

## All American Queen

### Chapter 9

For the first few pages, I enjoyed the sound. The dorm room's small printer chugging away as it worked. That odd, high-pitched mechanical whine that was so unique to printers – it almost sounded digital.

I watched the first page come out, a wild grin on my face.

After the first five or six pages, though, my grin began to fade. That noise – which had been so fun and interesting, wrapped up in my glee as it was – began to grate on me. Annoy me.

Twenty pages in, I was rummaging around in drawers and backpacks. Searching desperately for earphones or headphones or *anything* that'd help me block out the sound. The screeching, whining, repetitive noise.

Why were printers so fucking *loud*?

And then, of course, just as it got down to the last dozen or so pages, the printer ran out of ink.

There were three rules to dorm life:

Always have spare condoms; for when one of us invited a chick over. There should always be a box of condoms in the dorm room at all times, no matter what. You use the last condom? You buy a replacement box first thing the next morning.

Always have spare toilet paper; the dorm toilets were notorious for running out of toilet paper – so it was basically a necessity to stock up on the stuff ourselves. You take the last roll? You buy some more right after you're done 'taking care of business'.

And *always* have spare ink cartridges for the printer; all of us, me and Rock and Twig, had a bad habit of leaving assignments and papers until the last moment – the night before they were due in. Running out of ink while printing those assignments out in the morning? Not ideal. So, we always had spare ink cartridges around.

Or, we were *supposed* to.

I searched everywhere. Looked in the same drawers and bags I had earlier. Rummaged through chests, under blankets and in shoes, even looked in our room's trash can.

Whoever had used the printer last hadn't bought replacement ink.

Fuck.

To add to my annoyance, the cheap-ass printer we had kept on *beeping* to let me know it was out of ink. Just great. More screeching from the world's most annoying printer.

I had to step out of the dorm room to collect my thoughts.

There was only one thing for me to do.

Not what I'd planned on, but I could hardly ask Rock and Twig to get more ink. It'd been *me* who'd kicked them out of the dorm room so I could use the printer in the first place. I didn't want them reading the contract I was printing, after all. No *way* did I want them getting any 'ideas' from it.

There was no other way.

I'd have to finish printing the contract at Charlotte's sorority house instead.

"There's a whole section on tit punishment," one of the girls said with a giggle. "Poor Charlotte. Her puppies are gonna be abused so hard..."

"Uh-huh," I grumbled, eyes flicking around the room.

It was a fairly cramped space. A room that must've once been a storage room for cleaning supplies or something. Converted to the 'techie space' of the sorority house. Just large enough for two desks – one on either side of the room – with no room for a chair in between them.

Each desk had a tower and a monitor on top of them, old and outdated hardware

running prehistoric operating systems. A mouse and keyboard each, with a total of four printers – two under each desk.

All four printers – machines that looked like they were from the dark ages – were buzzing and chunking away, printing off multiple copies of the forty-seven-page contract.

In addition to myself, there were two girls in the room.

Tilly; the unofficial head bitch of the sorority, the one all the other girls looked to and listened to. And some girl I recognised in passing but didn't remember the name of – a girl studying law, I had no doubt.

"That'll be fun," Tilly smiled, looking at the other girl. "What about the contract itself. What do you think?"

"The legalese is rough," the girl said, eyes roaming the page she was holding. "Lots of subjectivism, wiggle room. Lots of space for loopholes and interpretation arguments. All in all, it's not very solid in terms of being a binding legal contract."

"Interesting," Tilly said, eyes turning to me, a predatory grin on her lips. "If you'd like, I'm sure Dawn here wouldn't mind rewriting it for you. Making it more... *solid*."

"No," I said quickly. "Thanks."

The last thing I needed was these sorority bitches 'altering' my contract, giving themselves more power in it.

