

# Rogues Story - Part Two - Captivated

By Jayne33

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*After her desire has been awakened, will she give in and cheat?*

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Rebecca stands on the raised platform in the ball room, wearing the electric blue silk dress her husband bought her as a gift from his last trip to India. The material clung to her small waist, and down over her curvaceous hips, it glided down her long legs to her ankle with a suggestive slit up to her thighs. Her long brown hair is pinned back exposing her neck, and her cheeks were flushed pink not just with the make-up she was wearing, but from the heat burning deep inside, that she had not been able to extinguish since her meeting with Travis the previous day. The next item up for auction was the riding crop; Travis had been out of view until her husband had announced it was the next item up for bidding. He stood coolly in the centre of the crowd directly in line with Rebecca, his eyes firmly riveted on her. It was Rebecca's job to hold the items and show them to the guests whilst her husband conducted the bidding. Her heart was racing, she held the crop in her elegant hands, feeling the heavy weight of the stag antler craved handle, which contrasted from the warm and smooth feel of the braded leather in the other hand. The bidding started and the room faded away, sound heard but her mind in a haze that the words not registering, it was just sound, she could feel his intense gaze penetrating her darkest depths. The same magnetic force that drew her to look that night, forces her head to turn and lock into eye contact with Travis. His face is cold and impassive, but she could feel the burning within him. Just then she is startled by her husband firmly banging the gravel down on the oak table. She can tell by the slight smirk on Travis's face he won the crop. Her head goes light, and her legs felt like a rubber, she hands the crop back to the auctioneers assistant, and discreetly whispers to her husband that she is feeling unwell and excuses herself from the room. Outside on the terrace she tries to compose herself, the night air is heavy and hot, her silk dress clings further to her body, a bead of sweat trickles down her neck and runs down her ample cleavage. She feels someone present behind her and from the electricity in the air, she knew it was Travis. "I came to see if you were alright, the colour drained from your face so quick in there, I thought you were going down, and for a second I was going to dive up there and catch you." His face is soft and full of concern. "It's just very hot in there," she tells him as she walks to the other end of the terrace. "And there's me thinking it might have something to do with our little meeting yesterday?" he walks over to meet her, taking her hand in his and pulling her closer to him. She looks deep into his face, which is still soft and full of warmth and concern that she had not seen before. Contacting with him sends bolts through her, and

her breath catches "I'm a married woman!" she exclaims, but even then she can feel the feebleness of her words. "My husband is a good man, and I love him." This last sentence was more to convince herself. He holds his finger up against her lips to stop her protests, his face changing to the more familiar intense stare. "Well Rebecca, I am not a good man, in fact I am the opposite of that, and I think you like that don't you?" his voice is husky and low, and she can smell the brandy on his breath he had been drinking. "Yes," the word exits her lips without thinking, how easily he managed to get her say it. "Good Girl," those words from him made her wet and tingly down below. "Now here's what's going to happen," he runs his finger down her jaw line, and traces his way slowly down her neck, until he reaches the soft fabric of her dress slowly brushing his finger over her now very hard nipples. She can't help but let a small moan escape her lips, as the sensation reaches down like a direct line to her most sensitive areas making her swell and tingle. "You are going to go up to my room and wait, I will be there shortly and leave your dress on, I want to watch you take it off." Just then the door to the terrace opens; Travis removes his hand from her chest and takes a step back, away from her. "There you are Rebecca," Charles said as he walks through the door and onto the terrace. "The next item is due up and I really need your help." "Rebecca isn't feeling very well, so I have instructed her to go and rest." Travis firmly states to her husband. "Oh well, yes, yes, I suppose that it is probably a good idea," her husband revises. "She has been working hard to get this organized, perhaps yes, you should take Mr. Johnson's advice and go and rest." Rebecca just stands there still reeling from what had just happened, unable to look at her husband in his face. "Mr. Williams, I was hoping you could let me have another look at my new riding crop?" he says as he leads her husband back towards the door, turning and winking at Rebecca as he leaves. "How can he have such effect on me?" she questions as she walks back towards her room. "Why did I say yes?" her mind puzzled. She loved her husband so much and couldn't imagine life without him; he was so caring and supportive, yet Travis had her mind thinking of the dark possibilities of what it would be like to give into to Travis. She enters her room, shuts and locks the door behind her and stands leaning her head against the closed door. "No, I will not let him control me like that; who does he think he is?" But then her mind goes back to the concern in his eyes and the look he gave her out on the terrace. She had never seen that side of him before, he was such an enigma and like a moth to the flame she was drawn to him. She had never felt as alive as she felt in his presence. She sits on the chair in front of the dressing mirror staring at a reflection of a woman she hardly knows. After a long time, sitting and staring at herself, she decides she cannot betray her husband; she must resist these feelings she's having, and with a new resolve she goes to the sink to splash water on her face. She is enjoying the feel of the cold fresh water against her warm cheeks when she hears a key in the room door as it unlocks. She grabs a soft fresh towels and shouts to the bedroom. "I'm just in the bathroom Charles." She pats dry her face, "I'm feeling a lot better now, I'm not sure what came over me, I hope the last item went well?" she questions as she walks back into the bedroom. She freezes to the spot when she enters the room realizing that it not her husband standing before her. "How did you get in here? You can't come in here!" she rages. Travis stands in the doorway in his dark pin striped suit, looking so strong and handsome. "Well, you didn't do as I asked and go to my room, so I had no

