

You Once Called Me Wife

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At home, I headed to the back of my closet and grabbed the bag I'd hidden there. Not long after the divorce was final, I took a trip to the mall to find myself something that made me feel sexy. Confident.

As I put on my red, lace nightie, I thought about how I'd never worn anything like it before. Chris had never cared for lingerie, but I knew Zane would appreciate it for what it was: me sharing myself with him.

I was going to give him my heart and my body. The thought made me smile.

Once I was dressed, I looked at myself in the mirror and nodded. I could do this, and I was going to enjoy every second of it.

I opened the door and walked into the living room, where Zane was sitting on the sofa and staring at his hands. The moment he heard me, he looked up, and I saw a deep hunger in his eyes. At that moment, I knew he wanted me more than anything; he wanted me like I wanted him.

"Damn, baby, are you trying to kill me?" he asked, walking over to me. He looked at me from head to toe, and I'd never felt sexier.

"I've always wanted to wear something like this, but I never have," I admitted. "I thought that since you were going to be in my life that I could share the first time with you. I wanted to feel desired, and you've just given that to me."

Zane closed the distance between us, and his mouth went straight to my neck. He kissed, bit, and sucked all along my neck, making my breathing speed up and my little red thong get soaked. I tangled my hands in his hair and held on tight.

Zane's hands snaked down to my butt, then hoisted me up into his arms. I wrapped my legs around his waist as he walked us to my bedroom. Once inside, he set me down on my feet, and I pulled back from him, breathing hard.

Zane began to slowly unbutton his shirt, showing more and more of his amazing body. He was all corded muscle, and as he finally pulled the shirt off, I saw every one of those muscles flex. There was a slight trail of hair that ran between his pecs down his stomach, and I wanted to run my hands through it.

The sight of him like this was enough to push me over the edge. He was perfect.

“If there’s anything you don’t want,” Zane said, “all you have to do is tell me. I’m here to pleasure you, to make you feel like the goddess you are.”

He started kissing me again, and I felt all that hard muscle against my chest. I ran my hand down his chest and stomach and felt him shiver. Smiling, I moved my hand further down and started unbuckling his belt.

Zane’s hands moved to the strap of my nightie, and I felt the straps fall to my elbow. I sighed into his mouth as I finally got his belt and zipper undone.

Now that my breasts were on display, Zane pulled back and looked at me. He sucked his lip into his mouth, and I smirked at the look in his eyes—like he was ready to eat me whole.

I dropped my nightie the rest of the way down my body so that I was standing in only my thong. Zane did the same.

“Once we do this,” he said, “you will be mine forever. You still want to?”

I didn’t hesitate. “Yes.”

As soon as the answer left my lips, Zane’s lips found mine, and he kissed me senseless. The next thing I knew, I was lying on the bed, and he was hovering over me.

After a minute, Zane’s lips left mine and made their way down my neck to one of my breasts. He took my nipple into his mouth and kneaded my other breast with his hand. I moaned, growing impossibly wetter every second.

As my hands roamed his back, searching for something, anything to tether me to the earth, I whispered, “Zane,” like a prayer.

That only fueled him to love me more.

At some point, Zane removed my thong and lifted himself up to remove his boxers. Once they were gone, I saw the image of a perfect man. He was built like a god.

I pulled him back down to me and moved my hands all over his toned body. I felt him ready himself to enter me, and when the time came, I felt euphoric.

Sex was always something I enjoyed, but I had only ever done it with Chris. As soon as Zane entered me, I knew this was going to be far better than anything I had ever experienced.

I couldn't say how many positions we tried in that bed, but by the time Zane was finished with me, I had experienced everything I had ever dreamed of and many more things I didn't even know I wanted. Every movement he made sent rushes of pleasure through my body. He was a sex god.

"I've never felt like this before," I told him as we were catching our breath.

"What do you mean, baby?"

I giggled. "I don't know how to put it in words that make sense."

"Then try."

I looked away from him. "I feel like I've been totally accepted and fully cared about. Heck, maybe even loved."

Zane gently moved my face back toward him. "You have been loved. Kenzie, I was afraid to fully come out and say that I love you because I didn't want to scare you away, but I've loved you forever. I know it may seem too soon to you, but I loved you all those years you were married."

When I didn't immediately respond, he looked me in the eye and added, "I don't expect you to say anything back. Don't think that I'll be upset if you can't say it yet."

I smiled. "There are a lot of things that I'm unsure about in my life, but I believe you. And I do have strong feelings for you, maybe even love, but it scares me to know that I've fallen so quickly. I just got divorced, and I feel like I shouldn't be ready to move on yet."

He gives me a gentle look that assures me he understands.

“Zane, I know what I think I should feel, but this is what I really feel...” I paused, knowing this was going to sound crazy to anyone outside of this room. “I think that I love you. The scary part is that I think I’ve loved you for years, too.”

I felt tears building up and angrily wiped them away. I never wanted this moment to end like this; I wanted it to be perfect.

“Tell me what’s running through your head, baby.”

I sighed. “I’m afraid that I’m no better than Chris. If I loved you all these years, was I unfaithful?”

Did I commit adultery without the physical act?

“Kenzie, you weren’t like Chris. If everyone who still had feelings for their first love, even after they were married, were considered adulterers, then every person on the planet would be.”

I started to interrupt, but he continued, “The difference between the two of you is that you didn’t act on that love. You still loved and respected the man you married. You thought you were putting the true love of your life ahead of your childhood crush.”

His words touched me. “So, it’s okay to love you?” I asked, giving him a small smile.

“It’s more than okay. And if anyone says anything different, then they’ll have me to deal with.”

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