



# Midnight

A KING'S TOWN NOVELLA 2

SHON

# MIDNIGHT

*King's Town Novella 2*

Shon

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# AUTHOR'S NOTE

Hey, boo.

It's been a minute. Let's blame a mixture of Imposture Syndrome and extreme burnout from ghostwriting.

But Midnight and Tyler's story is finally here. Strictly for your enjoyment.

Please keep in mind that this is an interracial romance featuring a Black woman and White man. If you need to sit this one out, I get it. Please read (or re-read) something else from my catalog until the rest of this series is available.

I promise the rest of this series will not take this long for me to push out.

Catch a glimpse of Ryann's story in the back of this e-book.

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# CONTENT WARNINGS

This an adult book, full of adults doing adult things. This novella contains graphic erotic scenes, written in great detail on page. There's also a brief mention of marijuana use.

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# INTRO. TYLER SPENCE

One Year Ago...

“There’s just something different about you, Tyler. I can’t shake it. You’re not like these other women, you’re my dream girl.”

I rolled my eyes at the contrived statement that he probably meant as a compliment. Tilting my head, I narrowed my gaze on him as I laughed drily.

It made my skin crawl when men tried to diss other women and disguise it as praise. There was nothing remotely uplifting about it. It was just fucking weird. And I had zero interest in being his “dream girl” anyway. If anything, I wanted to haunt his nightmares for bothering me.

We’d gone on one and a half dates before he tried to introduce me to his mama.

Instead of ghosting him—as was my custom—I’d followed my sister Ryann’s advice and initiated a conversation to tell him I wasn’t interested. She claimed it was the mature thing to do and would clear up any communication issues moving forward.

Yet, here I was two months later staring the issue in the face.

“Listen, Jacob—”

“Justin.”

Hey, at least I knew it started with a J...

*Let’s try this again* . “Right. Listen, Justin. I hate to burst your bubble, but I am *just like* every other woman. Probably worse.”

I paused to give him a forced smile which he looked a little too happy to be on the receiving end of.

“Nah, I don’t believe that. Just let me take you on one more date. You’re everything I want in a woman and—”

Irritation made it impossible for me to maintain even a fake smile when he said that.

*You don't know me*, I wanted to snap at him. Sadly, I knew if I got combative, it would just spur him on more. Why some men took disinterest as a sign to try harder, I would never understand.

“I have a man,” I told him, forcing myself not to wince at the lie. Not because I minded lying to men. I could do that with a straight face all day. It had more to do with the *necessity* for this lie.

My rejection wasn't enough for him so I had to lean on the old faithful tactic that always worked like a charm.

Justin reared back at the new piece of information.

I could see him coming to terms with it before he gave a pathetic bow of his head and backed up for the first time since he'd approached me.

“Oh... aight, my bad.”

So predictable.

The fact that he respected an imaginary man more than me was enough to make me need another drink.

As I made the short walk to the bar, my steps quickened when I spotted Midnight standing there surveying the rooftop crowd.

Without thinking, I ran to him and threw my arms around his neck knowing that there was a good chance Justin was still watching me.

“Pretend we're together,” I whispered against his ear as he caught me with ease.

His strong arms held me against him in a loose hug when I pulled back from the initial embrace. The way he stared down at me had me feeling lightheaded.

And that lopsided smile he turned my way?

Yea, a problem.



“Hello to you, too Tyler.”

“Hi.” I didn’t know why my voice was suddenly so faint, but the power he held in those beautiful blue eyes had always rendered me spellbound. They were intense and reminded me of his name.

Midnight was easy on the eyes. *Very* easy on the eyes. There would never exist a universe in which I tried to deny that. That being said, he was still off-limits.

Cue the fucking violins.

When we first met at my sister’s barbershop, I’d asked Ryann about his situation once he left her chair. After she told me who he was and that he was single, I’d been ready to march my happy ass in his restaurant and offer myself as the main course.

That was until she kept talking and I connected the dots on his role in her friend group. He wasn’t somebody I could just fuck on for a while and move on. And I wasn’t trying to mess up their friendship dynamic when I’d first moved into town, so I left it alone. Out of respect.

That was a year ago.

Had it been easy? Nope.

Like I said, he was *fine*, and I saw the way he looked at me.

But an invisible line had been drawn in the sand and we were both honoring it.

Well...kinda.

Endless flirting ensued whenever we were in the same vicinity. But it was harmless. More than anything, we were really good...associates. *Friends* would be a stretch. Whenever we were in the same room, he listened to me talk about my failed attempts at dating and I listened to him tell me I was dating the wrong men. It was a routine at this point.

Which made him the perfect candidate as my fake boyfriend right now.

With his mouth near my ear, he asked, “Who are we performing for?”

“Does it matter?” I shot back.

“Of course.” His lips brushed the shell of my ear and sent a jolt of questionable longing through me. “My audience determines how convincing my performance will be.”

Shivers raced up my spine and left goosebumps in their wake, freeing a wave of desire that I had carefully locked away.

“You okay?” he asked as he pulled away to study my face. One hand rested at the small of my back while the other cradled my face.

Embarrassed that he’d picked up on my reaction to him, I played it off. “Yea, I caught a chill. That’s all.”

The lie must have been convincing because his suit jacket was off in the next instant. He placed it on my shoulders in one smooth motion and gave me a lazy smile. “Better?”

I inhaled sharply and was gifted with a generous whiff of him. His unmistakable scent wrapped around me and it left me stuck somewhere between heaven and hell—loving and hating it as he studied me in his jacket.

“It looks good on you,” he said casually before looking over my shoulder. “You never told me who we were performing for.”

Shit. I had completely forgotten my original reason for coming up to him.

I watched the progression of his deep blue eyes traveling from one corner of the rooftop to the next and it finally all came rushing back to me.

Jacob.

*Justin.*

Right.

I quickly filled him in and rolled my eyes when he just snickered knowingly.

“I’m glad you find my misery entertaining,” I muttered, stepping around him to sit at the bar.

He waited until I was seated before caging me in from behind and speaking against my ear again. “I’ve been your boyfriend for two seconds and you’re already mad at me?”

The velvety notes of his deep voice had a way of pulling me into a trance and I was fighting like hell to avoid that right now.

It took everything in me not to let my head fall back against his solid chest and get even more caught up than I already was.

“Kiera,” he called to the pretty bartender on the other side of the bar. “Take care of her. Whatever she wants, she gets.”

“Lucky you,” she said drily once Midnight was out of earshot and tending to a group of customers on the other side of the rooftop.

The rooftop on top of Midnight’s restaurant was only open seasonally, but after being here for a few hours tonight, I understood what he meant when he said it was his cash cow.

People were willing to pay whatever as long as the vibe was right, and they got a few good pictures out of it. With the backdrop of skyline views and the subtle but elegant décor, they got that in droves.

I couldn’t deny that my camera roll was brimming with new pictures. Of the view. Of myself. Of myself *and* the view.

Just because I had ventured out alone tonight didn’t mean I wouldn’t get my photo op.

Midnight disappeared sporadically throughout the night but for the most part he let me act as his shadow wherever he went. And watching him interact with his clientele was sexier than it should have been.

He had an unmistakable air about him that made everything he did seem a little more desirable.

At one point, someone had asked him to introduce us, and he'd turned to me with an adoring smile and said, "This is my Tyler."

The older man he was talking to took the introduction in stride, but the world stopped spinning on its axis for me.

*My Tyler.*

Maybe it was the endless supply of cocktails I'd had. Or maybe it was the way he looked at me. Whatever it was had me forgetting that we were just pretending.

Even though I'd reminded myself of that several times over, I hadn't been able to stop blushing since then.

It was around one a.m. when the fatigue set in. I could have easily called a car and gone home. If I was at any other establishment with any other person, I would have dipped by now. But I found myself addicted to Midnight's company and didn't want it to end.

Our act had been over for hours now. I hadn't seen Justin since I'd walked away from him earlier and didn't know if he'd even tuned in to our show. All I knew was that I was having too much fun to go home.

\* \* \*

At the end of the night—when everyone was gone and it was just us sitting at a table for two on the interior level of his restaurant—I sighed contentedly when he placed a box of pizza on the white tablecloth.

He'd left to go pick it up down the street and brought it back to me while I waited in the comfort of his dining room, still cozy in his jacket and feeling *good* from the buzz that the free flow of drinks had created in my system.

"I should be offended that you'd rather eat this when I could make you anything you want."

Wasting zero time, I opened the box and grabbed a slice. The gooey cheese pull made me salivate and that's when I realized just how long it'd been since I'd eaten real food.

“Pizza *is* what I want. Your menu is a little too bougie for my tippy tastebuds,” I excused, taking my first bite.

As soon as the pizza hit my tongue, I moaned in ecstasy. It was so fucking good.

“God, this is better than sex,” I declared to the empty restaurant.

Across from me, Midnight’s eyebrows dipped drastically as he looked at the greasy pizza.

“Then I think you’re fucking the wrong people, Tyler.”

“Tell me something I don’t know,” I said glumly. Leaving my hometown, Winter Cove, and moving to King’s Town had been the best business decision I ever made.

My love life took a beating though. I couldn’t even find a consistent hookup in this town and that shit was wearing on me.

“That’s too bad,” Midnight replied, pulling me back into the conversation.

He leaned closer to me and the eye contact alone flooded me with desire as it hit me in waves.

“Because you deserve to be fucked well. Thoroughly. Until your body is so overstimulated that cumming is the only reflex you have left and coming down isn’t an option before you get thrown into another high.”

I processed his words and blinked slowly as they dawned on me.

“You and that mouth, Midnight.”

He reclined against the back of his chair again and fixed me with a challenging look. Deliberately, he let his tongue sweep over his lips sensually before he asked, “What about my mouth, Tyler?”

“It’s going to get you fucked.”

His answering smirk made it hard to look away from the mouth in question.

“You and your empty promises,” he said, remixing my earlier comment.

“It’s not an empty promise, I just know you wouldn’t be able to handle me.” But from the way he talked, I was starting to think *I* was the one who wouldn’t be able to handle *him*. What he described sounded like a first-class ticket to clinginess and a farewell to my dignity.

I needed that shit like I needed a hole in my head.

*No, thanks.*

Still, my curiosity was jumping. What did he mean by *cumming would be the only reflex and that I wouldn’t be able to come down*?

Silently, I shook the thoughts from my head because I couldn’t afford to entertain them.

The beginnings of a smile flirted with his lips as he stared at me.

Everything I was supposed to be suppressing was creeping to the surface and making me squirm.

“Why are you staring at me like that?”

“Because you’re beautiful.”

