

If I Can't Have You (Mind Games Series Book 1)

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Chapter 1

My name is Julia Crossings. I was 22 and in the graphic designer program at North Bridge College. Life was pretty good. I was getting good grades. I guess I was OK looking. I didn't have a boyfriend, nor did I want one. Life was pretty humdrum. That is until one guy stepped into my life. He had moved to my town and...he sat by me in all my classes.

His name was David Bentmore. There was something about this guy. He was cute, fit, intelligent, sensitive and not a half-bad listener. I know what you're thinking. He was Prince Charming. Well, you're wrong. Prince Charming had something he didn't...charm.

What was absolutely amazing about this guy was that he had this incredible ability to reel you in. He was different. He had his own ideas, his own way of looking at things. He knew what to say and how to say it. He made you feel like there was absolutely nothing you could tell him that would offend him, hurt him, or make you any less than what he already thought of you.

I had a certain level of trust with him. Maybe too much. He never went back on his word, and I have to admit, I did. But after a while of knowing him, he had something that I didn't know...an ability to see right through my BS.

Why did I stay his friend?

Because I was in love with him. He had most of the qualities part of me longed to be with all the time, but I knew in the long run, that wouldn't be enough for me. I knew that it wasn't worth getting my hopes up because if I wanted him, chances are he didn't want me. Most men think of me as friend material. Trying to be independent, but secretly wanting a man in my life, can be a real bitch.

The phone rang. I picked it up. It was that oh-so-familiar voice. David.

“Hello?”

“Hey, Julia.”

“Oh, not much. How about you?”

“I’ve just been thinking a lot.”

“What’s on your mind?”

“Well, I’ve been thinking about how much I want a boyfriend.”

I’m so good at throwing men off the scent of my secret desperation.

“Oh no, not this again. Are you sure this time?”

Yeah. Last time I had the urge to go on a brief and fruitless search for a guy, it didn’t go so well. Let’s just say, he was good looking and I felt insecure. I didn’t make it through the date because I had to excuse myself so I could go get myself off with the small vibrator I carry in my purse in the bathroom (and calm myself down). Sometimes my fantasies beat the quest for the real thing, and I just get so worked up about it, I have to go give myself an orgasm. In this case, three.

So, there I was, in the bathroom, vibrator in hand, thinking about David. I was thinking about him being so hot and bothered by my presence that he drags me into the bathroom stall of the women’s room and proceeds to plunge two fingers into my already soaking panties and rub my clit ferociously. I knew he was going to fuck me quickly and it was going to be an amazing, sweet release.

Actually, in most of my fantasies, I prefer slow foreplay followed by a slow and explosive orgasm including fucking until my knees are weak, my cum dripping down my leg, and I’m panting and crying out “oh God, I’m cumming, you can stop fucking me because I can’t come anymore.” Anyway, back to David fucking me in my fantasies.

His fingers are gently pulling and tugging rapidly at my clit and he kisses me to keep my moans down. Luckily, no one else is in the bathroom.

“Oh God, yes, David, I need to be fucked.”

“I see that. Your panties are so damn wet, Julia. Is that how hot I make you?”

“Hotter, baby-UGH!!!”

He’s already lifted up my skirt, pulled down my panties, his tongue parts my pussy lips and licks furiously at my clit. His lips hold my clit while his tongue rhythmically lashes at it.

“Fuck David, if you keep that up, I’m going to come in, like, a minute, but I want to cum on your cock instead.”

He stops licking.

“I want to make you cum with my cock, too.”

He lifts my legs up with his muscular arms and pins me against the wall of the stall as his tongue opens my lips and tangles with mine. He continues to kiss me while-

“Oh shit, David, ahhh, yeeeeee-essss!!!!!”

I suck in my breath as he buries his cock in my pussy.

“Fuck, Julia, God, fuck yes!”

He feels my pussy walls contracting and pulling him in deeper. He eyes roll back in his head a bit. Seeing him like this, I have a small orgasm. I let out a small gasp.

“Huu-uggg-(panting)-aa—mmmm-haa yeah baby-”

“Hold on, baby, don’t finish coming, it’s never as good until I make you cum.”

