

Rogues Story - Part One - The Awakening

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A woman desire awakened by a wicked man.

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Rogues Story – Part One -The Awakening This story couldn't have been written without one man, you know who you are! She quickly turns the ornate gold tap in the opulent ladies room of the country house, and grabs a handful of paper towels that were neatly placed next to the expensive hand creams and lotions, she begins to dab the red wine stain on her new cream evening dress. "This isn't going to come out, that stupid oaf of a man." She wishes she could have let loose and tell him what she thought of him, for being so drunk and obnoxious. "No, I did the right thing biting my tongue," she thinks as she reminds herself; "That stupid oaf was also very wealthy and prepared to donate a large sum of money to my husband's charity." She hated these stupid events that her husband would come up with, and then leave for her to organise, while he swans off round the world with his charity work. She shakes her head to quickly dismisses the thought, how could she be mad at a man that just wanted to help people that couldn't help themselves. "I'll have to change and get this in soak or it will be ruined," she decides as she turns off the running tap and quickly dries her hands. The country house rooms were filled with guests for the fundraisers, so she and her husband were staying in one of the small cottages set back from the main house. She sticks her head round the huge wooden door that leads into the grand dining room, which is filled with men and woman in expensive attire, sipping champagne, and discussing the state of parts of the world they have never even visited. She scanned around the room, and sees her husband stuck in a corner listening intently to a man, she wasn't sure who it was, as all these pompous lot looked the same to her. She wasn't used to the life that money and status brings, as that was not the life she came from before they moved to the area when she was a teenage girl. There was no point in telling her husband where she was going as he probably wouldn't notice she was missing anyway. She often slipped away from these things when all the rich talk got too much and she needed some air. She walked through the grand hallway, past paintings of faces of people she didn't know, and into the even grander entrance, with its highly polished marble walls and floor, past the table with the biggest flower arrangement she had ever seen in the middle. As soon as she got through the oak doors and into the warm summers night, she gave out a huge sigh, she always felt suffocate in buildings like that. She wandered round the paths that lead to the cottages; "Lucky I couldn't decide what to wear and bought a spare dress," she thinks as she pulls the clinging wet fabric of her dress away from her skin, inspecting the size of the stain. She was lost in

thought, thinking when she would get chance to get the dress to the cleaners, when she neared the tiny picturesque cottages surrounded by trees with thick green foliage, that where lightly lit by the full moon in the sky. As she walks past the picket fence of the cottage adjoining there's, she stop abruptly as a sound of woman's moan comes loudly out the open window of the cottage. She freezes on the spot, like stone, holding her breath, she listens with just the sound of the trees gently blowing and the sound of her increased heart beat in her ears. "She sounded like she was in pain?" A voice in her head pipes up. "Should I go and see?" Slowly she turns and walks towards the gate, just as she is opening the wooden gate, hoping it doesn't squeak as loud as there's does, the moan comes again. It's louder this time, but it's mixed with the sound of pleasure. Maybe she should just turn around and go, but the voice in her head scold's her; "What if she is in pain and you just leave her." "Yes, I should just have a peak in the window to check she's okay," with that she quietly creeps up the stone path towards the open window. Her heart increasing in speed with every step she takes. She gets to the window and peeks round to see into the room, and a small gasp escapes her lips at the sight of what's in front of her. The room is the same as there's with low ceilings with wooden beams, and a huge open fire place, with two armchairs facing the fire. Behind the sitting area there is a large wooden dining table. That is where she can see the woman, she is laid face down over the table, and is wearing a beautiful emerald green silk halter dress, but the straps around her neck have been untied, and she can see her small white breast pushed hard against the wooden surface of the table. Behind her stands a man, her view of him is obscured by the angle at which she is looking through the window. From what she can see he is tall and well built, he is in a black evening suit and is stood over the woman. She slowly moves so she can get a better view, all the while terrified that she might be spotted. She should go, she shouldn't be spying on them, but she finds that she can't move, like her brain has stopped talking to her legs, her feet rooted to the spot, her eyes wide at the sight in front of her. She notices that the man has got the woman by her long blonde hair; "Oh no, maybe he is hurting her," but then she looks at the woman's face, yes there is pain in her face but then something else. The man speaks and she knows for sure who that voice belongs to, she would never forget that voice. "You like that don't you," he growls, his voice sounding rougher and more primal than it had before. He bends over her bringing his head down to kiss her from her neck, right the way down her back. Now that he had moved she can see his face, as she stands outside the window, transfixed by the look in his dark brooding eyes as his lips descends her body. Stood watching this scene something awakens inside her, and she can feel a flame ignite deep within her. Her mind is transported back to their first meeting, earlier that day at the welcoming brunch. She had been in the staff kitchens, having a heated discussion with matradee about the number of waiting staff that they had supplied for the evenings fundraisers. "I organised this with you months ago, how do expect us to cater for a party of a hundred of the most affluent guest, with only a handful of serving staff!" she rubs her temples to try and subside the dull ache that had started in her head. "If you don't sort it, I will be speaking to the manager, and perhaps we will use another venue for our next event." Just at that moment a tall, dark haired and well-dressed man strode into the kitchen, followed by one of the serving staff. "Guest aren't allowed back here," the girl worriedly says as she follows him into the