No elaboration followed. He just let his statement hang in the air between us and damn it, I was swooning. Men called me beautiful all the time. But Midnight saying it and then staring right at me—like he *meant* it—had a whole different effect.

My head was spinning, and I couldn’t tell if it was from the alcohol swirling in my bloodstream or from the eye contact that we had yet to break. Probably a dangerous combination of both.

It was a heady concoction, that’s for sure.

“That, and you have pizza sauce on your lip.”

Giggling, I found myself grateful for the comedic break in tension. I reached for one of the cloth napkins on the table only to stop with my hand in midair.

Liquid courage and my raging libido dictated the next words that flew from my mouth.

“Kiss it off of me.”

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# 1. TYLER

Present Day

“Are you gonna keep eye-fucking that man or are you gonna go over there and do something about it?”

My twin sister, Ryann, looked at me with an exasperated arch of her brow as she sipped the last of her mocktail and waited for my response.

“I’m not eye fucking anyone,” I denied, my lips twisted in offense. But the eye candy on the other side of the bar acted as a magnet, inevitably pulling my orbs back in his direction.

“Whatever you need to tell yourself, babe,” Ryann muttered, looking into her empty glass with a pout. “Twelve fucking dollars and you only get two good sips.”

I heard her muttering something under her breath but tuned her out as the object of my desire raised a glass of dark liquid to his lips and took a sip.

“We should have gone to Webb’s bar, this place is a joke,” Ryann continued to grouse, sliding the glass away from her. “And can we talk about these prices? Twelve dollars even without alcohol. Have they lost their minds?”

“Oh my god, Ry. Shut up about the drink. I’ll buy you another one.”

Ryann’s eyes ballooned at my snappy retort, and I instantly wanted to evaporate on the spot.

Instead of matching my energy, she leveled an amused look at me and said, “Damn, you *really* need some dick, huh?”

There was a note of awe in her voice that would have made me laugh if I wasn’t strung so tight.

It *had* been a minute. And it *was* starting to get to me.

Men just didn’t approach me anymore. And it was beginning to put a serious dent in my ego. To make things



even crueler, my sex drive hadn't budged, and my pussy was mad as hell at me about this damn drought.

There was only so much my collection of toys could do. I needed body heat. I needed to be tossed around. I needed...to stop thinking about this.

Because all the fantasizing in the world would amount to nothing if I didn't have anyone to act it out with.

I shook my head, clearing the depressing thoughts and huffed out a sigh.

The worst part of all this was that I *knew* I wasn't ugly. But gone were the days where I used to be able to walk outside and fill up my roster in a matter of minutes.

Something had changed. The jury was still out on exactly *what* that change had been, but I knew one thing: I was getting laid tonight.

My gaze traveled back to the man sitting alone at the bar and finally snagged on his.

From my perch at the corner table, I witnessed the intrigue enter his dark orbs. His gaze was unhurried as it slid over me—what he could see of me anyway—before he looked back down at his drink with a faint smile.

*Why wouldn't he just approach me already so we could get this over with?*

“Just go over there,” Ryann suggested, tossing the ball in my court. Like it was easy. Like I hadn't thought about it a million times already while I ogled him like a fan.

“And say what?” I asked, hating that I was about to take her advice.

My sister lifted her shoulders in a lazy shrug. “Just pretend you're going to get a refill on our drinks and stand near him.”

That actually wasn't the *worst* idea.

“Sometimes I love you, I swear.” My comment earned me another eye roll as I stood up from the table and smoothed

the material of my dress over my wide hips before gathering up our empty glasses.

Balancing myself on my heels, I glided over to the bar and stood right beside him.

Damn, he looked better up close.

My nose could spot *Savauge* anywhere and it smelled fucking heavenly on him.

*Just my type*, I thought to myself.

His left hand was wrapped around his glass when I approached and the tattoo etched across the back of his hand instantly caught my eye.

The veins present on his forearm did something to me, forcing me to bite down on my bottom lip.

I placed the glasses in my hand down on the bar top and turned sultry eyes on him. “Before I flirt with you, I have to ask: Are you married?”

His lips curved in a full smile this time and the dimple in his cheek had me ready to risk it all right here in this bar.

“Nah, I’m not married, sweetheart.”

His eyes trekked up my frame from bottom to top and finally landed on mine.

“Then why did I have to approach you?” I asked, my words coating the air with a tinge of boldness as I waited for his excuse.

My heart raced as he silently deliberated, his eyes taking another leisurely pass up and down my frame.

“Because I’m not interested,” he answered simply.

*Oh.*

The egg currently on my face was an unwelcome reminder that I could have stayed my ass in my seat and avoided this embarrassment.

“I see.”

His rejection was a bitter punch straight to the gut, but at least he was honest. I guess.

Giving a solemn nod, I tried to steady my shaky hands by grasping the edge of the marble bar and calling out to the bartender.

As I waited, I could feel the man's eyes on me. Instead of making me hot like it had seconds prior, his stare caused humiliation to erupt all over my skin.

Thankfully, the bartender showed up just in time to cut through some of the tension I was feeling. As she turned away to work on my refills, my mind ran rampant.

Had I really read the cues wrong?

Or had it just been so long that I didn't even know what the cues looked like anymore?

I couldn't get far in my wallowing session because the man beside me spoke up. His baritone was rich and commanded my attention even though I really wanted to get the hell out of dodge.

But not without my drinks.

"You're fine and all, but I value my life sweetheart."

My head snapped up at that and I looked at him, my forehead wrinkled in confusion. "What are you talking about?"

"You're off-limits," he said, deepening my bewilderment.

"Says who?" I snapped.

"Says Midnight."

Annoyance filled me at hearing the name of my overprotective friend. He really needed to find some business and stay the fuck out of mine.

"Midnight doesn't speak for me."

The beautiful man chuckled. "That may be true but I'm not trying to take a bullet and find out if you're right or not." He paused and bit his lip, remorse lining his features. They

were beautiful features, but any attraction I had to him was long gone. “Here, let me at least pay for your drinks.”

Two minutes later, I walked back to our table with drinks in hand and a heated scowl painting my face.

Ryann read my expression and her own drooped.

“Shit, I guess that didn’t go well. Let me guess, he’s married?” she predicted.

“I’m going to kill him,” I mumbled, draining my vodka cranberry in one swig, and refusing to reclaim my seat.

“What? Who?”

Grabbing up my clutch and pulling out my phone, I uttered a name that was slowly bringing my blood to a simmering boil, “Midnight.”

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## 2. MIDNIGHT HOLDEN

There was a short list of people who could make me drop what I was doing regardless of the time or place.

That list began—and ended—with Tyler Spence.

So, when I opened my door at half past midnight and she shoved inside past me, I took it in stride. Peach notes mixed with freesia lingered in her wake, marking the room with her signature scent while my heart raced.

By the time I closed the door and turned around, she was in my living room pacing as she mumbled something under her breath.

“Hey, beautiful. What’s up?” While I wasn’t complaining about her presence, it was still outside of the usual time we saw one another.

Tyler looked up at me, her lids heavy and almost completely shielding her bronze orbs. But from what I could see there was a storm swirling in the depths and that had me intrigued.

“Don’t *‘hey beautiful’* me. I’m mad at you.”

I snickered, closing the distance between us. “What? You’re mad at me so I’m supposed to call you ugly?”

“No, you don’t get to call me anything right now.”

Letting my head fall to one side, my eyes roamed over her from head to toe. The white dress looked like she’d been poured inside, and the gold heels elevated her five-foot-two frame just enough for me not to have to crane my neck when I addressed her.

She looked...*edible*, for lack of a better word. Actually, edible was the perfect word to describe Tyler. In any context.

There was never a time where she didn’t look good enough to put my mouth on. And if I said that out loud right

now, she probably wouldn't appreciate it.

Tyler stood there staring at me without a word for a minute and it looked like she was on the verge of saying something before the words got jammed in her throat.

Instead of speaking, she studied me as her face continued to contort and shield the emotions running through her head.

Those eyes I loved landed on my chest and stayed there. Her tongue darted out to lick her lips as if they'd suddenly gone dry and it took everything in me to keep my smirk hidden.

"Can you put some clothes on?" she asked, her voice tight. She refused to look in my direction all of a sudden, her eyes landing on everything except me.

The only thing I had on was a towel because I'd just gotten out the shower when she showed up at my door.

"Why?" I taunted, moving forward an inch to crowd her space. "Am I making you uncomfortable?"

Her bronze orbs rolled as she folded her arms across her chest.

She ignored my question and said, "I just left the bar."

"Oh...?"

She didn't name the bar or elaborate further until another tense moment of silence passed between us.

"Why the hell are you telling men that I'm untouchable?"

"Because you are."

A dry laugh rang out even though a smile never touched her lips. "Midnight, I'm single. We had a one-night-stand, that doesn't—"

That sentence fell short when I grabbed her wrist and pulled her against me.

She gasped. "Midnight—"

Silently, I watched her fume as I took inventory of the features I knew like the back of my hand but still loved to study every chance I got.

Her platinum blonde pixie cut. Her deep brown skin. The soft bow shape of her full lips. The subtle slant of her almond shaped eyes. Every dangerous dip and satisfying swell along her flawless, soft frame.

All of it together was the only proof I needed that God was real. He *had* to exist if she did..

“You’re so fucking beautiful, Tyler.”

My heart raced while I watched her gulp and the fire in her eyes dim just a little.

“But you’re a terrible liar. The most beautiful liar I know.”

Shock transformed her face as her mouth fell open. “What kind of backhanded compliment is that?” She tried to yank her arm away from me. “And what exactly have I lied about?”

“This one-night-stand thing for starters. It was never one night with us, and you know it. The friend zone is your comfort zone because you’re scared that good sex isn’t all I have to offer.”

I watched her gulp before she shrugged off my comment. “Whatever, Midnight.”

“Am I wrong?”

“This isn’t why I came here.”

“So, tell me, why *are* you here? Are you here to curse me out or to get fucked? Because we can do both. I can fuck you while you curse me out.”

The beginnings of a smirk made her lips twitch but she pushed it down. “You’re fucking crazy.”

I gripped her chin, forcing her to meet my gaze. Her eyes darted around my face, landing somewhere on my forehead so she could avoid eye contact.

“Stop manhandling me,” she griped, even though she made no moves to extract herself from my hold. If anything, she did the opposite. The weight of her face relaxing against the firm pressure of my hold on her had my heart beating even faster than before.

“Look me in my eyes and tell me you want to fuck somebody else.” I pulled her face closer to mine. “Tell me you didn’t come here so I could take care of you.”

She didn’t say a word. Not even the beginning of a denial made it past her lips. But her body told on her. Her drawn features fell and the involuntary reactions she couldn’t hide were on full display as silence stretched between us.

