

Glass Half Full

by Bingo

Note: This is a story for adult readers

He watched her breathe slowly on the bed, naked. She was recovering after they'd left. He moved closer to the bed and picked up the glass from the stained sheet. About half full, he set it on the bedstand.

Cheap plastic to look like wood, he hated motel rooms. They were cramped, noisy and cheap. He wondered what idiot chose the pictures on the walls.

He kicked the bed with his knee. "Happy now?"

She couldn't reply; the gag in her mouth took care of that. They hadn't known if she really wanted it or not. They hadn't known if her struggles were attempts to free herself or if she liked what was happening to her. He told them she was really into it, look at her wiggle.

Her wrists were tied to a short length of rope. She lay on the rope so she could only move her hands a few inches from side to side. That was all. Her ankles were tied and each ankle was fastened to a wrist. Her legs were bent, heels pressing into her buttocks, knees in the air, relaxed, open slightly.

"Happy now?"

She shook her head. She couldn't see him because of the blindfold.

Damn right she wasn't happy. He turned from the bed and began undressing. He took his time. He folded his shirt, laid it on the cheap dresser.

He wanted to watch TV. He walked a few steps to the set. A few steps anywhere in the room and you were banging into something. He turned the set on, found a station with a news program and listened to it as he removed his shoes and socks.

Not a word. He was disappointed. He tossed his shoes against the dresser; they fell with a clatter.

"You're enjoying yourself, aren't you, sweetheart?"

He thought he could hear sounds through the gag. He shook his head, he was slipping up.

He kicked the mattress, "Can't wait, can you?" He rose out of the chair, dropped his pants and his shorts and bent to pick them up.

He carefully folded his clothes and laid them onto his shirt. He picked up the paramedic's shears from beside them. Strong enough to cut a tendon. He walked to the bed.

"You know what happens next, don't you?"

She shook her head rapidly back and forth, no, no, no.

He cut the blindfold, the shear pressing against her temple. He held her chin with the hand holding the shear. With his other hand he pulled the blindfold away. It was damp with her tears.

She stared at him, wide eyed.

"Happy to see me?"

She didn't move. She was breathing more rapidly now.

He opened the black cloth blindfold, then used it to roughly mop her cunt. The assholes were supposed to cum in the glass, but there were always a few in every crowd.

He wondered what they'd do if he laid the barrel of his 9mm against their ear. Would they continue pumping their stuff in her or would it freeze, solid like ice. It wasn't worth the effort.

He rubbed harder and she began to shake all over, stomach rippling, legs closing. He pressed the rag against her cunt, gave a final hard rub, then tossed it on the floor. Something for the maid to deal with in the morning. The maid was going to love him.

He stood and looked around the room. There and there. He got the empty beer bottle and waved it over her face before shoving it into her cunt. Slowly. The neck went in easy, met resistance at the flare to the larger diameter of the bottle itself. He pushed it, not hard. He wasn't trying to pop it in. He had uses for her cunt tonight. He wanted her tight.

He got off the bed, took the magic marker from the dresser. He climbed back on the bed, slapped her leg lightly. "Close them."

She closed her legs.

"All right, princess. Know what this is?" He opened the marker by her nose.

Everybody remembers what that smell was from when they were kids. She shook her head.

"Sweetheart, you have a choice. We can do this my way or we can do this your way." He took her chin and shook it. "My way you walk out of here in a few hours, your way you don't. Ever." He gave her a broad smile.

She blinked her eyes rapidly then gave a nod.

He thought he saw tears. She was in love with him. He laid the open marker between her breasts, tip pointing to her chin. He picked up the shears and cut the cloth gag.

She let out a breath as he pulled it from her. The blindfold had been damp; the gag was wet. Trust him to get a drooler.

He picked up the marker. "All right, sweetheart. Tell me what to write."

She shook her head. She started to speak, only a mangled sound came out.