choice.” His voice is harsh which matches her anger. “If you are not going to follow the rules of the game...” he takes a step to her but she interrupts him. “Game!” she is almost shouting now “This isn’t a game, this is my life, I am not a little toy you can just use to amuse yourself, I am a married woman, and I love my husband.” She was happy that this time her voice was strong and her words sounded genuine. He strides across the room in an instant and pushes her firmly against the wall, his body pressed hard against her. The smell of his aftershave mixed with the smell of brandy on his breath engulfs her. Her arms are pinned by her side, his sizable hands firmly round her tiny wrists as she struggles against his weight. “Get the fuck off me!” she shouts as she doubles her efforts to release the grip round her wrists writhing around like a frenzied animal. Her knee comes up and makes contact with his leg, disappointed that she had missed her intended target but relieved that the shock of the unexpected contact loosens his grip just enough for her to free one of her hands which she quickly brings up and slaps him hard on the face. For a fleeting moment she can see shock and hurt in his face. His free hand goes up to touch where she had made contact, but in a second it is gone and the look of lust deepens again in his eyes. “Why are you fighting me?” his voice growling and low. “You know you want to give into me.” He grabs her free hand again and brings both of them pinned above her head he uses his knee and feet to push her legs to part them as far as her dress will allow and firmly press his leg within hers. “I don’t want any more efforts to hurt me now,” he whispers, “I need everything in good working order for what I have in mind.” “My husband will be here any second, we can’t do this,” she pleads as she wriggles beneath him. “Actually, your husband has been called away on an urgent charity matter, the unknown source that donated the Greek amphora has offered to fund the whole of his next trip to India, the only condition that he comes and collect’s the cheque now and he gave me your room key so I could make sure you were feeling better; so very trusting of him I think.” He smiles. “So I have you to myself all night,” he says as he moves in holding his face just millimetres away from hers. “Oh Rebecca why do you just not give into to me?” he breathes as his lips touches hers. She stands motionless, his words running over in her mind, as she tries to make sense of what he has just said, how is she going to get out of this situation? His lips slowly kissing hers but she does not respond. “Please,” She begs between his kisses but her plea is feeble and her body is contradicting her words as she feels herself starting to respond his touch, to the burning she feels deep within her. She cannot hold back any longer and she returns his kiss and feels like an explosion in her body alighted sending bolts of pleasure through her, his grip tightening around her wrists as they begin to kiss with still more passion. Suddenly an image of her husband’s smiling face comes into her mind and she stops pulling her head to the side. “No!” she rasps, “I can’t do this.” “Tell me he makes you feel like this?” he softly questions “I’ve wanted you from the very first moment I laid my eyes on you in that kitchen, you stood up to me, you felt it then didn’t you?” he brings his lips down and softly kisses her neck as she turns her head away. “I thought you were an egoistic bastard, and couldn’t stand you!” she hisses as she begins to struggle again. He halts his decent of kisses down her neck and whispers into her throat. “So was it when you were stood watching me fuck that whore that your feelings changed and the desire started?” he states as he swiftly takes hold of her wrist in one of his hands. He brings the other hand down and firmly grabs her