Shallow breathing.

Stretched pupils.

Her teeth sinking into the softness of her plump bottom lip.

“You can’t, can you?” I angled my head until my lips were brushing hers. “Because as much as you may try to deny it, you know the only thing you wanna do right now is make a mess on my face.”

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### 3. TYLER

I liked this view.

Scratch that—I *loved* this view.

Midnight. On his knees in front of me. With his head lost between my legs. All while the warm slickness of his tongue licked me up and down before pushing past my folds to seek out my clit.

When he found his mark, all the blood in my body rushed to a single point dead set on intensifying the glorious feeling of having his mouth on me. He moaned when I cried out at the sensation. Like it was just as good for him as it was for me.

The vibration of the sound against my pussy set me off and had my long nails digging into his shoulders for support.

Thankfully, his arms were anchored around my hips. Or else I would have fallen flat on my face from the force of the pleasure swelling and erupting throughout my body.

I—there were no words.

And that pissed me off. Because I had a word for everything.

But this...this just felt indescribable.

How the fuck was this happening right now?

I wasn't even supposed to be here.

Wasn't supposed to hop in an Uber and come here.

Wasn't supposed to take Midnight's bait and fold in seconds.

But what I was supposed to do and what I actually did rarely added up to equal anything less than chaos.

And right now, I was embracing that chaos because Midnight's tongue was exactly where I needed it to be.

“Is this what you wanted, Ty? For me to taste you again and remind you of how fucking sweet you are?”

I whimpered my reply, my eyes squeezed shut.

“You’re the best thing that’s ever been on my tongue, Tyler and I will never let you forget that.”

My clit silently cried out for his attention every time he pulled away to talk to me. This time, instead of letting his lips reclaim their previous spot, he finished pulling down my panties that he had only taken time to push to the side before.

The lacy triangle was sopping wet with my desire, and I could have been embarrassed. But shame would get me nowhere right now.

He looked up at me, still kneeling. Those eyes I loved had darkened to the deepest, most beautiful shade of blue and his lips were glazed with...*me*.

Fuck.

His finger was an unexpected—but welcome—intrusion as he pushed it inside of me. The last thing I saw before my eyes rolled to the back of my head was his smirk.

“Look at how wet you are, baby.” There was pure awe in his voice. Like it was a miracle for anyone to be this aroused. “You’re out of your mind if you think I’m letting another man touch you.”

A dormant part of me wanted to tell him that wasn’t his choice to make, but then his lips were on me again. And that part of me was suddenly finding words a lot harder to come by.

His mouth found its way back to my engorged clit, holding the tight bud captive between his lips and tongue. The persistent pressure he applied while devouring me like I was his favorite meal was dizzying. And that shit had me on the brink of tears.

Because why did it feel so good? Why did it *always* feel this good with him?

My knees were weakening by the minute, and I was two seconds away from falling on my ass in these heels. This made me cling tighter to him, my nails clawing at his muscled shoulders as I fought to keep myself upright.

Midnight took my struggling as a sign to tighten his hold on my thighs and claim every scream that pushed past my throat. His slurped me up, feasting on my pussy until the tears I'd been trying to keep at bay stung my eyes.

I knew exactly why I was crying. It was all the common sense seeping out of me. Because deep down, I knew nothing that felt this good could be good for me.

God, I hated this man.

And I echoed my thoughts out loud just as a flood of warmth consumed me, leaving me speechless in the next breath.

“You can hate me, baby. But you better cum for me.” His deep voice floated up to my ears and I clenched my eyes shut just as bursts of light erupted behind my eyelids.

His tongue had been crafted by Satan himself. It was the only explanation for the convulsions that shook me to my core as I came on his tongue, gasping for air.

“Oh, fuck, Midnight.” I whimpered, unable to take it anymore. “Oh, *fuck!*”

This man moaned against my clit again like my pleasure alone turned him on, and the vibration sent me into another dimension. Another realm of pleasure.

“Oh, my godddd. Midnight, please don't stop. Please, please, please.” My right hand moved from his shoulder and tangled in his hair.

My whole body jerked forward when he slipped two fingers inside of me and started stroking my walls while he continued to eat.

Every nerve-ending on my body was overwhelmed with pleasure. I felt it from my fingertips all the way to my toes and I—

I was loss for words. Again.

Nothing should have felt this damn transcendent coming from a person I told myself I'd never fuck with again.

But, here I was.

All of the wetness leaking out of me found a new home on his tongue and he lapped it up with a greedy groan.

“Oh, *shit!*” By now, both of my hands were fisted in his hair, and the sensation of his wavy hair between my fingers was the only thing tethering me to reality.

Thick fingers moved in and out of me while the pad of his thumb matched the rhythm against my clit.

With his hand busy, he looked up at me with his face smeared in my juices and smiled.

*Fuck.*

“Do you know how good you taste, Ty?” As he asked the question, he ran his tongue over his lips and shook his head back and forth.

The look of satisfaction and lust on his face, coupled with the delicious friction against my clit had me climbing towards my second release.

My hips grinded against his hand as my head fell back and I let out a moan that dissolved into a whimper.

As pleasure rippled through me, my speech slurred. Reduced to gibberish while he pulled my second orgasm out of me and lowered his head to kiss a trail down my drenched inner thigh.

His voice was rough when he said, “The second another man touches you, I’m sending him to his grave. Tell me you understand that.”

I didn’t understand shit. But his possessive little ego trip wasn’t enough to ruin my high.

“All I want is to give you whatever you want, Tyler. But I can’t do that when you pretend you don’t know what we are to each other.”

His words were just loud enough to reach my ears and render me dumbstruck. Midnight and that damn mouth of his. Always saying something. Always making me *feel* something.

All *I* wanted to do was enjoy this moment for what it was: a good nut. But how was I supposed to do that with the emotion clogging his voice?

When he stood to his full height, he kissed me further shocking my already overstimulated system. Our mouths crashed and our tongues collided passionately as he gave me a taste of myself. It somehow felt more erotic than everything we'd done leading up to this and I moaned into his mouth.

I loved kissing Midnight. To be honest, I loved most things when it came to Midnight. But the thought of letting that truth touch the air made me shiver.

Midnight pulled back from the lip lock but lingered close enough for our lips to touch when he spoke. "Am I fucking you tonight or are you going home?"

Yanked back into reality, my head snapped up. I gaped at him.

He raised a thick brow, a silent invitation to answer his question any second now.

*He's giving you an out. Take it.*

I could leave. Get the walk of shame out of the way tonight and go to sleep in my own bed pretending this didn't happen.

But my feet wouldn't carry me toward the door.

Instead, I found myself reaching out for the knot holding his towel in place and letting out an awestruck gasp when his dick sprang to life. No longer confined, his beautiful girth was on full display and it was all a very mouthwatering sight.

It occurred to me then that I hadn't answered his question. Not verbally at least.

“I’m staying.”

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## 4. MIDNIGHT

I finished pulling the dress over Tyler's head while she silently complied by raising her arms.

Her bra gave me an unobstructed glimpse of her hard nipples. And when I bent to kiss them through the lace, Tyler pulled in a sharp inhale.

Once I released the clasp, she tried to bend down and remove her heels.

"Leave them on," I commanded with a firm hand on her arm.

Her eyes flickered with a question I answered by leading us to the arm of my black suede couch. I stood directly behind her, enamored by the view.

Unable to keep my mouth off of her, my lips gravitated to the nape of her neck and kissed her softly. Moaning, she let her head fall against my shoulder.

"Bend over, baby." I applied gentle pressure against her back until she was completely bent in half.

"Midnight," she moaned as my hands slowly traced over the curves of her hips and ass.

With her ass in the air, I had a front row view of every stretchmark etched into her satiny, ebony skin. My mouth watered as if I hadn't just tasted her, but I was insatiable when it came to her.

"You're so fucking beautiful, Ty." I could chant it all night and it still wouldn't be enough.

To back up my words, my dick ached in anticipation, eager to be drenched in the same nectar that was still fresh on my tongue.

My palms spread her open and the view of her glistening slit pulled a guttural sound out of me.

She was so damn stunning it made my breath catch.

“I wanna fuck you, Tyler.”

“Then do it.”

Her voice was clear and commanding as she moved her hips seductively, pushing her ass up against my erection.

“Shit.” There was a heavy urge to bury myself inside of her and never pull out.

All I wanted was to be connected to her. I didn't care if it was for a second or for eternity. Secretly, I prayed for the latter. Even as I spit and watched it fall to land against her asshole before traveling down the short valley to her other entrance.

After pushing my middle finger inside of her, I was rewarded with another moan that made me feed her another finger. She'd already creamed all over my face, so she was more than pliant but I still wanted to tease her.

As my middle and ring fingers massaged her walls, she reached back to hold my wrist in place and grinded against my fingers.

“You like that?”

“You know I do,” she whimpered, her hips steadily rocking.

Without warning, I pulled my fingers out of her and reached around to slip them into her mouth.

While her greedy tongue wrapped around my fingers, I entered her inch by inch.

“Midnight!” she screamed, after I was in all the way to the hilt. My fingers fell from her lips and I used the freedom to grip her neck and squeeze.

Standing still, I let her adjust to the tight fit. While she did, my thumb sank into her asshole and pulled another reaction out of her. I wanted her overwhelmed with the onslaught of sensations I was giving her and the way she whimpered told me I was succeeding.

“Ooh,” she cried.



Working my thumb in and out of her ass, I found a rhythm and matched it when I started moving my hips. My dick plunged in and out of her, slowly at first. But the pace changed when Tyler started throwing her ass back against me and meeting every thrust of mine with her own.

The harder I fucked her, the more her ass jiggled and the more I was lathered with *her*.

My eyes rolled to the back of my head at the jolts of pleasure I got whenever she clamped her walls around me and made it impossible to pull out.

Locked in place, I bent forward and kissed her spine from her tailbone up to her shoulders.

“I’ll never get tired of having you, Tyler.” She tasted like she’d been created with my tastebuds in mind. I pressed a kiss to her shoulder blade as she shivered under me.

My grip around her neck tightened and I could feel the vibration of her answering groan before the sound escaped seconds later.

I drove my thumb in and out of her ass and felt her pussy constrict around me even more.

My dick sang her praises, swelling and pleading for release.

Trying to regain control, I pulled out of her completely and slammed back into her with enough force to steal her next breath as she screamed at the top of her lungs.

I loved being inside of this woman. I think I was starting to *love* this woman.

Yet, I could only say one of those sentences out loud. The other one left me speechless and made me drive my hips down to fuck her harder. And harder.