It didn't need to be legally binding. Didn't need to be professional-grade legal-speak or anything. All the contract needed to be was functional. Something Charlotte could read, understand, and sign. To make our relationship, and the unique sexual aspects of it, written out and known to both of us. No uncertainty or misunderstanding, clear lines and limits and perks set in place.

This – Tilly and the sorority bitches attempting to use the contract to give themselves more power over Charlotte – was something I'd wanted to avoid.

"Up to you," Tilly shrugged, smile widening. "We'll keep a copy of it here. Nice 'n' safe."

The urge to protest, to deny her, was strong. But the time for that had come and gone. The moment they'd started printing off multiple copies of the contract, I'd known this was where it'd lead.

"This section is fun," the girl – Dawn – hummed. "It lists everything we, Charlotte's sorority sisters, can and can't do to do Charlotte. And gives her 'boyfriend' power, as the one with ultimate authority over her, to veto any and all decisions we make involving Charlotte."

"Is that so?" Tilly said, eyes twinkling.

She was going to be a problem. I could feel it.

Four people sat around one round table. A wooden table with three small stacks of paper on it. Three contracts, all identical and all awaiting Charlotte's signature. Tilly and I had already signed them, her as the sorority's representative and me as Charlotte's boyfriend.

She sat there, a pen in hand, looking as beautiful as ever.

Flowing blonde hair, dazzling blue eyes. High cheek bones and plump lips, a pretty face that'd take peoples' breath away and consume their thoughts. The sexiest woman I'd ever seen, and it came to her as easily as breathing. Naturally beautiful in a way that no surgery or make-up or photoshop could ever hope to rival.

Her lips were pursed, eyes filled with uncertainty.

"Take your time," I told her. "There's no rush."

To my right, Tilly snorted derisively.

To my left, Dawn nodded her head.

"They have to be signed without duress," Dawn said. "No pressure or coercion. Sign when you're ready to."

Across the table from me, Charlotte closed her eyes.

Three copies for her to sign. That hadn't been part of the plan. There was only supposed to be one copy of the relationship contract. Charlotte would've signed it, and I'd have kept it safe in a lockbox in my dorm room.

Tilly had insisted that the sorority house have at least one copy for them to 'refer to' when I wasn't around. And making sure there was a third copy had felt like the right thing for me to do – just in case something 'fishy' happened with my copy.

"Okay," Charlotte breathed, eyes opening. "I'm ready."

Her hand trembled as she leaned forward, signed the first of the three documents.

Once the first one was done, she signed the other two quickly. Set the pen down, stared at the table. Her entire body relaxed. She slumped in her chair.

And, just like that, she'd given away her freedom.

The contract went deep into detail. Everything from when Charlotte was permitted to orgasm, to what she was allowed to wear, to her obligations around the sorority house, to how she was to address everyone. It covered sexual acts, fetishes, a chain of command for who she should obey – with me at the top. There was even a small section on how regularly she should seek out sexual partners for me.

Everything was covered. Every kink Charlotte had, even those she was uncertain about and in denial of.

And she'd signed it.

Tilly snatched up a copy quickly, hastily left the room with it clutched close to her body. Dawn, the law student, followed after her. No doubt, they were going to read through it – looking for any holes they could exploit.

I looked at Charlotte after they were gone.

"Hey," I smiled to her. "You doin' okay?"

Charlotte blushed, nodded her head.

"Any doubts?" I asked. "It's not too late. We can still tear these up, go after Bitchy and tear that copy too."

"No," Charlotte said. "No doubts. Just... I guess I belong to you now, huh? Like... Like..."

"Property?"

"Yeah," Charlotte whispered, cheeks bright red. "Like property."

"How does that make you feel?" I asked with a grin.

Charlotte was silent for a long moment, face turning even redder. Finally, she answered. Uttered a single, soft word.

"Wet."

I made it all of five feet out of the sorority house when my phone vibrated for the first time. By the time I'd gotten back to my dorm room, I had a dozen new messages. All sent by the top bitch herself. All pictures with captions.

