Rogues Story - Part Five (a) - Admission

By Jayne33

Published on Lush Stories on 24 Jan 2013

There is a recap of the story so far on my profile.

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/wife-lovers/rogues-story-part-five-a-admission.aspx

Rogues Story– Part Five (a) – Admission.

Due to the length of the final chapter, I have split it into two parts. This part is the build-up to the exceptionally passionate end. I hope you enjoy x

Rebecca is traveling at high speed; sat in the passenger seat of Travis's car. Out of the window the motorway is speeding past her eyes, but it is not the passing cars or the road side she sees. In her mind she has replaced these sights with memories of the previous night.

She remembers the fervent way in which Travis had run his tongue along her dripping wet pussy. His fingers buried deep inside her, skilfully bringing her to the edge of desire, her orgasm so close. One more deep thrust of his fingers or lap of his tongue would have finished her off. Yet every time he stopped at the crucial moment.

She recalls how he made her beg for mercy, how he had made her plead to let her come. She remembers so clearly the build up to that amazing moment, but instead of reliving her earthshattering orgasm, her thoughts are replaced by the news headlines.

Her heart goes heavy, like she is being dragged down into the depths of hell. Her husband's voice echoes around her head. ""…Massive Floods…..Overnight Flight….Assam…..Must help…"

She feels empty and devoid of emotion. Like someone has taken her soul, leaving only an empty shell.

Her thoughts are shattered by the ringing of the bluetooth connected phone, breaking the repetitive hum of the tyres rolling against the road. Travis presses the button on the steering wheel of the expensive executive saloon car.

"Jerry if you're calling to tell me he's saying it's urgent, I told you earlier, I don't want to hear it. This is

an emergency. I don’t care how important this meeting is. I am out of the country until further notice.” With that he presses the steering wheel again, ending the call without allowing Jerry to even speak.

He glances over and mutters a “Sorry” before turning his eyes back to the road. Not long after he is indicating and pulling off the motorway, following the signs for the airport. They pull up outside the terminal. He tells her to get out and wait at the entrance, while he goes and parks the car.

Dazed, she gets out the car. She ignores his instruction to stay at the entrance and makes her way to a check in desk. This is where he finds her arguing with the attendant, when he returns from parking the car.

“What do you mean keep my voice down?” She shouts. “I don’t care that the stupid computer says there are no flights. My husband could be dead for all I know. I need to get to him!”

As she hears herself utter the words she had been silently thinking, her body crumples and she falls to the floor crying. Travis dives and grabs her, catching her and supporting her while she sobs in a heap on the floor.

Pulling her to her feet, wrapping her arm over his shoulder; he gently scoops her up into his strong arms. He gives the attendant an apologetic look, as he turns and carries her away from the crowd of holiday makers, who have started to gather to watch the side show.

Once far enough away from the crowds he allows her stand and regain some composure. Allowing her to get some control over the tears that are streaming down her face, he gently runs his fingers down her soft damp cheek. He looks deep into her eyes.

“He’s going to be okay.” His words spoken so sincerely and softly calm her. In other circumstances his words probably would have had another effect on her body, had she not been so desperately worried about getting to her husband.

“I’ve already organised the flight and accommodation. I called and sorted it whilst you were packing.”

The wave of relief hits Rebecca’s body and she leaps into his arms, kissing him firmly on the lips, not caring about the people around them.

It is after dark when they arrive at the hotel after a long flight. As Travis deals with reception, Rebecca uses one of the phones and dials the number of the charities local office, trying to reach Mridula the main contact. She has spoken to her many times before, when organising Charles trips. The phone is eventually answered a young girl, Rebecca implores her “Please get her to call me at

the hotel as soon as she can.” The girl promises to pass on the message and hangs up.

She is tired and just wants to get to her room, so is relieved when Travis pushes the key card into the door, and motions for her to enter. She pushes the door open. Seeing the double bed in front of her; she just wants to dive on it and sleep. She turns to close the hotel door, but Travis follows her in, placing his bag down on the bed.

“Oh sorry, I thought this was my room.” She turns to leave, then turns back instantly.

“Have you got the key to my room?” She holds out her hand, expecting Travis to pass her another key. When he doesn’t move she stands there for a second, until the penny finally drops.

“You’ve only booked one room?” She can feel the anger rise within her as each word exits her lips. She doesn’t wait to let him answer the question.

“That is really low, even for you!” She shuts the door to the room, so that the passing guests don’t get a front row viewing for the fury she is about to release.

“I don’t know if you remember why I came here? I came to try and track down my husband, because out of the kindness in his heart, he thinks of other people before himself, unlike someone I could mention.” Her voice drips in sarcasm.