My balls were just as soaked as my dick from the way they repeatedly smacked against her pussy. I tried to bury myself inside of her as deep as I could go, dreading the second that our connection would eventually end.

I knew I was going to cum soon. I could feel myself losing control as every muscle in my body tensed and relaxed in tandem.

She was a damn drug and every high she gave me left me yearning for the next one.

“You feel so f-fucking good, Midnight.” It was the last thing she said to me before she started shaking underneath me, her hips jerking back and forth while she cried out her release.

Tyler’s whole body trembled while I continued fucking her through her orgasm.

“You keep making me cum,” she whimpered as she came undone all over me.

Her cries echoed throughout my loft and made me thankful for the soundproof walls.

With my thumb still buried in her ass, I fucked her until there was nothing left for me to do but erupt.

“Tyler... *fuck*, ” I moaned, my heart pounding out of my chest.

She was the only woman capable of making me moan. Something I usually avoided at all costs but had no power over when she was involved.

“Tell me I can cum for you, baby.”

My hips rocked into her repeatedly, the tightness at the pit of my stomach intensifying rapidly.

“Tell me I can cum for you, Tyler. I need to hear you say it.”

Tyler’s voice was hoarse when she opened her mouth to give me permission to do the one thing I craved the most.

“Cum for me, Midnight.”

All the self-control I possessed was depleted when she said that. I freed myself from her slick walls just in time for my cum to gush all over her ass instead of inside of her.

My vision blurred with lust as I watched some of it trickle down her crack and join the mess we'd already made against her swollen lips.

Another groan left me while aftershocks tore through my body.

A few minutes passed with the only sound being our labored breathing as we tried to catch our breath.

When her breathing returned to normal, Tyler pushed herself off of the couch and turned around.

“I'm still mad at you.”

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## 5. TYLER

*Why is there a gun on my nightstand?*

*Why does my room smell like Tuscan Leather?*

The woodsy Tom Ford cologne always reminded me of Midnight. But that didn't explain why the scent was touching my nose right now.

Lifting my head, I tried to crane my neck and inspect the nightstand again but stopped when a heavy, strong force held me in place. From the torso up, all movement I tried to make was prevented.

The only thing I could move was my neck and I turned it back toward the nightstand just in time for the brass money clip in front of the gun to catch a ray of sunlight and glisten. I could clearly make out the huge initials that formed the clip.

*MH.*

Sadly, the only person I knew with those initials was Midnight Holden.

*Fuck!*

Something clicked in my head and that's when I noticed the backdrop of the city outside of the oversized windows adjacent to the bed. The skyline view was beautiful, but I knew one thing with certainty:

This wasn't my bedroom.

That was further confirmed when arms tightened around me, and I realized the weight on my abdomen was Midnight's big head.

His arms were wrapped snugly around my waist while his head rested just under my ribcage. Instead of the plethora of pillows he had on this massive bed, he'd used me.

Ignoring the swarm of butterflies that took flight in my stomach at that piece of information, I tried in vain to shift my weight and get up again.

Midnight effortlessly held me in place and finally spoke. “Morning, Ty.”

“Midnight, what am I doing in your bed?”

“I put you here. Remember?”

“Never mind,” I cut him off, rolling my eyes. I didn’t care that he couldn’t see me.

Of course, I remembered last night.

The memories ran as deep as the satisfaction still buzzing through my body.

My thoroughly fucked, thoroughly pleased body.

*Why did I fuck him again?*

We’d been doing good. A year had passed, and our existence as associates who floated in the same circle had carried on as good as it could have after the things we’d done that first night.

Okay...so that was only partially true.

It wasn’t a one-night stand. More like a *series* of one-night stands.

The first one was after a night of us pretending to be together.

Then it happened again on his yacht during his birthday party.

And then again on *my* birthday.

So, yea. A series of absolutely meaningless encounters that became increasingly hard to walk away from every time we allowed ourselves to fall into this familiar trap.

Alcohol was an easy scapegoat for last night’s debauchery, although my fleeting buzz had been completely obliterated by the time I got out of my Uber.

So how the hell had I ended up in bed with him when I only came here to tell him to stop cockblocking?

*You were never not going to fuck him, and you know it.*

The voice in my head was irritating. Especially because I knew it was right.

Ironically, the only thing we'd done in this bed was sleep. I'd let him fuck me up and down his loft though. And one time for good measure in the shower before he carried me to bed and enveloped me in his arms.

Groaning, I shook my head against the pillows. I was a fucking mess. And I needed to go home.

“Midnight, I have to go.”

Silently, he let go of my torso and shifted his body until he was hovering over me.

“Don't leave. Not yet.”

He dropped a kiss on my forehead and then let his own forehead fall to rest against mine.

The intimacy of this position was enough to make me melt. Before it got to that point, he moved down my body. His tongue inched down my neck, over my collarbone and latched onto my left nipple which hardened instantly under the weight of his tongue.

Breathless, I reclined further against his Egyptian cotton sheets and let the sensations momentarily override my good judgment. I knew I needed to leave, but not when his tongue held this much power.

My body tingled as my old friend lust ignited a fire within me, the flames licking me from head to toe in record time.

All of my earlier resistance flew right out the window.  
*Maybe just one more time ...*

*Yea , I deluded myself. Just one more time ...*

If there was nothing else I could say about the man, Midnight was talented when it came to using his dick. And I wanted another demonstration before I wiped this all from my memory and went back to the real world.

With my pussy throbbing and clit aching, I wanted him inside of me right now. Fuck foreplay.

I grabbed at his hips and tried to connect us in the way I craved but he evaded me, pinning my wrists above my head as he continued to worship me with his mouth and ignore my request for penetration.

“Stop fighting me,” he ordered on a growl when I tried to free my wrists.

His voice stopped me in my tracks, reducing me to a whimpering mess when he went back to the task at hand. His tongue circled the tight bud of my nipple in sensual circles before he lightly nipped at me with his teeth and licked away the pain in the next instant.

Every kiss and lick sent shockwaves straight to my swollen clit. My hips bucked to no avail. The fullness I desired was just out of reach as he dipped his head and focused on the other side.

He lapped at me slowly. Purposefully. His tongue was unrelenting until I was so stimulated that I thought I was going to bust.

And then I did. With my hands still above my head and absolutely zero interference between my legs, I came hard against his sheets. My back arched off the bed and I released a guttural cry as a tidal wave of pleasure rooted me to the spot.

“*Oooh* .” I absolutely hated the way this man made me whine but I couldn’t have stopped it if my life depended on it.

When my vision was no longer blurry, I stared at him in utter shock waiting for an explanation.

*What the fuck was that?*

And why did I want him to immediately do it again?

My body spasmed under him while he looked down on me with smug satisfaction.

A treacherous tear had escaped my eye and was coasting toward my ear. If my hands were free, I could have

wiped it. But that wasn't the case and Midnight observed it all with an aggravating smile on his lips.

“You're the devil.”

He threw his head back and laughed while I laid there heaving as the residual tremors wore off.

“You can fight me all you want, but your body will always tell me what I need to know.”

The declaration was unnecessary when the stickiness between my legs spoke volumes. At this point, he could probably blink at me and I'd cum. It was infuriating the way my body reacted to him.

I needed to leave.

“Let me feed you.”

The kiss he left at my temple as he released my wrists was...startling. Why did he keep doing this to me? Being so nice? So damn gentle and so damn generous?

“What do you want for breakfast?” he asked, and I wondered how good of a job I was doing at masking my emotions.

Silently, he studied me while I deliberated my options. Midnight's cooking was my weakness. Second only to his dick. And his mouth. And his fingers.

*Tyler.*

*Focus, babe.*

“I can't stay,” I finally whispered. I didn't know why I was whispering but it just came out that way. I didn't understand a lot of things when it came to this situation. Which is exactly why I needed to go.

Midnight didn't try to hide the disappointment that washed over his face, and it crushed me inside. His eyes dimmed a little and his nose flared noticeably as he studied me with a guarded expression. I ignored the sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach as I got up and walked out to the living room to pick up my clothes.



There was no part of me that wanted to wear these fuck-me heels or this dress with no panties to get home.

Turning on my heel, I found Midnight watching me from the door of his bedroom. He was still completely naked, his dick half hard and his face rigid as stone as he stared at me.

I almost asked him for a pair of sweats but thought better of it when I remembered that I'd have to see him to return whatever I borrowed.

While I pulled on my dress and stuffed my bra into my clutch, Midnight finally dressed his lower half in a pair of gray joggers. I told myself not to fixate on the fact that it was the most clothing he'd worn since I'd arrived.

“Let me walk you to the garage.”

“No!” I blurted. If I told him I hadn't drove, he'd insist on driving me home and I couldn't take another second of being around him when I felt this conflicted. I'd figure it out on the elevator ride down, but this needed to be where we said goodbye.

“Why are you acting weird?” he asked me with a frown.

*Why aren't you acting weird?* I wanted to ask. We'd completely switched roles from the first time we'd done this awkward dance. None of this shit made sense.

Feeling antsy, I threw all of my energy into putting on my shoes and then I made a beeline for the door.

I knew he could have easily stopped me, but he kept his distance and watched me fling the door open. Before I stepped into the hall, I tossed another glance over my shoulder.

“Why are you running?” His words were quiet—dangerously so—but somehow carried over the distance, loud and clear.

His question was a valid one. Just not one I felt like answering right now.

Facing the hall, I tucked my head in shame. “I never should have come here in the first place,” I told him.

Midnight laughed drily over my shoulder, but I didn't have the guts to turn around and face him again.

Because he was right.

I *was* running.

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## 6. MIDNIGHT

One Year Ago

Tyler was going to be asleep soon. The delayed delivery of her words was a dead giveaway. It was almost four a.m. She had every right to be sleepy, considering the time *and* considering what we had just done.

Selfishly, I wanted her to push past the sleepiness so that I could continue to savor this moment. I didn't know what changes daylight would bring, so I needed this pocket of peace to stretch on for as long as possible. Because honestly, I was still in shock about what had just happened.

When she walked up to me on my rooftop, this wasn't the outcome I'd expected. But to know Tyler was to be seduced by her. And she'd seduced the hell of me tonight. Whether we were pretending or not didn't matter to me when I thought about the fact that she was finally on my arm. Real or fake, it was happening. I wanted it to *keep* happening.

"I have a question," Tyler announced in a sleepy voice before turning on her side to face me as she hugged a pillow to her naked body.

The only light source was from the city lights spilling in from the floor to ceiling windows in my bedroom. But it was enough to see her silhouette against my sheets. Not that I needed the light. Every detail about her physical appearance was already etched into my brain so that I would never forget.

