

# Rogues Story - Part Five (b) - Admission

By Jayne33

Published on Lush Stories on 25 Jan 2013

*The final and hottest part of the series so far*

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/wife-lovers/rogues-story-part-five-b-admission.aspx>

On his return from dropping Rebecca at the helipad and after going on a little shopping trip, Travis is in his boxers sprawled out on the massive bed of the hotel room. He is eating his way through the box of Indian sweets, which he had found on the bed, left by the turn down service. He's flicking through the TV channels trying to find something in a language he could understand, when there is a loud knock on the door.

He throws the foul tasting sweet back in the box. Switching the TV off, he grabs the robe off the bed, as whoever is at the other side of the door bangs loudly again.

He opens the door and Rebecca, soaking wet from the rain, eyes red raw and puffy, throws herself sobbing into his arms.

He pulls her into the room, removing the sodden clothes. Taking the robe off his back, he wraps her naked shivering body gently in the fluffy white robe and guides her to the sofa.

He just holds her in his arms as she sobs uncontrollably, unable to understand what has happened since he left her with instructions that the chopper would bring her back when she was ready. She was smiling and happy at the helipad.

After a short while as her crying begins to die down, she begins to relax in his arms. He tilts her chin up with his fingers, so he can look into her tear glazed eyes.

“Talk to me, what has happened Rebecca? Tell me, so I can help you.”

“It's Charles. He, he..” She is unable to finish, as the sobs break through her words.

Travis takes her in his arms and holds her tightly, gently kissing her head as she cries convulsively into his bare chest.

She takes a deep breath and tries to calm herself, wiping away the tears she pulls away from him.

“When I got to the hospital, I struggled to find someone to understand me, and was having difficulties getting them to let me see Charles. The nurse just kept saying his wife is already with him. I didn’t understand, and they wouldn’t take me too him, so I decided to sneak away from the nurse and go find him myself.”

She gets up off the sofa and picks up the bottle of brandy he has been drinking from the bedside table. He is about to raise his concern about her drinking, but thinks better of it and lets her continue with her story.

“I looked around all the wards, walking in on some very embarrassing situations.” She flushes at the recollection of catching sight of the old Indian man bent over exposing all for Rebecca to see.

“So I started to peek behind the curtains before just entering. I heard a woman say Charles’ name, so I followed the voice and peeked behind the curtain.” Rebecca takes a massive gulp from the brandy bottle.

“I saw Charles...” She takes another large swig; Travis takes the bottle from her. She looks up at him challengingly, but he just takes a drink from the bottle himself, challenging her back.

“I saw Charles and he was kissing another woman. I couldn’t see her as her back was towards me, but I recognised the voice, from my many phone conversations with her. It was Mridula.”

She recounts the conversation she had heard between her husband and the woman, explaining how Charles had confessed to Mridula that when he had been holding onto the drowning woman and her fingers had slipped from his, he had thought of all the times he had been forced to say good bye to Mridula. How he loved her so much and didn’t want to have to let her go anymore. How when Charles had thought he was about to die, Mridula was his only thought.

“All this time! All this time I have been torturing myself and feeling guilty for what we have done together. At the same time he is over here “saving people” and fucking that woman.” Rebecca’s anger is bubbling closer to the surface with each word.

Travis takes another swig on the bottle before holding it out to Rebecca. “An Ideal Woman,” he says, as she takes the bottle from his hand.

“What?” she questions.

“Mriduala, that’s what the name means. I was looking around the market today for a gift, and I came across a little shop selling items with names and their meanings. Mridula means tenderness and gentleness, and ideal woman.”

“Thanks, that really helps!” She takes another large gulp of the bottle. “I should have known better than to come to you for support.”

“Hey stop right there. Okay so perhaps that last comment wasn’t very sensitive of me, but who damned well paid for you to come over here? I missed a hugely important meeting to come with you.”

“If you are so bothered about the money, I will pay you back. I didn’t ask you to fly with me over here, or for you to be some kind of knight in shining armour, coming to my rescue.” She gets up and starts pacing the room.

“In fact ever since you came into my life the night of the fundraiser, things have been getting more and more complicated. Bloody god dam Heracles!”

“Ok you’ve lost me there,” he says, looking up at her in confusion.