"Your mouth is dry, is it?" He took the glass from the bedstand and waved it over her face. "This is those guys' cum. I saved it for you."

She shook her head slowly, shut her eyes, squeezed them shut.

"Oh, but you are." He set the glass down; it clinked against the base of the metal lamp on the bedstand. "In a minute, sweetheart."

He wrote on her chest above her breasts. Just one word, large block letters, "SLUT." He brushed against her breast as he moved to her stomach. Three words, "I FUCK ANYONE," in large letters with three smaller words underneath, "Man or Beast."

He wrote in cursive above her shaved cunt, "Master, choose your hole." He liked shaved cunts. He gave her legs a shove. "Apart," he said.

She opened her legs; the left leg shook slightly. He wrote above each knee, "WHORE," then drew lines to her cunt. He tapped the bottle in her cunt with the marker; it gave a muffled ding.

"Close them," he said.

She closed her legs. Her knees gave a knock when they hit.

He stood beside the bed and looked at her. She was pretty, like he liked them. Still nothing on the news so he turned off the TV. If he ever did this again he'd find a place with a waterbed and porn videos. Hell, he'd steal a camera from somewhere and shoot his own. He could watch his video afterwards. He liked the idea; it was making him hard.

He found her clothes on the floor. He picked up her white top. Damn skimpy thing. She should know better. She should know what a man might do to a woman wearing a top like this.

He waved the top over her face. "Look," he said. He picked up the shears and began cutting.

"No," she said in a cry. "Don't. Please don't."

He smiled at her. "What did you say?"

She shook her head.

He cut the top and removed the bottom half. He held the butchered top up so she could see it. "You'll look like a slut wearing this, won't you?"

She paused, then nodded slowly.

He tossed the top onto the chair, picked up her underwear. He opened the frilly things, both hands inside, showed her. He cut them to pieces.

He cut her bra into pieces, then picked up her white skirt.

"No, please," she whispered.

He lunged at her, grabbed a nipple and tugged it. "Shall I cut this instead?" He waved the shears in front of her eyes. "Shall I?"

"I'll do whatever you want. Please don't hurt me."

"Shall I?" He laid the open shears on her breast.

Her eyes had tears in them. "Cut my skirt. I want you to cut my skirt. You can do anything you want to me. Please don't hurt me."

He gave the shears a snip and released her nipple. "I thought you'd begin to see things my way."

She shut her eyes and nodded.

"Thirsty?" he asked.

She nodded. "I'm thirsty." She kept her eyes shut.

He laid the shears on her breast, took the glass from the bedstand and held it over her face. "Open wide, sweetheart."

She swallowed, then opened her mouth.

"Wider," he said.

He began to tip the glass then stopped. "I don't think you're thirsty enough."

She began to shake.

He put the glass on the table. "What should I do to make you thirsty enough."

"Please."

He got off the bed. Damn, he'd lost his hardon. He hated stubborn bitches, bitches who thought they were always right. He grabbed the skirt and chopped half away, raggedly. He slit up the two sides, then up the front and back so the skirt was four flapping panels. "Shit," he said and tossed it onto the chair. He tossed the shears onto the bed for later and looked for the six pack. He hoped it wasn't empty.

He found a beer and twisted off the metal cap. He was about to toss the cap onto the floor, then thought about it. He smiled, tossed the cap in the air and caught it.

He walked to the bed and looked at her. She was pretty, he guessed. Brown hair, nice face, nice body. Her tits could be bigger but the shaved cunt made up for that. He liked the way the tan lines made her tits pearly white.

"Open your legs, sweetheart," he said.

She opened her legs.

"Wider."

She opened her knees more.

"Wider."

"I can't. It hurts."

"It's supposed to hurt, bitch. Wider."

She opened her legs, so her ass started to rise.

"Good girl," he said. "Keep them like that." He screwed the cap onto her nipple and then removed the bottle from her cunt. He tossed the bottle onto the floor.