"Ask it." Instead of my head being the only thing facing her while I laid on my back, I rolled over and mimicked her posture on my side.

"Why did your parents name you Midnight?"

"They didn't." I cleared my throat.

Tyler tilted her head. "What do you mean? It's not your government name?"

“It is now. I legally changed it as soon as I turned eighteen.”

“Oh.” There was a quiet curiosity coating that single word, but she didn’t push it. I could tell that she didn’t want to pry.

Ironically, her not prying made me want to tell her even more.

“Webb’s mom helped me decide on the name.” The same smile that always showed up whenever I thought about Zora Webb was present now. I owed everything to the woman who had taken me in as her own when she was already struggling to raise Webb and Zariah by herself.

“*Really* ? Tell me more.” She sounded more alert now and that made a goofy grin pull at my lips. I don’t know why her being interested in some aspect of my history had me blushing.

“She took me in when I was fourteen and filed for guardianship so that I could finish school and hopefully get my shit together.”

She paused to stifle a yawn before asking, “What do you mean ‘get your shit together’? You were only fourteen.”

Without getting too deep, I gave her a brief summary. “I went to school just to fight most days. Long story short, my dad got tired of receiving calls about it and gave me an ultimatum. I called his bluff and kept fucking around.”

“So he kicked you out?”

“Hell yea,” I chuckled drily. I could laugh about it now but living through it had been another story. “I get where he was coming from. I used to fight like it was my full-time job. He wasn’t trying to watch me end up expelled or back in juvie over it.”

Tyler gasped, shifting slightly. “You went to juvie when you were fourteen?”

“Thirteen,” I corrected her.

“Shit.”

Sadly, the six weeks I'd spent in there hadn't succeeded in doing anything but pissing me off.

“What were you fighting about?”

I shrugged. “Honestly, I didn't need a reason a lot of the time. Anybody who looked at me the wrong way was an easy target.”

“Damn.” I could hear the smile in her voice, even as she yawned. “It sounds like you were hotheaded. But you were a *child*. You needed more attention from your parents, not less of it. I'm just happy you ended up with someone who showed you grace. Seems like it changed a lot for you.”

“It changed everything,” I said in confirmation. “Ms. Zora listened to me. She didn't speak in ultimatums, but she gave me the tough love I needed. Even when I fucked up a few times while living with them, she always told me that I could try again tomorrow. Because as soon as midnight hit, I had a brand new twenty-four hours to get it right. She told me that midnight meant a clean slate. Midnight meant that I had made it to another day to try again. And that stuck with me.” I still remember the day my petition got approved and I was no longer Julian Holden.

“That's actually sweet,” she murmured. “I was expecting a much darker answer.”

“What do you mean by ‘darker’?” I snickered, reaching out to pull the pillow away from her and replace it with my body. Her softness melted into me, letting me pull her as close as I wanted.

“I don't know.” I felt her shoulder move against me in a shrug. “When you told me it wasn't your government name, I assumed it was a nickname you got for doing something heinous.”

Heinous was a tame word for the things Webb and I got caught up in before we finally got our shit together a couple years ago. Him finding love had been the catalyst he needed. And I had a promise to keep to myself to finally get something right.

Tyler slipped her arm around my waist and sighed against my chest. “Who knew you had a wholesome side underneath?”

I knew her question was rhetorical, but it still made me smile harder than I should have. Maybe it was the awe in her voice or maybe it was the fact that we’d even had this conversation. Whatever it was had me grinning long after her breathing slowed, and she finally gave in to sleep.

\* \* \*

The next morning, I wasn’t as lucky when it came to the questions she asked me. By the time I woke up, she was on the other side of my room rushing to get dressed.

When I cleared my throat and sat up, she looked at me like a deer caught in headlights.

“Hey...”

“Morning,” I said, raising my brow. “What’s the rush?”

“I—um need to get home and change before my first client.”

Her mouth was saying one thing, but her face said something completely different. It was a mask of nothingness and it made me feel like I’d imagined last night.

“Can I make you breakfast before you go?” I knew she was slipping through my fingers, and it was my last effort to keep that from happening.

“I can’t. I really, really have to go.” She paused to stare at me, chewing on her bottom lip. “Can I ask you for a favor?”

“Isn’t that how we ended up here?” I asked, my tone hard as I swallowed past the sudden lump in my throat.

“We got carried away,” Tyler said to the floor because she damn sure wasn’t looking at me. “I think we let the roleplaying go to our heads and did things that we shouldn’t have done.”

Fuck.

Maybe that was her truth. Her truth still stung.

“*Things ?*” I emphasized. “Is that what we’re calling it?”

“Can we just act like this didn’t happen?” She finally looked up and met my stare. “*Please?* ”

I shook my head, hating the fact that I was about to give her what she wanted.

“Whatever you want, Ty.” Verbally, I agreed but the knots twisting in my stomach said otherwise.

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## 7. MIDNIGHT

Present Day

“Did you sleep with my sister?” The familiar voice preceded the owner as she walked

into my office without knocking.

“Damn, Ryann. What happened to hello?”

Ryann came to a stop in front of my desk, studying me as she scrunched up her face. It had always tripped me up that two people could have identical faces and pull such different reactions out of me.

“Fine. *Hello*. Did you sleep with my sister? Is that more to your liking?”

Snickering, I dropped my pen against my desk and mentally prepared myself for this encounter.

Ryann was my barber. And had been before I ever knew she had a twin sister. But two years ago, Tyler had moved from their hometown to open up a joint business with her and that was the last time I knew peace.

Calling Tyler my friend had always felt like a lie because I was attracted to everything about her. There was no place for platonic feelings when all I thought about whenever I saw her was putting my dick in her and then feeding her breakfast in bed.

That dream had been *half*-realized last year on that Friday night she'd shown up on my rooftop. After she told me to “kiss” that sauce off of her, all bets had been off.

Until she woke up the next day and begged me to act like it never happened. Usually, I'd agree to whatever she asked of me, but that I couldn't do. There wasn't a chance in heaven or hell that I could just pretend that nothing happened or that I wanted to just be her friend.



Like I'd told her many times before, I didn't fuck my friends. Nor did I fantasize about making my friends cum five times in as many minutes.

I'd worship the fucking ground she walked on if she gave me the chance.

But we couldn't even make it to breakfast in bed without her sprinting out of my place so that seemed like a longshot.

“Midnight! *Midnight!*”

“What, Ryann?” I winced at her shrieking tone.

“You zoned out and I'm still waiting for an answer to a very important question.”

“Repeat the question,” I invited, biting back a smile at her frustrated expression.

She didn't repeat the question, but she did heave a heavy sigh.

“Look. Y'all are grown. Do whatever you want. But I'm trying to figure out why she's been acting weird since the other night.”

“Can't help you with that.”

“Damn, was it *that* bad?” She held a sympathetic expression on her face.

“Ryann, don't insult me.” I gave into the laugh that would have been a grimace if anybody else asked me that question.

“What? It's not like *I* know what you're working with, nor do I want to,” she said with a fake shudder. “All I know is that my sister is sulking around the salon and if her expression gets any more stank, she's gonna start scaring off customers.”

I didn't have the time or energy to dissect whether it was a good or bad thing that Tyler hadn't confided in her twin about us.

*Us?*

The concept of an us was hard to imagine with the way things were going. It bothered me more than it should have that she wouldn't even consider *more* with me. I wasn't even the type to go hunting for romantic entanglements, but Tyler was so damn magnetic I wanted all she had to offer.

Ryann blew out a frustrated breath and started pacing.

“Between her attitude and her checking her phone every five minutes, I’m surprised she’s gotten anything done all week,” she added.

That made me sit up straighter. Every text message I’d sent had gone unanswered. Knowing that she had probably read them and chose to ignore them did nothing for my wounded pride.

“Good dick is not supposed to leave you depressed. It’s supposed to put a pep in your step and have you smiling at nothing,” Ryann explained, walking back and forth in front of my desk to demonstrate.

“Yea?” I raised my brows at her. “You speaking from personal experience? Who’s putting a pep in your step?”

Ryann stopped in her tracks and looked at me with shock written all over her face.

“Midnight! That’s such an invasive question. I’m a lady.”

“You just asked me the same shit,” I pointed out before we both fell out in laughter.

I shook my head while she folded her arms across her chest.

“Look, I never ask you for anything—” she started.

“False, you come here five days a week for lunch that you never pay for.”

Cocking her head to the side with a scowl, Ryann kissed her teeth. “You’re petty for bringing that up. Back to what I was saying.”

She rolled her eyes dramatically while I raised my brow at the request I knew was coming.

“Can you talk to her and fix this?”

Talking was the last thing on my mind when I thought about confronting Tyler for this game of hide-and-go-seek she’d forced me to play all week.

But I’d kept my distance, letting her maintain a false semblance of control.

Now that my patience had washed up, it was time to shatter that illusion.

“I’m gonna take your silence as a yes,” Ryann said, walking back to the door. She turned to me with a thoughtful expression before she walked through it. “Oh, and you need a haircut. Whatever y’all are going through is no reason to let yourself go. Text me.”

Running a hand over my hair, I watched her with a glare as she disappeared out of my office with a wink.

As soon as I turned back to my computer screen, I was immediately interrupted by another visitor and gave up the thought of getting anything productive done.

“Yo.”

Webb stopped short with a scowl on his face.

Granted, that was his neutral expression so I didn’t know anything was out of order until he started talking.

“ZaZa got a man.”

Damn. I guess everybody who walked through my door was determined to get straight to the point.

“Man, what?”

“She got a man,” he repeated.

The disgust in his voice almost made me laugh. Webb was like a brother to me and because of that I had learned that nothing fucked him up more than the women in his life doing what the fuck they wanted. Whether that was his mom, his girl

MJ, or his sister. He couldn't get it through his thick head that maybe they didn't need his approval to do shit.

“You *just* got MJ back and now you're stressing yourself with this? Why?”

Zariah was grown. Had been for years and I understood the overprotectiveness. Really, I did. Webb's mother had raised me as her own from the time I was fourteen, so I'd grown up in the same house as them and considered Zariah my little sister.

Webb took it to a whole other level though.

“I'm not stressed,” he denied. “I just want to know who it is. She's being secretive and I don't like that shit.”

I snickered and watched the animated screensaver move across my monitor. Nine times out of ten, Webb just wanted to vent. So, I'd let him. Honestly, I zoned out about ninety percent of what he was saying because Tyler was the only thing I could focus any real attention on.

When he finished talking, he stood up and looked at me with narrowed slits for eyes.

“You always been too soft on her. You probably know who it is and she told you not to tell me.”

Unfazed by his assumption, I shrugged.

“This is the first I'm hearing about a dude. But good for her,” I added just to throw him off.

