Rogues Story – Part Four (a) – Absorption

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So after some feedback I have decided to split part four into two parts - Enjoy x

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

Rebecca thinks back to the first night with Travis. The relief she felt when she gave in, admitting out loud that she wanted him. The pleasure she felt when his fingers pushed deep inside her pussy. She had in the past heard woman talking about orgasms. She always thought that they had been exaggerating the feelings, to get one up on each other. She had never realised that her body could feel like that. Like a drug she knew she needed more.

She is unable to get back to sleep after her dream. She blows out the candle and the room falls into darkness, apart from the small slither of light creeping through the small breach in the curtains, the street light outside casting an orange glow across the ceiling.

She lays her head down on the cushions, and covers her cooling body with the blanket as she stares at the same point of the ceiling. Her eyes not blinking, going over and over the dream, not wanting to let a single detail fade, knowing in the back of her mind that she would remember that dream in perfect vivid detail until the day she died.

She sits at the kitchen table pushing the mushy cereal around her bowl. Charles is seated opposite her. He’s spreading marmalade on his toast. The sound of his knife scraping across its crisp surface, and the blackbird singing in the garden, are the only sounds piercing the atmosphere in the kitchen.

She is still contemplating her new-found frame of mind, when Charles looks up at his wife and places the knife down on the edge of his plate.

He shifts uncomfortably in his seat. Clearing his throat he cautiously addresses her;

“You know there are only four days until I fly to Delhi?”

She only hums a distant reply and continues to mindlessly play with her breakfast.

“Did I tell you I managed to find a cheaper flight from Delhi to Bihar?” he asks, hoping to get some

sort of conversation from her. When she doesn't reply, he continues in vain to pull his wife from wherever her mind is.

"A friend told me I could nearly halve my cost by switching my internal flight to Gaya airport. Just think, that's a whole extra village I'll be able to help get fresh clean water to."

His enthusiasm for helping people usually had more of an effect on her, but it didn't seem to be rubbing off. He knew he couldn't leave things like this. He didn't know what had gotten into her, but she had been moping about for weeks. He steels himself and straightens his shoulders, like he'd seen his farther do a million times before when going up against his mother.

"Rebecca! Are you even listening to me?"

The tone of his voice is so unlike his usual calm self. His brow is furrowed and there is a serious look on his face. She is startled from her daydream, and looks up at her husband thrown by his uncharacteristic outburst.

"Don't you think we should talk about what's been bothering you for the past few weeks? You really haven't been yourself," as he speaks his tone softens.

"I do worry about leaving you and flying nearly seven thousand miles across the world; maybe I should just postpone the trip until you're feeling better?" He searches his wife face, trying to understand what she's thinking.

She isn't prepared for his question. In the past, Charles never really asked her how she was feeling, but then she's never had anything shake her life quite like this before. There had been the time when he had helped her through the grief of unexpectedly losing her grandmother, but that was poles apart. That was a family loss. This is so personal to her. It isn't about anyone else. It's about who she is. She always thought she knew exactly who she was but it's clear now that she had no idea.

She looks back at the concerned face of her dear sweet husband. She would never do anything to intentionally hurt him. They had never even had a row in the 8 years of their marriage, but how could he fulfil the need that her dream had revealed to her? He couldn't even stay irritated at her for more than 30 seconds. He had just proven that with his little outburst.

"I am sorry Charles. I know I've been a pain to live with recently." She gets up and walks round the table and stands behind him, wrapping her arms around his shoulders, hugging him tightly.

"I haven't been right since I fell ill the night of the auction. I think it may have sent my hormones off."

She knew talking about what he called “Woman’s things” would stop him asking further questions. She kisses him on his soft, clean shaven cheek before giving him one last embrace and returning to her seat.

She is shocked that the first lie came so easily from her lips. Even though it was a half lie, it was more like bending the truth and leaving out some information. What was more shocking to her was that she didn’t feel as guilty as she thought she would. Pushing her bowl way, she picks up her glass of orange juice and takes a sip.

“I would feel so bad if you couldn’t go and help all those people, just to stay at home and look after me. That would be very selfish of me. I really am fine.” She reassures.

Besides, she did want to feel bad. Just not in the way he was thinking. It wouldn’t be possible if he wasn’t leaving the country for a while. She wonders what Travis’s reaction would be to hearing that her husband had postponed his trip due to his wife’s sudden onset of abjectness.