kitchen. He turned round and stops the girl in her tracks with one simple steely look; she visibly shrinks in front of this imposing man. "That's okay Mary, please can you go and continue to serve coffee to the guest," the matradee scowls at the young serving girl, who flushes and quickly turns and heads out of the kitchen. "Mr Johnson, what can I do for you?" he says in his heavily French accent. He addresses the matradee, with a cool authoritative voice, that sends chills through her body. She is extremely annoyed that this man, who has interrupted her conversation, and hasn't even had the common decency to acknowledge that she is stood there. He wasn't even supposed to be here, it was only due to Lady Ellington falling off her horse and being unable to attend, that he had been asked at the last minute to take her place. "I wanted to check what wines you were serving with the tonight's meal, last time I stayed here, you served what you must class as a decent vintage, but for a man of my tastes, it simple wasn't good enough." He glares at the man, who scurries away to find the menu for later. "For a man of my taste," she is astonished at this man's audacity. She turns to the Mr. Johnson and holds out her hand in way of introduction; "I'm Mrs. Williams, the organiser of this event," her hand is left hanging in the air, "I know who you are Rebecca," he coolly states then turns and walks towards the direction that matradee has gone. Her blood boils, as she follows him, "If you have any questions about tonight, you can ask me," she says unable to keep the irritation from her voice. He instantly stop and turns to face her, with the same look he had used to intimidate the young serving girl. She holds her ground, straightens her shoulders and matches the intense gaze to this infuriating man. They stand for a second in deadlock; both with an angered looked on their faces. A small smirk appears on his face. "Well, from the sounds of things your organisational skills leave a lot to be desired, and I am the sort of man that likes to sort things for myself, so if you don't mind," and with that he turns and walks away from her, leaving her stood alone in the kitchens with a dazed look on her face. She is suddenly brought back to the present with the sound of smack coming from the room of the cottage, followed by a low carnal moan from the woman's lips. Rebecca anxiously moves to get a closer look, feeling slightly perverse for observing the scene in front of her. She watches Mr Johnson as he rubs his hand gently over the woman's now bare buttocks, before raising his hand and bringing it back down, smacking loudly on the woman's behind, her body jolts with his blow, and writhes around, her body naturally trying to escape the cause of pain. Rebecca expects the woman to try and fight free from his grasp, but to her surprise when she looks at the woman, she has a huge look of delight on her face. The man's expression suddenly changes, and for a second Rebecca is panic stricken thinking that she has been spotted, but he continues to rain blows down hard on the woman's buttocks, her screams of delight increasing with each blow. Abruptly he stops, and orders the woman to stand up and remove her dress. Rebecca quickly crouches down, thankful for the over grown plants that surround the window, giving her cover. "What am I doing, I can't watch this," her mind berates her, but she doesn't move. Sex with her husband had always been a matter of her marital duty, he had been the only man she had ever known, and she had never really found it pleasurable. Her mother's words of advice on her wedding day spring in her mind. "Just lie back and think of England sweetheart, it will be over before you know it." She had of course been right, as she shudders of the memory of her new husbands attempt at making love to her for the first time. The