“The bloody god damn horse, if Lady Ellington’s bloody horse hadn’t thrown her that day, you would have never come into my life and none of this mess would have happened. It’s your fault Charles was hurt in the flood. If he hadn’t gotten hurt I would never have witnessed what I did in that hospital!” Rebecca’s eyes are dark with anger as she fires the blame at Travis.

“Rebecca as powerful as I may be, I do not have the power to cause a state to flood, so you can’t blame me for what happened to your husband.”

“Charles wouldn’t even be in India now if you hadn’t paid for him to be out of the way.” Rebecca’s tone is venomous.

He stands up, so he is now eye level with Rebecca. He had been calm up until this point, even finding a certain amount of amusement about the irony of the whole situation, but Travis would not be blamed for a situation that is not his fault. He forcibly grabs the bottle from Rebecca’s hand and slams it down on the table, before stepping towards her.

“Now listen here, you ungrateful little bitch, before you go pointing the finger at me, you might want to take a look at yourself. You are hardly an innocent in all of this. I didn’t hear you complaining when I

fucked you in your marital bed.”

Rebecca aggressively slaps Travis round the face. Her hand stings from the impact. He instantaneously strikes her back. She stands shocked for a second, holding her cheek, as she looks deep into his dark eyes.

Roughly she grabs him and kisses him passionately. She doesn't feel guilt; she is too consumed with a fire of malevolent feelings. She has to expel the feelings somehow and right now, she wants to release all those feelings towards Travis. She bites into his lip, tasting his blood on her tongue, her hands claw at his shoulders, as their kiss deepens.

He pulls the string of the dressing gown and tears it open, so his hands can vigorously grope at her breasts. She gasps as his fingers twist and pull her hardening nipples.

She withdraws from the kiss, looking at him with a feral look in her eyes; she pushes him fiercely so he falls backwards on to the sofa and launches herself on him. She straddles his body, before kissing him vehemently, forcing her tongue against his in a battle for control.

She clutches Travis by his hair, yanking his head and thrusts her breast in his face. His unshaven skin scratches across her contrasting soft delicateness. His tongue sweeps around her areola before he takes her nipple between his lips. She moans loudly, as the feelings created from his tongue causes her sex to liquefy. He continues his assault moving from one breast to the other, as she grinds her naked snatch against his hardening manhood, the thin material of his boxers soaking up her juices, as she massages her now swollen bud against his straining organ.

Travis slides the dressing gown from Rebecca's shoulders, sending it falling to the floor. She pulls at his waist band, pulling his boxers from his body. The contact of her wet pussy against his is hard dick, sends him further into his dark lustful state.

Showing his strength he picks her up, causing her to cling to his muscular shoulders and wrap her long slender legs around his waist. He carries her across the room, forcing her roughly against the wall. He pins her, her back pressed against to the expensive wallpaper.

Grabbing her face in an action Rebecca has come to recognise, his eyes burn into hers. Her heart is beating uncontrollably. She knows what he wants, her submission. She isn't going to give it to him, not today. As if he could read her thoughts and with a devilish smile on his lips he growls his words at her.

“Oh, you will submit to me, you little fucking slut.”

She grabs a fist full of his hair and twists it in her hands, pulling it at his roots, causing him to cry out in pain. "You think so do you?" she replies tigerishly.

He laughs at her, making her blood boil further. "I hope you've got a good grip, Rebecca, because you're going to need it."

With that he firmly grabs her naked buttocks, and with what seems like inhuman strength lifts her so her legs are lifted over his shoulders. She screams as she sits precariously over his shoulders. Flailing her arms around trying to balance herself, finding the ceiling just a little too high to reach. She hangs onto his head for dear life with one arm, leaning her shoulders back against the wall, she tries to grip the wall with her other hand.

"Travis! Get me down!" She screams at the top of her lungs.

"Careful Rebecca, you move about too much and I might drop you." There is a distinct air of amusement in his voice.

"You fucking bastard, I'm gonna..."

"What are you going to do, Rebecca? What are you going to do to me?"

Without another word and taking her completely by surprise, he buries his face into her mound. His tongue slides effortlessly between her moistened lips. She feels the now familiar sensation of his muscular organ colliding with her dripping folds. He laps up the juices that have already started to escape from her. Growling as he sucks in her sweet and musky taste, the vibrations ripple across her body making her moan in pleasure.

