



MINE AT MIDNIGHT
J.K. COI

MINE AT MIDNIGHT

Published by J.K. Coi
Copyright 2015 J.K. Coi

Ebook design by J.K. Coi
Email jkcoi@rogers.com for more info

Discover more books by J.K. Coi at her website www.jkcoi.com

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please contact jkcoi@rogers.com to purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

This is a work of fiction. All of the characters, organizations, and events portrayed in this story are either products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously, and any resemblance to actual events, locales or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

First edition: December 2015
For more information contact J.K. Coi at
www.jkcoi.com

A NOTE FROM J.K. COI

You're receiving this short story as a gift to say thank you for your support and enthusiasm for my books! So...

Thank you!

Thank you for being a subscriber to my newsletter, for emailing me when you've read one of my books, and for interacting with me online. I appreciate all of you very much, and I hope to hear from you again very soon.

Please make sure to check out Protecting His Assets (Book 2, Bad Boy Bosses), which is out this month!

J.K. Coi

Chapter One

Midnight, and my cell phone pinged to tell me I had a text just as I was walking through my apartment door. My lips curved despite the horrible day I'd had as I propped the umbrella against the wall and shook off my wet jacket. I pulled the phone out of my bag to look at the screen, but I already knew who it was.

Every night at midnight.

Whatcha wearing?

I glanced down at my boring grey pencil skirt and fitted jacket with a grimace, and kicked off the heels that had been pinching my swollen feet since lunchtime. I'd wanted to take them off way back then, but knew that if I did I'd never get them back on.

I'm naked.

Lying in bed waiting for you, I texted back. Or at least, I wanted to be.

...Really?

I cursed. Stefan could always tell when I was faking, and I knew it disappointed him. Since he couldn't be with me in person, he wanted our midnight moments to be as authentic as possible.

Both of us were new associates at big law firms, which meant we worked eighty hours a week with no such thing as weekends off. We'd met at law school, but didn't get *involved* until we saw each other again early this year at a conference in Vancouver—and subsequently missed every seminar for the duration of the event. My cheeks burned whenever I thought of that devastating weekend, but it had been just the beginning of our hot, whirlwind affair.

Except that, while my office was here in Toronto, his was six hours away, in Montreal. So our affair was actually more like a lukewarm Spring breeze, with intermittent periods of blistering August heat.

Okay, you got me. Just got home. I texted, heading right for the bathroom.

So you still have to shower?

I hesitated. Was he disappointed that he would have to wait before he could call for our nightly chat?

Fuck. Want to be there with you so fucking bad. He sent.

Water. Soap. Naked Jenny.

My hands. All. Over. You.

I groaned at the image he conjured with just a few words. In eight months I'd seen him exactly four times, and although those four times had been among the best weekends of my life—probably because we hadn't left my apartment except once for more condoms, and we'd learned our lesson and brought extras after that—it was the rest that was starting to get to me.

I hated this long-distance shit. I was so not cut out for it. I hated coming home to an empty apartment when I could be with him. We talked every night at midnight, but it wasn't enough. I wanted more. My body craved physical intimacy. It craved...him.

That's not going to help me get into bed any faster. My fingers danced across the tiny keypad. *Now I'll have to use my own hands to make that imagery a reality.*

No answer for at least two or three minutes. I had undressed, dumped my clothes on the tile floor in the corner of the bathroom, and was pulling open the glass door of the shower stall before his next text came through. I paused. Couldn't help but reach out to take a peek at what he'd said.

I cranked a hard one off right now just thinking about that.

I didn't think he was actually serious, and giggled as I put the phone back down on the counter.

The water was hot and steamy, just what I needed after such a long day—well, I could think of one thing I needed more, but he was in another damn Province, and would be for the foreseeable

future.

What the hell was this thing we were doing? It felt like a relationship when we were within the same area code, but felt like a dream when we were not...which, unfortunately, was the majority of the time.

I liked him. Like...a freaking hell of a lot. He was brilliant and funny and sexy, and he made me feel like a goddess when we got together, whether in person or on the phone. I knew he wasn't seeing anyone else, and neither was I, but...

How could we continue this way indefinitely?

I sighed and lathered my hair. Despite my teasing, I didn't want to take long in the shower and risk missing his call, although I couldn't help letting my imagination run away from me, just a little.

I pictured his big hands sliding across my slick skin, his naked body pressing against me from behind, the heaviness of his cock thick between the cheeks of my ass as his lips fell to the curve of my neck. It was just enough to get me hot and bothered, but I didn't dare touch myself. I needed the distinct edge of need unfulfilled to give me the strength to do what had to be done.

