

Renewed Love



by Janae H.

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Rich folds of burgundy satin covered the bed. Here and there, were tossed bed pillows in varying shades of white and wine. Sparkling mini clear lights twinkled in the shroud of iridescent filmy material draped romantically over the bed to form an intimate canopy.

Candles covered the patio in every size and shape, ranging from stately pillars on the white marble patio, to slender scented tapers to the winking lights tiny tealight candles; it was a setting of seduction. But this was no ordinary location. Jon had created this masterpiece in their very own back yard!



They lived in a small home, set back from traffic and neighbors- it was their own private paradise.

He and Sheli had put their heads together nearly two years ago, when they had bought their first home together as newlyweds, envisioning a private oasis in the back of their home, where they could come together as an escape from the every day life, from the monotony of the bedroom and celebrate their love.

But as life crowded in and the two of them were up all night with the newest bundle of joy, eight month old Nicky, romance had taken a backseat in their marriage and the Passion Palace they had created, stood empty.

Well that was about to change, Jon resolved.

Today was their two year anniversary. He had dropped Nicky off at a friend's house, for the weekend. Sheli had to tie up a few things at the office, which gave Jon several hours to fashion the stagnant area into a living, thriving paradise.

The highly fragrant rose petals he had tossed into the bubbling patio fountain, lent their intoxicating scent to the gardenias and night blooming water lilies growing nearby.

He glanced at his watch.

The sun had gone down an hour ago, the moonlight beginning to peek over the hills.

Sheli had promised she'd be home by nine at the latest. Where was she?

He double checked the warming pans that held the dinner he had prepared- nice and hot for his bride. Steam rolled from the lids.

Pink champagne chilled in a stainless steel ice bucket on the floor, amidst more rose petals scattered in shades of dark red and white.



Just then, the car lights of their family car turned up the drive. She knew he'd be out back, he had mentioned eating outside for something special, earlier that morning.

He stood there, hidden in the shadows of a giant weeping willow tree, as she came around the side of the house. He stared at his beautiful wife, trim in office attire- a navy blue pantsuit and white silk blouse. Her hair was swept into a French knot, loose tendrils spilling around her ears and neck, giving her an air of sophistication and style. She appeared very business like, but he knew the woman inside the professional clothes, the woman that emerged when her hair fell down, her face rosy in arousal, her chest heaving in the throes of passion-

He shook his head, to center his thoughts.

Strappy white sandals topped her pretty feet, the soft pink polish on her toes, winking in the moonlight. She was looking for him. She nervously twisted the strand of pearls around her finger. "Jon, Hon- you out here?"

She couldn't see the canopy area from where she stood, but as she moved into the garden, she could see the flicker of candlelight.

Jon stepped out from the tree, snapping off a blossom of the nearby Rose of Sharon bush, catching her in his arms. "Hey baby.", he said, kissing her warm lips, still dewy from a recent application of pink lipstick.



He breathed in her perfume, a mix of lilies and musk. The familiar scent never failed to make him want her. And boy did he- now more than ever! He didn't bother to hide the start of an erection as he pressed her close, reaching up to tuck the vibrant pink blossom behind her ear. Sheli's eyes widened and a smile grew on her face.

"Come here," he said, reaching for her hand. "I have something to show you."

He led her through the maze of rose bushes, lilies and daises to the patio. There it was, laid out before her- their Passion Palace.

He heard her quick intake of breath, as she stood there, hands pressed against her lips, tears shimmering in her eyes.

"Happy Anniversary, Darling," he murmured against her ear, nuzzling her suntanned neck.

She turned to gaze at him, admiration shining in her eyes. "You did all of this for me?," she asked, turning slowly on her high heels, trying to take it all in.

He stepped away to uncork the champagne bottle and pour the effervescent liquid into two fluted glasses, one of which he pressed into her hand.

"For you...for us." He touched her glass to his in a toast, reaching out with one hand to brush away a tear sliding down her cheek. "To my beautiful bride. I promised you at the altar that I would love you forever and I mean it still today. I love you."

Sheli swiped at her wet cheeks with a laugh. "I love you sweetheart. Thank you so much for all of this. It's so beautiful."

Jon kissed the tip of her nose, wiping away her tears with his thumb. "It was worth all the work just to see this look on your face. Now, shall we eat?," he asked, pulling out a wrought iron chair for her.

Sheli grinned. "We shall."

They talked in quiet, relaxed tones, drinking in the moment, this rare opportunity alone, as husband and wife. A couple of young newlyweds without the demands of a crying baby, hectic jobs and life in general.

When they had finished, Jon poured them another drink and led the way to the closed off area. Subtle scents of sensual patchouli oil wafted off the filmy covering over the bed.

Jon turned his bride towards him, gazing into her dark blue eyes.

He began undoing the large navy buttons on the conservative pantsuit blazer. As it fell open, he pulled the tails of her blouse from the thin band of the slacks, running his hands up her ribcage, enjoying the erotic slide of silky material against his fingers.



He sank to his knees before her, laying his head for a moment against her chest, feeling the gentle rise of her breasts against his cheek. Using his teeth, he gently nibbled a path to her belly button, pausing to flick his tongue against the tiny diamond belly piercing that dangled off her navel, sliding the blouse off her shoulders. The tiny jewel flashed in the moonlight, highlighting the soft curve of her belly, healthy and toned with just a hint of previous childbirth.

She stood before him in only her bra and panties, a delicious confection of white satin and lace.

For a moment she stood very still, letting him touch her, caress and arouse her, but as his fingers slipped beneath the thin band of her panties, she laid a hand on his.

"My turn," she whispered, bringing her hands to the buttons of the red and white striped dress shirt that covered suntanned muscles, flicking them open.