Skilfully he works his tongue, the tip finding its way to her inflated bud. She grasps onto his head, her sharp nails clawing for grip in his scalp, as her body shakes. Her body is close to exploding when he pushes his tongue deep into her smooth warm cavern. Her lustful cries fill the room, as her pussy walls tighten around the intrusion, pulling him deeper. He tries to retract his head, but it is her turn to growl, as she secures her hold on his head.

"No you fucking don't, not this time, you little cunt!" She rams his head back into her pussy, rocking her hips as much as she can in this unstable position, fucking his tongue.

She had been unsuccessful in the battle to prevent herself from coming during his last assault on her body. She needed to come to feel that incredible pleasure. So this time she had changed tack. If his

game is to try and bring her to the edge and stop before she comes, then she would make sure he wasn't successful and would make damn sure she came.

Travis struggles against her grip on his head. Losing his balance she tumbles from his shoulders and with a thud she lands hard. The dense luxury carpet offering little cushioning from the impact. He turns and grabs a handful of her wet hair, dragging her naked body across the floor towards him, her legs burning from the friction of the carpet.

There is a new darker demonic glint in his eyes that she hasn't seen before. He pulls her head towards his rock hard member, forcing it against her closed lips.

"Open!" he growls. She defiantly locks her lips tight together, not allowing him access to her mouth.

He slaps her hard around the face using the back of his hand, the pain causing her to cry out, sending jolts of hot pleasurable sensations around her body. Before she has chance to close her mouth he forces his engorged manhood deep into her protesting orifice. She chokes and her eyes water as he pushes it deep past her uvula causing her gag reflex to engage.

He shows no mercy as he pushes himself deeper, until he reaches the back of Rebecca's throat. Holding her there with his barbaric grip, she splutters and chokes at the intrusion. Her mind quickly refocuses.

*Ok you fucking piece of shit, if I can't make myself come, then I am sure as hell going to make you shoot your fucking load down my throat,* she thinks as she encloses her mouth around his shaft and sucks him, as he slides himself harshly about her mouth.

Her hands palm his shaven balls as she participates in his fucking of her throat. His groans of pleasure increase as the pace in which he drives his dick into her mouth quickens. Travis tries to withdraw from her mouth; she brings her hands around the back of him, sinking her nails into his firm buttocks, causing him to flinch in pain.

Clamping her mouth shut, her teeth grazing his shaft, applying just enough pressure to cause him to freeze. With him safely immobilized with her teeth, she removes one of her hands from his buttocks, and wipes the glob of her saliva that has dripped from her mouth and is resting on her chin, rubbing it into her finger.

Looking up at Travis, her eyes locked onto his with an evil stare. She takes her finger and slides it between his buttocks, causing him to involuntary push his hips forward. He cries out in pain, as her teeth cut across his shaft. She sheaths her teeth, and sucks him deep into her mouth.

Her finger ruthlessly pushes past his tight sphincter, her saliva offering little lubrication. She slowly sinks her finger deeper into his anal passage, his walls clenching tight around her finger. Slowly she begins to push her finger back and forth against his resistance, increasing the oral assault on his cock. Her other hand comes beneath his sack and gently begins massaging his perineum, causing his grip around her inserted finger to relax.

Her eyes still locked onto the distorted face of Travis, as she delivers the pleasure to his body. Her fingers locate his prostate and she gently begins to massage it, matching the steady pace of her mouth. She moans around his shaft sending vibrations through his body. It's more than he can take, as his body tightens and he thrusts his spurting head deep into Rebecca's throat.

When his twitching member has released it's come down her throat, she allows herself to feel victorious. She removes her finger and lets his slightly softened cock slide from her mouth.

If she had thought, however, that the battle is over, she has seriously underestimated Travis. He wraps his strong fingers around her delicate neck, pressing her wind pipe just enough for her to struggle to breathe unimpeded. He hauls her to her feet causing her already battered throat to gurgle its noises of discomfort.

Flinging her body face down so she is bent over the table, her bosom pressed hard against its wooden surface. Her mind is transported back to her first sexual encounter with Travis, when she had spied him using the blonde's body for his pleasure. In her mind she replayed the scene, watching as his hand struck the blondes porcelain buttocks.

