

# Rogues Story – Part Four (b) – Absorption

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Published on Lush Stories on 24 Jul 2012

*Part B - Rebecca is being carried up stairs after not swallowing for Travis...*

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

In the distance she hears the telephone ring, but is too overwhelmed with the shock of Travis carrying her upside down up the stairs in his strong arms, that she dismisses it immediately. He kicks open the first door; it's the bathroom. Before he destroys every door in the house, she breathlessly she cries "Down the hall on the right." The blood continues to rush to her head. He flings open her bedroom door and roughly throws her on the bed, crashing on top of her. He savagely rips open the light material of her blouse, exposing her naked chest beneath. He doesn't bother teasing her this time; he is far beyond that point. He needs to feel her. He takes her hard nipple in his mouth. A gasp of pleasure tumbles out of Rebecca's lips. The pleasure shoots down to her clit, with the feel of his lips clamping tightly round her nipple, her body responding to his touch. His other hand comes up and grabs her other breast, pulling it hard. She cries out as her body undulates in pleasure. He pushes her breasts together and takes turns in licking and sucking her nipples. "I want to feel your cock between my tits." She moans, as her hands come over his, massaging her breasts with his hands. He brings his leg over her body so he is straddling her, removing his t-shirt so he is naked. His weight heavily presses down on her, trapping her. He moves in allowing Rebecca to take his cock in her mouth again, her saliva coating it, making it all slippery and ready to plunge between her breasts, as she holds them together. As his cock glides between her breasts, she raises her head allowing her tongue to caress his head each time it slips through her tits. She moves her breast up and down, pulling on her nipples as he pumps hard. She releases his cock from between her breasts and shuffles down the bed, his balls now hanging above her face. Her tongue licks him all over, before she takes his balls completely in her mouth and sucks. She can hear Travis moan with delight as she works him into frenzy, softly humming against his balls increasing his pleasure. He removes himself from her mouth and pins her arms, she cannot move. He has that smirk on his face. Rebecca knows it means he has a plan. A shiver runs through her body with excitement, at the thought of what he might be planning to do to her. "So you think you can tease me and get away with it, do you?" He slides himself down her body, his wet cock trailing down her stomach as he goes. "Well Rebecca, two can play at that game." He lowers his head, planting soft kisses around her navel. She squirms with delight as his soft lips make their way across her body. He torments her, getting closer and closer to the place she yearns to be kissed. Her moans carry the pleasure and anguish she feels inside. Her

vixen fights back. Unable to take the teasing any longer, her hands securely catch hold of his head, pushing him lower, raising her pelvis to meet his face. He cries out in shock and pain, as her nails dig into his scalp. "Taste my juices, you fucking bastard!" She astounds even herself, with the unfamiliar voice that has come from her body. "Oh now you're going to get it." He growls, wrenching her hands off his head. He fixes a domineering stare on her. She freezes, that familiar feeling of terror mixed with the feeling of being so completely turned on returning to her body. He gets up off the bed and looks around the room. She doesn't know what he's looking for; she doesn't care. She cannot take her eyes of the magnificent sight of a passion driven and naked Travis in her marital bedroom. Somewhere inside her she knows she should feel guilty, but how could she with so many other more powerful emotions filling her? He opens the wardrobe door, finding what he wants in there. He takes out three of her silk scarves. He slowly turns to face her, the look in his eyes darkening. He stalks back over to the bed, running them through his hands. Rebecca's body trembles with excitement. Her vixen scurrying back into the shadows, as the barbarian of a man towers over her. Her heart beats out of control from the adrenaline rushing round her body. How had she ever thought she could play this man at his game? He reaches down and takes her arm. Deliberately working slowly, he wraps the first scarf round her wrist. With her body locked, she is helpless, the natural flight or fight responses eluding her. "It's because this is what you want." Travis answers, seemingly being able to read the thoughts in her mind. He reaches over and gently picks up her other arm, wrapping her wrists firmly together. "Raise your arm over your head." His words are soft yet so powerful. She finds her body reacting to his request. He climbs back over her body and ties the end of the scarf to the iron bed frame, kissing her softly as he does. He kisses her deeper and she feels her desire accelerate. She is so lost in the kiss that she does not feel him unzip her pencil skirt. It is not until he has pulled it in down round her knees and she feels the air hitting her drenched panties that she realises what he's done. He kisses his way down her body. Not stopping when he gets to her panties, he kisses over the soft material. She screams out with the contact, pulling against the restraints around her wrists. "Um, you smell so good." He says, as he nuzzles into her mound, his nose pressing into her bud, making her cry out even louder. He takes hold of her panties and peels them slowly down her body, until they are completely removed. He takes hold of her ankle and begins to wrap the second scarf around and secures her leg to the corner post. Moving to the other side he spreads her legs wide and ties her other ankle with the remaining scarf. She lies there bare, spread and totally under his control. She struggles against the restraints but soon realises that it's useless. He slowly and deliberately walks round the bed. Rebecca's eyes are wide, with a mixture of fear and excitement. He takes one of the pillows from the bed. She panics wondering what he's going to do. Visions of him placing the pillow over her face enter her mind, but he walks to the end of the bed. "Lift that fine arse up off the bed." She struggles to raise herself against the restraints but manages enough so that he can slip the pillow under her. He climbs between her legs, and meticulously kisses up the inside of her each of her thighs, deliberately stopping short each time. She wants to thrash about with the building frustration she is feeling. The restraints hold her tight. After what feels like an eternity of kisses all over her body, he relents and runs his tongue up her glistening and moist lips.