He got off the bed, leaned forward so his hands were on the bed by her head. "I'm going to fuck you," he said. "You're ready for a fuck, aren't you, sweetheart? The guys earlier weren't enough. You want more, don't you?" He listened. "I don't hear you."

"Please fuck me," she said quietly.

"Since you asked so nicely, I will." He pushed himself off the bed. He went to the dresser. "And you get to choose. I can fuck you with my cock or I can fuck you with my gun. You choose, sweetheart." He smiled at her. He was hard again.

She was silent for a moment, then said softly, "I want your cock."

"You want my gun. All right, sweetheart. I like bitches who like to play rough."

"No, no, no. I want your cock."

"Can't make up your mind, can you? First you wanted my gun." He fumbled with his clothes on the dresser. It was here somewhere.

"Please, sir. I want your cock. Just your cock."

He turned and faced her. "Sweetheart, you need to make up your mind. One more time, which do you want?"

"I want your cock," she said loudly, a space between each word.

He smiled at her. "Sweetheart, I'm always happy to oblige. Especially a good looking slut like you." He climbed onto the bed.

He looked at her, naked and soft, open under him. He pressed on her left knee and she gave a soft yelp. He let up his hand and crawled over her.

He rubbed his cock against her cunt as he looked down at her. Her eyes were squeezed shut. "Open them," he said. "Look at me." He plunged into her. Damn, she was wet. He pulled almost all of the way out, paused. "It says here, either hole." He dropped down into her. "Squeeze me, bitch, or I'll go somewhere tighter."

Her eyes were wide open, her lips pulled back so her teeth showed. She started to shake.

He fucked the stupid bitch. This is what she gets dressing like a whore. Do her. Do her. Do her, his mind chanted as he fucked her. He wasn't sure; maybe he'd make some more money off her first. He pulled out.

He knelt above her. "Damn, sweetheart. Is that the best you can do?"

She shook her head.

"You're not cooperating with me." He got off the bed.

"Please. I'll do whatever you want."

He finished his beer. "You are a piss poor piece of ass, sweetheart." He set the bottle down hard on the dresser. Cheap plastic shit. "The worse fuck ever. What am I doing go do with you?"

"Please," she said softly.

He grabbed her wrist and pulled. "Quiet. I'm thinking."

She began to cry.

He released her wrist and paced the room. "Shit. Shit. Shit." He stood at the side of the bed and looked down at her.

"Please," she mouthed. She watched him wide-eyed.

"Shit," he said and turned away.

He listened to her cry as he put on his clothes. He tossed her skirt and top on the bed and sat in the chair and tried to think as he tied his shoes. He kicked the bed, "Quiet, bitch."

She made different sounds trying to be quiet.

"Goddamn it to hell, sweetheart." He rose slowly and walked to the bed.

She stared at him, mouthed words, so many he couldn't tell what she was saying. She was maybe praying. Shit, she was awfully close to finding out her god had no use for worthless come on sluts who couldn't carry through. That's what most of them were, come on sluts. He was tired of it. He flicked the bottle cap off her breast. "You let me down, sweetheart." He sat on the edge of the bed. He stroked her side. "You and I are going for a little drive." He touched her lips. "Don't say anything." He stroked her breast. The skin felt soft and cool. She has nice breasts. He almost said had.

He untied her ankle. He stood and went to the other side of the bed. "Sweetheart, you'll live longer if you don't fight me."

She gave a quick nod.

He untied the other ankle. He stroked her legs. It was a shame. He stood. Well, it can't be helped. She let him down, the bitch.

"Bring your hands out from under your butt, sweetheart. I want you to sit up."

She arched her back and moved the rope under her so it was next to her heels.

Shit, this always made him sad for some reason. Next time he'd make a video. Put the bitch through her paces, film it. Afterwards, at least he'd have the video. Women always let him down.

He knocked her left heel away from her butt. "Stretch out, princess. Work the rope from under your legs. I want your hands in front." He watched her. She was clumsy; she'd been like that for hours. Poor kid must be sore.