She slams her case down, tries to open it too quickly and gets it jammed; she continues her onslaught with growing frustration as she tries to free the zip.

“I didn’t come here to be party to your Indian fuck fantasy. What were you thinking Travis? I mean I could be a widow for all you know.”

He comes over and takes the zip that she is pulling on, and calmly unzips the case for her. This only infuriates her further. She removes her wash bag and pushes firmly past Travis.

She pulls open the door to the bathroom, still furious she starts to wash her face, yelling at Travis.

“What sort of a woman do you take me for? No, actually don’t answer that question. Well, I’ll tell you one thing you fucking shit; you’re more of a bastard than I thought you were.”

She stomps out of the bathroom a few moments later, dressed ready for bed in her pyjamas, and walks straight over to mini bar grabbing a drink. Ignoring him she tips back the miniature sized whisky and downs it in one, pulling a face as the liquid sends its hot trail down her throat. Travis raises his

eyebrow and gives her a disapproving look.

“I think you have had enough to drink on the plane. I don’t think you need anymore.” He berates.

This incenses her further. She hurls the empty bottle in his direction. Her aim is off, perhaps his accusations are correct. She does feel unsteady after all the wine she had consumed during the flight. She would not, however, admit this.

“Fuck you!”

With that she grabs her travel blindfold and indignantly gets into the bed. She sticks out her tongue childishly, before bringing the blindfold down over her eyes and lays down to sleep.

With the blindfold on her world shrinks down and the blackness fills her field of vision. Her other sense compensate. She can hear her heart beating rapidly in her chest, as the blood pumps furiously round her body, matching that of the incensed thoughts running through her mind.

She smells his after shave before she feels his weight press down on the bed next to her. She feels his breath on her cheek, as he brings his lips close to her ear.

“Now that you’ve quite finished, are you going to give me chance to speak?” His voice is low and calm, which sends adeliciousshiver of arousal down her spine.

She moves to sit up and speak, but feels Travis’s finger press to her lips causing her to freeze.

He moves and straddles her body so he sits over her stomach, trapping her so she is cocooned beneath the sheets of the bed. His body weight is pinning her. The only sounds to be heard are her heavy breaths, and the low hum of the air conditioner.

She waits, holding her breath, unsure of what he will do next. He breaks the silence.

“Now that’s not anyway to treat the man that has come to your rescue. I paid for the flight and a hotel room for you. I had no intention of using your body for; how did you put it? My Indian fuck fantasy.” He laughs, a dark evil laugh, causing the hairs on Rebecca’s body to stand to attention.

He leans forward, further pressing his weight against her body. With the lightest of touches he brushes his fingers over her forehead, following the line down her jaw. She can tell his face is close to hers.

He softly lifts the blindfold from over her eyes. The glare of the sudden change in light causes her to screw up her eyes, until they adjust back to the room. The first thing she sees when her eyes come back into focus is his dark hazel eyes staring intensely into hers.

“Maybe after the disrespectful way in which you have treated me, I should make you show me some appreciation.”

Rebecca pulls her arms out from beneath the covers. She starts hitting out furiously at Travis.

“Get off me you fucking arrogant, conceited prick.” This was now a game, a battle of wills, she wants him to continue making her body feel the way it does, her body simmers with animal desire, but it is more fun for her to tease him. She knows he likes the fight, just as much as she enjoys it, but she isn't ready to give up the game yet.

She lands a few good punches before he grabs her flailing arms, his hands easily encircling her tiny wrists.

Travis’s breathing is heavy. He matches the dark aroused glint staring back from Rebecca’s eyes.

She becomes aware of the growing hardness that is pressing into her stomach. Her blood boils as she continues to struggle against his grip. She is so aware of the intense tingling and wetness that has started deep within her.

“I love that naughty glint in your eyes Rebecca, and I love the slaps and punches even more. There is nothing more I adore than a slut all worked up, wanting me but teasing me.” He brings his lips down to hers and gently licks her bottom lip.

“You do want me don’t you Rebecca? You’re wet and ready to be fucked aren’t you?”

Rebecca lets out a small moansignalling him to the pleasure she is feeling, as her body trembles with a mixture of hatred and desire.

“So please do slap me Rebecca, I want you to fight me. Slap my face, slap it hard, leave a red mark on it, and scratch it. It will only encourage me to treat you rougher and harder; taking you the way an animal takes his prey, and make no mistake about it, you are my prey, and I am going to take you.”

He releases one of Rebecca’s arms, and raises himself up just enough so he can pull down the sheets. Lowering himself back down, so that the only thing between his massive erection and her skin is the light material of her pyjamas and his trousers. She tries to use her free hand to push him off her

body, but he easily retakes her wrist.

