

# The Revelation Blog

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*Raquel was not the only one with a secret*

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Raquel sat in her cubicle, staring blankly at the wall and contemplating the best action to take. She feared her adventures were becoming an out of control addiction. She feared Mitchell, her loving and supportive husband, would be heart broken to hear her tales of infidelity. She never meant for any of this to happen. Evelyn understood. Perhaps, Mitchell would understand.

She was shaken from her trance by the familiar buzzing noise in her purse. A text message from Mitchell reading, 'sad news - need 2 talk 2 u 2nite.' Did he know? Did Todd and Evelyn tell him about their escapades? She cursed her body for finding its pleasure center and exposing it to the world. She even cursed Mitchell for unlocking this urge deep inside her. She cursed her best friends, Todd and Evelyn, for taking advantage of her weakness. Finally, she sunk into a deeper depression, knowing it was her fault in the end. Her body had betrayed her. She prayed Mitchell would understand. Her heart had always belonged to him. Her sense of dread multiplied with each passing minute as the clocked crept closer and closer to quitting time.

The drive home was no better. How would she bring up 'I accidentally slept with your best friend and then, a few days later, let his wife ravage my pussy before I tasted her.' There was no easy way to say what needed to be said. Even worse, would she have to admit that she loved every second of it? Mitchell had always encouraged her to take ownership of her sexuality. He wanted her to know she was sexy. Once Raquel had this massive realization, she had no idea what the consequences would be. She was not prepared for the adventures her body had taken her on over the last couple weeks. She knew Evelyn was eager to get Todd and Mitchell in the same room and put on a show with her. She hoped this would be a good consolation prize for her husband. She did not want her dishonesty to break down what she held most dear. Her marriage was the foundation of her life.

She pulled into the driveway of their modest home. Raquel opened the front door and the kids were at the dining room table. The boys greeted her in unison with excitement. She kissed them each on the forehead as Mitchell entered from the kitchen.

"You are just in time," Mitchell said, "Dinner is ready!"

He kissed her and flashed his million dollar smile. She smiled back and took her seat. She was in a daze. Her eyes focused on Mitchell. The way he moved, his muscled frame, his kind and gentle nature. Raquel loved everything about him. The boys brought her back to reality as they chirped about their day at school. She loved family time. The highlight of Raquel's day was always her boys tales of what happened at school. Mitchell joined them at the table after giving the boys their milk. They chatted and had a wonderful meal. Raquel soaked it all in, fearful nothing would ever be the same after tonight. The rest of the evening was a blur. She floated between her issues and each tender family moment. She wanted to enjoy everything, just in case she had done irreparable damage to her family. As the clock neared 9 pm, she sat on the couch with her boys enjoying a cartoon.

Mitchell entered the living room and bellowed, "Alright! Good night kisses for Mommy and it's time for bed!"

The boys sighed simultaneously, "AWWWWW!" They each pecked Raquel on the cheek and wrapped her in their arms. They said good night and marched to bed.

Mitchell leaned down, "I got the kids. I ran you a hot bath. You looked stressed, babe." She nodded in agreement.

"Go enjoy yourself. I'll be upstairs when you are finished so we can chat," he said.

One more peck on the lips and Mitchell made his way to check on the boys and tuck them in. Raquel made her way to the bathroom to find a steamy tub of bubbles. She was really feeling guilty now. She dropped her dress and undergarments. She dipped her toes into the hot water, adjusting to the temperature before sinking in to the tub. The smell of the bubbles told her Mitchell had put her bath beads in the water. How did he always know exactly what she needed? The aromatherapy beads and bubbles wouldn't make her confession any easier but it was twenty minutes of relaxation she desperately needed.

After a sufficient soaking, she rose and washed the bubbles from her body. She reveled in the softness of her own skin as she toweled the water from her sizable breasts. She ran the towel up and down her legs and quickly shaved the tuft of hair from her womanhood as the tub drained. She felt relaxed as she had given up on fighting the fate that awaited her.

She made her way up the stairs and entered the bedroom her and Mitchell had shared for so long. He lay on the bed, wearing his black boxer briefs. They were her favorite. They hugged his form and left little to the imagination. The laptop was open in front of him and the light highlighted the bulge in his crotch. He appeared to be half hard, but Raquel quickly dismissed thinking about these lusty thoughts

at a time like this. Mitchell's eyes found hers.

"You can drop that towel and join me here," he said as he sat up and opened his legs. He patted the space between his legs, signaling for her to cuddle up next to him. "You know our favorite blog. It's ending. This is the last entry. I'm so bummed," Mitchell said.

Raquel stood next to the bed, still wrapped in her towel, and spoke, "That's the sad news? I don't think I'm in the mood for it tonight, honey."

Six months ago, they were surfing the web together one night. This was the beginning of her sexual awakening. Raquel wasn't quite ready for hardcore porn, so Mitchell found a blog where a married couple posted their sexual adventures. It started off quite innocent and became increasingly more adventurous. Raquel had gotten into it because the couple seemed to go through much of the same issues her and Mitchell had. The husband had many sexual experiences and the wife was just learning. She was full of fear but as she overcame her hurdles, it emboldened Raquel and helped her clear her own hurdles. They had spent many a night, reading from the blog and making slow passionate love. Often, Mitchell would slide into her from behind while she read aloud. They would climax with the couple in the blog as Raquel would read the authors passionate words.

