

# Rogues Story – Part Three-Reflection

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*Rebecca cheated on her husband for the first time, but what will she do next?*

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She stands at the kitchen sink, the bubbles from the washing up liquid covering her hands. She stares out of the window into the back garden but her eyes are glazed, locked into a different time and space, her hands working as if on autopilot but her mind unaware that she has been cleaning the same plate for the past ten minutes. She closes her eyes as the feeling of the lead weight in the pit of her stomach grows, the bile rising in her throat past the lump of tears that refuses to flow. Her soul feels empty. The feelings he caused her to experience that night draining her completely, leaving only her guilt. She remembers the sight of her husband's blissfully unaware face as he greeted her the next morning after her night with Travis, full of excitement at the prospect at how many people he could help on his next trip to India due to the unexpected donation, and how the feel of her husband's gentle kiss on her lips set the guilt free like a torrent of water, hitting her and taking the breath from her body. "Rebecca dear, are you alright? You look like you've just seen a ghost." Charles put his arm round his wife to support her. As the full extent of her deceit hit like a sledge hammer to the chest all she could manage was a murmured "Sorry," as she ran from the room. The sparkling clean plate slips from Rebecca's hand and smashes as it hits the sink, splashing bubbles and water all over the kitchen, bringing her abruptly back from her memories. She turns and looks into the kitchen, empty apart from herself and her guilt. She slides down, unable to stand, like a crumpled mess on the kitchen floor. The flood gate opens and finally the tears fall. What had she done? What unknown dark and dissolute side of her had he unleashed? Like a small crack in a dam wall giving way, once the tears start to flow she cannot stop them. She cries for her poor beloved trusting and caring husband, whose heart is filled with enough love for all the children of the world. She cries for the innocent and naive woman she had once been before she gave herself to Travis. And she cries out of shame for the woman that stirred beneath, nagging in her ear; "You enjoyed it!" With her body spent from all the tears, she pulls herself to her feet and wearily walks into the living room, catching sight in the mirror above the fireplace of the lost woman with mascara running down her face. "How will I ever get over this?" she thinks, as she can no longer bear to look at her reflection. She slumps down onto the sofa, grabbing a cushion and holding it against her face, trying to block out the world, and with an exhausted body and mind she falls to sleep.

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She

is running down a street she doesn't recognise, it's dark and the streets around her are empty. There is an eerie silence and stillness in the night air, broken only by the harsh rasps of Rebecca's breaths, as she flees from some unknown darkness. She turns a corner and is faced with a passageway, with high bricks wall on either side. She looks up at the walls which seemingly go up as far as her eyes can see, there is almost no light and the dark shadows make it impossible to see the end of the passage. With the fear of what is behind racing through her veins, she runs into the darkness as fast as her legs will take her. As she runs further into the blackness her vision is rendered useless with just the feel of the hard pathway beneath her feet and her heart pumping hard. With her sight useless in the blackness the smells around her are heightened, and she puzzles over the fact that she can smell the sweet scent of lavender in the air, but she keeps running. She trips and falls to the ground, tearing the light material of her summer dress and grazing her knee, but she gets to her feet and keeps going like her life depended on it. She rubs the sweat that has run down into her eyes, trying to clear her vision, when in front of her she sees the slight flickering purple glow of a light, a small ray of hope. She runs harder desperate to reach the light, it's increasing in size the closer she gets but the passage is much longer than she initially thought. She stops when she reaches the end of the passage. It's a dead end. She spins around in a panic looking for the source of the soft purple light, but is unable to find it. She frantically scrambles against the slippery wet green bricks in a futile attempt to escape this hell she has found herself in. Suddenly she stops, frozen like stone, a chill swirls around her body, her heart pounding but her body motionless. She can feel the darkness closing in behind her, but she is trapped with nowhere to run. "Why are you fighting me?" His voice echoes around her head. Her eyes widen in horror. That voice cutting through her like glass. She closes her eyes tightly, her body ridged with fear. He is standing right behind her, his warm breath caressing her neck. He pushes her hard against the rough wall, her cheek scraping against the coarse bricks, the feel of his weight pressing hard against her. "Please!" She cries. "I can't be that woman." "Which woman is that?" His hands come round her front and roughly take hold of her breasts. "The dirty little slut that gave into her desire and let me fuck her married pussy?" His hand greedily rips open her dress exposing her bra forcing his hand under the material, he finds her erect nipple and pulls on it hard. "You know you want to feel like that again, don't you?" he whispers in her ear. "Tell me!" he demands, making her jump with the sudden change in volume. She can feel his erection pressing hard into her back and, as he pulls harder on her nipples, her mind has to fight with her body to stop it reacting to his touch. "No!" she cries in defiance. "You liked the feel of my cock deep inside your tight cunt, didn't you?" He says, as he pushes his cock harder into her. She lets out a choked breath as the feel of his cock pressing hard against her makes her pussy wet. How could she feel so terrified of this man, yet at the same time, be so turned on? "I can't let this happen again, I can't be that woman." She screams with the anger rising up inside, her breaths ragged. He brings his hand down, lifting her dress, and cups his hand firmly over her pussy, pulling her harder into him, slowly running his middle finger over the material of her panties, the full length of her lips. "If you don't want to be that woman, why are you so wet for me?" His voice is deep and inviting and she can feel his words pass through her and pull at the lascivious woman inside. Her conscience pushes back,