She sat on the bed watching him, her tied hands in her lap, palm up.

He picked up the glass of cum and shook it. Half full or almost empty. He held it in front of her, shook the glass. "Take it."

She took the glass, held it in front of her face.

"Drink it."

She stared at him for a moment, then slowly brought the glass to her lips.

"No arguments?"

She shook her head and raised the bottom of the glass higher.

He was hard again. Before she drank any he said, "Wait a minute."

She held the glass to her lips, her eyes watching him as he paced the room.

"All right," he said, turning to face her. "One last chance, sweetheart. You'll be buying more than a few extra minutes if you can pull it off. Want to try?"

She gave a nod.

"Put the glass down."

She lowered the glass to her lap.

"What's your name, princess?"

"Sue," she said softly.

"Sue." He smiled. "I like that. Sue." He grinned at her as he took off his clothes. "Sue." He shook his head. "Sue."

His cock swung stiffly in front of him as he took the glass from her hands and set it onto the dresser. "Off the bed; stand up." He smiled. "Sue." He backed from her.

She stood, unsteadily so her breasts jiggled.

He handed her the skirt. "Put it on."

She took the garment, looked at it, and drew it quickly up her legs. She let the elastic waist snap against her skin then adjusted the skirt.

"No. So the slit is right over your pussy, Sue."

She nodded as she twisted the skirt into place.

The skirt was short. The slits were open but you couldn't see anything really. "Walk across the room, turn and walk back."

She walked slowly, her bound hands in front of her, stopped, and then turned.

Her ass was barely covered. When she walked she might as well have been naked. He smiled at her. "Anyone ever tell you that you're beautiful, Sue?"

She shook her head then nodded slowly.

He tossed her the top. "Hold your arms out in front. You are, you know."

He untied her wrists so he could put her top on, took the top out of her hands and said, "You hold still. I mean it." He drew the top up her arms then over her head. While it covered her head he tied her wrists together again. He pulled the top down. Inside out, but what the hell. He stood back. He could see the bottoms of her breasts but the writing on her chest was covered.

He found the shears in the bedcovers, went to her. "If I go soft, Sue, you're in trouble." He felt her hand timidly touch his cock. She squeezed it then began to stroke softly with just the tips of her fingers. He cut the upper portion of the top away, exposing, "SLUT." The fabric was cut jaggedly across her chest. He tossed the scrap piece on the floor. What the hell, he thought. He pulled the top away from her chest and gave a snip from the bottom. He let go of her top and the t-shirt material snapped back lightly against her skin. More of her breasts showed. He stepped away from her. She tried to follow, holding his cock.

"On your knees, Sue."

She dropped heavily to her knees.

He held the glass to her. "You are going to give me a great blowjob, your best ever. When I cum you'll hold it in your mouth. You'll spit it into the glass so I can see it." He grabbed a handful of her short brown hair. "Sue, make me love you." He gave a shake then released her.

She looked at him as she brought his cock to her mouth. She licked the head but he was impatient and shoved his cock into her mouth.

She fucked him with her lips then her throat, gagging when he held her head to him. He released her then asked, "Do you love to suck cock, Sue?"

She nodded, her eyes watching his face.

"Tell me how much you love to suck cock, princess."

She backed her mouth away, held his cock in her hand, her fingers stroking it as she said, "I love to suck cock. Please, I want to

suck your big cock." She rubbed his cock on her cheek. "I love sucking your cock." She opened her mouth.

He thrust into her and fucked her mouth until he came. He pulled away from her, a bit unsteady. He released the hair from the top of her head.

She took his cock, briefly let go of it as she dropped her hands to pick up the glass from the floor. Her fingers circled his cock as she held the glass up to her lips.

"Fill it," he said. He watched her spit his cum into the empty glass. "Good girl, princess. There's hope for you yet." He reached out his hand. "Give me the glass." He raised the glass so he could see the light through his cum. "Look at the ceiling, Sue."