She took her time undressing him, leisurely running her hands over his chest, curling her fingers into

the dark coarse hair, brushing her fingertips lightly over the dark, distended nipples. He groaned aloud, throwing his head back as her pink tongue darted out, following the path of her fingers. She snaked herself downwards, licking and teasing, kneading and caressing. When she reached the band of his black dress pants, instead of using her hands to undo the zipper that restrained his hot, hard erection, she laid her lips against his crotch, causing him to jerk in response. Delicately, using her teeth, she worked the zipper over the bulge of his penis in the blue cotton boxers. She tugged his pants downwards, followed by his belt and underwear. His penis sprang out, happy to be released from its prison, the head glistening in a drop of pre-cum. Placing her hands on his hard, firm buttocks, she pressed him closer to her waiting mouth, using her tongue to lick it away.



She glanced up at her husband. He was watching her with torn emotions. One in which he wanted to give in to her ministrations, and the other of a man wanting to throw her down on the floor and take her, right then and there. She flashed him an impish grin. Poor baby, going through all this torture. Well he had done the same to her time and time again- it was payback now. Slowly she put him in her mouth, sliding her tongue across his shaft, fondling his package that was drawing tight against his body. As she worked him in and out of the back of her throat, she occasionally flicked her tongue against the sensitive underside of his penis, tapping repeatedly against the hard line of skin just beneath his “fireman's cap”, as she affectionately called it, feeling him suck in a deep breath, fighting hard to keep in control. Slowly she slid him out of her mouth, holding the length of him in her hand to rub the “cap” of his penis against her mouth, as though she were applying lipstick. Jon groaned aloud at this new sensation. A fresh coating of natural lubricant glossed her lips. She licked it away and shimmied her way up his body, pressing her flesh to his. Their mouths met in a hungry kiss, their tongue tangling in a hot, mating swirl. Jon side stepped her to the bed, still kissing her mouth. They sank to the soft bed with a sigh, eager for what was to come. Still shaken from her oral attention, he raised up on wobbly arms over her, leaning down to kiss her heaving breasts. Apparently he wasn't the only one affected by her intimate kisses. He caught her hard brown nipples into his mouth, laving the rose tipped pebbles with his tongue, using his free hand to knead and massage the golden globes that swung free. He felt her writhe beneath him, an urgency in her body as it lifted to meet his. Sliding his hands beneath her hips, he sank himself deep within her. For a moment, neither moved, relishing the feeling



of oneness. Then, slowly, he began a smooth rhythm, a sensual dance. She joined him, riding on a wave of sensation, heat and passion.

He nibbled her neck- she liked that. Down to her throat, nuzzling the auburn curls that had come loose from the sleek knot, spilling out across the toss pillows.

As they were caught up in the dance of lovemaking, Jon began thrusting harder. Sheli ground her hips against his, her clitoris receiving direct stimulation. She felt the waves of heat, the slight tremble beginning deep within her and knew her climax was near.

Jon sensed the tightening of her body and pressed harder against her, rocking his body against hers. She tightened her arms around him, her nails digging into his skin as she cried out, collapsing against him. The tightening of her vaginal muscles as they spasm-ed against his throbbing penis was enough to send him over the edge. He followed her with an animal cry of his own, semen shooting off the walls of her vagina, some spilling from her body, down her legs to pool on the bed sheets.



He caught her close, wrapping his big arms, tight around her, burying his face into her hair as their bodies trembled in unison.

She recovered before he did, using her hands to rub his back, to slide down over his tight butt, kneading and pressing, kissing his face, running her fingers through his dark hair, damp with perspiration.

He pulled away a slight distance, noting the pink flush on her cheeks and a pink stain on her still heaving breasts. "Want more?", he teased, running a hand over one satiny hip.

Sheli shyly nodded, guiding his hand down her body to her soaking wet vagina. Her clitoris still stood erect, patiently awaiting further attention.

Jon brushed his finger over the raised button of hard flesh and heard her suck in air, her body instinctively pulling away from him. "Too sensitive?"

Sheli nodded, "A bit."

Climbing over her body, he positioned himself at her legs, raising them slightly over his shoulders. He brought his face to the juncture of her thighs, breathing in the heady scent of their mixed juices. Gently he touched his tongue to her clit, knowing he could linger here for hours and she would never tire of it.



She sighed at his touch, the picture of relaxation, reclining on the satin sheets.

He stroked her lightly with his tongue, dipping inside her wet canal to taste of the honeyed sweetness. His tongue thrust-ed lightly in a gentle rhythm. He used his hands to caress her inner thighs and up the length of her long, silky sun-kissed legs. He played with her pretty pink toes, stopping just short of tickling her, which brought a giggle to her lips.

Returning to her treasure trove, he swirled his tongue between the moist folds of her lower vaginal lips,

barely brushing her clitoris.

Gently now he replaced his tongue with his fingers, rubbing with a soft touch in lazy circles. With his tongue again, he slid back up her body, leaving a shiny wet trail of butterfly kisses, capturing her mouth with his. Their tongues mated in an erotic frenzy.

Still caressing her clit with his thumb, he flicked his tongue against her ear; felt her body rise off the bed. She was breathing a lot harder now, rubbing her body against his hand, kissing the side of his face, curling her fingers into the sheet.

Her body began trembling, her breasts heaving against his chest, shiny with her own perspiration.

The scent of her musky arousal filled the air. She jerked against him with a soft cry, falling back against the pillows.

Jon pillowed her head with his arm and wrapped her close to his heart. "I love you Sheli. You rock my world. Happy Anniversary."

"Yes it is," she murmured sleepily, laying her face against his bare chest. "I love you Jon."