woman inside the room, is now stood with her back to the window facing him, she slowly lets her dress fall to the floor, revealing her pale slender body. "Good Girl," he tells the woman. Rebecca is shocked that the woman had not been wearing any underwear below the dress, and can now clearly see the dark pink hand prints that contrast heavily to her smooth ivory skin. He takes a step towards her and kisses her with a passion that Rebecca has never seen before, and it does something strange to her insides, the heat she felt earlier returns full force, as her insides pulsates, her breathing becoming shallow and rapid. His hands greedily move over her body, while her hands travel down to his zip of his suit trousers. She unzips his trousers letting them fall to the floor. Rebecca ducks down and puts her head in her hands, can she really watch this? She feels so dirty and naughty, but it's like there is a magnetic force pulling her, she wants to watch. She slowly raises herself so she can peek back through the window. The man now has the woman laid flat on the polished wooden table; he has removed his boxer shorts, but still has his crisp white shirt, with black dinner jacket on. He is ploughing into the woman with a force; Rebecca did not know was possible. She had never seen anything so arousing in her life, she has a sudden uncontrollable urge to touch herself, and as if someone else has taken over her body, her hand reaches down and touches her now sensitive lady area, she gently caress herself through the fabric of her dress, her eyes not once moving from this powerful man, as he masterfully pounds deep into woman, who is unravelling beneath him. Rebecca is lost and staggered by the thoughts running through her head, as the pace of her hand increase, to match that of his thrusts. She thinks the woman is close to orgasm as her cries increase in volume, and her body convulses with pleasure. Unexpectedly he stops, pulls out the woman revealing his thick but averagely lengthen member, a gasp escapes Rebecca's lips, as she quickly dives down and hides from view. From her hiding place, she can hear Johnson answer his phone, which must have been on vibrate in his jacket pocket. His voice is cold and angry as he answers the phone. "Johnson. What is it?" his voice grows louder and Rebecca realises he must be walking towards the window. "Shit!" she whispers as she presses herself as close and flat as she can under the open window. "I don't care, just sort it." Johnson growls to whoever is on the other end of the line. "No, call me when it's done, now if you don't mind I'm in the middle of something," his voice has changed and there's an air of amusement in his voice. He must have ended the call and walked back towards the woman; Rebecca heard him say something to her but couldn't make out what he has said. With the fear of nearly being caught racing round her body, she quickly but quietly gets up from her position under the window, and hurries down the path, and to the safety of her cottage next door. After she composed herself and got changed into her other dress, she tries to push the thoughts of what she had seen to the farthest backs of her mind, not wanting to face the feelings that had stirred in her watching him fuck that woman. She shocks herself at the thought, she very rarely uses bad language, but there simply was no other words to describe what he was doing to her, what he may still be doing to her beyond the walls of her cottage. She quickly checks her reflection in the full length mirror of the bathroom, her cheeks are flushed and she has bits of plant in her long brown hair, she quickly splashes cold water on her face, and fixes her hair. "Pull yourself together woman," she says to herself out loud, surprised at how shaky her voice sounds. "No, you will not let that egocentric man