Because I had to tell him tonight that this wasn't enough for me anymore. I had to break up with him.

Chapter Two

In my haste to get tonight's hard discussion over with, I only towel-dried my hair instead of blow drying it. It would mean more time in the morning trying to tame it, but I was nervous enough not to care.

It wasn't that I *wanted* to break up with him, but I just couldn't keep doing this half-assed dating thing. I spent so much time comparing airline schedules to my overbooked calendar, trying to find a loophole, some way to reconcile my career responsibilities with my desires, that I was driving myself crazy with the constant disappointment and frustration.

Leaving the wet towel on a hook on the door to dry, I padded naked across the hall to my bedroom and opened the closet. The slinky black negligee I'd worn the last time Stefan had visited stared out at me. I hesitated, but when the phone rang, I tugged it off the hanger anyway as I quickly ran to the bedside table.

"Hello?"

"Fuck baby, that husky voice of yours does crazy things to me," he said over the line. My stomach clenched and I crushed the silk in my hand. I felt the exact same way about his. Stefan's voice was deep and rich and confident, with just enough of a French accent to drive me wild.

"How did you know I would be out of the shower already?"

He chuckled. "Maybe I'm watching your apartment from across the street and saw the light in your bedroom come on."

"Oh God, if only," I said with a wistful sigh.

"Why don't you go to the window and find out?"

My heart leapt, but we'd played this game before. "I'm not wearing anything."

Sometimes he would ask me to do something naughty, like go to work without any panties on, and then have me tell him how it made me feel that night when we talked over the phone while lying in our respective beds. It was the most decadent form of pillow talk, and by the end of it, both of us would be masturbating to the sound of each other's heavy breathing on the other end of the line.

And then we'd reluctantly say goodnight.

And then I'd cry into my pillow.

It made me feel guilty because he was trying so hard to give us...*something*, but I only felt more alone every time he hung up the phone.

I dropped the negligee on the bed and did as he asked, walking right up to the window.

His harsh intake of breath set my pulse racing, making me think he really could see me at the window and was undone by the view. "I'm here," I whispered.

I was only five stories up, and I could see the street traffic down below perfectly. There weren't many pedestrians at this time of night, and only the odd taxi cab driving by. Everything glittered from the rain, looking fuzzy and unreal through the glass. I surveyed the scene, half expecting to see a tall, broad-shouldered figure casually leaning against a lamp post, talking into his phone and gazing up at me. But there was no one. One of the lights directly across from my building was out, but I doubted anyone lurked in the shadows there.

He cleared his throat. "How does it feel to know that anyone could see you standing there?"

He was right. Because of the light, anyone paying the least bit of attention would certainly get a shock if they happened to look up. They'd see *everything*. I didn't care about anyone else, but the idea that *he* could be out there watching made me so hot my pussy clenched.

“*Needy*,” I gritted out. I stepped closer until my nipples grazed the glass and hardened to tight points, but the cool window only made me hotter instead of cooling me off. I cocked my hip and stretched my free arm over my head, bracing it on the window and thinking of the vision I presented.

“Me too,” he whispered harshly, and I remembered there were two of us in this fucked-up relationship, and he had to be as frustrated by the separation as I was.

I pressed my forehead to the window with a broken sigh, gazing unseeing into the night and fighting back tears. “Stefan, this is too hard.”

He didn’t ask what I meant. “I know, baby. But it’s all worth it, just to get to talk to you every night.”

I hated being the one who was weak. *Hated it*. But I could also see no way for us to be together, not without one person giving up everything, which was something we hadn’t talked about by some kind of silent, mutual agreement.

Both of our careers were still just getting started, after all. And changing jobs was a lot to ask of someone you hadn’t even shared sushi with yet. Not to mention, we hadn’t even spent enough time together to know if we were ready for those kinds of sacrifices, that kind of commitment.

I let my finger trace a raindrop down the window before I moved away. I looked at the negligee, but decided not to put it on. Instead, I pulled the coverlet down and got into bed naked.

“Hey, is everything okay?” he asked, surprisingly observant for someone who was six hours away.

“Sure, why?” Absently, I plucked at my nipple, torturing myself with the insistent stab of desire that shot through my belly to my core with every twist and pull.

“You don’t seem to want to play along tonight.”

“How can you stand this?” I asked, suddenly deciding to lay it all out there. “I know the phone sex and games were fun in the beginning, but every night I want you more and more, and you feel farther and farther away. Seeing you once every three or four months isn’t worth this frustration and disappointment.”

