

Forget The Goodbye

By : **IDelilah**

Callista "Callie" Smith was an average, pretty girl in college, who worked at a low-key cafe. However, one mysterious, incredibly handsome customer slowly becomes infatuated with Callie and won't stop until he has her.



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First Story :) Hope you like.

I put my strawberry blonde hair up in a pony tail, humming to the retro music coming from the juke box. I worked at Bohemian Cafe, a low key cafe where only the business was lousy but the money was good. Frank, the owner, was practically bathing in money even though this place barely had twenty customers a day.

I went over to table thirty two and placed the coffee and muffin down. "Here you go ma'am. Enjoy!"

She handed me a twenty. "Thank you, dear."

As I walked back towards Giselle, my best friend who also worked here, I contemplated going back to the middle aged woman. The tip was way too big. "I know what face," Giselle said, brown eyes sparkling even in the dim lighting. "Callie, she gave you it because you're nice. Just take it, okay? The lady looks pretty rich anyways."

I sighed, grinning. "Yeah, yeah. Hey, so has Peter called yet?"

"No." Her voice was deadpan. "I'm not sure I want him to. I mean, he-he didn't call for a week and was partying in Vegas. That's not right, you know?"

"Well, don't call him. He deserves to be worrying his ass off and if he's not, the Peter is seriously missing out." I hugged her. "Seriously, Giselle."

She smiled. "You always know what to say, my little virgin!"

"Shh!" I poked her arm, looking around to make sure no one heard. I was fresh out of high school; being a virgin wasn't that bad right? Right then, the most handsome guy I've ever seen walked in. He had on a white T-Shirt and dark jeans; clearly he was fit and not to mention incredibly tall. Sunglasses hid his eyes. He was tanned and had the smoothest looking skin I had ever seen. His brown hair was bed-head messy in a Im-too-cool-to-care way.

"Jesus, Mary, and Joseph," Giselle whispered as he took a seat in the back. "He's so...hot!"

The guy took off his sunglasses, revealing round hazel eyes that peered into my blue ones. Was he really looking at me? I glanced back at Giselle, who was a red head beauty, and she looked equally confused. I liked to think I was pretty, but Giselle was usually the one guys looked at. Why was he the exception?

"Go take his order!" she whisper shouted.

I gave her an anxious look as I approached his table. He had a small smirk on his face as I shyly walked over. "Hey," I said, hoping to sound nonchalant. "May I take your order?"

"What's your favorite drink here?" he asked suddenly.

I bit my lip, thinking. Actually, thinking was a lot harder since his face and body were male model worthy. "Probably the white chocolate mocha with extra whip cream."

He smirked. "Then I'll have that and a dark coffee."

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I wrote down his order quickly. "Alright, be right back!"

While making the coffee, I spilled to Giselle how hot he was up close. The way his hazel eyes slightly slit and looked at me with such intensity making me blush. And even his voice made me sigh because it was rugged and velvety at the same time. I went back over, placing the two coffees in front of him. He looked up from his phone and grinned. "Thanks. Mind if you join me? "

I was caught off guard. No customer had ever asked that; would Frank allow it? " I-I dunno if I can-"

"Oh c'mon. There are like five people that look like they've been here since the sixties. Please?"

I sighed, glancing at Giselle who vigorously nodded and shot me an "okay" sign. "Well," I began. "I guess I can."

He looked satisfied and handed me the mocha. "This is for you." "Really?"

I smiled. "That's so sweet. Thank you."

He laughed. "No problem. What's your name by the way?"

"Callie. My real name is Callista, but I go by my nickname."

"Pretty name for a gorgeous girl," he said, smirking. "Im Noah." I

grinned. "Im not that gorgeous, you know."

Noah clucked his tongue. "Yes, you really are. If you weren't, you wouldn't be here right now."

"Oh." I couldn't manage much else. Not only was this guy smoking hot, not only did he get me my favorite mocha-he called me gorgeous. Perfect much? But what if he was too perfect? The type that cheats on you. When I searched his intense eyes, though, all my doubt washed away.

"So tell me about yourself, Callie," he said, cooling his coffee.

I twirled my hair, nervous I would talk to much.

"Well im eighteen. I just got out of high school actually but I've been working here since I was a senior."

The look he gave me was sly and sexy even. Like I was different in a way. "Just out of high school, huh? Well I'll be careful not to hurt you then."

"Who said I would give you the chance to?"

Noah smirked. "Me."

Later that night back at my apartment, I kept looking at the new contact in my iPhone 4S. Noah. Only four letters and yet, they had such an impact on me. Sultry eyes clouded my vision, and I bit my lip, wanting to know more about him. He asked for my number so I gave it to him, and Giselle was like squealing after he left. Him leaving made me disappointed. My phone buzzed suddenly, almost making my jump out of my the hot bath water. I pushed past bubbles to see who texted me. I almost dropped it when I saw Noah had texted me.