“You’re so right David, make me cum. I want you to fuck me until I cum.”

He starts to pump in and out of me slowly, but picking up speed very quickly.

“Mmm-Julia—baby—fuck yes—ah!—that’s what’s I want—ugh!—to-ah-UMMPHH-yeah!—make you cum.”

“Yes...hu-ugh!...oh God, oh God, oh God...”

My hips are bucking into his as I straddle his cock while he continues to thrust into me against the wall. My hips are moving faster and his picks up the pace, meeting mine, and we start to nearly slap into each other.

"Fuck!—AHHHHH!...I'm coming, I'm coming, Oh God..."

"Yes!!-FUCK!-Come for me, Julia, come hard—MMMPH!"

Then, the tip of his cock finds my g-spot, hits it once—twice—and then I can't hold back anymore. Luckily, the bathroom is still vacant.

"AaaaaAAAAAHHHHH!!!!!!!!!! I'm cummmmmmmiiiiinnnggg!"

I scream softly, panting and gasping for breath.

"Fuck, Julia, fuuuuuuucccckkkkkk—uuuuggggghhhh—Fuccccckkkkkk!"

He begins to cum in my pussy.

"Huuuu-UUUUU-uuuu-UUUUUUUUghhhhhhh-Uggghh-aaaaAaahhhh—uuh-uuh-uhh-yyeah—yeah—uughhh-ughhh-ughh—oohhhhhhooooo."

We both cry out one more time and then as I collapse on him he gently pulls me down to the floor.

"Fuck, David, that was amazing."

"Julia, *you're* so damn amazing, I came so hard."

Meanwhile, back in reality, my pussy was clenching as I stroked my clit a few more times with my vibrator and, as I tried to keep my gasps down—just-a-few—more—buzzes-FUCK!

I let out a small squeal and covered my mouth with my hand as my orgasm came crashing down. I calmed down, wiped off my toy to be cleaned later, and put it back in my bag.

When I came back to my date, Jared was not too happy. I sat at our table feeling satisfied, and he could smell my insecurity. After that awkward meal was over, I never saw him again.

Yes, it *is* what you think. My interest in David was an insatiable craving I would never satisfy. Meanwhile, back at the phone conversation:

"Well I might be able to do a little favor for you."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I just might be able to hook you up again."

That's when I lost my sensibility.

"Really? You'd do that?"

"Yeah. So, anything specific you're looking for?"

You.

"I trust you know what you're doing."

"Well, I'll see what I can do."

"Thanks so much!"

"No problem."

Yey! I've got myself another David distraction.

Chapter 2

I was on the phone the next week with guess who.

"I got someone."

"You did? That's great! So what's he like?"

"He's got blond hair, blue eyes, he's nice, and talkative."

"How do you know him?"

"He's one of my good friends."

"So he's willing to do this?"

"Yeah, he's fine."

"So how do we meet?"

"This Friday at the movies. By the way, he's gonna call you tonight or tomorrow."

"He's WHAT?!"

"He's gonna call you."

"You gave him my number?!"

"I didn't think you'd mind."

"Well, I do. You never asked me. You're supposed to ask me."

"It's not that big of a deal. It's just a phone call."

"Yeah, with a complete stranger."

"Listen, I have to go, so have fun."

Wow, that was insensitive. That's when reality kicked in. I had to call this thing off. I called David back.

"David, I can't do this this time."

"What's the problem, Julia?"

"I don't have to tell you."

"I have a pretty good idea what it is."

"What?"

That's when he used his ability to sense when I feel a certain way, only he didn't help me. He guilted me with it.

"It's because of a few things. Number one, you are absolutely terrified of talking to him on the phone. Number two, you're afraid of meeting someone you might actually like, and number three, you're afraid it might actually work."

I was speechless. Not because he was right, but because he'll never get it. I was afraid I'd be wasting my time with a blind date when David was all I'd ever want...and I can't have him. Why? Because we're "friends."

"That's it isn't it?"