He was quiet. In the background I heard the sound of a streetcar passing by. The sound must have come from outside my window and not through the phone. It was twelve thirty-five, after all. Last run of the night.

“What do you think we should do?” he finally asked, the brooding hesitation in his voice making me catch my breath.

This was the time to tell him it was over, but I suddenly changed my mind. I couldn’t give up on this so easily, not when I felt deep down that if we just had more time together, we could be really amazing.

I decided to take the plunge. Someone had to be the first to make the sacrifice, right?

“Maybe I could look for a job in Montreal,” I said hesitantly. Two years ago I had been chosen by the firm as their only new hire from a pool of hundreds of eager young graduates, and since then I’d worked hard to bring in many profitable new clients, making the partners sit up and take notice. I loved my work here, but if given the chance, could I love Stefan more?

“Listen, it’s late, we don’t have to talk about this now.”

My little sliver of hope withered and died. He hadn’t exactly jumped on my suggestion, had he? And now I felt like an idiot. Obviously, this had all just been a lot of fun and games to him, and he didn’t need more between us, not like I did. I should have stuck to my guns and broken up with him.

“Then maybe we should just—”

“No, Jenny. Don’t make any decisions one way or another. Not tonight, all right?”

If he didn’t want me to move to Montreal, then he had to know we were done.

I clenched my eyes shut and shook my head. I turned my cheek into the pillow. “Maybe we should—”

“Not tonight,” he repeated in a tight voice.

I finally sighed. “Okay.” I changed the subject. “What are you doing tomorrow?”

He paused. “I’ve got a business meeting at eleven. It’ll mean big things for my career if it goes the way I want it to.”

“Good luck. I’m sure you’re going to nail it.” I swallowed the lump in my throat, wishing I could feel happy for him, but in my experience big career opportunities meant even less time for a personal life.

Chapter Three

A hand on my arm. A kiss on my lips. A whispered endearment in my ear.

I sighed and turned over onto my side, burrowing deeper into the blankets. I liked these kinds of dreams, and after that discussion with Stefan, I was determined not to ruin the only good thing I had going for me tonight with something so annoying as consciousness.

The mattress dipped as a weight settled in behind me. That felt too much like reality, and I cracked one eye open. Why was the light on in the hallway, casting a soft glow through the open door of my bedroom? And why did I smell aftershave?

“Stefan?” I murmured, knowing that scent anywhere.

“You still aren’t wearing anything,” he murmured, brushing his lips over my bare shoulder. I shivered and moved to turn around, but he held me still. “No, let me savor this.”

“How did you get here?”

“You told me where the spare key is last time I was here, remember?”

I remembered. His flight had gotten in early and I knew I wasn’t going to be able to pick him up, so I’d told him to take a cab to my place and make himself at home until I got there. That weekend had been rough. I hadn’t been able to get out of work until almost ten Friday night because of a client event, and he’d had to leave again first thing in the morning to get back to Montreal for a dinner Saturday night.

“I hope you don’t mind that I took the liberty of letting myself in.”

If it would mean being awakened like this every night, I might start leaving the door wide open for him. “I meant, how did you *get* here? Did you fly? When? And why didn’t you tell me you were coming?”

He pushed the covers lower. His hand curled over my hip before sliding between my legs to lightly pet my clit. I was definitely awake now. Awake, desperate, and aching.

“Do you really want to talk about that now?” he asked with a chuckle, dropping another kiss on my shoulder.

No, I absolutely did not.

I reached behind me to try and bring him closer, then realized he was still dressed. His hair teased my cheek. It felt damp. From the rain? I glanced up at the clock on the nightstand and realized it was only one-thirty. I must have just dropped off to sleep when he arrived, which meant...

“You *were* out there watching me through the window,” I said, pulse jumping.

“The most arresting vision I’ve ever seen,” he agreed, sliding his fingers under my hair to move it off my shoulder. “I wanted to snap a picture and have it framed for my wall.”

He opened his mouth on my neck, laving my skin with his tongue. The same tongue I knew from experience could wreak havoc all over my body. I shuddered and tilted my head back to give him better access. I was a glutton for his brand of punishment.

The movement thrust my breasts up as if they demanded their own share of the attention, and he granted that demand, but that meant abandoning my clit to reach up and tweak a nipple hard enough to make me cry out. I couldn’t decide what I wanted more, and squirmed in his arms.

“I think about you when I should be working, and I dream about you constantly,” he said in a thick voice that was almost accusatory. “Dreams so hot and wet that I wake up fisting my dick, cum all over my hand.”