She feels the sharp sting against her own skin, as reality matches her memory. The searing pain causes her to howl.

He continues his hard blows against her reddening cheeks, as he spits out his bestial words.

"You think that's enough to beat me?" she says as he lands another stinging blow.

"It only means I can fuck you harder and longer!" He slaps her cheeks particularly hard, her skin turning a dark shade of red under his palm. He kicks her legs wider; leaning over her body he pulls her hair so her back arches, lifting her body off the table. He brings her ear close to his lips. "And as you seem to be a fan of anal play Rebecca..." He leaves the sentence hanging. His words striking fear into her heart and an intense tingling that shakes the walls of her pussy.

*Fuck! What was I thinking?* Her mind panics.

She had always harboured secret fantasies of anal play, and had sometimes even probed her own finger into her tight hole whilst pleasuring herself, but she is an anal virgin and the prospect of Travis fucking her arse terrifies her.

He grips her hair tighter, his voice barely a whisper, his words cutting to the depths of her soul. "I take it from that reaction that no one has ever had that pleasure. Good, I will enjoy making you my anal slut. Now listen carefully." He emphasizes the last statement by pressing his hardening cock into her cheeks, sliding his head across her tight puckered hole, spreading his already pre-cum covered helmet over its surface.

"You are going to do exactly what I say, when I say it. If you are good, I will go easy on you to start with. Understand?" He licks her neck tasting her perspiration as he waits for her to answer. When she doesn't answer straight away, he grabs her roughly around the throat.

"I said, do you understand?" he snarls, and tightens his grip of her throat.

"Yes!" She cries in a defeated, yet highly excited whimper.

"Good girl. Now spread those cheeks. I want to see your tight slutty ass swallowing up its first ever cock."

She quickly brings her arms behind her back so she can grasp her cheeks and pulls them wide, fully exposing her most intimate parts to the beast that stands behind her. She yelps out of surprise as he spits. His glob of cold saliva landing on her quivering puckered star. Her body tightens in the expectation of him about to drive his cock into her tight hole, but to her surprise he slides himself into her cunt.

"Oh fuck!" The words are out of her mouth without her control.

He pushes in deeper causing her moans to increase, as he stretches out her cunt walls. He begins to slowly grind his hips with his cock buried deep inside her pulsating pussy. Her clitoris being massaged by the table edge. He slowly begins to pick up his pace.

She is losing control and building towards an almighty orgasm, when he pushes his finger past the tight outer ring of her arsehole. She is surprised at how good the intrusion feels. Her nails maul her cheeks as her body starts to work with Travis's strokes.

"Oh, fuck yeah." She screams as he pushes a second finger into her slutty ass. His breathing is



heavy as he prizes his fingers apart against her tight anal walls, stretching her virgin anus ready for what is to come.

He begins to push his fingers deeper inside her, alternating his hard pounds into her dripping cunt with his cock, and the exploration of his fingers into her tight hole. Her body is alive; she shakes, her breathing is so heavy. Her cries are crazed and inhuman. She comes hard, her back arching pushing his fingers and cock deep, she clenches him as her orgasm hits.

Feeling her clench his fingers tight sends him into a deeper frenzy. He removes his cock from her cunt; it glistens with her come and juices, and then he pulls his finger from her arse. Taking his rock hard dick in his hands, he strokes himself, eyeing his prizes he snarls at her.

“Spread them wider.”

In her post orgasmic haze Rebecca follows his commands, pulling her cheeks as wide as she can.

“Now this might hurt a little.” He lines his glistening head to her tight hole. “Try to relax; it will make it slightly less painful.” He tone is amused as he pushes his head against her hole.

“Oh fuck, oh fuck!” She tries to relax her spasming arsehole.

He pulls her closer to him and wraps his arm around her front. He begins to massage her clit. She moans as his fingers dip into her hot pussy, rubbing her nectar across her slit and circling her bud once more.

He gently continues to push his head into the hole of her tight ass, increase the pace of his hand. Until he pushes past her outer ring, she screams as the blazing heat and pain shoots from her arse.

“Arh!” Her fingers break the skin of her buttocks as she clings onto them as he pushes deeper, stretching her walls further than she thought possible.

“Oh fuck, you’re so fucking tight!” Travis groans his voice husky with pleasure.