Do I tell him what's really going on? I think about it. Then, I think about all our good times together, and all the future times together I might sabotage because I opened my big mouth and made it awkward. No. I'd rather take what I could get.

"Because, Julia, I know you. You're scared. Now, come on give it a chance. I know you can do this, and this is what you have wanted for a long time."

Yes, he knew me well. Except for the part about me being in love with him...

"I can't. I thought I was ready, but I'm not."

...and that should have been enough for an explanation...but it wasn't.

"Listen, you can trust me. I don't think you do. I wouldn't get anyone that would hurt you. You know that."

"I know, but I just can't."

Get the message, David. I'm lying to you. I just want you to tell me you're in love with me too and then take me home with you and make mad, passionate love to me.

"Just try it, Julia. You might be surprised. Before you know it, you two will be laughing and talking for hours."

The guilt started to come in. Maybe I could propose that we go on a double date. Maybe both of our dates will suck, and then I'll have opportunities to drop hints about my love for him. Yeah, Julia, you're a genius...a genius at talking to men. Yeah. Never mind.

"David...I...I can't."

"Alright. You're gonna regret this a week from now."

"I'll take my chances."

The guilt didn't leave. Not the guilt about not going on a date, the guilt about missing yet another opportunity to connect with David on a more intimate level. Why did I do this to myself? I couldn't take this anymore. I was starting to get uncomfortable with being friends when I wanted so much more.

We started talking less and less frequently for the next couple months. I was too uncomfortable to talk. I always gave him excuses like "buried in a class project" or "studying." I knew it wouldn't work forever and I could tell David was getting worried. Selfish? Yes. Necessary? Hell yes.

Then it came. Three months later. On a Monday. In our class.

We were being partnered up to create ideas for a logo for a fake company called "World Connect." I was so focused on the task at hand, I didn't even take time to know anyone around me. The teacher announced each set of partners...and that's when I heard the name loud and clear.

I was partnered...with David Bentmore.

It must be a coincidence. It surely was somebody else that I just didn't hear correctly. We were to meet with our partners immediately to beginning brainstorming. Suddenly, I felt a hand on my shoulder. I turned around and looked up, and there was the face I knew so well. It was him. David Bentmore. I couldn't speak.

Chapter 3

“Julia, how are you?”

“I-I’m fine.”

I sure as heck wasn’t.

“You know, when was the last time we talked?”

I laughed to myself. You really want to know?

“Well, I’ve been busy.”

He seemed disappointed by my answer. He could see through it. I should have come up with better excuses.

“I’ve been wanting to reconnect with you.”

“Well, that’s, um, considerate of you.”

“Isn’t it exciting that we’re partners for this project? What are the odds?”

“Right, who would have known?”

Maybe this would be a good time to play the lottery.

There was a pause. Then, the last words in the world that I least expected to come from his lips...did.

“Look, Julia, you’re a terrible liar.”

I froze.

“...What?”

He sighed.

“Well, apparently neither one of us has the guts to say it, and I’m getting really tired of chasing your tail.”

Huh?

“I don’t follow.”

“We’ve been best friends for a long time. We trust each other right?”

“I used to David.”

“Used to? What did I do?”

I gulped. Do I or don't I?

"It's not what you did, David. It's me."

"Yeah it is."

I looked puzzled.

"I know why you're hiding from me, and I need you to know, you don't have to hide anymore."

"How so?"

"All right, here goes. I'm not going to lose you, Julia. I'm afraid of losing you."

"David, there are things that I don't know what do about, and every time I talk to you, it just makes it worse."

"And avoiding it makes it better?"

"Not better. It just gives me time to move on."

"Oh God, no, Julia. Move on from who? Me?"

There was a brief but awkward silence.

"Why?"

"Because it's gotten too painful."

"I know."

WHAT?

"You do?"

"Julia, look at my pants."

"Your...pants?"

"Yes, study them for a minute."

"There...uh...nice I guess? Are they new?"

He rolled his eyes.

"Look around my thighs."

I studied his thighs for a few seconds...and there it was. I gasped. Holy crap.

"David...are you..."