“Resistance is futile, but please do resist me, it makes it so much more fun.” There is an evil grin on his face, confirming how much enjoyment he is getting from the situation.

“I will rip your clothes off, shred your panties, and then when I find how wet your cunt is, confirming what a dirty slut you really are, I will take the object of my desire. I will take you and use you for my pleasure.”

He kisses his way down her neck as he continues to speak.

“I will torture your body, with slaps, crops and more. Giving you pain that makes your pussy tingle with anticipation. You may fight me, try to defy me, but no one can prevent me from getting what I want, and what I want is your cunt. My cock buried deep inside you.”

He halts his kisses, raising her hands over her head, and taking both her wrists between one of his. He reaches behind his back, and roughly gropes Rebecca’s mound.

“I know you want it too; your pussy betrays your desire. It gives you away. You want me and I am going to take you, and give you what you want.”

As if to prove his statement, he slips his hand under her pyjama bottoms and panties. He momentarily brushes his fingers over her clit. Her body jolts as the pleasure shoots around her. He slides his fingers between her lips, dipping his fingers into her soaking pussy. Withdrawing his fingers and bringing them to his lips, he sucks her nectar from his fingers; his eyes darken with desire.

All she can do is stare at the beast that has emerged in front of her. Her body heating up, as the lust this man is emanating seemingly envelops her body.

“The only question is whether you will continue to resist me right up to the moment that I ram my cock into your tight, slippery cunt, or whether you will beg me to fuck you. Either way, I am going to have you.”

His face is just inches away from hers; their eyes are locked into a deep piercing stare. She wishes she could fight these feelings that stir within. Her inner voice cries out for her to fight against him, but the thoughts are washed away with the building desire that rages inside.

The pace of her breaths deepens, as thoughts of every dirty deprived thing he could do to her body stream through her mind.

She raises her head and kisses Travis firmly on the lips, giving into him, expecting this to cause him to release the fury of the beast on her. Instead she is met with a sniggering laugh.

He gets up off the bed, walks over to the minibar and pours himself a drink. Sitting up in bed she watches him, confused as to what has just happened. Travis drinks back the miniature brandy and immediately pulls a face of disgust. He turns towards her.

"It's obviously escaped your attention that the reason I only booked one room, at double the usual cost might I add, is because it happens to be India's Independence Day tomorrow. The whole city is packed with people coming to celebrate the festivities. Now it took a lot a favours being called in and expense to get you here. I suggest you start showing some gratitude, or I will forget all about the situation you are in with your husband, and make good on what I have just told you."

He picks up his jacket off the edge of the bed, putting it on before turning back to Rebecca.

"Have I made myself clear?" His face is dark and serious.

Her head is spinning, but she manages a weak "Yes."

"Good Girl. Now get some sleep. I am going to see if I can search out some decent brandy in this place."

With that he walks out the room, leaving her sat in bewilderment. She replays what had just happened; flinging back the covers, she gets out of bed and makes her way over to the minibar, pouring herself two small miniature bottles of vodka.

She heads over to the curtains and draws them back, glass clutched to her chest as she gasps at the sight of the small balcony in front of her. She hadn't even stopped to take in the room properly when she arrived. She shakes her head.

No you just lay straight into the man that has shown nothing but kindness. She laughs at her own thoughts and a small smile spreads across her lips. *Well not only kindness.*

Her hand instinctively goes to her panties, as she feels the damp material momentarily, before she realises what she is doing.

She takes a large sip of her drink, as she pulls back the drapes further with the other hand, and opens the door to the balcony. She is suddenly hit with the thick Indian air. Even though it's past

midnight, the temperature must still be well over twenty eight degrees.

Stepping out onto the balcony, the smells of India fill her nose. She looks down to the beautiful court yard below, at the sparkling waters of the intricate tiled pool, shimmering with the reflection of all the beautiful lanterns hung in the trees. The flower beds have been planted with flowers to match the colours of the national flag.

She chides herself for overreacting with Travis about the room. Her thoughts turn dark and she despises herself remembering what had happened with Travis, what she would have let him do again, when her husband is missing.

She looks out into the night's sky. "Where are you Charles?" She sighs.

Sleep eludes Rebecca. Her eyes stare blindly at all areas of the beautiful room. She cannot relax in the luxury sheets, or settle her head against the soft pillows. Her mind is filled with a million thoughts, of Travis and her Husband, her guilt and what a bad woman she is.