The phone rings. She gets up, tightening the belt on her dressing gown, picks up the cordless phone from its holder, whilst looking at her husband with the usual; are you expecting anyone to ring at this time of day, expression on her face.

“Hello. Mrs Williams Speaking, can I help?” She says, trying not to sound as half asleep as she felt.

“Hello, Mrs Williams.”

She takes in a sharp intake of breath as she realises, the second she hears the voice, that’s it Travis on the over end of the line. She quickly pretends she has stubbed her toe on the table, when her husband looks up in reaction to her gasp.

“Hello.” She says, trying to keep her tone as normal as possible.

“Is he in the room with you now?” She doesn’t have to ask who he is talking about.

“Yes that’s right.” She starts to walk towards the door when he tells her to say in the room with her husband. She spins around, looking around the room for what possible way he could know what she was doing, then shakes her head at the stupid thought. Of course he knows what she would do; he seems to know her better than herself these days.

“I just wanted to make arrangements; I believe you are dropping your husband off at the airport on Friday morning. So I’ll be at yours at 8, Friday night.” She hadn’t even discussed her plans with

Charles yet. How did he know her plans?

“No not here,” she says a little too loudly, making Charles glance up from the paper he was reading.

“What makes you think that you have any say in when and where Rebecca?” His words soft but authoritative, sending a flush to her cheeks and a heat between her legs.

“Tell me that you want me at your house. Tell me whilst you’re in front of your husband, you dirty little slut.”

She steadies herself against the dresser and looks up at her husband who is blissfully unaware, no doubt reading the world news.

“I want it at my house,” her words coming out a little huskier than she had intended.

“What are you wearing?” he questions, in his deep velvety voice.

“Well I couldn’t really do that now; I’m still in my nightdress and dressing gown.” She says, as quietly as she can.

“Good. Feel your cunt for me. Tell me how wet it is.” His breaths are heavy down the phone.

She can just imagine him sitting behind the desk of his big consultancy company. She imagines him wearing one of his grey suits, looking all strong and powerful.

“Tell me!” he startles her from her fantasy.

She turns her back so she is facing away from her husband. Slowly she slips her hand beneath her dressing gown; she lifts the hem of her short nightdress, slipping her hand over her soft silky panties. A whisper of a moan escapes her lips as her fingers glide over the material, massaging her sensitive mound below. She tries desperately to control her breathing, nervously glancing over her shoulder to make sure her husband is still engrossed in the paper.

“Yes it’s been very wet.” Her voice breaks slightly.

“Good, I will see you at 8.” With that the line goes dead.

“Who was that dear?” Her husband enquires as she places the phone down on the side.

She strokes over her now extremely wet pussy one last time, before removing her hand and composing herself, turning back towards her husband.

“Oh that, that was just Julie. She wanted to know if we could hold a book club here at the weekend. I really didn’t want to, but she can be very persuasive.”

The second lie, and it most defiantly is a lie, is not something she could rationalize away. It had come out with as much ease as the first.

Her mind cannot think about her husband, or the lies she has just told. It’s was consumed by lust and she knows there’s only one release.

Her pussy tingles at the thought of Travis. The thought of his pure strength. She wonders which ways he might use it against her. Just thinking of him makes her body respond. She quickly gulps down the last of her juice, before excusing herself, saying she is going to shower. She rushes off to the bathroom, to use her fantasy of Travis to release the pressure she feels rising inside her.

She paces up and down the living room. She checks the time on the gold carriage clock on the mantelpiece. She sits down in the arm chair, then gets straight back up and continues pacing. She checks her reflection in the mirror, before once again checking the time.

Her heart is beating ever more rapidly in her chest. Her stomach is filled with butterflies, dancing around to the beat of her heart. She’s been waiting like this for the past hour, having been too eager to prepare for the night’s events.

Upon dropping her husband at the airport, she had driven home at an uncharacteristically fast speed. That gave her a ludicrous amount of time to spend in the bathroom, attending to every inch of her body in anticipation of Travis’s arrival. She could already feel the wetness between her legs, but since her introduction to Travis, it seemed her body was always in a state of readiness.

The temperature in the room feels exceptionally hot. She checks the thermostat on the wall. She is surprised to see the digital read out displaying only twenty five degrees. She should have known it would be set to this temperature. She had heard her husband go on enough times about how that is the perfect temperature to lower your heating costs, the savings he could in turn pass on to his charity. Her body is on fire. She can no longer bear to be cooped up in the house, pacing about like a captive animal in its enclosure.