God, what I wouldn’t give to see that.

“And then when I’m finally with you like this and I know you’ll let me do anything to you, I feel like the luckiest man in the world.”

Then why don’t you want me to move to Montreal? I wanted to ask, but the words wouldn’t pass through the tightness in my throat.

He pinched and rolled my nipple between his two fingers. I whimpered and dropped my gaze to watch. The sight and feel of his big hand on me when I hadn’t even seen his face yet was so erotic I knew I’d come from just this if he kept it up much longer.

But I wanted more. God help me, I always wanted more—needed more—when it came to him.

Greedily, I shifted to press my ass backward. Even through the blankets and his clothes, I felt how big and hard he was and almost wept with the need to have all that filling me.

“Stefan, please.” Again, I tried to turn around and face him, but he wouldn’t let me. He reached between us and jerked open his belt buckle, then I felt him leaning back and heard the drawer of the table on the other side of the bed sliding open. He knew where the condoms were, and just a moment later he pressed against me once again.

“I can’t wait,” he growled. He hadn’t taken off any of his clothes. I could feel the buttons of his shirt all the way down my spine, and the cold belt buckle dug into the back of my leg as he slipped his hand under my knee and lifted it. “Hold yourself open for me,” he ordered.

I would do anything if it meant getting what I so desperately needed, even though this sideways lying down position felt a little awkward. I had never really done it like this before and had almost no control, so I clutched the bed sheets and held my breath, eager for him to take me any damn way he wanted to. He draped his arm over my waist and reached for my breast, cupping it and kneading it.

“Fuck me, Stefan,” I begged as the round head of his cock finally nudged at my lips. “If this is all just a dream and you’re not really here, I want my money’s worth.”

His chuckle turned to a throaty moan as he eased in, deliberately drawing it out until I gnashed my teeth and bucked against him.

The angle forced us to go a little slower than we normally would have our first time after such a long separation, and ensured that I felt every thick inch of him pushing into me.

After a few long strokes he shifted. “Not deep enough,” he muttered, and edged me onto my stomach.

He forced my legs as wide as they could go and knelt between them. I moved to get up onto my knees, and he gripped my hips tightly with both hands. I thought I might have finger-shaped bruises there tomorrow...and I would love every one of them.

He power-thrust into my pussy, his thighs loudly slapping the backs of mine. It was so intense and raw, I shuddered. “Yeah, baby. That’s it. You feel so good, take me so deep.”

I loved his praise almost as much as I loved what he did to my body. Every stroke brought me closer and closer to release, and when it finally hit I threw my head back with a shout as the world fractured into a million different colors, leaving me shaking like a leaf.

Chapter Four

He kissed me softly on the back of my neck and ran his hand down the length of my spine all the way to my tailbone before easing off and padding across the hall to the bathroom. I collapsed face first into my pillow with a groan, but then quickly turned around so I would finally see his face when he returned.

I was so torn. These were the moments I loved, the moments that made me willing to suck it up and deal with all the lonely nights. Because now he would come to bed and we would spend hours talking and exploring each other before I finally got to fall asleep in his arms.

But it was over all too quickly. Inevitably, he would leave again...and it would be even harder than the last time, because I'd have fallen in love with him that much more.

He stopped in the doorway, drenched in shadows as he blocked the meager light coming from the hall.

"Come here," I beckoned, stretching out my hand.

He came, stopping again in front of the bed. I sighed as I finally got a good look at this man who tormented my consciousness day and night. His dark hair was mussed, but that only made me want to get up on my knees and muss it some more. It was too dark to see the color of his eyes, but I knew they were a deep green, and more often than not they sparkled with his wry humor. Even now, his lips curved up in a grin.

"What's so funny?" I did get on my knees before him then, reaching for the buttons of his shirt since he didn't seem to be in any hurry to take off his clothes for me.

"I think I should surprise you more often," he said, irreverently flicking one of my tight nipples. "You reward me so prettily."

I spread his shirt open and pressed my breasts against his chest, rubbing myself up and down the length of him as I moved on to his pants. He hadn't done up his belt, and in seconds I was pushing his suit pants and boxer shorts over his hips and down his legs.

"I think showing up to surprise me like you did deserves an even bigger reward, don't you?" I looked up into his eyes with a siren's smile as I took his cock in my hands. It was already semi-hard again, and I rubbed the tip with my thumb, spreading a bead of pre-cum across the slit.

"I was hoping you would look at it that way," he said with a grin.