She cries out, a sound almost inhuman. The pleasure jolts through her. Her body lifts from the bed. The frustration she'd been feeling pours out, only to be replaced by this new feeling of gratification. She is caught in the up draft of lust, as his tongue works her higher and higher, taking her closer and closer to that beautiful place which she had been dreaming of. He has whisked her to the brink and she knows, just a few more strokes of his tongue and she will be there. Travis takes his revenge and revokes the pleasure he is giving. Rebecca's eyes start to come back into focus from her close encounter and she can see that Travis must have the same look on his face, as the one she had given him earlier. She now understands the game he was playing, and knew he would keep taking her to the edge, until she begged him for mercy, pleading with him to let her come. Rebecca's vixen comes out from its hiding place, concealing itself in the shadows, so as not to be seen, whispering softly to the darkest parts of her mind; "If he wants to play that game, don't make it easy for him. Make him work for it." Time after time he brings her to the edge, using his tongue and fingers to expertly work her body into a frenzy. With each ascent her body tightens, the pressure building inside, threatening to explode at any moment. Her throat feels raw, as her cries grow louder. Tears stream down her face. Inside her mind is fighting to keep control, screaming at her to not give into to him. Her resolve is no match for him. As he plunges his fingers deep inside her velvety soft passage, his tongue flicking over her sensitive bud, she can no longer resist the urge to let go. "Please!" Her plea, a hoarse expression of the deliverance from the self-torment she has been causing herself. "Please what Rebecca?" "Please, oh please, let me come, please I need to come!" Travis has a devilish look in his eyes. He comes up and kisses Rebecca firmly on the lips. She can taste her own sweet excitement. Still locked in his kiss, she feels his fingers slide into her soaked pussy. Dragging his fingers back, he hits a point inside her that has never been touched before. Her body goes ridged, unable to make a sound, as all the air had been expelled from her lungs, with one large exhale. The pleasure hits her like a wave crashing against rocks. He repeats the motion and the game is up, she is lost. Spiralling out of control, she comes harder than she ever thought possible. She bucks around as much as the restraints will allow, as the orgasm tears around her body, unrelenting. Her juices gush out from within her, as Travis removes his fingers, leaving her feeling empty. Her mind and body is spent. She could quite easily close her eyes and fall into a deep sleep. Travis however has other plans, slapping her round the face, bringing her out of her post orgasmic haze. "Don't you dare go to sleep; I need you conscious for what I have in mind next." He moves to untie her from the registrants. "Get up off the bed." He orders. She stiffly slides herself off the bed, gravity taking effect and expelling what was left of her sweet nectar down her legs. "Now Rebecca, let's find out just how flexible you are? Turn around facing away from me, then bend over and touch your toes." She does as she's told. Thankful for all the Pilates classes she's taken. She can easily bend herself over and rest's her palms flat on the floor, steadying herself for what she knows is about to come. He lines himself up, teasing his head around her drenched hole. He slides his tip inside her, pulling her cheeks apart, lifting her so she has to stand on her toes to allow him to slide deep inside her, his pace exacting as he drives himself further inside her. She doesn't know how much time passes, as he bangs her hard from behind. She comes again, gripping his cock hard as his punishing pace continues. Just as she feels