She walks into the back garden, instantly feeling relief as the cool breeze hits her flushed cheeks. The air has the sweet scent of summer. She breathes it in deeply, refreshing her lungs. Closing her

eyes she allows the last of evening sun’s rays to wash over her. She feels herself start to relax.

She can feel the light breeze gently dancing around her body, as the soft sheer material of her blouse gently flutters, her bare breast beneath tickled by the movement.

She can hear the birds singing around her, and the sound of the soft rustling of the leaves in the trees as they sway in the evening breeze. She is drifting into a deep state of relaxation as she allows her mind to empty. She is aware of her breaths slowly going in and out, the state of not quite asleep but not fully awake. This is the first time for a long time that she feels relaxed.

“Saving your energy for later?” Travis’s question comes from behind her. The sound of his voice shatters her peace, causing her to jump out of her skin.

“Shit! Travis you scared the living daylights out of me.” She says, as her hand goes to her heart.

“You looked so relaxed. I’ve been standing here just watching you. I didn’t know how to get your attention, without making you jump. In the end I just decided that speaking would be the best option.” He has a boyish, questioning grin on his face. She can’t help but smile back.

“You know, Rebecca, you have a beautiful smile. I sat and watched you sleep with that smile on your face, before I went back to my room that night. You looked like an angel just lying there.” She blushes at the thought of him watching her sleep.

He looks gorgeous standing there. He is wearing a pair of faded old jeans and a white t-shirt. He looks so different from the usual suits she sees him in.

“Listen, I have been thinking.” He motions for her to join him in sitting on the wall below the blossoming tree in her garden.

“I’m worried about you. I think maybe I have been pushing you too fast. I think we should talk about how you are feeling.” He takes her hand in his.

This isn’t what she was expecting. She’s seeing a new side to Travis. This new side only makes him more of an enigma to her. She feels her pulse quicken. Her small hand feels so secure enclosed in his.

“I don’t know what you want me to say?”

“It’s not about what I want you to say. I want to know honestly how you’re feeling.” She is still trying to

take in the unexpected questions. When she doesn't answer he continues.

"I got off the phone from you on Monday and I just felt perhaps I had pushed you too far. My lust for you got the better of me. I know you think I'm a cold hearted bastard, but surely you know that I would never do anything that you didn't want, or that would hurt you?"

A chill runs through her body as she remembers her dream. He had just used nearly the exact same words that she had dreamt about.

"Less than a month ago you never even kissed another man apart from your husband, and then I'm asking you to touch yourself in front of him. I went too far." He rubs his hand against his chin, scraping his fingers against the bristles of his stubble.

"I was just thinking maybe we ought to go back, try being friends for a while, I don't want this to impact on your marriage."

"Oh-no you don't!" She protests. The anger bubbling up inside her.

"Don't you dare think you can come here and just brush me off, like a cheap little whores." She removes her hand from his grasp and points her finger hard into his chest.

"You can't just go around bewitching people. Making them break their marriage vows. You've awakened a desire so strong, the power of which, well quite frankly terrifies me."

He smiles as he watches her vent her frustrations, only infuriating her further.

She erupts. All the tension of the past few weeks coming out in one go. She launches herself at him. Pushing him backwards into the flower bed, raining blows against him. Her size is no match for his strength and he rolls her, trapping her below him.

"I'd forgotten how feisty you can be," he laughs, as he removes the petals that have fallen off the blossoming tree above them from her face. As quick as the fight had risen it is gone, and she bursts into a fit of giggles.

"What's so funny?"

She tries to reply, her words barely audible through the laughter.

"It's just that I thought I was in for a dirty night but, this isn't quite what I was expecting." She motions

her eyes to the flower bed that is below her.

“Oh Rebecca, what am I going to do with you?”

“Well I’ve got a couple of things in mind.” She says, with a wicked grin on her face.

He can’t resist the mischievous twinkle in her eye. He roughly pulls her up, her face just inches from his. Their eyes lock, penetrating deep into each other’s souls. He is about to kiss her, when she pulls away.

“No. Not out here, the neighbours might see.” He pulls her to her feet; taking her hand, he leads her into the house.