“Yea, aight.”

He dismissed himself and then my phone went off. When I didn't see Tyler's name, I was tempted to ignore whoever it was until I realized it was Zariah texting me.

**Zariah** : *Webb is fishing for info. Promise me you won't say anything.*

**Midnight** : *He just left .*

**Zariah** : *Shit. What did you say?*

**Midnight** : *I told him the truth. I don't know anything.*

**Zariah** : *This is why I love you.*

**Midnight** : *Remember that the next time you try to charge me \$30 for a box of cookies.*

She laughed at my message but didn't type anything else. And I was too distracted with thoughts of Tyler to press her for more info on this mystery man. I was sure Webb would find out and give me a full report by the end of the week anyway.

Standing, I slipped my phone in my pocket and walked out of my office. I wasn't getting any work done anyway and the person I wanted to see was too close for me not to be doing anything about it.

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## 8. TYLER

Ghosting someone who owned a restaurant across the street from you was not for the weak. Especially when that person was your usual source of lunch.

Every time Ryann had shown up at my workstation for our daily walk to Midnight's this week, I'd come up with an excuse as to why I couldn't go.

*Waiting for a supply delivery.*

*Cramps.*

*No appetite.*

I knew my sister saw right through my aversion but was keeping her suspicions to herself until she gathered more evidence. That's just how Ryann was. Besides, as long as she had a book to keep her company I was sure she wouldn't miss my presence at lunch.

How I had kept our initial hook up from her for over a year, I would never know. But I had clearly only gotten sloppier with time because I knew she was on to me.

That had everything to do with Satan himself.  
Midnight Holden.

Every time we had sex, it was better than the time before and I ended up with tears in my eyes. It was unreal how good *everything* felt under his touch. Most people would be jumping for joy to find a partner like that. Me, on the other hand? I didn't need those problems. If an orgasm could make me cry, there was no telling what else he had up his sleeve and I didn't want to find out. So, he could keep his beautifully veined, gloriously thick, magnificently skilled dick FAR away from me.

Four long days had passed since I walked out of his apartment that morning and I had diligently dodged every attempt at communication he'd made since then.

Trust me, I knew I was a sitting duck, and that Midnight could pounce at any moment. But I was going to enjoy however long I had left before it came to that.

My girl, MJ, was currently in my chair after asking me to squeeze her in during my usual lunch hour.

Considering my only plan had been eating a cup of ramen while I re-watched episodes of “Renovation Wars” on my phone, I gladly took her last-minute appointment.

“Please tell me you’re coming out with us tonight.”

“What’s tonight?” My mind was so scattered that it was entirely possible I’d overlooked an invitation. I had no idea what she was talking about.

MJ shrugged. “It’s just Thursday. But Zariah wants to do something.”

I nodded. But I never got the chance to respond because in the next instant my shop door opened and in walked Midnight.

The dark grey suit he had on was tailored perfectly, as always. His black button-up was opened at the collar, exposing his thick neck. And the charcoal grey slacks did nothing but draw my attention to his long, athletic legs.

“Why are you scowling? You could just say you don’t wanna hang out. I won’t be offended. Well—” MJ paused like she was really thinking about it.

My heart was too busy beating out of my chest for me to correct her. His eyes were pinned on me as he approached my station.

“Ladies,” he spoke in a voice that mirrored his dark gaze.

*What was he doing here?*

My stomach twisted in knots knowing that I was about to find out.

MJ looked up at the unexpected visitor and gave a half smile. “Oh. It’s just Midnight.”

“Nice to see you too, MJ.” He bent and pressed a chaste kiss against her cheek.

Her half-smile bloomed into a full-out grin at the greeting, and I rolled my eyes.

“Tyler. A word.” His tone *dared* me to do anything but get up and follow him.

So, of course I protested. “Midnight, I’m working.”

When he toyed with his collar and a slight smile played about his lips, I knew he was the furthest thing from amused. Without another word, he gave me a pointed stare then turned and walked down the hall toward the back of the salon.

He didn’t look back as his confident stride carried him down the hall because he *knew* I would follow.

Heat rushed to my cheeks as embarrassment trickled through my veins.

I offered my best smile to MJ, who knew something was up but looked thoroughly amused by it all.

“Give me two seconds.” I stood up.

She raised her brow at me and pushed her lips out in a smirk. “Take your time, girl.”

When he pulled me into the supply closet and shut the door, I spun on him and hissed, “Midnight, what are you doing? I have a client.”

He looked bored at my reminder and said, “It’s just MJ. I’m sure she won’t mind.”

Granted, he was right, but I didn’t have to tell him that. MJ was probably eating this shit up.

“What do you want? Why are you here?”

I had to fill the space with questions because the tight confines of the closet had me wrapped up in his scent and too close for comfort. His everything was touching my everything and it was driving me to a point of dizzy arousal.



“I haven’t heard from you, so I figured you wanted to see me.”

Ironically, I could barely see anything in this damn closet. But I could *feel* everything. Even when I pressed myself up against the closed door, it didn’t create enough distance between us.

“If I wasn’t answering your calls, please explain to me how the logical next step would be popping up at my place of business.”

Midnight crowded me even more than I thought possible in this tiny ass closet, and I gasped when I could sense his lips just a breath away from mine.

“What’s your problem, Tyler?”

“*You* are my problem!”

His hand came up and I ducked to avoid his touch only to realize that he was reaching up to turn on the light near my head.

Once the small space was bathed in light, I had the pleasure of watching him watching me.

Calculating eyes danced over every inch of my face before landing on mine.

“I’m your problem, Tyler?”

“Yes.” I focused on his open collar instead of meeting his eyes and that was my first mistake. The muscles lining the thick column of his neck and the sight of his Adam’s apple bobbing had me enthralled.

“Care to elaborate?”

Rolling my eyes was a reflex and I didn’t even realize I’d done it until it was too late. “I’m still mad at you, Midnight.”

“Mad at me?” he asked, genuine confusion on his face. “I thought we were past that.”

“We fucked, Midnight. That’s it. It doesn’t magically erase what you did to piss me off before that.”

“I see.”

“Great. I’m glad we’re on the same page. I’m going back to work.” I turned to open the door, only for his hand to land over mine blocking my escape.

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## 9. TYLER

Heat singed me where his hand landed on my wrist.

The next sensation I felt rocked me to my core because it was his lips against my neck while he pulled me snug against his body from behind.

“I didn’t come here to fight with you, Tyler. You really want to spend the little time we have together at odds?”

Against my better judgment, I relaxed into his hold, loving the warmth of his body heat against my back while I tried to come up with a reason as to why I shouldn’t find comfort in his touch.

I never found one. So, when he told me to turn around, I followed his command with no argument.

“Stop treating me like your enemy.”

That made me gulp because denial was on the tip of my tongue, but I knew he was right.

“We fucked and you liked it, help me see the problem.”

The proverbial cat took hold of my tongue and left me speechless.

A few beats passed before he asked, “You’re not going to answer me?”

“I don’t like it because I never agreed to be yours,” I finally blurted. “Look, I get that men get off on that possessive shit, but it really has no place between us when you think about it logically. You can’t deem me off-limits if we’re not even...*anything*.”

It stung to say the words aloud. It didn’t change the truth behind them though.

Midnight and I weren’t anything. Our genitals touched from time to time, and it felt exquisite in the moment.

But he wasn't my man. Hell, he wasn't even my fuck buddy. At least then there would be an understanding in place.

There was no understanding between us about whatever it was that we were doing. We just gave in to the moment. And afterwards, I would find a reason to flee the scene and act like it never happened.

Until it happened again. And then *again* . And *again* , four days ago.

“Look me in my eyes when I'm talking to you, Tyler.”

I hadn't even noticed how far I zoned out until I heard the harshness in his tone.

Looking up, scorching hot fire shot through me when he licked his lips.

“You're telling me that you don't like being claimed by me?”

Why did he have to say it like *that* ? With his voice all gravelly and his stare so intense I was sure he could see through to my soul.

All I had to do was confirm what he said and go on about my day.

Did that happen? Hell no. Quite the opposite.

“Honestly, I think I just needed to get you out of my system.” Now I was just talking out of my ass. There was no getting a man like Midnight out of your system. It was quite literally impossible. The more I fucked him, the more he was embedded deep into my system.

I blinked and Midnight had me pinned against the door with my skirt up over my hips and one leg around his waist while his fingers sought out answers in my pussy that my mouth couldn't give him.

He stole more than my breath when he kissed me, his tongue sweeping over mine in a dance that was becoming too familiar.

Three fingers pumped in and out of me in such a beautiful cadence that I had no choice but to match it with the rocking of my hips. I rode his fingers, seeking my inevitable release. Every guttural moan I made in my chest never got to touch the air because Midnight's kiss was unrelenting. He intercepted every sound as I clung to him, desperate for an orgasm that I knew would leave my knees weak.

I was close. I could feel myself on the brink of falling; the familiar tightness making a home at the pit of my stomach before spreading outward. It felt great. It felt more than great.

And then...nothing.

My eyes popped open when I realized what happened.

Not only had his fingers stopped moving, but his touch had deserted me completely. Leaving me with a hollow feeling I couldn't explain.

"Midnight." His name was both a plea and a curse as he lowered my leg to the floor and pulled a handkerchief out of his pocket.

Still in shock, I watched him clean me off of his hands and then shove the cloth back into his pocket. Next, he silently adjusted himself in his slacks.

Only after that series of events did he seek out my gaze again.

"I'll let you get back to work now."

His face was unreadable, and his tone was devoid of any emotion as he moved to reach around me and go out the door.

*"Midnight ."*

His lips grazed my ear as he spoke directly into it, "You don't get to cum all over my hand and then tell me we're nothing, Ty. So, I saved you the trouble. You wanna cum? Figure out why you run every time I make you feel good."

Called out, I almost flinched at the cold delivery.

“And for the record, I’m not possessive because it *gets me off*. I just give a fuck about you, Tyler. And there aren’t that many people in my life I can say that about. So, forgive me if the way I show it is fucked up.” Pausing, he let his lips brush my temple and then pushed open the door. “Have a good rest of your day.”

\* \* \*

By the time I walked back to my workstation, Midnight was long gone.

MJ was waiting for me with an eager expression. “Hmph, what was that about?”

Reclaiming my seat, I huffed out a loud sigh and turned on the drill to remove her current color. “Nothing important.”

MJ chewed on her bottom lip as she studied me. Meanwhile, all I could do was pray my heartrate returned to a normal range and the tremor in my hands disappeared when I started working. Best friend or not, MJ was still one of my top clients and it would do me well *not* to fuck up her nails.