Mitchell reached for her, tugging at her towel. "C'mon, it's the last one. I promise after we read it, we can talk about anything you want. I know you want to know how it ends."

Reluctantly, she agreed and took a seat between his legs. His back was against the headboard and his legs around her. She nuzzled her bare ass against the hardening lump in his boxers and placed the computer in front of her. He grazed his fingers up her thighs and placed little soft kisses on the back of her neck. She could hear him inhale deeply, admiring the scent of her skin from the hot bath he had ran for her.

"Go ahead. Read it out loud," he urged. He kissed at the small beads of water left on her shoulders and began to massage her back.

Raquel began, "Hello everyone. This is a sad post for it will be our last. We have had many adventures and it has been fun sharing them with you. We always get off on your sexy comments. However, tonight's details will not cover our last crazy adventure. I want to tell how we make love, something only a husband and wife can do."

The passion filled nature of the words rang in her ear. Raquel needed love right now, not lust. Memories of the past blogs flew through her mind. They had also gotten off together many times reading the comments people left. They had wondered, like many others, what the couple looked like.

Raquel had got the courage up to ask at one point. She didn't want to post a regular comment, afraid she would look like a creeper. She sent an email to the 'Contact us!' address at the bottom of the page once. She was pleased to get an email back with a detailed description of the couple. They were regular people like them. She was similar size, with red hair as opposed to Raquel's dark black hair. Her husband seemed hot also. She loved to brag about his nine inch cock. Mitchell had fucked Raquel hard many a night as they fantasized about fucking right next to their mystery blog friends. It was one of the first fantasies Raquel had openly shared with Mitchell.

As her thoughts moved from one sexy memory to the next, her husband ran her fingers down her thighs and over her plump pussy lips. Mitchell was teasing her masterfully, careful not to touch her in any spot to sensitive...yet.

Raquel continued, "Tonight, I will slowly ride my husband's cock. I love to 'slow-fuck' him. He reaches parts of me that make me leak all over him. I love when he fucks me, but nothing compares to the slow and deep pumping that we share when we make love. Only he can do this to me. He knows every place I need stimulated. He knows how to tease me, regardless of the mood I'm in. Sometimes, I need to be spanked and called a slut. Sometimes, I need to be taken. You know, fucked fast on the stairs or bent over the washing machine. He always knows. He knows now, I want to be tenderly teased and I want his cock deep inside me. I want his cum to fill me as I clinch around his thickness."

It was getting harder to read. Her breath was becoming short and quick. Mitchell was gently moving his palms in circles over her erect nipples. They had swollen and took on a bright pink hue as the blood rushed to her most sensitive areas. She could feel Mitchell's thick cock straining against his boxers between her ass cheeks. She raised herself up a bit and freed his cock. Raquel rubbed its bulbous head between her lips and over her clit. The words she read aloud echoed her sentiments as if the author was describing her favorite way to take Mitchell's cock. He knew her body and the experiences she had with Todd and Evelyn were amazing, but didn't compare to the way Mitchell made her feel.

She struggled to keep reading, "You see, through this blog I have shared the things that have become second nature. My body has unlocked it's lusty pleasure center and given in to the process of pleasure. I have experienced things recently that have only served to tell my heart how much my husband's love means. I experienced these things without my man. I experienced them with others. People have given me unimaginable orgasms, but nothing like the feeling of my husband's cum."

Raquel was astonished by the words. She slipped Mitchell's head inside her and sank completely down his thick 8 inches. He had surprised her by shaving. Her bare pussy lips touched the bare base of his cock and sent shivers throughout her spine. She slowly ground her hips against his. Mitchell made slow pumps into her, rising and falling just as her chest heaved with each breath. His hands

held her body close to his and he signaled his rising pleasure by gently biting her shoulder.

Raquel's orgasm was building to a crescendo as she reached the end of the blog, "Next week, I'll have a new experience. My husband and I will join two friends, a man and woman, who I have already shared so much with. There will be many firsts, first time for two cocks, first time my husband will see me pleasure a woman, the first time I will watch him enter another woman. Regardless, he is and always will be my first. All the experiences in this blog have unknowingly been mine. My husbands knows and understands that this has led me down a road of sexual liberation. He knows now as he pumps deep inside of me. End."

Raquel slid off her husband's cock and lay back, spreading her legs wide. Mitchell immediately rolled up to his knees. He took his position between her legs and pushed deep inside her wet pussy again. She drew him to her, wrapping her arms around him and holding him tightly.

Breathlessly, she asked, "You have always been the author?"

"Yes," Mitchell responded.

Raquel pieced it together, "You changed enough not to let me know, but all this time...all the readers, they been masturbating to us...to our sex life? All those comments were about me?"

"Yes," he answered again as he continued to slowly grind his hard member into her wetness.

"You know everything?" she inquired.

"Yes, I helped set it up with Evelyn and Todd. I don't want you to be angry. They love you...and of course, I love you more than life itself," her husband reasoned.

She kissed more deeply and passionately than she ever had before. She was overcome with emotion and happiness. They made love. There was no dirty talk, no crazy screams and moans, just the intimacy of two people becoming one. Through heavy breaths and the building intensity of the orgasmic contractions in her pussy, they cum together. Exhausted, they collapsed together and held each other tightly all night.