The first was captioned 'Section Twelve of Contract'.

A picture of Charlotte, naked, bent over another girl's lap. It was a side-profile, so I could see just how wonderfully my girlfriend's tits hung down from her chest, as well as the perfectly round curve of her ass. An ass that, it appeared, was about to get spanked.

The twelfth section of the contract dealt with 'punishment' and the 'rights' I, and the sorority girls, had when it came to disciplining Charlotte.

Knowing Tilly and her bitch squad like I did, I'd wanted to make sure they didn't take things too far - push Charlotte into doing something that I didn't want. So, I'd made a list of 'acceptable' punishments for them to enact whenever I wasn't around. Spanking, mocking, forcing her to walk around on all fours, wear costumes, cook for them, and so on. Anything that wasn't on the list, the sorority girls weren't allowed to do.

They also had to notify me of any punishment they inflicted upon Charlotte; photo or video evidence of the punishment sent to me, along with the reason Charlotte was being

punished.

Impressive that Tilly had managed to come up with a reason to punish Charlotte so quickly after me leaving.

In the second picture Tilly had sent, she gave her reason.

'Disrespectful attitude'.

It was a full-on view of Charlotte's ass. Legs spread apart slightly, the barest glimpse of Charlotte's pussy visible. Butt cheeks pink from her spanking.

A third photo had Charlotte standing up straight, hands behind her back with her chest pushed out. Her eyes were closed, face red, blonde hair flowing majestically down her shoulders.

'Strutting around like she owns the place'.

The next photo was in equal parts impressive and rage-inducing.

An image caught mid-motion. A woman's hand impacting Charlotte's huge breasts, ripples of tit-flesh frozen in time. A wince on Charlotte's face. Tits pink and red from what could've only been more slaps.

I felt my blood boil at the sight.

No anger towards them for hurting Charlotte. But for Tilly going against the contract - defying it just minutes after agreeing to-

'Contract didn't specify *where* to spank'.

The picture's caption.

I stared at those words for a long time. Even as my phone vibrated again - a new unread message for me - I kept looking, kept staring.

Give a bitch an inch, and she'd take the whole damned mile.

With a sigh, I set my phone down.

No point in calling Tilly out, demanding she stop. Wasn't like she'd actually gone against the contract. She was right. I hadn't 'specified' where on Charlotte's body she should be spanked.

Tilly. She was going to be a problem.

Some tit-slapping? That was nothing. We'd done far worse than that to Charlotte in the past. It was nothing new, nothing over the top. I could live with the sorority bitches stretching the contract to allow for it.

But it was only a matter of time before they went out of bounds.

What would I do then?

"We're gonna have to get you your own room," one of the girls said, hand pawing at my shirt. "You're around more often than half the girls who live here."

"Maybe," I shrugged, barely listening.

"You can sleep in my room any time you want," the girl said, more for Charlotte's benefit than mine. In her eyes, I imagined, I was more like a dildo than a person. A toy to tease Charlotte with. "Then again, we probably would be get much sleep if you did stay in my room..."

It was just the three of us, sitting in a small common room. Me with the sorority girl on my lap, sitting on a moderately comfortable chair. And Charlotte sitting opposite us, eyes locked onto sorority girl's hand.

A hand that was currently making its way into my pants.

Before the girl could get much further than a few half-hearted tugs, someone else walked into the room. Tilly, carrying a cardboard box in her arms.

The bitch supreme set the box down on Charlotte's lap.

"Count them," Tilly said, not even bothering to look at Charlotte. She nodded to the slut on my lap. "There are some toys on my bed, go fetch."

The girl was off my lap in a millisecond.

Odd, how much the sorority sisters jumped to obey Tilly like that. I knew why

Charlotte did - she was as submissive and obedient as they came. But every other girl in the sorority? It was like Tilly had a grip on all of them, could ruin them with a word or a whim.

And the way she acted... Like she was used to being in charge of everything. A queen bitch, for sure.