she is unable to maintain the position she is in, he pulls out of her sloppy, saturated pussy. He grabs the pillow, throwing it on the floor at the side of the bed. "Since you've proved how flexible you can be, I thought I would take advantage." His tone is serious. He tells her to lie down with her head on the pillow. He grabs her legs lifting them straight up, so she is balanced on her shoulders. He brings her legs over her head, pulling her legs wide apart. "What the hell is he going to do with me like this?" She thinks to herself, her chinned forced between her breasts in this contorted position. He moves so he is facing over her, spreading his legs so he is stood directly above her exposed holes. He plunges his hard cock deep vertically down into her pussy, groaning as she swallows up his full length. He leans over the bed to steady himself, then starts fucking her hard. She has never felt penetration like it. From this angle she has a full view of his cock sliding back and forth inside her. She can see her juices glisten as he pounds deep into her. Rebecca reaches climax again, her tight pussy gripping him like a vice. With her pussy still pulsating with aftershocks, he removes himself and picks her up off the floor, carrying her and placing her back on the bed. He massages her sex-battered body, and looks down at this incredible woman, who had captivated him, astounding him with the amount of fight she had shown, before giving herself to him. He easily slides himself back inside her, surprised at how wet she still is after the hammering he'd given her already. Once he is deep inside her he stops, not moving. He can still feel the faint pulse of her walls. He whispers in her ear; "Your cunt belongs to me now." He feels her tighten around his cock, as her body reacts to his words. He starts to slowly move back and forth inside her. "You're my dirty little slut." His pace increases. "Say it. I want to hear you say it." He demands. She stares deep into his eyes, as he masterfully pounds deep into her cunt. "Yes, Yes, I'm your dirty little slut." As the words leave her lips he cums deep inside her, filling her with his seed. He collapses down on top of her, his breathes are heavy. He stays there until his breathing calms. He rolls off her, but she keeps her arms wrapped round his neck, not wanting to let go. Their naked bodies pressed against each other in an embrace, they both fall to sleep. She wakes in the morning, she stretches out her arms and feels an empty space besides her. The sunlight is streaming through the open curtains, casting the room a sunny glow. "Well I guess this is how it's going to be." She thinks, as she rolls over onto the empty side of the bed, where Travis had been sleeping. She rests her head against the cool pillow and smiles to herself. She replays last night's events in her head. Her reverie is disturbed when she hears a noise from downstairs in the kitchen. Grabbing her dressing gown to cover her naked body, she puts it on causing her to wince as her body feels like it had been hit by a train. She hurries down to the kitchen and is shocked to see Travis stood at the stove, in an apron, cooking breakfast. "Sorry, I didn't mean to wake you. I'm a little out of practice, and well things haven't been going to plan." He shows her the pan containing some burnt unknown content. "Travis, what are you doing?" "Well trying to cook breakfast. Listen, sit down and let me get you a coffee." He ushers her to a seat at the breakfast bar, and pours her a drink. "I just thought, you never did answer my question about how you are feeling, so I thought we could discuss it over breakfast." She picks up the mug of coffee and inhales the beautiful aromas, weighting up how she was feeling and how to put it into words. "Travis last night was amazing; I have never felt anything like it. I didn't even know it was possible to feel like that." She puts down the mug and

squarely looks at him. "If you're asking me if I feel guilty for feeling like that? No, I don't. That might be wrong, and make me a bad person. I can't change the way I'm feeling. Believe me I have tried."

Travis switches off the stove and joins her sitting at the breakfast bar. "If you are worried that I'm going to want to leave my husband to be with you, don't flatter yourself, its only sex." The relief on Travis face cant be disguised. Rebecca notices a flashing out the corner of her eye and releases there are several messages on the answer machine. She takes her coffee in hand and gets up, pressing the playback button on the machine. The monotone voice recording plays back; "You have two new messages. First message, left yesterday at 8.45 PM" "Rebecca, its Charles. Are you there? Pick up if you're there." His voice sounds quiet and distant and there is a lot of static on the line. She can just make out what he is saying. She remembers back to the previous night, hearing the phone ring, as Travis carried her up the stairs. The message continues; "I really need to speak to you urgently." The speaker crackles loudly and the message ends. Rebecca feels her heart begin to race, as the panic starts to rise. "Second message left yesterday at 8.53 PM" Her husband's voice plays out through the speaker. Even through the static, she can hear the fear in her husband's words. "Rebecca dear, I really didn't want to do this over the...." The message cuts off for a second as the loud static sounds ring around the kitchen. The rest of the message is just a series of broken words played over the backdrop of static. She manages to pick up a few words. With every new word the fear consumes her heart. "...Massive Floods.....Overnight Flight....Assam.....Must help..." With that the line went dead. The mug of coffee Rebecca's holding falls from her hand, crashing down to the floor, splashing its contents all over, but she doesn't stop to look at the mess. She rushes to the television, quickly switching it on to the morning news, her heart sinking as the pretty reporter reads the headlines. "Officials have reported almost one million people in the north-eastern state of Assam; have been forced to leave their homes due to extreme flooding caused by heavy monsoon rains that have been battering Assam for the past fortnight. Twenty-one of 27 districts have been inundated by flood waters, reports say at least 27 people have died in flood-related incidents; five of them drowning after their boat sank in a swollen river. The death toll is expected to rise." Rebecca's ears can no longer take in the words, her eyes are locked onto the screen showing pictures of families stranded on straw roofs of their house, the surging waters of the Brahmaputra inundating the village, washing away everything — from houses and belongings to standing crops. Travis comes up behind her, placing his arm round her to support the visibly sagging woman. She pushes him off, furious at his contact. The feelings of guilt that she had just been so firmly exclaiming were not present, wash through her like the flood waters. To be continued..... With a very big thanks to all that have been helping me with the technical side of my writing x x