She shrieks as the burning pain washes through her body. He puts his fingers in her mouth which stifles her cries; she bites down on his fingers, as he pushes further until his cock his buried deep in her virgin ass. Finally he stops, stilling his body completely. He removes his fingers from her mouth.

Rebecca starts to feel her walls relax around Travis enclosed cock, the pain slowly fading, as her body gets used to this new experience.

“I don’t know why I am going to be so generous after your behaviour earlier, but I am going to allow you to touch yourself while I fuck you.”

She releases her bruised and sore cheeks and brings her hands back around to her front, as he takes up hold on her ass cheeks, pulling them roughly apart, so he can see her ring stretched around his dick.

“Ready?” He questions, although he doesn’t wait for her to answer. He begins to withdraw his shaft feeling the resistance as her tight walls grip him.

Rebecca begins to push her fingers into her dripping cunt; she can feel his cock on the other side of her soft wall, thrusting himself back and forth. She feels so dirty, so used yet also more turned on than she ever has felt in her life.

She pulls her dripping fingers from her velvet passage and focuses her efforts on her sensitive clit. Her hands matching his increasing pace, as he ploughs deeper and harder into her slutty ass.

He grips her hips and really starts to plough her deep, loving the sight of her ass cheeks rippling as he pounds into her.

She can’t believe how good it feels, she finds herself screaming at him “Harder.”

“Oh, you like that, do you, slut.” He pulls her body off the table forcing her face down onto the carpet, keeping his cock buried deep inside her. Pinning his knee to her back he snarls “You fucking asked for it!”

He pounds into her arse with a force that she did not know possible. She comes almost instantly, her whole body convulsing, as her pussy gushes it warm fluid onto the carpet below her, but he doesn’t stop, he continues his enraged assault on her body. Growling and grunting with pleasure until his body tightens and he lets out an almighty roar, filling her battered arse with his hot silky come. His body collapses on top of her crumpled body.

Finally when both of their breathing has slowed, he removes his cock from her burning hole. He silently scoops her limp body into his arms and carries her over to the bed, where he gently places her under the covers, before climbing in beside her and wrapping his body around hers. They both drift off into a peaceful sleep.

---

Rebecca wakes early. She gently slips from the encircled arm of Travis. Wrapping one of the sheets around her body she makes her way over to the balcony; opening the door she silently steps out into the cool morning air. The rain shower yesterday had unexpectedly hit, just like the revelation that her Husband had also been having an affair. It had cooled the air offering some light relief from the thick summer heat, but there is no relief to be found in her perturbed mind.

The Sun is just coming up over the horizon in the distance, and it is casting an orange glow across the skies. The light is catching the slight fog causing the city to look like a beautiful watercolour. She wraps the white sheet tighter around her naked body.

“It’s stunning isn’t it?” Travis’s voice comes softly from behind her.

She jumps, as the sound of his voice pulls her back from her spiralling thoughts.

“Yes. Yes it is,” she says, with a heavy heart. “Charles and I had planned to have our honeymoon here. We never got around to it, as the charity work always seemed to get in the way.”

“Hey.” He wraps his arms around her, holding her tightly.

“Don’t do this to yourself. I know what you are like; you can’t blame yourself for this. Come with me, I have ordered us some breakfast. Then I have planned a little surprise for you. Well it’s actually for me; it’s something I have always wanted to do. I think it will be perfect for taking your mind off things before our flight home this evening.”

Turning around she hugs him tightly. “Thank you, I don’t know..”

“Shhh.” He puts his finger to her soft pink lips, stroking his thumb across her jawline; she looks so beautiful wrapped only in the white bed sheet, her light brown hair catching the morning sun, with the back drop of India behind her. He kisses her gently on the lips. She kisses him back deepening the kiss, but he pulls back smiling.

“Oh no you don’t, you cheeky little minx, I’ve told you we have plans. You start kissing me like that and we won’t make it out of this room. Now come on. Eat!”

---

“Do you trust me?” Travis’s voice asks, through the helicopter headphones.

The helicopter touches down on the grassy opening, at the national park just outside of Delhi.

“Do you trust me?” he asks again, as he removes his headphones, and the blades of the helicopter slow down, as the pilot cuts the engine.

“Yes,” Rebecca answers.

