

# Rejuvenated

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I came home from work the other day and heard my wife Suzy in the kitchen making dinner. She was also on the phone to her sister. It was on speaker so with that and the kitchen noises she hadn't heard me come in. Something that was said made me stop and listen. I heard Suzy finish a sentence with "...having an affair." "Why do you think that?" said Carrie. "We don't have sex much anymore." "Mmmm," said Carrie. "Do you offer it to him?" "What do you mean? I'm always here." "I didn't ask that. When was the last time you just grabbed his cock or gave him a blow job? Or even just sat on his lap and give him a juicy French kiss?" Suzy hesitated. "Well never really. I don't like giving oral sex, it's yucky. Same with French kissing. He knows that." "Oh my gosh," said Carrie. "It's a wonder he hasn't left you let alone having an affair! How did you ever manage to have kids? One thing's for sure, he must love you to put up with that so I doubt he's having an affair. He's probably doing a lot of jerking off though!" "Carrie!" Suzy exclaimed, "I'm shocked. He's not going to be masturbating at his age." I smiled at that – little did she know. "Gosh you really are a prude, you even use the proper terms," said Carrie. "Look, I have to go. Rick will be home soon and we're going out. I'll talk to you tomorrow about it and bring one of our home made sex tapes to show you how it's really done!" "Do you film yourselves?!" Suzy said, horrified. "Just joking," laughed Carrie unconvincingly. "See you later and for goodness sake give that wonderful man of yours a good fuck tonight – see ya." I quietly sneaked back to the front door. I heard the cooking noises resume and opened the door and called again that I was home. Listening to the conversation had given me a hard on. Suzy came to greet me and kissed me. "Hi honey, have a good day?" Before I could answer, she kissed me again – French kissed me! Her tongue slid into my mouth and entwined mine. She pressed her body into mine and felt my erection hard against her pudenda. "That was quick," she said reaching down and giving my cock a squeeze. "What's made you so hot and horny?" I asked, kissing her again. "Oh I was just getting dinner ready and was thinking what a wonderful husband I have. I don't deserve you I know that." Tears started to well in her eyes. "Hey," I said. "Don't talk nonsense. I love you and you're the best." "Well maybe in the kitchen but not in bed." She rested her head in my shoulder. "I'm sorry I'm frigid. I think you need to trade me in." "Well not just yet." I laughed. "A few miles to go on the clock. How long till dinner?" "'bout an hour. Why?" "That should be plenty of time then," I replied and took Suzy by the hand and led her to the lounge. I moved behind her and took off her apron. I lifted off her top and undid her bra. I reached around and fondled her breasts. Her nipples swelled and hardened. She leaned back on my shoulder and closed her eyes whispering, "I love you." Her hand reached to

the back of my head and her fingers ran through my hair (or what's left of it). I undid her skirt and let it drop to the floor. Kissing her neck, I moved down her back slowly kissing till I reached her bum. I reached into her panties from below and massaged her cheeks. I could see her hands move to her breasts and she began to massage them and squeeze her nipples. I pushed her down over the settee so her feet were firm on the ground and her hands gripped the settee seat. This meant her cute ass and pussy were open to me. She spread her legs automatically. Her panties were soaking wet. "Frigid girls don't have wet panties," I whispered. She giggled. My fingers massaged her wet lips through her panties as my tongue probed her anus. I heard her breathing become heavy. I lifted her upright and turned her around, lifting one leg onto the edge of the settee to give me unobstructed access to that wonderfully juicy pussy. My tongue probed inside her panties and found her clit. As I increased pressure, my finger found its way to her anus and probed the entrance. Suzy started to moan and soon came with a loud, "Oh my gosh, oh my gosh, oh my honeeee." Cum flowed out and I lapped up every last drop. After resting a moment, I smiled. "Well is that dinner ready yet?" "Not quite," Suzy replied and reached for my zip. She pulled my hard cock out and started to stroke me. I was pretty quickly reaching a climax, enjoying a lovely hand job when I felt Suzy's luscious lips around my cock. "You don't have ..." I started to say. She interrupted with, "Shush I want to." I started to cum and pull away but she kept hold of me and moved her head faster, sucking me into her. I shouted out and spurted my cum into her mouth. Spurt after spurt went in but she kept me in her mouth, swallowing some and letting the rest run out and down my cock. Suzy finally pulled away and said, "Want some?" Before I could answer she kissed me, pushing my cum into my mouth. "Mmmm," I said. "I hope that doesn't spoil dinner." Suzy laughed. She removed her wet panties, handed them to me, and walked naked out to the kitchen. Soaking up the smell and taste of those wet panties was the perfect entrée. We ate (dinner and each other) in front of the fire completely naked and made love late into the night. In a quiet moment I whispered to Suzy, "What are you going to tell Carrie tomorrow?" Suzy looked puzzled then went bright red. She quickly recovered. "I'm going to tell her that I don't need her tapes." We both laughed.