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Noah: Night Callie ;) Cya 2morrow

I quickly texted back: sure (: I knew I was completely lame, but I honestly had no idea what to say. "Cool" just wasn't a word that fit me. I hoped he didn't think I was weird or anything. As I threw my blue sham over me, I couldn't help but want Noah to be right here in this bed next to me.

Chapter 2: Chapter Two

<http://images4.fanpop.com/image/photos/15200000/Diana-Agron-dianna-agron-15227745-500-574.jpg>

^ Callista

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^ Noah

http://media.photobucket.com/image/susan%20coffey/devilman_kain/Susan%20Coffey/susan_coffeySexy0007.jpg?o=21

^ Giselle

Okay this chapter is going to be kind of intense..well, for me anyway. I've never written anything like this so I hope it's not really bad haha. Hope you enjoy? (:

The next morning, I was embarrassed to find myself putting more effort in how I looked. I put my hair in a fish-tail braid and brushed blush on my cheeks. I even contemplated wearing a push up bra but that seem like a little too much. All this for a guy I met over coffee.

I went to school in the morning until noon. After taking an hour for myself at Bonnie's Books, my small town's local bookstore, I hurried to Bohemian Cafe, trying to beat the rush hour. I sighed and thought, *What's the point? It's not like we're busy.* There were two hippies in the very front by the window; a young girl with purple tights and a pretty floral dress sat in the very back. She should have been in school, but I hated when people patronized me, so I said nothing.

"Hey, Callie," Giselle greeted, her onyx eyes examining me. "Did you do something a little different today? Like actually put make-up on?"

"Ha-ha, very funny." I rolled my eyes at her. "Some people can't roll out of bed and look as amazing as you."

She grinned cheekily. "Luckily, you're like me. But you look really pretty today. Does this have to do with that guy from yesterday?"

"Giselle, when have I done anything to impress a guy?" Truth be told, I always did that, and she knew it. And I was trying to look good for Noah even though I knew he probably wouldn't come back today.

The passed uneventfully; Frank called in sick. Giselle told me that Peter had called her, so they were making up. I hoped the best for her because I knew she loved him. I have to admit, though, I was pretty disappointed and sad when Noah didn't show. Sighing, I closed up shop at around eight, fidgeting; I was terrified of the dark even though I was eighteen.

I walked across the street to the deserted, wet parking lot and fumbled in my purse for my keys once I reached my car. The scenery reminded me of a horror movie, where a masked weirdo stabs the innocent looking girl. I almost jumped out of my skin when I heard a familiar voice behind me.

"Hey, Callie," Noah said, his minty and lemony smelling breath hot of my neck.

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"Oh my God!" I gasped, turning around and hit his chest. His face was amused, illuminated by the moon. "Don't scare me like that, Noah!"

Noah snickered, putting his arms on the hood so I was caged in. "Or what?"

"Or-or-" I stuttered, mind clouded because of how close he was, how close his lips were to mine.

He smirked. "Exactly."

The next thing I knew, he swooped down and melded our lips together. His were soft but demanding, dominant; they tasted like rosemary and something else. Something that made my heart race. I pushed myself against him, softly moaning when he gripped my backside. His tongue swirled around with mine, almost like an exotic, and felt so soft. I gripped his brown hair, pulling him closer.

Noah broke the kiss but stayed close enough to be inches away from me. He was peering at me in fascination, something none of my past boyfriends had ever done. That was okay, of course, but Noah made me feel so...wanted.

"Let's go back to your place," he murmured, brushing our lips.

I wasn't sure if he really did want me, or if that was a one time thing. What would we be? I didn't want to be a booty call. Plenty of my friends in high school had gone through that, and they said it was awful. I was too caught up in my thoughts to pay attention to what he asked, though.

Noah smirked. "I'll drive."

At every red-light, Noah would hang over and kiss me. He rubbed my inner thigh, squeezing it, and I blushed when I realized I was hot down there. The lights changed quick enough so that he couldn't actually touch me down there.

We arrived at my apartment, and I swung the door open. Noah slammed it shut once we were inside. He suddenly looked like a predator, which both scared and turned me on. I shrank back but he caught me and hoisted my legs onto him as he roughly kissed me. I buried my hands in his hair and was suddenly laid onto my bed. Noah took off his shirt, revealing a six-pack, and kissed my cheek.

I watched in amazement when he ripped off my T-Shirt and bra, tossing them aside like it was nothing. I bit my lip when I noticed him staring at my body, lust filling up his eyes.

"I want you so bad, Callista."

I nodded. "Then take me," I whispered, dragging him down to my level.

I wanted him as close as possible. Our bodies perfectly fit as he trailed kisses down my neck and to my breasts. He sucked on one nipple and groped the other. I gasped when I felt him soft bit down; I suddenly felt wet.