trying to force that side of her back down to the dark depths from which it came, but as he pulls at her panties, making them dig hard into her pussy, she struggles with the balance of good and bad. The conflict rages deep within her, tearing her mind apart. She feels the pain from the material of her panties digging deeply into her pussy, the wall scraping against her face, the graze on her knee and his erection as it presses savagely in her back. The good ferociously screams out from inside of her that she can't do this, but the pain and his touch rouses the dark lustful part of her, entangling her emotions obscuring the line between pleasure and pain, her mind in denial, but her body relentlessly coerced into allowing her dark side to enslave her. "I can't give into you again!" she shrieks. Suddenly realising that her hands are unrestrained, she starts wildly thrashing her arms trying to break free from his hold. He effortlessly grabs her arms and turns her round to face him, pinning her back against the wall. For the first time she can see his face, or at least the outline of his face in the muted purple glow, although strangely his dark hazel eyes are clearly visible and his stare bores deep into her. "Can't? Or won't, Rebecca?" he questions. Hearing her name pass seductively over his lips, a shiver of excitement roams her body, interweaving with the feelings of reluctance and unwillingness, increasing the blaze of desire that is now drowning her. Mercilessly he kisses her passionately, taking her bottom lip between his teeth and biting down on it, she closes her eyes and moans, betraying out loud what her body was feeling. The smell of lavender wafts into her nose. Its sweet smell rejuvenates the good in her. As quick as the lust within her rose, she seems to have suppressed and controlled it. She calmly looks at him, her body relaxing in his touch. "What I did was a mistake. I love my husband and, although you think you know me, you don't." "Why do you lie to yourself Rebecca? Tell me you haven't thought about that night? Tell me you don't feel anything when we touch? Surely you know that I would never do anything you didn't want. I can see it in you, and I think you see it too. You are just too scared to admit it." His eyes have softened and she can see the same look of concern he gave her the night on the terrace. "Look around Rebecca, there's no one here but you and me. Why don't you just admit to yourself that you enjoyed it." As if to prove a point, he grabs her firmly by the throat and kisses her again. A solitary tear runs from her eye as she feels all the fight in her body evaporate. How can she deny it? She did feel it. It was always there just below the surface and she didn't want to feel bad anymore for her dirty side. She feels liberated and with a deep inhale she plunges into the depths of herself and allows herself to feel. She opens her eyes, but these are the eyes of a different woman, like a mirror reflecting back what she can see in his eyes. She is possessed by a dark feral and animalistic longing, a need to give herself over to him and feel his passion. "There's my dirty little slut." He says with a gratified smile on his face. "Tell me what you want?" A mischievous smile spreads across her face as she runs the tip of her tongue against her lips, biting down hard on the corner as her mind dreams up the endless possibilities. "I want to give myself to you." Her focus firmly locked on his eyes. He sweeps his finger over her jawline and across her lips. She shocks him by catching his finger between her teeth. She circles her tongue round the tip and sucks, then releases it. With a bright twinkle in her eye she hits out fiercely, fighting her arms free, and starts attacking him. Just as she'd hoped, he grabs her arms, pinning them above her head, she continues to struggle, but the glint in her eye and the smile on her lips tells him that she wanted