As soon as she steps into the house, he pulls her into him, kissing her with passion and desire that sets her body alight. His hands roughly roam around her body, but there is no resistance from Rebecca this time. She kisses him back, matching his passion with all the built up desire she’s been storing since her last encounter with Travis.

Her hand grasps his hardening cock through his jeans, massaging her palm up and down his hard shaft. He moans at the unexpected contact and is surprised at her boldness.

He pulls back from the kiss to examine the face of this newly awakened jezebel. He is shocked by the amount of dark desire he sees in her eyes. He had seen a glimpse of it in her from the first day he met her, simmering beneath the surface. Now that she’s accepted that side, he’s seeing the true extent of the depth of her desire.

Rebecca feels the power surge through her, as she feels his cock twitching with pleasure from her touch. Her inner vixen set free, for the first time in their affair she feels in control. She loves seeing the shock in Travis’s face and the flash of recognition in his eyes, as she allows him to see into the abyss of her darkest desires.

With the sexiest knowing smile Travis has ever seen, Rebecca reaches out and slowly unbuckles his belt, not once breaking the intense eye contact.

She slowly pulls one end of the belt until she completely removes it from round his waist, dropping it on the floor. Her hands then unbutton his jeans and ever so slowly she inches down the zip and lets them fall to his feet.

Still not breaking her gaze, she drops down onto her knees. As her smile curls a little further, she rips

down his boxers. His cock springs free from its restraint.

She can no longer maintain the eye contact. Her eyes are drawn to the object of her desire, greedily wandering its fine length. She brings her hands up under his t-shirt, slowly she scrapes her nails down his abdomen, careful not to touch his cock as her hands come down and pass millimetres from it.

She looks back up into his eyes, wanting to see his face as she teased him like he had to her. She continues to let her hands roam around his body, passing tantalisingly ever closer. She brings her head so close that he can feel her breath against him.

She is enjoying teasing him, but she can longer resist the urge to feel his hardness. She takes his shaft in her hand, stroking it, feeling it harden further from her touch. Her other hand comes up and cups his soft balls.

She masterfully works her hands, her own desire building with every stroke. Her breathing deepens, as she revels in this new found power. She interlocks her fingers, capturing his thick shaft between her palms. Slowly she massages him up and down. Her head comes down. She runs her soft wet tongue across his smooth shaven balls. He gasps and shuts his eyes as her mouth makes contact.

Her breaths are deep and she can feel her panties already soaking from her juices. She has never wanted something in her mouth so much. She kisses his balls all over, her hands still working his cock. She releases him from her grip and slowly runs her tongue up between his balls and all the way up his hard shaft, flicking her tongue over his head, lapping up his salty beads of cum already escaping his body.

Travis brings his hands round the back of her head and pulls hard on her hair. She teases him some more, her mouth-watering, wide open lingering just over his cock. She takes him into her mouth. Her tongue sliding over his hard shaft, her warm mouth encloses him. She savours his taste as his cock fills her mouth.

He tightens his grip of her head and pushes himself deeper into her throat. She brings her hand round the base of his cock, working the part that cannot be reached by her mouth, her other hand fondling his balls, relishing in the task.

She moves her head back, withdrawing slowly from his cock, her tongue flicking round his tip, before she plunges back down. She repeats this, gently sucking him and moaning against his cock, as she brings them both higher and higher with pleasure.

She removes her hand from round the base of his cock and brings both hands round to grasp his tight buttocks, pulling him deeper into her mouth, swallowing up his length. She gags slightly when he hits the back of her throat. She does not withdraw. She holds him there until her throat relaxes and she controls the breathing through her nose.

Travis slowly starts to move himself. His pace quickens as the pleasure he gets from fucking her mouth takes over. She plays with his balls while he ferociously fucks her mouth. She can feel him getting closer as he pushes harder and deeper. His balls tighten. She knows if he continues, he is going to cum. She remembers the torture of being brought so close to the edge, by Travis and his riding crop. She sharply pulls her head back removing him from her mouth.

“Ahh, You fucking Bitch!” he sneers. As he looks down, seeing the look on her face, knowing full well she knew how close he was to shooting his hot load down her throat.

“I was just going to fuck your brains out down here, but now you fucking little slut, I’m going to make you cum in your marital bed.”

With that he pulls her up by her hair and drags her backwards towards the stairs. When he reaches the bottom he picks her up with an ease that shocks her. Putting her over his shoulder, he ascends the stairs.

Continues Part Four (b).....