"Noah," I moaned, almost beggingly.

He trailed kisses down my stomach, unbuttoning my jeans and sliding them off. "You're so beautiful."

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Achingly slowly, he took off my underwear. I grabbed a fistful of my hair when I felt his tongue on my clit, going in a slow circle. Making any noise terrified me, because I knew I'd lose it right then. Noah felt differently though and flicked his tongue faster.

"Oh, God!" My back arched, and all I wanted was to feel him. "I want it so bad Noah."

He inserted a finger, making me gasp. The feeling was overwhelming; it was just so overpowering. He flicked his tongue faster and inserted another finger. In and out. In and out. Faster, faster. I spasmed, gasping softly with his every move. I loved this—he was so good. Right when I felt myself about to orgasm, he pulled his fingers out and stopped licking my clit.

"N-No," I murmured.

He smirked, standing up. "I want your first time to be special, Callie."

My eyes widened. Not because of how he knew I was a virgin, but because of how big he was. That couldn't be normal. I mean, even I knew that. His penis was long and slender, standing hard. I glanced at him anxiously.

"Are you sure you want to do this?"

I nodded, no doubt in my mind. I wanted him so bad. "Yes."

He crawled over me, kissing me softly. "I don't want to hurt you, Callie."

"Noah," I said. "It's okay."

He nodded and lowered himself. I gripped onto his back, letting my head fall back as he sucked my neck. When I felt him penetrate me, I was beyond nervous. But when he finally entered, I was in utter pain. He went slow at first but soon thrust in deep, stretching me far. He banged against my clit, making me dig my nails in his arms.

"Fuck! You're so tight and wet for me." He bent down and licked my nipples, not letting up on pounding me.

I felt a warm liquid trickle down from my hole, onto the bed. I bit my lip, gasping and moaning the deeper he entered me; I knew he wasn't fully in, though.

"Oh, God, Noah! Fuck me harder!" I whimpered, digging my nails into his back.

He quickened his pace, making my walls constrict. That made it even more painful, but soon, a pleasure flooded through me. It was like, this hurts, but in a good way. Noah kept fucking me deep and hard. I felt so dirty but I loved the way his cock felt stuffed deep inside me.

"Uh! God yeah!" I wrapped my legs around him, gripping my breast.

I was reaching my climax when he suddenly stopped and then started again. I realized Noah wanted to drag this on as long as possible. The pain subdued, and soon, there was just this overwhelming feeling of pleasure. He touched something deep in me that made an electric shock for through me. I had never felt something like that before; it was undescrivable. I was almost whimpering when he kept brushing that one spot in me.

"You ready to come for me, baby?" His voice was strained, like he could barely hold it in.

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"I want it, Noah!"

I felt a blast of something go in and then he shoved his entire self in me. The wind was knocked out of me, but he was still hitting that spot, so I felt no pain. My back arched, breast pushed up against his chest.

"Fuck..." He pulled out, rolling off me.

I nodded in agreement, still feeling spasms down there.

He whispered into my neck, "So how was that for the first time?"

"Honestly?" I turned my head towards him. "It was amazing.

He smirked. "Good. Oh and by the way-you had the nicest pussy I've ever tasted."

I snorted and got up, not caring if he saw my naked body. "I'll take that as a compliment."

When I entered the bathroom, I closed the door and looked at myself in the mirror. My hair was a mess and there were hand prints on my waist, arms, and breasts. I even had a hickie on my neck. *Damn*, I thought as I got into the shower. The water poured over my literally banged up body. I suddenly felt...bad. Anxious or just plain upset. What had I done? Yes, the sex was amazing, but I shouldn't have done that with someone who obviously doesn't want anything serious. I didn't even know his age!

The glass door opened and in came Noah. I moved over so he could have room, but he pulled me towards him like a possession. I kind of liked it. My head rested on his chest as he rubbed my back with body wash. The silence didn't really bother me; something told me he was thinking the same thing I was.

He pulled away and washed my breasts with his soapy hands. He pushed down on my nipples, causing me to softly gasp. But my head took over and I removed his hands from me. I got out and wrapped a towel around myself, trying to hold in the tears of frustration. God, how could I have been so reckless? Noah wasn't a guy to stick around. I knew that.

I buried myself under my sham and soon enough, Noah slipped under with me. His arm was around me so I turned towards him. Before I could say anything, he unravelled the towel from me and threw it down. I almost shrank away, but he pulled me closer, our bodies smushed together. We made such a perfect fit.

"I know what you're thinking," he softly said.

Our foreheads were touching, but I wanted to move away. "I know."

He sighed, softly kissing me. "I'm not leaving you, Callista."

"Okay," I said, but it sounded unconvincing.

After a while, he asked, "What are you so afraid of, Callie?"

Instead of stating the obvious, I said, "The dark."

He grinned. "You don't have to be scared as long as I'm around."

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