by the jaw and throat forcing her head around to look at him. She felt so out of control, so vulnerable, as she was unable to move and forced to look into his eyes. The pain of his grip around her face and wrist only adding to lust that was building inside hers. "You do want this, don't you?" Travis questions as he looks longing into her eyes. Once again her body betrays her and takes over, she cannot control the feelings; how can she deny it? "Yes" she mumbles as a wash of relief and pleasure surges through her. "Yes, I want you." She repeats. His grip loosens slightly and he looks into her eyes, the approval and carnal desire behind those dark brooding hazel eyes burning into her. "You're not going to fight it?" he asks. All she can manage to do is shake her head, her breathing catching in her throat as she is amazed at the feelings she is having. "Good Girl!" he says as he removes his hand from her face and wrist. He kisses her softly and this time she responds straight away matching his passion. His hands firmly move around her body encouraging the intensity of her desire to build. He stops and takes a step back from her, and his eyes roam her body like he is examining a piece of art. He reaches around and pulls something from the back of his trousers waistband. It is the riding crop. At the sight of it her head goes light and the muscles in her abdomen go tight. Travis has a wicked grin on his face. "This cost me a lot of money but I'm sure it will be worth it," he trails the leather tip of the crop across her body, she shudders with pleasure as tingles pulsates within her. He turns and walks over to the side of the bed removing his suit jacket and taking off his tie. He turns around to face her; she looks stunning in the blue Indian silk dress with the dark twinkle in her hazel eyes as she allows the pleasure to take over her body. He knows she is switched on, and she will let him do whatever he wants. He sits on the edge of the large bed and slips his shoes off and undoes another button on his shirt. "Take your dress off!" he orders. She takes a step towards him and gently starts to unzip the side off the dress; she drops the straps of the dress exposing her soft white neckline and shoulders. "Slowly!" He prompts. She releases her arms that are crossed around her chest and the dress slowly glides down her body and onto the floor. She suddenly feels self-conscious and stands there in only her bra and panties; no other man apart from her husband ever having seen her even remotely naked before. Her hands automatically move to cover herself. "Don't you dare!" he scolds "You have a beautiful body and I want to look at you." She reluctantly lowers her hands and allows him to look at her. "Now come over here and take off my shirt." He says. She slowly steps over the dress, careful not to catch the heel of her shoes she is still wearing and walks over to the bed. When she gets to him she drops to her knees in front of him; her eyes nearly level with his. Slowly she brings her hands up and starts to unbutton his shirt. Her long fingers effortlessly working until all the buttons had been undone. She brings her hands under his open shirt and touches his lightly olive skin, feeling the heat of his body under her fingers tips, her fingers tickled by the small amount of dark hair covering his firm chest. But quickly she withdraws her hands when the look on his face tells her she shouldn't touch him without asking. He grabs her by the hair and brings her head down to bury into his lap, the feel of the soft fabric of his trousers against her cheek. Suddenly there is a slight whistling sound and a sharp bite on her backside; she can't help but scream out more in shock than pain; she pulls back to remove herself from his lap but he still firmly has hold of her by her hair and she is unable to move. She realizes that he must have picked up the crop from next to him

