

# You Once Called Me Wife |

## Chapter 18

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I couldn't keep the grin off my face. Zane and I spent the early part of our wedding night enjoying time with our loved ones, and then he spent the rest of it showing me the wonders of being married to him. The man was like a freaking Energizer bunny; he could go and go, leaving me an utter puddle under him.

I thought I wouldn't feel like getting up and moving in the morning, but I actually woke up early, so I decided to make a huge breakfast for us both. Lately, Zane was always making me something, so I wanted to treat him. I started baking his favorite biscuits before moving on to all the staples for a filling meal.

While I was cooking, I couldn't stop thinking about how wonderful my life was going to be with a husband like Zane. Ever since we started dating, I'd never had to wonder about his feelings for me or where he wanted all this to go; he was upfront with everything. He was all I ever wanted, and now he was mine.

The coffee was brewing when I heard Zane's feet sliding against the floor. I turned to see him slowly walking into the kitchen, looking like he'd spent the night out in a barn. His hair was a mess, and he had little, red marks all over his torso like you get when something's pressed against your skin for a while.

Zane lifted his head and sniffed the air, and the smile that lit his face took my breath away. I'd more than my fill of him the previous night, but looking at him then, all I wanted to do was jump him again.

"Something smells good," he said as he stalked over to me and wrapped me in his arms. He left a trail of little kisses up and down my neck.

"I made you breakfast," I replied, turning in his arms. "I wanted to celebrate my first morning as Mrs. Templeton." Then I gave him a deep kiss.

The kiss quickly turned heated, and I felt myself getting wet. It was as if Zane had the magical ability to instantly turn me on.

My hands went into his hair, and I tugged lightly, causing him to groan. His hands, in turn, grabbed my bottom and lifted it into his arms so that he could walk us over to the kitchen island. He set me down but continued to kiss me feverishly.

The closer Zane's body got to mine, the more I could tell how turned on he was. His hands crept down to the hem of my nightdress so that he could lift it off. His lips moved down my neck and chest. By the time he got down on his knees, I was a moaning mess.

Zane pulled away from my body just long enough to slide my panties down. Then his tongue licked up my center, and stars exploded behind my eyelids. My hands once again made their way into his hair.

Before I lost all control, I panted, "Zane, I want you inside me. Please."

"Yes, ma'am," he replied before standing and slamming into me.

Normally, we worked up to fast-paced sex. Zane loved to tease me, to push me to the edge until I was losing my mind with need. But that morning, he was balls to the wall.

As Zane thrust into me like his life depended on it, all I could do was hold on to the sides of the island and let the pleasure take me away. He grunted and moved faster, and I knew he was close to finishing. Right there with him, I locked my arms around his neck.

A moment later, my orgasm hit hard, and I screamed out his name. He always gave me amazing orgasms, but this was better than anything I'd ever experienced. It was so good I felt myself getting light-headed.

Zane's shoulders tensed, and he groaned with his release. Then he took my lips in a passionate kiss.

"What are you doing to me, woman?" he panted as he broke away and leaned his forehead against mine.

"I was just about to ask you the same thing," I replied. "I can't get enough of you, Mr. Templeton." I gave him another long kiss.

"And I, you, Mrs. Templeton," he chuckled between breaths. Quieter, he added, "I've always dreamed of being called that."

“And now I’ll be called that for the rest of my life.”

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“Dr. Hampton, I need to get some forms to change my tax and name information,” I said as we closed up for lunch that afternoon. Zane and I had to rush to get to work this morning, but I managed to only be ten minutes late even after giving him another ten or so kisses.

“I thought we already did that,” he said, confused. “Hey, Chelsea,” he called to his wife, “didn’t you already get Kenzie’s new tax forms and stuff?”

“I did. Girl, you know I already filed all that.”

“I need them again,” I said with as straight of a face as I could.

“But I’ve got you changed back to Prescott and single.”

I burst out laughing, no longer able to hide it. “I’m McKenzie Templeton,” I said, holding my hand up to show off my wedding band. “I’m newly married.”

Dr. Hampton still looked confused, but Chelsea immediately gave me a huge hug. She insisted that the three of us go out for a celebratory lunch, so twenty minutes later, we were seated at one of the nicer places in town.

We were laughing when I saw the Westons walk into the restaurant and felt a pang. They were always supportive of me and my family, and they didn’t ask for their son to be the way he was. I hated how things had turned out for them.

Catching my eye, Rachel walked over and said, “McKenzie, I can’t tell you how sorry I am for all this. I don’t want you to have to live with all this craziness all the time.”

I took her hand in mine and gave her a light squeeze. “Rachel, it’s all right. Things are going to get better. Listen, I want you to know that yesterday Zane and I got married. I don’t know how people will take the news, so I wanted you to hear it from me.”

Tears formed in her eyes—I thought both because she was happy for me and because she was sad for what was and what could have been. She and I had been close for years, but our relationship would never be the same now that she wasn’t my mother-in-law.

“That’s wonderful, honey,” Rachel managed before breaking down.

James came to her side and held her close. “It’s not that she’s upset with you, Kenz. It’s just everything that’s happening. There’s a lot going on that you don’t know about, and a lot of it is hard on us. Just know we will always love you and be here for you.”

With that, the two of them walked away, leaving me to wonder: *What in the world else could be going on with them?*

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