There is a real excitement behind his eyes, and he looks younger and more care free than she had ever seen him. His sparkle is contagious and even though she didn't know what he had planned, she found herself feeling excited.

He hands her, her travel blindfold, which he must have taken from the hotel room.

“Get out of the chopper and put this on.” His grin widens.

She does as he says. When she is clear from the helicopter and feels she is able to stand straight, without fear of her head being decapitated from the still slowly spinning blades. She slips the blindfold on, her other sense heightening to compensate.

From the blackness she feels him take her hand and slowly start to guide her, until he stops and with a chuckle says; “Right this is where things get a little tricky.”

“Okay I need to you to do exactly what I say, when I say it,” Travis tells her.

She can't help the dirty smile that spreads across her lips and the small giggle that escapes. Even with the blindfold on he can tell she has a mischievous twinkle in her eyes. He gently whispers in her ear, sending shivers down her spine.

“You were a good girl last night and followed instructions well, look how much fun you had then.”

He guides her with softly spoken words in her ear, and his body pressed close to hers guiding her movements. He leads her up what feels like a very steep set of rickety wooden steep steps, until she is on a small platform. The breeze blows around her, so she knows she is still in the open.

There is a strange smell in the air and a noise that she can't quite place. It's a sort of whooshing sound, like air being blown about, followed by a strange slapping sound. She puzzles over what he is about to make her do.

“Erm. Okay let me think, how shall we do this?” She can tell he is stood scratching his fingers across

his stubbly chin while he thinks.

“Ok, what I am going to do is turn around and face away from you, and you need to climb on my back, like I am giving you a piggy-back ride, and seriously when I tell you to hold on tight Rebecca I mean it, I can’t be dropping you again.”

There is still a small amount of amusement in his voice, probably from remembering his triumphant battle last night. She can also hear something else. It is something she has never heard from him before; uncertainty.

She blindly feels for his shoulders. Putting all her faith in him, she jumps onto his back, and holds on as tight as she can. He turns around, pauses and then steps across unsteadily.

“Okay, slowly, and I mean very slowly, lower yourself down so you’re standing, but stay holding onto me.”

Rebecca’s heart is beating rapidly in her chest, with the fear of not knowing what the hell she is doing, and the feeling of his uneasiness. She gently allows her body to slide from his back, until her feet settle onto something uneven and solid.

“Good girl. Now, I want you to very carefully follow me as I sit down.”

“Can’t I just take the blindfold off now?” she questions.

“Patience, Rebecca. You are always in such a rush; it will spoil the surprise, just a few more moments. Sit with me and then you can take off the blindfold.”

She follows his lead, feeling his body slowly descend, until they are both sat down. Her hands make contact with the thin cloth that must be covering whatever hard object she is sat on.

He lets out a large breath of relief as they both sit. He has a little chuckle to himself as his own fear subsides. Rebecca hears the rattle of what sounds like the wooden steps she had just walked up wheeled away.

“Now?” she pleads. He just laughs at her eagerness to find out what his surprise is.

Suddenly the hard mass she is sat on shifts and moves. She shrieks, as the sensation catches her total off guard. She grabs hold of Travis tightly. He just continues to laugh.

“It seems there are more parallels with last night and this surprise than I thought,” he muses, as she continues to shriek and panic.

“Travis, please!”

“Ok, ok, you can take it off now.” He turns round so he can see her face, as she removes the blindfold.

She eagerly removes the blindfold, and can't help the huge smile that spreads across her face, lighting it up as she realises that the solid, moving mass she is sat on, is an elephant. She clings onto Travis a little tighter however when she looks down and notices how high up she is.

“You like?” he asks.

“Oh Travis, it's a wonderful surprise.” She cuddles him tightly from behind, making him laugh some more.

“This is Sujala and her handler Nitish.”

The surroundings are beautiful; they are in a lush green opening, surrounded by a forest on one side. Sujala the Elephant has been beautifully painted with bright colours and patterns, and the thin cloth beneath her is a brightly coloured embroidered blanket.

Travis shouts down to Nitish. He signals Sujala and she starts to move forward.

They spend a lovely morning being guided around the park, taking in the sights and mainly sitting in a comfortable silence. When they reach an exquisite waterfall, Nitish signals Sujala and she kneels down, allowing Rebecca and Travis to as gracefully as possible slide from the elephant.