on the bed and now using it to spank at her. He roughly pulls her head up so he can stare into her eyes. "That is for making me spend even more money; I had already spent enough on the crop." He growls and then firmly kisses her on the lips. A moan of delight escapes Rebecca's lips as her inside melts and she gives into the passion of the kiss. She wanted him so much and to feel his hands on her body his lips against hers. This was nothing like with her husband, she felt free. There was a sense of urgency within her and she could feel just how much Travis wanted her. She could feel the wetness from her arousal making her panties damp. "At least it gets your husband out of the picture for couple of months," he says as he leans in to kiss her again. She is so overcome with passion that his words have not registered in her head and she gives into another wave of pleasure as he kisses her so hard her lips begin to feel swollen and sore. She hears the whistling for a second time and knows what's coming but doesn't have time to react as the crop makes contact and she cries out but drowned by his continued kisses. He pulls away enough to say; "That was for making me track you down up here." He stands and drags her up by her hair so she is standing; he turns her around and pushes her onto the bed. She lies propped up on her elbows feeling of touch of soft cotton fabric of covers against her skin. Towering over her, Travis stands, looking so strong and masculine, he removes the white shirt and throws it onto the floor. Confronted with the sight of Travis's fully exposed shoulders and chest for the first time, Rebecca's eyes greedily scan around his body taking the sight of his broad shoulders and down his athletic arms, she bites her lower lip as her desire takes greater hold. He kneels on the bed at her feet and gently and purposely takes hold of one of her legs. "As sexy as you look in these," he refers to her blue high heeled strappy shoes, "I think I'd prefer them removed." He takes hold of her foot and slips the shoe off, throwing it so that it lands with his shirt, on the floor. Keeping hold of her foot in his hand he grabs the other leg and swiftly removes the other shoe and in one fluid movement he firmly yanks her legs, pulling her forcefully down the bed so that her legs are wrapped around his waist. She can feel his rock hard erection pressing into her from beneath his trousers. She tilts her pelvis opening herself up to him and pushes herself firmly against him. Unable to stop the low moan, as she gently rocks herself back and forth over him, her stare matching the bottomless depths of his carnal desire. "You really are switched on aren't you," and with a strength fuelled by his lust he picks her up by her waist and launches her back up the bed. He crawls up the bed over her once again. "Take your bra off, I want to see those big beautiful breasts." She slowly arches her back up off the bed thrusting her chest upwards towards his face. She reaches her arms behind her back and unclasps her bra immediately releasing them from their tight hold. As she brings her arms back around, he takes hold of her bra and draws it off her body which is now naked except the small black thong. He pulls himself back so he can fully admire the exquisite beauty that lay before him. "You put up quite a fight back there," he says as his hands skim over her bare abdomen making her squirm beneath him. "But you enjoyed feeling my power didn't you?" She lay beneath him, her body never having felt anything so intensely before, her need for him uncontrollable, her breathing is heavy and she feels wild, she had never wanted to be fucked more in her life. She looks up at him from under her lashes and slowly nods her head. His hands brush over her soft skin up her body and intentionally he traces his finger millimetres from her breast. The pressure inside her

is building and she is not sure how much longer she can wait for him to unleash his passion. His hands getting that close to the parts she so wants him to touch, it sends her to the edge as she moans in frustration, these gentle touches driving her crazy. She wanted to feel his passion; she would do anything to feel it. His hand comes up around her neck and he firmly grips her, the reaction from his touch making her body dance to the rhythm of her pleasure. He brings his head down so he can kiss her, his lips feel warm and soft against hers as his tongue slips in her mouth, the world around her fades out as if they are bubbles, overpowered by the lust. He releases his grip on her neck and brings his hands down to her body, his masculine hands reach their target and fills with her magnificent breasts. She cries out in ecstasy as he squeezes them hard and brushes his thumbs over her erect nipples. He takes her to the next level of pleasures as his fingers work on her breasts and nipples making her cry out in pleasure and louder. "Please I want you inside me," she pleads as she reaches a point of passion and desire that is unbearable yet so good. "So keen Rebecca," he shakes his head, "I have you all night which means I get to take my time with you, you're going to have to beg me a lot more than that." He picks up the crop from the side of the bed and traces the tip gently over her body brushing from her chest over her breast and nipples her body convulsing with delight and lust. He trails it down her body following the curve from her waist, over her hips and across the line where her panties sit. He can see the want in her eyes as he continues his descend and trails over her panties and down between her legs. He lightly taps the end against the material of her panties and she let out a breath and moans, he repeats the tap but this time a little firmer, watching her face to gauge her reaction. She has a wicked smile on her face and he is sure she is enjoying. He increases the pace leaving a small pause between strikes allowing her body to experience the shock and let a wave of pleasure travel down between her legs. She lays waiting for his next strike and when he does, she feels the sting through the light material of her panties and a warm rush all over her body. "Please!" she breathes between her cries of pleasure. He can tell her desire is building; he relents and drops the crop to the floor. He stands and removes his trousers and boxers leaving him standing in all his glory in front of her. Her eyes are drawn to his rigid cock and her insides summersaults, it is bigger than she remembered but then perhaps it was that she was closer to it tonight, a lot closer. He retakes his position over her and kisses her just below her navel, she giggles as his lips tickle against her skin. His hands grab her pants and he forcibly rips her panties pulling them from her body. She is shocked by his sudden force only increasing her want for him. Her natural reaction to being so exposed is to clamp her legs shut, he looks at her with the look of an untamed animal and tears her legs wide open. "Oh fuck!" she cries as she feels the wetness run freely from within her pussy. He slips his fingers over her wet lips and she raises her pelvis to them as he slides his fingers inside her and she arches taking his fingers deeper. Feel of his large fingers stretching her sends her deep into the part of herself that she was only just finding ever existed. She feels his fingers glide against her soft insides, her juices soaking his fingers; as he pushes rhythmically in and out increasing his pace as her moans escalates sending her lust still higher. She looks up at him through a haze of pleasure, seeing his hands work her body, a look of pure desire in his face. She drops back down to her back, unable to hold herself as the feelings inside her intensify. Her heart his