the fight. His hand easily circling her tiny wrist, he grips it harder, pinching her soft skin in his rough hands. A small squeal of pleasure cascades from her lips, the sound just the propellant he needed. He brings his head down to her breast and bites down on her nipple, then flicks his tongue around it as it hardens beneath his tongue, moving on to the other breast making her body dance to her pleasure. He frees her from his restraint and undoes his trousers, letting them and his boxers fall to his feet. Her eyes greedily take in her treasure. He rips open the rest of her dress and removes her panties. Their compulsion to let go and give into the powerful carnal passion that burns within them can no longer be contained. He picks her up in his strong arms as she wraps her legs round him and pulls his head down, arching her back forcing his face back into her breasts. Once again she finds herself pushed violently against the wall, as he slams his cock hard into her dripping wet cunt, her screams of ecstasy echoing around the walls, the feel of her pussy clamping hard round his cock causing him to moan in pleasure and their sounds mingle and drift into the night. The feeling of fullness from his cock deep inside her sends shock waves around her body. "Oh fuck yeah." She pants, as her breathing quickens and her body temperature rapidly rises. He starts to move back and forth inside her. Unable to control his desire he fucks her hard. There is no other feeling involved, apart from their pure passion and desire, no thoughts running through their heads. Their bodies as one, they climb higher and higher. "Tell me what I am!" she growls between grunts of pleasure. "You're my dirty little slut, and you love it don't you?" "Yes." She cries, as her body begins to stiffen, the feeling creeps from her core, sending tingles from her head down to her toes. "Yes I'm your dirty little slut." Her eyes roll back in her head as she can no longer maintain focus. He continues driving deeper and harder. "Cum for me Rebecca." He commands, his words driving her closer to the edge, intensely pushing her further and further. She lets out an animalistic scream as her body shakes and her mind spirals out of control. As every nerve ending in her body fires like a huge wave tearing through her, her cunt contracts hard round his cock. Like a chain reaction his cock explodes, filling her pussy with his seed. Her juices wash over him, prolonging both their orgasms. He pulls slowly out of her, letting one of her legs down as it unsteadily finds the ground, allowing the mixture of her juices and his cum to escape her lips and run down her leg. No longer supported by his weight, she slumps against the wall. Her head is spinning as she looks up. Trying to focus her vision blurs, her eye clearing enough to see him looming above her, but she can't keep her eyes open. The ground beneath her feet melts away and she is falling. She screams, but she is hurtling down so fast that no sound comes out. Spinning and twisting in the blackness, until she hits the ground with a jolt.

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She sits bolt upright. Her heart beating fast in her chest, her skin covered in sweat, all the hairs on her body are standing to attention. She still feels the tight ball of fear in her stomach. She looks around trying to work out where she is. Her eyes adjust to the soft purple glow of the room. She looks around her again, with the fear slowly subsiding, her heart relaxing when she realises she is in her living room. Her eyes stare straight ahead as she see the Moroccan candle lantern on the coffee table in front of her, its soft purple glass reflecting patterns around the room, inside burns a small lavender candle. Covering her is a thick blanket. She realises her husband must have come home

and found her asleep on the sofa. He always lit a lavender candle when she had nightmares, in an attempt to sooth her .Her mind instantly plunges back into the darkness she has just come from. It was just a dream, her mind reassures, but she cannot get the knot in her stomach to subside. She pushes the blanket off her hot soaked body, swinging her legs round and placing them on the floor. She feels a damp patch between her legs and, moving, she sees the stain on the light material of the sofa from where her juices had escaped from her pussy. Again she reassures herself that it was just a dream, but her mind is in turmoil. The feelings felt so real. She looks down at her leg expecting to see the graze. Her soft fingers sweep over her knee, but there is nothing there. Even in her dreams she could not escape him. She sits, replaying the events of her dream over and over in her head, trying to make sense of it all, their words running round her head; "Why do you lie to yourself Rebecca? Tell me you haven't thought about that night..." "Just admit to yourself that you enjoyed it..." "I can see it in you, and I think you see it too, you are just too scared to admit it..." "I want to give myself to you..." "Yes I'm your dirty little slut." The last memory sends chills through her body. She is bewildered by the feelings, the realisation that the part of her that she has been burying for so long cannot be contained. She has been kidding herself that she can control it, that her good could outweigh the bad. Deep down she knew that she had thought that she was balanced, but by ignoring that side of her she wasn't. She couldn't deny what existed inside her. She thinks of her husband upstairs asleep in their bed, she did love him and would never be without him, but she knew he could never be the man she needed him to be, to treat her like she needed to be treated. She had to find a way to deal with her guilt. Her husband is due to fly back to India in less than a week, and she knows that Travis will be expecting to see her; after all it was his money paying for her husband's trip. She leans forward opening the small glass door to the lantern, allowing more of the lavender scent to spread round the room, and with a mischievous glint in her eye she blows the candle out. To be continued..... With a huge thank you to my very special friend, who is helping me improve the technical side of my writing. x x x x This wouldnt have been posted without you.