I held her gaze, silently hoping she’d drop it. Luck was not on my side.

“Damn, I really saw that going differently. I thought he was about to sweep you off your feet or something. But you look worse than you did when he first got here.”

“Um, can you show me the design you want again?”

MJ’s smile was annoying. “Mhmm. Hold on, let me get my phone.”

As she swiped through the pictures, my breath steadied and the burning sensation in my chest weakened just a little.

“You know, I always thought there was something there. From the way he looks at you. But I’ve never understood the relationship between you two.”

“Join the club,” I murmured, eyeing the phone she’d turned in my direction. Thankfully, the design was intricate as hell which meant I could focus all of my brain power on that.

And *not* on how glorious Midnight's hands had felt all over me before he deserted me.

An hour into the session, my jaw finally relaxed, and the rigid set of my shoulders gave way to a more relaxed posture.

MJ had filled the session with chatter about her semester in grad school, Webb, and the upcoming trip they had planned. It was exactly what I needed.

“So,” she said fixing me with her big brown eyes. “Are you coming out with us tonight or not? Ryann already said yes so you better say yes. I know y'all are attached at the hip.”

I snickered at her assessment because it was partly true. As different as Ryann and I were, we still ended up doing most things together. It was just the bond we had as twins.

“I'm down,” I said, accepting the invite. “I could use a night out with my girls.”

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## 10. MIDNIGHT

I didn't expect to hear from her as soon as I did.

And by "hear" from her, I meant the *Come get me* text I'd just gotten.

It was 1:27 in the morning.

Despite the time, I hadn't been anywhere close to sleep. It was close to one when I got home from the restaurant and before I could get in the shower, my phone chimed with her notification.

Now I was pulling up to the location she'd shared with me, wondering how the rest of this night would turn out considering the last encounter we had.

"Midnight!" I heard as soon as I stepped out of my car to walk towards the club.

The heels of her boots clicked against the asphalt as she jogged to close the space between us.

"Tyler, what the fuck are you doing out here by yourself?" My eyes darted around the parking lot, trying to spot out any lurkers. The parking lot was well lit but that didn't ease the way my heart was racing.

"Calm down. It was too loud inside," she answered, as if it was the most normal thing in the world for a woman to be roaming around outside at this hour.

Her instructions to calm down didn't sit right with me because the last thing I felt was calm when she got closer, and I saw that her eyes were red.

"Who touched you?"

I didn't realize I had raised my voice until she flinched and reached out to cover the hand that had automatically went to my hip. Her soft palm covered the hand hovering over the weapon that was always tucked at my waist.



“Nobody touched me, Midnight. *Relax* .” Again, her command fell on deaf ears.

“Then why do you look like that?”

She looked embarrassed as she started rambling. “I didn’t eat anything all day and when we were getting ready at Zariah’s house, I ate a cookie. But I didn’t know until I ate it that it was an edible. It looked like one of the cookies I always get at her bakery. I thought I was going to be fine, but then it hit me on the dance floor and I just wanted to leave. But I didn’t want to ruin everybody else’s night. They don’t even know I’m out here. I just had to get away from that music. And it’s so *hot* in there. So damn hot.” She shook her head, pausing to take a breath.

Relief was slowly trickling through my veins the more she talked. Whether she knew it or not, she’d scared the fuck out of me. I could deal with her being high.

“I didn’t know if you would show up.”

“Why wouldn’t I show up for you?”

She gave a half shrug. “I don’t know. Just didn’t know if you wanted to see me after earlier...”

“I always want to see you, Ty.”

Her eyes widened at that and it tugged at my chest. This woman had me experiencing a full range of emotions in this parking lot and looked oblivious to the effect she had on me.

“Can we go to your place?”

Moving toward the passenger door, I pulled it open and said, “I’ll take you wherever you want to go. Let’s go.”

\* \* \*

“What do you want to eat?” I asked as soon as we walked through my front door. I hadn’t missed the detail about her not eating all day and felt the need to correct that immediately.

“A cup of ramen is fine. It’s late,” Tyler yawned.

Cutting my eyes at her, I walked into the kitchen and went straight to the fridge. “You’re not eating that processed bullshit in my house when I can make you something to eat, Ty.”

“You’re very bossy, you know that?”

I didn’t answer but I winked at her over my shoulder before pulling the ingredients I needed out of the fridge. Next, I moved to my pantry.

I looked at everything laid out on my counter.

Pasta, butter, garlic, white onion, lemon, chili flakes and white wine. Everything I needed to make the meal she ordered every time she set foot in my restaurant. It didn’t matter that I had taken months to perfect my menu with over thirty dishes; she always ordered this one. I wanted her as comfortable as possible while the edible wore off, so that meant making her comfort meal.

While I cooked, she disappeared into my bedroom. I heard the shower turn on when I dropped the pasta in the butter and oil mixture. While that cooked down, I pulled out my phone and texted Ryann to let her know Tyler was with me.

Like clockwork, Ty re-emerged wearing one of my sweatshirts as soon as I turned off the stovetop.

Seeing her in my favorite sweatshirt did something to me. She looked like she was at *home*, and I tried not to get carried away with that train of thought.

There was still too much unresolved between us.

“Is it okay that I’m wearing your sweatshirt? I guess I could have asked before I put it on, but I had to get out of that corset and those jeans. And this looked like the only thing in your closet that I could fit.”

“You can wear whatever you want, Tyler. You don’t have to ask.”

I plated her food as she slid onto one of the barstools.

“Are you mad at me?” she asked in a quiet voice.

“I’m not mad at you, Ty. But you frustrate the hell out of me.”

“Damn, tell me how you really feel.”

“The only thing I care about right now is feeding you. Can I do that?”

I placed the bowl of pasta in front of her and watched her eyes light up when she immediately recognized the dish.

“You’re going to feed me?” she asked teasingly.

“If that’s what you want, I’ll do it,” I answered, dead serious and more than willing.

She took the fork I extended over the counter and smirked. “Thanks, but I think I can manage.”

The way she dug into the food was all the proof I needed to know she hadn’t eaten all day. That edible probably wasn’t helping, either.

Her lids were low, and she hummed after every bite.

The mask she usually wore during our brief interactions was missing and this glimpse of her only solidified what I already knew.

I wanted *more* of her. Everything inside of me craved that.

We ended up on the couch after she ate. She wasn’t talkative, but I could tell her brain was spinning with a million questions. Comfortable silence stretched between us before she finally asked one of them.

“What do you want from *this* ?” I knew what she was referencing even though the question was cryptic as hell.

She wanted to know why I wasn’t okay with the way things were with us. With us existing in this weird limbo of amazing chemistry and then pretending the things that chemistry led to didn’t happen.

“I want more of you, Tyler. I want everything with you.” I echoed the thought that seemed to be on a constant loop these days.

“But you don’t even know me. How can you say you want more of something you don’t know?”

I’d been expecting that. And I had a follow up.

“I know you hate bananas. I know your favorite scent is something with freesia and pear. You always smell like it. It’s overpriced but it brings you joy so you justify it. You love home makeover shows even though the thought of breaking a nail keeps you from ever trying a project like the ones you binge watch on the regular. I know that every day you come to my restaurant and order the same thing for lunch. But you’re right, I could know *more* . And I’m open to that if you give me a chance. Because I also know that I feel homesick when you aren’t around. The second you leave the room, I miss you even though I don’t have the right to because the only thing you see me as is a good fuck.”

“Midnight.” There was awe in the two syllables that formed my name.

Drowsily, she tried to follow up with all the what-if questions I knew had been dancing in her mind for a while. *What about our friends? What if we got bored? Wouldn’t it be awkward to still be in the same friend group?*

I knew she would be sleep soon so I let my reassurance lull her to sleep.

“Listen,” I sighed and kissed her forehead. “We’ll cross those bridges if and when they come up. All I’m asking for right now is a chance, Tyler.”

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# 11. TYLER

Who knew the best sleep of my life would come from an edible and being wrapped up in Midnight's arms all night?

When I woke up the next morning, I saw the same things I saw a week ago. But the urge to freak out wasn't there. Instead, I was just thankful that I'd ended up here last night instead of at my house. The homecooked meal and the attentiveness from Midnight was just the icing on the cake.

More than ninety percent of the king-sized bed was empty. Midnight and I were so close to each other that we were sharing a pillow. And I'm sure he would have been closer if it were possible.

I eyed both of our phones on the pillow furthest away and struggled to reach for mine. But his hold on me was too tight. Every time I got a little leeway, he groaned into my hair and pulled me even tighter against him.

"Midnight, I have to pee," I whined.

I felt him reluctantly release me after he landed a lazy kiss against my neck. The fact that he still found a way to be so affectionate while he was half asleep made me all fuzzy inside. Almost as fuzzy as I'd felt after his confession last night. If that edible hadn't left me so lethargic, maybe I could have told him that I wanted more with him, too. But instead, I'd fallen asleep soon after and my guess was that he'd carried me to bed sometime after that.

I rolled out of bed on the opposite side and grabbed up my phone in the process.

In the bathroom, I went through all of the messages that I'd missed last night and held my breath.

The group chat between me, Ryann, Zariah, and MJ had thirty-six new messages.

"Shit."

Surprisingly, most of the messages looked like they'd been sent after the group disbanded and went home.

**Zariah** : *So, are we all going to pretend that we didn't see MJ rocking Webb's chair again tonight?*

**Ryann** : *It's about damn time. Their break up was stressing me out. If Webb got in my chair telling me how much he missed her one more time, I was gonna lose it and fuck up his hair in the process.*

**MJ** : *\*rolling eyes emoji\**

**Zariah** : *Ryann, tell your twin she aint slick.*

**Ryann** : *You tell her. We're all in this thread together.*

**Zariah** : *Ty, you aint slick ho. Your little Irish goodbye was just tacky and rude*

I grinned and paused reading to let out the laugh I'd been holding.

**Ryann** : *You're lucky Midnight texted me. I would have thought your ass got kidnapped*

So, he *had* texted them.

**Zariah** : *I can't wait to hear all about this relationship that's apparently been happening under our noses.*

**Ryann** : *Right! MJ was the only one who didn't seem surprised and now I'm hurt*

**MJ** : *No comment*

I skimmed through the rest of the messages with the same grin on my face and finally put my phone down to brush my teeth with the extra toothbrush I'd used last night. When I got back in the room, Midnight had shifted to his back with his arm thrown over his face to block out the light pouring through the windows.

This position gave me the perfect glimpse of his erection tenting the sheets.

My mouth watered.

We hadn't done anything all night, but the sudden urge to wake him up with my lips wrapped around him took over me.

I crawled back in bed, lifted the sheets, and disappeared underneath.