racing, a strange feeling she has never felt before starts deep within her. Her body tingles, her whole body vibrating, all senses being over powered by the new indescribable feeling. Her mind is completely lost. She can no longer hear or see; its all consuming taking her higher and higher, her body moving frantically, matching the force of his fingers as he slams them hard into her. She doesn't think she can take any more as the pressure increases her feelings so strong and overpowering; the lines between pleasure and pain merge as her body begs for release. The feelings she is having on the inside etched on her face. Then like an explosion it happened her body stiffens, her back arches right off the bed and she throws her head back, she lets out a scream and her pussy muscles contract hard around his fingers. He waits until her body relaxes back down onto the bed, he slowly continues to push his fingers back and forth in her soaking wet pussy, causing her climax to continue, her insides pulsating with the aftershocks. She melts back into the soft covers, her breathing still heavy but slowing, gradually her sense coming back, firstly her moans of delight and breathing and feeling of her heart beat gently get normal. The feel of a lone tear as it leaves the corner of her eye, it softly tickles and runs down her cheek onto the bed. The feeling of joy and happiness that washes over her, every muscle in her body floating, except for the contented smile on her lips. There is nothing in the world but the two of them at that moment, he leans forward and gazes in wonder at the beautiful site of this woman brushing her hair away from her face and softly kiss her. It is gentle to start but as her hands come up and find his head, she pulls hard on his soft hair and deepens the kiss. He can feel the passion resurging inside her as her kisses become rougher. She pulls away and looks straight in his eyes. "I want you; I want to feel you cum inside me." With a look of pure lust on her face he can't imagine denying her wish. He doesn't wait to be asked again. He easily slides his rock hard cock into her wet pussy her juices soaking his cock, as she wraps her legs around his waist, filling. He moves back and forth slowly rubbing his cock over her soaking pussy lips. She moans loud as he removes himself and glides his cockhead over her clit before lining it up at her pussy entrance; he waits and her moans express her frustration as she wants to feel him inside her. He slams hard and deep into her, his balls slapping against her buttocks and she screams in delight. "Oh fuck yeah!" her encouragements only fuelling his need to fuck her harder. He withdraws again but doesn't wait this time slamming straight into her pussy. Her body moves in slow rhythm as he fucks her, her hands finding way to her breasts. The site of her delicate hands around her large breasts and sensations aroused deep inside her takes him closer to the edge. She opens her legs wider to him; he pushes his hands against the inside of her thighs spreading her legs as wide as they will go. As their energy grows together and his breathing matching hers, she turns her head and bites down hard on her own arm in sheer pleasure. Inside, she can feel the same feeling she felt earlier growing inside her and as he fucks her harder, deeper and faster, she lets the feeling wash her and her body contracts for a second time as she cums again. Feeling her cum around his cock is enough for him to reach his peak and with one last push he shoots his cum deep in her pussy. Slowly she regains her senses and relaxes against the cool covers and letting her body feel melting and spent; she slowly drifts into a deep slumber. She wakes in the middle of the night alone in the bed, confused as to where she is. After a second she remembers and switches on the lamp at the side of the bed lighting

the room with a soft glow. Her husband has not yet returned, she picks up her phone from the bedside table and checks her messages. There is a message from Charles letting her know that he got there safely but he is going to stay there for the night and will be back by the breakfast time. Travis has hung her dress up on a hanger on the back of the bathroom door and tucked her under the covers. She feels a pang of disappointment that he has left her and gone back to his own room. She pulls herself up to a sitting position and winces at the discomfort as her weight press on her sensitive area. Her head is still in turmoil; she enjoyed her night with Travis so much as her body had never felt so alive and aroused and so fully satisfied. But then she thinks of her husband's face smiling back at her and the guilt again starts building inside. She did love him so much but he just wasn't capable of making her feel like Travis did. As she sat there replaying the events of the night her mind recollects the words of Travis; "That is for making me have to spend even more money; I had already spent enough on the crop." "At least it gets your husband out of the picture for couple more months," She doesn't want to hurt her husband but the thought of spending another night with Travis stir such excitement and anticipation within her. To be continued..... With special thanks to the person who helped me proof this story. x