away or stop it. A contract would prevent that. And being made to do things or watch things you don't like is your kink, right? It's why me fucking other women and them humiliating you gets you off."

For the longest time, Charlotte didn't say anything.

She didn't shift, didn't move, didn't speak.

I was convinced she'd fallen asleep – was half-way to falling asleep myself – when she finally spoke up.

"I'll... I'll think about it," Charlotte whispered.

The girl let out a satisfied sigh, smiled up at me.

What was this one's name again? Candice? Cassandra? Something along those lines, I was sure. A freckled redhead with fat tits and a tattoo under her rib - some paragraph in Latin punctuated by a pentagram.

Attractive enough. She wasn't ugly or anything, but she wasn't a Charlotte either.

As I pulled out of her, she gave a throaty moan.

I was about to climb off the bed when Candice - yeah, I was positive it was 'Candice' - grabbed my hand, pulled me back.

"Wait," she said, words laced with a venomous smile. "Don't go. Not yet. Come lay down for a second."

It felt like a trap. Some twisted ploy or plot.

Still, curiosity got the better of me, and I did as Candice wanted. I flopped back onto the bed, butt-naked and rapidly deflating downstairs.

"You," Candice snapped, turning to face one particular corner of the room. "Come."

Charlotte, who'd been on her knees in that corner, stood.

I watched in silence as Candice beckoned with a slender finger, urged Charlotte onto the bed.

"That's right," Candice smirked. "Come here."

Charlotte ended up kneeling between my legs, lips pursed and cheeks pink. Wearing plain, ordinary clothes; a pink t-shirt and jeans. Beautiful, save for the uncertainty and fear in her eyes.

"Clean his cock," Candice ordered. "Use your mouth. Go ahead and lick my cum off your boyfriend's dick."

We locked eyes then, me and Charlotte.

Beautiful blue eyes filled with so many emotions. Lust and revulsion, pain and arousal, uncertainty and conflict. Charlotte was an enigma. A girl who loved with all her heart, who wanted to be loved; but also wanted to be hurt by the one she loved most. A stunningly beautiful, insanely intelligent girl that was so insecure that she'd turned it into her kink.

My cock stirred, began to stiffen again even before Charlotte lowered her head and began licking it.

"God," Candice spat. "You're pathetic."

"Charlotte," I said softly. Her eyes flicked up to my face. "If I write it up - that contract I told you about - you'll sign it, won't you?"

She hesitated for a moment, eyes wide.

Then, slowly, she nodded her head.

"Contract?" Candice said. "What're you talking about?"

"Nothing," I lied, not looking away from Charlotte.

"But..." The redhead shook her head, sounded annoyed as she continued. "Whatever. Hey, bitch, when you're done cleaning me off your boyfriend, you can clean him out of me. You *do* know how to eat pussy, right?"

She did. Though she wasn't interested in women in any way, Charlotte had become quite the expert at orally pleasuring them. So much so that she was probably better at it than I was.

Eating pussy? That was disgusting to Charlotte. Revolting. She had no interest in it at all, found no satisfaction in performing the act. Which was exactly why she got so horny and flustered when the sorority girls made her do it.

That was Charlotte for you.

I watched with a smile as she lapped away at my cock, knowing she was both excited by *and* dreading the fact that just a few minutes from now, her tongue would be buried deep inside Candice.

Still, it wouldn't be for long.

I'd led the redhead have a few minutes of fun with Charlotte, then pull my girlfriend out of the room. Hug her, hold her close, whisper sweet nothings in her ear, then kiss her goodbye.

Charlotte would go back to studying or cleaning the sorority house, and I'd head back to my dorm room - begin writing up the perfect contract for us.

I couldn't wait to see her sign it.