I bent over and took him in my mouth, cupping his balls with one hand and twisting the root of his cock with the other. He cupped his hands on my head, but instead of holding me still to fuck my mouth, he pulled my hair away from my face and held it back. "I want to watch you suck me."

He swelled against my tongue and I filled my mouth with as much of him as I could get. His grip on my hair tightened and his body shuddered as I worked him harder and deeper, until he could take no more and shouted my name as he released thick hot jets against the back of my throat. I swallowed it all greedily, and when he pulled back I released him with an audible plop.

He climbed into bed with me, legs entwined with mine, and we shared my pillow. He gazed into my eyes, and I fell into his, trying not to think about the impermanence of all this.

"You were going to break up with me tonight, weren't you?" he said after a few quiet moments.

My mouth fell open. I stammered. "I...it's just that...Stefan, we can't keep..."

He pressed a hard kiss to my lips. "I understand," he said. "Believe me, I thought about it, too."

My heart lurched. "You...you did?"

He nodded gravely. “For all of two seconds, every night after a long day, when I let myself think about how good it would be to walk into my apartment and take you in my arms, then realizing you were never going to be there.”

He’d been feeling the same as I did? “Then why didn’t you jump at the chance to get me to Montreal when I suggested it?”

He trailed a finger lightly down my bare arm, raising goose bumps on my skin. I couldn’t withstand even his most innocent touch without reacting. “You can’t give up your position. I know how much you love it, and I know how hard you’ve worked to get where you are.”

The bottom dropped out of me. Today had been a rollercoaster of hope and despair, and a few moments ago I’d just crested another hill...only to plummet right back down again.

“Then where does that leave us? I don’t want to watch you walk out my door again and not know when I’ll see you next, wondering how long it’ll be before you end up finding someone closer and more convenient.”

“No decisions tonight,” he said, leaning closer to kiss me.

Frustrated, I reared back. “You said that before, but I don’t know if I can do another day like this.”

“I have a big meeting tomorrow,” he reminded me.

I remembered. “That’s right. So why are you even here? How are you going to get back in time?”

He smiled. “My meeting is here in Toronto...at Bennett Pearson.”

I grabbed his arm. “That’s my firm. You didn’t tell me you have a case opposite my firm.”

“I don’t,” he said with a slow smile. “But I do have a job interview.”

Job interview?

“You would...” I shook my head, clutching his forearms until I realized I was making crescent moon shapes in his skin with my nails and forced myself to stop. “You would quit your job and move here...for us?”

“Weren’t you willing to do the same?”

He kissed me quick. Then again. Longer this time, his tongue dueling with mine until I felt drugged with desire. Maybe he felt the same way I did, and once he got that close, it was hard to stop with just one kiss.

When he lifted his head, my lips were swollen and wet, and I pulled one between my teeth to the sound of his groan.

“What we have is hotter than anything I’ve ever felt before, and that’s when we’re in separate cities with a phone line between us.” He pushed me onto my back and settled between my thighs. “When we manage to get within touching distance, it’s positively explosive.”

My eyes glazed over as he took each of my nipples in his mouth in turn, flicking with his tongue and teasing them to stiff peaks before trailing wet kisses down my belly. I shoved my fingers into his hair to follow him down, and when he had his shoulders between my thighs and his face an inch from my pulsing, eager pussy, he looked up at me and grinned. “Don’t you think it’s time we set Toronto on fire full time?”

Oh yes. “On one condition,” I said, trying to be witty even though it was more than obvious that I was completely on board with pretty much anything he decided to propose, my blood singing, my thighs quivering.

“And what condition would that be?” He pushed two fingers in me and dipped his head to my clit.

My body arched off the bed, but I managed to bite out, “If you’re not right here with me, I still get my phone call every night at midnight.”

“Sounds more than reasonable,” he agreed. “Now, I think we need to seal this deal with a kiss.”

MORE BOOKS BY J.K. COI

Contemporary Romance

In Bed with the Competition (Bad Boy Bosses)
Protecting His Assets (Bad Boy Bosses)

Steampunk

Far From Broken (Seasons of Invention)
Broken Promises (Seasons of Invention)

Paranormal

Falling Hard (Warring Angels)

Anthologies

Agony/Ecstasy
Duty and Desire
Wolf Girls

COMING SOON...

Sleeping with the Opposition (Bad Boy Bosses)

Writing as Chloe Jacobs (young adult fantasy)
Greta and the Goblin King (Mylena Chronicles)
Greta and the Glass Kingdom (Mylena Chronicles)

COMING SOON...

Greta and the Lost Army (Mylena Chronicles)