He'd slept completely naked. My mouth watered even more.

As soon as my lips were around the velvety warmth of his dick, I moaned. The weight of him against my tongue was intoxicating. I licked him up and down and he grew even harder in my mouth before finally stirring awake.

"Tyler," he groaned out in a sleep roughened voice.

Soon, slurping sounds filled the air as my spit coated him. I moved my head back and forth while my wrist twisted, jerking him as I pulled his dick further down my throat.

His legs tensed under me and his hand cupped the side of my face. The pad of his thumb rubbed my cheek in slow circles while I used my wrist to create circles of my own.

"Fuck, baby. You don't play fair."

His hoarse voice sounded so sexy, it made me go harder. My lips and spit covered his tip while my hands took care of the rest of him.

I could feel him tense up again, this time his whole body going rigid as his hips bucked violently underneath me.

"Cum for me, Midnight."

It was all I had to say before my mouth was full of his cum with most of it dribbling down my chin while his body spasmed uncontrollably.

"Shit, Ty." He threw the sheet completely off of us and pulled me up against him.

Rolling over, he reversed our positions and had me pinned underneath him in seconds.

To my surprise, I could feel his dick already growing hard again and that excited me. My clit throbbed and my

thighs fell apart in anticipation for what was coming.

Midnight reached up and wiped my chin clean with his thumb while staring intently into my eyes. “Good morning.”

I wanted to answer him. Really, I did. But then he was sinking inside of me and the sensation of him stretching me out took precedence over everything else.

It was a damn good morning.

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## 12. TYLER

I think he was trying to fuck me out of the friend zone. Every stroke stripped away any residual hesitation and had me ready to give him whatever he asked for. I swear I could feel him knocking against my womb and I knew it was over.

My legs were wrapped around his waist so that I could feel every bit of friction between us. I was desperate for every sensation he had to offer me and my hips rose up to meet every thrust.

There was nothing gentle about the way he was fucking me. Hell, it was almost like he hated me. And I *loved* every second of it.

He filled me up repeatedly, his girth stretching me to my limit before he withdrew and did it all over again.

Missionary had never had me this stuck, but Midnight was an exception to every rule I'd ever constructed. I whined my hips in a clockwise motion, answering every downward stroke he gave me with a needy undulation of my own.

Sweat coated our bodies despite the A/C working overtime in his loft.

I didn't know what I was going to do if this ever stopped, so I focused all of my attention on the present moment. And the present moment felt fucking amazing.

"Midnight," I panted, all other words lost on me as he sucked on my neck.

"Tell me I can give you more, Tyler."

The only answer he got out of me was my head thrashing against the pillow while I absorbed the feeling of his veined length hitting the deepest depths inside of me.

*Oh, my god.*

I was about to cum.

But then his stroke changed from deep to shallow to deep again. Even though I was flat on my back, the change in tempo made me dizzy and more breathless than before.

“What are you trying to do to me?” I cried, my legs falling away from his waist as I tried to move up higher on the bed.

The eye contact I got in response to my question made me wish my eyes were closed. Because all I could see was everything he’d already said. The dark depths mirrored his request for *more* .

Fuck.

“Tell me I can give you more or tell me we’re done, Tyler.”

His voice was rough, although he wasn’t half as winded as I was. His hands were no longer anchored above my shoulders. Now, they were holding my thighs apart, pushing my knees against the mattress so that he could fuck me deeper.

It took me a minute to even register what he’d said because all I could do was feel right now.

Was he really giving me an ultimatum in the middle of sex?

“Answer me, Ty.”

“I—” a guttural cry broke free from my throat when he flicked his thumb against my clit and sent me spiraling into an orgasm.

My whole body shook, trembling with my release but he didn’t let up. He fucked me through my orgasm and was trying to usher me into the next one, but it was too much. I needed to catch my breath, or I was going to pass out.

I pushed against his hard abdomen, trying to create space but it was useless. The more distance I tried to create, the closer he got. He kept moving inside of me until my body tensed up again.

“Midnight, I can’t—” I gasped. My heart was hammering. My skin was tingling.

I could *feel* everything. Like the weight of his body on top of mine and the tantalizing friction being created between us.

I could *smell* everything. Like the scent of his body wash combining with the smell of sex in the air.

I could even *hear* everything. And my favorite sound right now was the wet smacking noise my pussy made every time he fell inside of me.

My senses were overwhelmed to the point of delirium.

Then his lips moved over mine and his tongue wrapped around mine. He tasted so damn good.

Suddenly, he pulled away from the kiss and stared down at me. "I'm still waiting for my answer, baby."

"I can't talk right now, Midnight. *Please*."

"Yes you can, baby." How the hell was he so sure? I didn't even think I knew my name at this point. "Cum on my dick and answer me."

"Midnight."

"Use your words, Ty."

I was *trying*. But the words kept getting jammed in my throat because of the things he was doing to me. My nails were going to have his skin raw by the time we were done and he didn't seem to care.

Shit.

"Use. Your. Words." Each word was punctuated with a stroke deeper than the one before it.

My eyes watered.

"Yes, Midnight. Whatever you want the answer is yes!"

"Good girl," he breathed against my lips and those two words made me cum. Harder than I'd ever cum. Screaming louder than I'd ever screamed.

Midnight's release wasn't far behind. He erupted inside of me, biting down on my lip as we made a mess all over his sheets.

He grabbed my face and gave me another deep kiss that made my toes curl into the sheets.

“What do you want for breakfast?”

“Whatever you want to give me,” I purred, my lids already heavy as sleep tried to reclaim me. I was worn out. I don't know how he planned to cook anything right now.

Midnight chuckled and pushed up off of me. “Mmm. Whatever I want to give you. I like the sound of that.”

THE END.

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# SNEAK PEAK

Keep reading for a sample from the next novella in the series, "*Yours* ."

This is Ryann and Sebastian's story and will be available soon.

She's bookish. He's bookish.

She's never done *anything*. He wants to show her *everything*.

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# YOURS

## Ryann Spence

Book club was the only thing I looked forward to every week.

And honestly, it had nothing to do with the dry ass books the organizer had us reading.

No, I only showed up semi-consistently to see *him*.  
Sebastian.

And tonight, that wouldn't happen because the migraine terrorizing the right side of my head wouldn't let me be great.

I cleaned up the shop and checked my phone for the millionth time. Nothing.

I'd texted him over an hour ago that I wasn't gonna make it to the meeting tonight. And there was still no response.

It was entirely possible that he'd been with a client the whole time and didn't have a chance to respond.

He had my number. And I had his.

For *book* things.

I'd never been brave enough to use it for anything else.

Besides, he worked at the tattoo parlor a few doors down from my barbershop so I saw him enough to never have to use it when I could just see him in person.

Just as I pulled my backpack onto my shoulder to leave, the bell above my door chimed telling me someone had just walked in.

Apparently, I'd been so spaced out that I forgot to lock the door.

My sister had closed up her side of the shop earlier to go do something with Midnight and I wasn't expecting anybody. I'd been planning to go out through the back, where my truck was parked so I turned on my heel to see who it was.

My breath hitched in my throat.

"Ay, why you flaking on book club? You know I don't like going without you. Those women be tryin' to eat me alive."

As happy as I was to see him, his booming voice made me squint.

"What's up with you?" he asked, reading my expression, and walking deeper into my shop.

Sebastian wasn't a small man. And not only was he tall, but he was also a wall of solid muscle that guaranteed his presence was felt whenever he entered a room. And I was suddenly hyperaware of his presence as he closed in on me.

"I have a migraine," I told him, with no choice but to crane my neck to look up at him.

Granted, I was only five-foot-two, but he had to be at least a foot taller than me.

I wasn't complaining. But still...

"Aw, shit. My bad mama. Come here."

I didn't have time to react when he pulled me into a hug, holding me against his chest. Something about his embrace made me want to cry. And that's when I reasoned that Aunt Flo was about to visit me. Because why else would a hug bring me to the brink of tears? It would also explain the migraine.

*Hormones.*

"I'm sorry you don't feel good, Doublemint," he said soothingly, making me smile at the sound of the nickname he'd given me when he learned I was a twin.

"I'll be fine," I said, trying to pull away from him. He stopped me from getting too far and I was actually thankful

because if he saw the tears welling in my eyes I'd be embarrassed.

He always poked fun at me for having overly emotional reactions to the books we read, and I didn't want him to see me all fucked up over a *hug*. I'd probably never hear the end of it when I got well.

A few minutes passed of him gently rocking us from side to side and I swear the pain above my eye subsided. The smell of his cologne didn't even set me off. Everything about this embrace felt familiar despite us never having touched before this.

Finally, he pulled away and I missed the coziness right away. There was zero hope of this crush going away anytime soon after this.

"Let me take you home. I'm gonna lock my bike inside the shop and then I'll drive your car to your place."

"But how are you going to get home?" My townhome was on the outskirts of town. And it wasn't always easy calling a car on rideshare apps out there.

Sebastian looked down at me, his heavy brows meeting in the center of his forehead. The gold covering his top row of teeth peeked at me as he said, "Let me worry about that, Doublemint. I'm not letting you drive home when you already squinting."

He wasn't wrong. I'd already been dreading how much worse my headache would get on the drive home. The headlights and traffic lights were hell when I had a migraine.

"Give me your keys." His hand was extended in my direction, waiting for me to follow his command.

"I can take care of myself," I protested weakly, the pounding returning in full force.

Sebastian looked at me, his gaze dragging over me as he hid a smirk. "Yea, I know mama. And right now, I'm going to take over. Don't fight me on this, Doublemint. You won't win."



What did that mean?

I didn't have the luxury of figuring that out because I was already reaching inside my cargo pants to surrender my keyring.

Our fingers brushed in the process and a shock of warmth rippled through me. I eyed his large hand as it closed around my keys and gulped.

*I guess this is happening.*

When my eyes made it back to his face, Sebastian winked at me and the action made me gulp again.

His skin was the deepest chocolate shade I'd ever seen. And the gold accents adorning his neck, earlobes and mouth made it seem like he was glowing at all times.

Jesus, the man was fine.

My heart fluttered and I shook my head trying to free the thought.

“Come on. Let's get you home.”

All I could think about as he helped me into the passenger side of my own Jeep was *what had I just gotten myself into?*

COMING SOON.

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# KEEP IN TOUCH!

If you enjoyed this novella, please consider leaving a rating or review on your favorite bookish platform. Find me in most places at 'shontheauthor'. Until next time.

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# ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Shon is a graduate of the University of North Carolina at Wilmington. She used her degree in English Literature for eight years to teach English all around the world. She has recently returned home to the States and now she spends all her time reading or writing down her wildest daydreams.

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