“I didn't realise my punishment for my misbehaviour yesterday is continuing today,” Rebecca says, as she turns to Travis.

He has a concerned look on his face as he asks. “Why, aren't you enjoying it?”

“Yes. It is one of the most wonderful things I have ever done. However, did you have to choose to do it the day after last night's events?” She rubs her sore buttocks to further explain.

He can't help but laugh from the depths of his belly. “I will ask Nitish if he has any extra cushioning for you.”

Rebecca goes to say hello to the magnificent beast she has just been riding. She is surprised at how gentle the gigantic creature is. Sujala flaps her ears creating the slapping sound Rebecca had heard earlier, as she feeds her the snack Nitish had given to her. He then leads the elephant away to get a drink, leaving Rebecca and Travis alone to sit on the rocks by the waterfall.

They sit for a long time just watching the water cascade gently down from the rocks above. Listening to the water, lost in thought until Travis breaks the silence.

“What are you going to do?” She can feel the concern through his words.

She lets out a deep sigh. “Honestly, I really don’t know.” She looks up at him.

“I mean it’s not like I can take any moral high ground. I’m as guilty as he is. I do need to apologise to you though; last night, I shouldn’t have blamed you. It was unfair of me. I was angry and, well, it was easy to direct it at you.”

“Apology accepted,” Travis says, as he takes her hand in his.

“There was a point when I did blame you for all of this, but you didn’t create this in me, you just saw something that was already there and brought it out.”

“What are you going to say to Charles?” he questions.

“He doesn’t need to know that I came to India. We will fly home tonight and he never needs to know.”

“Did you mean what you said last night? Would you rather have continued living the lie? If you could go back, would you have waited with the nurse and not heard that conversation?”

Rebecca considers his question before replying, “Honestly, as much as it broke my heart to hear him speak those words, I think I have always known deep down, that the love Charles and I share has never been anything more than that of a great friendship. So I wouldn’t change what I did.”

He squeezes her hand reassuringly.

“When Charles returns home, I will set him free. I know how hard it will be for him to admit to me that he loves another woman. I will end things so he doesn’t have too.”

She picks up a stone and throws it into the pool of water casting ripples across its surface.

“Don’t worry though, this doesn’t mean I want to change our friendship.” She laughs to herself.

“What’s so funny?” he asks.

“If you had told me after that first encounter with you in the kitchens of the manor house, that we would become close friends, I would have never in a million years believed you. I honestly thank you for taking me on this journey. I couldn’t have done this without you.”

“You are welcome.” He smiles and kisses her gently on the forehead.

“That reminds me,” Travis says, as he gets up to retrieve his rucksack. “I bought you a little present yesterday when I visited the market. It is something to remind you of, shall we say the more exciting parts of your trip to India.” He has a sexy smirk on his face, as he pulls the gift wrapped parcel from his bag. He hands the present over.

She eyes him suspiciously, wondering what on earth he could have bought her. She tears open the paper to reveal a beautiful silk covered hard back book. The silk is covered with an intricate Indian pattern; there is no tittle on the book, only a Sanskrit symbol on the front.

She looks up at him, his dirty smirk has grown.

“It’s the Kama Sutra,” he explains as he opens the book to show her. “I thought perhaps you could continue to explore the newly awakened side to yourself.”

Rebecca looks down at the page that is open in the book. She sees a beautifully illustrated and graphic picture of a couple. They are in the position that she had found herself in last night, with the naked woman sat aloft the man’s shoulders, his face buried deep inside her most intimate of parts.

She looks into his dark hazel eyes, conveying the lust she feels growing inside her, the same burning desire she had felt the night before.

Yes Rebecca may be about to go through some extremely emotional and painful times, as her marriage breaks down, but she has also discovered a whole new side of herself, and she is sure she will have many more pleasurable times ahead. She puts the book down, and kisses Travis with a fiery passion. Setting free all the desire she feels.

---



*Thank you so much to anyone that has read my series, I really hope you enjoyed reading it as much as I enjoyed writing it, and if you want to give me any feedback, please do.*

*A very big thank you to anyone that has helped me proof any parts of the series, and last but definitely by no means least, thank you to the very special and dear friend for giving me the inspiration to write this story. Massive Hugs x x x*