Travis doesn't return to the room until the early hours of the morning. When she hears him slot the key card in the door, she quickly closes her eyes pretending to be asleep. She opens them only slightly to peak at Travis as he gets undressed out of his suit. He really does have a fantastic body for his age, and you can tell he must spend hours in the gym. Her heart beat increases at the thought of his warm body slipping under the sheets next to hers. She can't help feel the pang of disappointment when he pulls the spare blanket from the wardrobe, and takes up position on the sofa that is far too small for a man over 6 feet in height.

She lies still, listening to his breathing as he drifts off to sleep. Wondering where and who he has been with for the several hours he had been gone. She feels jealously rise within her, as she thinks of him picking up some woman in the bar, and taking her back to her room, doing things to that woman that Rebecca wanted him to do to her.

Then Rebecca would feel guilty again about her husband and the vicious circle would continue. She must have eventually drifted off to sleep, as she is awoken to the sounds and sights of Travis tipping the staff as they wheel the breakfast trolley into the room.

"Morning sleepy head." He says, in a breezy happy tone.

He draws open the drapes, allowing the bright morning sun to pour into the room. Rebecca groans and throws the cover over her pounding head. She is just dozing back to sleep when Travis rips the covers away from her body.

“Travis, do you mind!”

“Yes, I’d much rather you weren’t wearing your grandma’s pyjamas, but I can’t have it all.” His voice conveys humour.

She sits up sulking like a teenage child being told by their parents to get out of bed, until she looks at the clock and realises it nearly lunch time.

“Shit, Fuck! Why didn’t you wake me? I should have called to find out if there is any news on Charles hours ago. Why did you let me sleep so late?” She launches herself out of bed, catching her foot in the sheets as she does, loosing balance and landing in a heap on the floor at Travis’s feet.

“You really don’t have to kiss my feet Rebecca. Not until I tell you too anyway.”

She gets up rubbing her knee, giving him the evil eye as she does. What is it about this man that brings out her immature qualities?

He roughly grabs her arm as she walks past him, turning her and forcing her to sit at the table that has been prepared next to the sofa he slept on.

“You need to eat; I haven’t seen you eat anything since you picked at the food on the plane.”

“How do you expect me to eat? I need to find out what has happened to Charles.”

“All in good time Rebecca, first eat.” The words are said with such authority that she does not have the strength to argue.

She picks up a croissant from the plate and bites into it, giving him a “There” I’m being an obedient girl look.

“You were gone a long time last night; did you find some decent brandy?” She enquires, sarcastically.

Travis puts down the grapefruit he is eating and looks up at her with a smirk on his face.

“Yes…. I noticed you spying on me last night while I was getting undressed; you cop a good eye full, did you? You know you should really work on your spying skills, that’s twice I’ve caught you now.”

Rebecca flushes red, the anger burns.

“Well I thought you’d have not bothered coming back from which ever whore’s room you wormed your way into last night.”

“Now Rebecca; that sounds very much like you might be throwing accusations around and jumping to conclusions again. What did I tell you last night? His voice calm and menacing.

“I know, and I am sorry. I don’t know what has got into me.” She looks up, as he chokes on his coffee and tries not to spit it everywhere. After a second to compose himself, he looks back at her.

“My My, Mrs Williams, did you just admit to being wrong? Are you feeling alright?”

“I’m sure you find this highly amusing. I wasn’t spying on you, I couldn’t sleep, all I could think about was Charles, and what I have done, what we have done.” She corrects.

He reaches across the table and takes her hand, looking at her seriously.

“Listen Rebecca, I didn’t go to some whore’s room last night. If you must know I went to see an old friend at the embassy, to see if he could get me some information on Charles.”

Rebecca brings her other hand and grips Travis hand hard. “And? Did he know anything?”

Travis removes Rebecca’s hand that is tightly gripping his and gently holds it.

“Charles is okay.”

She jumps up, tears of delight and relief stream down her face.

“Oh Travis! Thank you. I….”

Travis cuts her off. “Rebecca wait, there’s more you need to know. He has been hurt; there was a rescue attempt that went wrong. A woman Charles was trying to rescue drowned as he was trying to save her, and his leg has been badly injured. They are airlifting him to a hospital today. I have arranged for a chopper to take you there in an hour.”

She sits back down in the chair, taking in the news she had just received. She is so relieved that Charles is alright, but also feels a great sorrow, knowing what Charles must be going through. The pain he must be in, not only through the injury to his leg, but how he must feel about not being able to

save the woman, having to watch her drown.

“Travis.” Her voice is weak but precise, “We can’t do it again.”

He doesn’t need her to explain further, they just exchange knowing looks of appreciation for each other.

Continues in Part Five (b)....