effect you like this,” and with that she straightens herself up and heads back to her husband. She managed to avoid Mr Johnson for most of the evening, until her husband introduced them at the after dinner drinks, thankfully the woman in the green dress was nowhere to be seen, as she didn't think she could look her in the eye, after seeing what she had. “Rebecca dear, let me introduce you to Travis Johnson, he very kindly offered to donate for my up and coming trip to India, and thank you once again for stepping in at the last moment.” “Mrs Williams,” Travis takes her out stretch hand and lowers his head and gently kiss her on the back of her hand. The feeling of his soft lips on her skin sends shocks through her body; she pulls her hand back in surprise, hoping neither her husband nor Travis had noticed her reaction. “Mr Johnson, I hope everything with tonight's meal was to your liking?” she says referring to their earlier confrontation in the kitchens. “Please call me Travis,” his voice is soft, and he looks deeply into her eyes, which takes her aback. He then turns to her husband and questions him further on his trip to India. Rebecca stands once again staring in a daze at this man, “How could he be so aggressive and make her blood boil, then in the next breath, do something to her inside that makes her melt?” For the next couple of months, she managed to busy herself organising her husband's trip to India, and had managed to put the thoughts of Travis and what she's witnessed to the back of her mind for the most part. She lay looking up at the ceiling, “I packed his case, and have ordered all his paperwork in his travel bag, and he has the contact numbers of the people he's staying with when he gets there.” She was sure she had done everything. A vision of Travis's face with those deep burning eyes flash into her head, but she quickly pushes it away, trying to busy her mind with other things. “That ceiling needs repainting, it hasn't been done for a while,” she thinks and makes a mental note on her things to do list. With that her husband groans loudly and rolls off, from his position on top of her. She quickly pulls down her nightdress and rolls over and closes her eye, still pushing the images of Travis from her mind, “No,” she thinks “I have to be up early in the morning to run my husband to the airport, so he can go help the world, I needs to go to sleep. “ “Well, when is your flight being moved too?” she shakes her head and wonders how this day could get any worse. “Charles, the auction is tomorrow night, it's taken me months to organise, while you've been in India. If you're not back in time I will have to find someone else to do it, and I already have a hundred and one other things to sort.” Her phone beeps indicating she has a call waiting. “Listen Charles I have to go, I've been waiting for the venue to call me back all morning, and this might be them on the other line, have a safe flight and I'll see you soon.” With that she hangs up and presses her phone to retrieve her other call. “Rebecca Williams, can I help?” she stops the small doodle she is doing on the pad next to the phone, when the voice at the other end of the line starts to speak. “Rebecca, its Travis Johnson.” He is using his soft voice, and tingles roll down her spine and the hairs on her body stands on end. “Travis, can I help?” happy that her voice had not given away the feelings she had inside. “I have a special interest in a piece in tomorrow's auction, I wanted you to come and give me a private tour of the items before anyone else sees them.” She can tell that he is smiling at the other end of the line. “And pray tell Mr Johnson, why would I want to do that?” “Please Rebecca call me Travis, I think we are far beyond formalities,” the sound of him saying her name, so soft and sensual it starts that desire deep inside her. “How did he do that?” she thinks to herself, one minute he makes her feel like