He watched her turn her face up so she stared at the ceiling. Shit, he wanted to see her tits now. No matter. He poured his cum on her face.

She shut her eyes when the thick and stringy cum dripped onto her.

He dressed slowly, taking his time. He liked watching her. That's what happened to come on sluts. He was going to have fun with this bitch. She stopped being a pretend slut once she met him. She looked like she realized it finally. No more pretend. She was the real thing. He picked up the two pieces of clothesline from the bed. For later, if he needed it.

He stood in front of her. She still knelt on the floor, eyes open, face covered with cum pointed toward the ceiling. She watched him. He noticed for the first time she had brown eyes. Not his favorite color, but he didn't think it'd matter much. Maybe he could even learn to like brown eyes, if she lived so long.

"Sue, sweetheart, you and I are going to a bar. I don't know this city so you'll have to choose. You'll fuck guys for a dollar a pop. If you don't make me a wealthy man tonight, we'll take a short drive. Just you and me. Want to try it?"

She smiled at him, the cum dripping from her jaw. "I'll make you rich, Stan. I'll be your cum whore."

She said his name. It was over. He stepped back from her as she stood. She used her top to wipe her face, then smiled at him. She found her sandals and put them on.

She picked the paramedic's shears up from the bed and snipped them in his face as she went past. She stood in front of the motel room door. "Your turn, Stan."

"Like hell, bitch." He winced. It always took him a while to come down after doing this.

"On the bed, slut." She slapped the door hard and stepped to him. "Off with your clothes and on the bed." She pointed the shears at him and gave a snip. "Or else."

He stared at her for a moment. He never knew what to expect. Jennifer was always full of surprises. He rose to his feet after taking his shoes off.

She watched him while he undressed. He had never seen a woman's face be so hard before. He was surprised; she looked so sweet when he saw her in the bar.

He sat on the bed.

"In the center, on your back, slut."

She used the rope to tie him to the bed. Hands stretched out to each side. Legs straight, ankles tied together then tied to the bed frame.

He shut his eyes and remembered. They talked for hours in the bar. In spite of the noise he found himself telling her things he'd never told a woman before. He opened up to her and she opened up to him it seemed. It was as if they were lovers, had known each other for years.

She put her bag on the bed and took out a handful of clothespins which she set down on the sheet while smiling at him. She pulled out a black leather harness and a huge black dildo. She tossed her bag onto the chair and turned back to him. He couldn't see where she'd put the automatic. Was it in her bag? Maybe she'd laid it on the floor.

She undressed, giving him a tight-lipped smile as she unbuttoned her white men's shirt. She dropped her jeans and stepped out of them. She was beautiful, had a beautiful body. The hate in her eyes sent a chill down his spine.

She went past the bed, giving his feet a slap, and picked up his clothes. "You won't be needing these," she said. She opened the motel room door and tossed them onto the walk. "Will you?"

He couldn't remember who had suggested the motel. He thought it was her. They rode in his car, talking still. He could hear her better and in the car he could smell her. He didn't notice the gun until they were at a stoplight and he turned to say something. "We're going to have a fun time, slut," she said.

"Will you?" she shouted. She jumped onto the bed, "Will you?" and gave his side a kick.

He stared at her as she straddled him with her feet and knelt over his face.

"Will you, slut?"

He shook his head. No. No. No.

She squashed his face with her pussy and started to fuck.
"Make me cum, slut."

She lifted up for a moment. He could see her hands holding the headboard. "Let's have some tongue, slut." She rammed her pussy onto his face.

"Or else," she said fucking him. "Or else I'll take you for a short drive to nowhere."

The bed shook under him as she fucked his face, his tongue buried in her cunt. He could barely breathe as the bed hit the wall, blam, blam, blam. She is a crazy woman, he thought.

Read other stories by Bingo at <http://www.asstr.org/~Bingo/>