As the sorority girl left the room to collect Tilly's toys, Tilly took her place - sat herself down on my lap and placed a hand over my cock bulge. She leaned in close, planted a kiss on my cheek.

"Hey babe," she said softly - just loud enough for Charlotte to hear. "I missed you."

Venom. Pure, unadulterated poison.

Everything this girl did - everything - was to dig at Charlotte. Digging her claws into my girlfriend's heart was all Tilly seemed to care about. Being above her, putting her down, tormenting her.

"Gonna fuck me today?" Tilly cooed. "I've been dreaming of your cock for days..."

I looked at Charlotte.

Her gaze was down, eyes focused on her task - counting the little pieces of paper in the cardboard box, stacking them up in one, neat pile. Every piece of paper, I was certain, had the word 'no' written on.

Charlotte's face was flushed. A mixture of shame and arousal, the former only adding to the flames of the latter.

"Don't worry about her," Tilly said, massaging my bulging cock. Stroking it over my pants. "She's nothing. Too much of a coward to put a stop to it. She'll just sit there and watch. Getting off on watching her man with another woman. A *better* woman. How sad..."

Face red, Charlotte set the now-empty box on the floor. Held up the single stack of paper notes.

"Which won?" I asked, ignoring Tilly.

Charlotte glanced up at me, shook her head slowly.

The first sorority vote. A stipulation in the contract. If Charlotte wanted to do something that Tilly objected to, the whole sorority house would get to vote on it.

Today's vote? It was to see if Charlotte would be allowed to orgasm.

Since she'd lost, Charlotte was now banned from climaxing for the rest of the week. A cruel torment that Charlotte would hate and enjoy immensely.

"Every single vote was for 'no'. All of them," Charlotte said, voice sweet and soft and quiet. Not outright accusing, but looking at Tilly doubtfully all the same.

Tilly opened her mouth to say something, paused as the girl from before hopped back into the room. She was carrying two objects, and, at the sight of them, I knew exactly what Tilly had in store for Charlotte. A pair of handcuffs, pink and fluffy. And an electric massage wand, battery powered and fully charged.

"Good," Tilly smiled. "Perfect timing."

Charlotte's eyes snapped to the sorority girl and the items she was holding. Her face paled.

"Cuff her," Tilly told the girl. "Behind her back."

The magic wand would end up between Charlotte's legs, trapped there by her clothes or whatever position Tilly put her in. Arms locked behind her back to prevent her from pushing it away, make her feel trapped.

I'd seen Charlotte with a toy like that before. The vibrations, and the intensity of them, had her orgasming in seconds.

"And you," Tilly said, addressing me. "Are going to fuck me. Hard. While *she* watches."

"The first few words of the contract," I grunted, gripping Tilly's hips. "Remember them?"

"I do," Tilly smirked.

The one with ultimate authority was me. My word was final in all matters. I was in charge. Me.

"Then stop taking," I told her, pushing her hips away from me. Annoyingly, she slid down onto the floor gracefully. I'd have preferred something less *dignified* for her. "And put that mouth of yours to good use."

A flash of something in her eyes. Amusement?

She didn't reject me, though. Didn't disobey. In seconds, my cock was out and her lips were around it.

"You," I said, eyes snapping to Charlotte. "You know what to do. Just remember, you're not allowed to cum. If you do, I'll make sure you suffer for it. Understood?"

Charlotte nodded her head, let out an aroused pant.

We stared into each other's eyes as Charlotte was cuffed, as she was moved about like a doll and made to straddle the electric wand. As soon as it was done, Charlotte in place and the wand turned on, the sorority slut who'd been on my lap not so long ago made her retreat.

A loud burring sound filled the common room. The wand vibrating violently against Charlotte's clothed cunt. A sound that was only occasionally overtaken by Charlotte's agonised gasps and moans, and the slurping and choking and gagging coming from between my legs.