she can't stand the man, then in the next breath he can completely take those feelings away. She was just about to question him on what he meant by "Beyond Formalities", but he had continued to speak and she had been lost in her thoughts. "So you'll come and meet me now?" he questions. She's feeling a little lost by the thoughts and feelings that have appeared from nowhere, like this phone conversation. "Yes" she finds herself agreeing before her brain has chance to think about the implications of those three letters. With that he hangs up without another word. "Why did I agree to do this?" she questions herself as she pulls through the ostentatious iron gates. As she drives up the long drive of yet another country house, she replays the phone conversation over and over in her head. The same two words repeating, "Beyond formalities" what did he mean? She didn't have long to wait, as she pulled up under the portico, getting out of her car and handing the keys to the valet. Travis meets her in the hallway, and they exchanged polite pleasantries. She wants to get this over and done with, and quickly ushers him into the display room, where all the items for the auction were being held, in glass presentation cases. The room was dimly lit, with the plush curtains drawn too; the walls were covered in decoratively carved wooden panels, which only made the room feel darker and smaller than it probably was. "So Mr... Travis," she corrects herself. "What is it that you're interested in looking at?" "You seem a little tense Rebecca?" he huskily says as he slowly walks round so he is stood in front of her. "Have I done something to bother you?" he questions looking deep into her eyes. She flushes as the image of his hands smacking down on an ivory buttock replays in her mind, she looks down at the floor, unable to hold his eye contact. "You could have asked one of the staff from the house to show you the collection, you didn't have to drag me down here" she says as she turns to walk towards the display case. "I wasn't aware I had dragged you here," he follows her to the first case. She quickly changes the subject by explaining as much as she possibly could about the antiques in the first case. "This Greek amphora was donated by an unknown source, it depicts a battle scene," she rambles on. "As interesting as this jug is, it's not what I came to see," he says. "What is it I can show you then?" she turns and is shocked by how close he is. "I believe you have a riding crop, used by Robert Everett in the 1929 Grand National?" the tone in his voice had changed, and was nearly just a whisper. "Yes," her voice matching his. She walks around the display case they are stood by, and to the other end of the room, where the smaller singular display case stands, with the crop taking centre stage. She is acutely aware that her legs have turned to jelly, and she has to concentrate really hard at putting one foot in front of the other. "So you have an interest in horses?" she questions trying to break the atmosphere she could feel building in the room. "No, my interest in this object doesn't have anything to do with horses," he smirks. "But I think you already knew that, didn't you?" He challenges. She looks up at him in shock, scanning his face trying to understand what he was talking about. "Why that's the same look on your face, as that night you watched my show in the cottage." Her face goes ashen, as the realisation that he had seen her, "Oh god," she thinks, how long had he known she was there? She leans back against the case, to support herself as her legs further feel like they will buckle beneath her. "Why so shy? You sure couldn't tear your eyes away at the time." she flushes even more, feeling naughtier than she had ever done. A feeling of shame filling her. "You enjoyed watching me fuck that whore didn't you!" he steps closer so she can feel his warm

breath on her face, and it is then that she realises she is holding her breath. "I'm sorry," she stutters, not quite sure what else she can say. "I thought she was in pain," she stops as the dirty smirk on his face appears. "Oh she was, but no more than what she likes. Did you enjoy watching?" he takes a step closer pinning her to the case. He leans in slowly, she thinks he is going to kiss her, and once again her breath goes shallow. Instead he lowers his head and brings his lips so they lightly brush her ear, and gently whispers; "I saw you touching yourself, so I know you enjoyed watching. Did you wish it was you laid on that table?" he pulls away slightly and looks her deep in the eyes. She holds his all-consuming gaze; the heat of the room feeling like it had gone up by several degrees in a second. Her heart was beating so fast, she was sure you could see it beating through her chest. The heat in her cheeks and face increase at the same pace as the heat between her legs, she closes her eyes and allows the sweet feeling of pleasure to wash over her body. How could he have this effect over her body without even touching her, with just his words and that look in his eyes? She opens her eyes and is surprised to see that he is no longer standing in front of her, but has moved round to the back of the case, and has removed the crop from the display. He deliberately, and slowly walks back round the case, holding the crop so its leather end glides across the glass of the case, until he is once again in front of Rebecca, the crop gently tickling her chest as he lightly rests it against her. He leans in, once again sending shocks through her body, and whispers; "I am going to win this crop in the auction, and when it's mine to do as I wish with," the cheeky grin returning to his face. "You're going to let me use it on you." His voice is so light and celestial, which is so contradictory to the words he is saying. Rebecca feels bewildered by the simultaneous feelings of lust and desire, mixed with outrage for this inexplicably infuriating man. But she is unable to speak; she is lost in his dark brooding eyes, staring back at him she can see the depths of his desire, the animalism and pure passion, and like a hypnotist she could feel him drawing those feelings out from deep within her. Something behind her eyes changed, like someone had just flicked a switch on inside her releasing her salacious side that she had not known existed. Her body alive, every nerve ending in her body alight. In that moment she was his. "Good girl," he praises, and her insides somersault sending tingles everywhere. "Yes," she murmurs. In a flash he withdraws the look from his eyes, like the floor beneath her has been pulled away, the spell is broken. "Right, well that's good," he states like he were talking to one of his business associates, as he walks back round the case, placing the crop back into position. "I look forward to seeing you tomorrow, thank you for your time Rebecca." With a knowing smile on his face she turns and walks out of the room, leaving her stood alone. To be continued in part two
Captivated.....