"Yes, Julia, it is what you think. You've got me hotter than hell right now and I've decided that I'm done living this lie."

Damn. He had a hard on that was clearly visible through his jeans.

“David, you might want to cover that up or something because somebody might-”

“I need YOU to do something about it, Julia.”

Really? REALLY? Oh my God. Is this really happening?

“Now? But I’ve only got a short break before the next-”

He then grabbed my hand and started to walk us quickly out of the room, into the parking lot of the school and guided me to his car.

“Just wait.”

After a few minutes had passed, most of the cars had cleared from everyone going for lunch. Then, catching me completely off guard, he took both of my hands, held them against the hood of his car, and ravaged my lips with his soft...oh so inviting lips, in a kiss that lasted what seemed like several minutes. My surprised look turned into blissful joy and relief as my tongue danced with his. He then stopped kissing me as we both caught our breath.

“You have no idea how long I’ve wanted to do that.”

Seriously?

“I don’t understand.”

“Every time you said to me that you need to find a man that gets you, that can fuck you just the way you like, that knows how to talk to you, that knows what you need but don’t say you need, I *am* that man, Julia. I’m so sorry I failed you. I should have said something sooner, but we’re here now.”

Hell...yes.

“David, I only wanted to keep going on your blind dates, so I could distract myself from wanting you so bad. It was an urge I was never going to satisfy and I didn’t know what to do.”

“Baby...”

His face looked so sad.

“Baby, I’m so sorry. I sensed you were feeling what I was feeling but neither one of us was strong enough to say it.”

“I didn’t want to throw away the only part of you I was allowed to have.”

“Who said you were only allowed to have part of me, Julia?”

“I thought you might run away, or that our relationship would get really awkward. David, do you know what that would do to me?”

He kissed me softly on the lips, and then put his finger on my chin, lifting my eyes to meet his.

“I understand, but from now on, you can tell me...anything.”

At that moment, my heart screamed in joy and I knew we were meant to be.

“Oh, David.”

A tear streamed down my face.

“What is it, Julia?”

“It’s just...you’re everything that...I can’t believe that-”

“I know...I know...and now I’m going to let you in on a little secret.”

My ears perked up.

“Yes?”

“I feel that way too. I’ve wanted you for a long time, Julia. A long time.”

With that, he furiously kissed me and, as he kissed down my neck, I whispered into his ear.

“Fuck me, David.”

He stopped and looked at me with longing.

“Oh Julia. I’ve been waiting a long time to hear those words come out of your lips. Your body is just...damn.”

“Really? My body? It’s OK-”

“No Julia. It’s the stuff of my fantasies. The kind of fantasies I have when I jack off thinking about you.”

My mouth hung open.

“Don’t tell me you don’t-”

“What? Fuck myself with a vibrator until I’m so wet with cum that it’s dripping down my leg because I’m thinking about what I want you to do to me?”

He looked surprised, pleased and turned on as hell.

"I was hoping so, Julia, but damn, it sounds so much better coming from you."

He lowered me onto the hood of the car, unzipped my jeans, shoved his hand into my panties and plunged a finger into my pussy.

"Ahhh! David, not...ugh!...not in broad daylight."

"I've always wanted to fuck you in public."

"I'm not quite ready for that kind of thing."

He stopped and thought for a second, and then, got a devilish grin on his face.

"How about if I make you cum with my hands on top of this car and then fuck you the way I've always wanted to fuck you in the backseat?"

I thought about it for a moment.

"I think I could be ok with that."

"I was hoping you would say that."

He then practically flung my top off of me, leaving me in my black laced bra, and then proceeded to finger fuck me like no one was watching and I just...couldn't...keep quiet.

"Oh God David...hell that's-"

"Yes, baby, tell me if I'm giving you what you need."

His finger grazed my clit. I lost my ability to speak for a moment. Then between gasps...

"Ugh!...holy fuck...ugh...yes David...fuck...oh God yes!...ah!...right there."

He followed my lead and stroked my clit with two fingers. I could hardly take it.

"AHHH! David...ugh!...I think I might come too soon..."

"It's ok, Julia, just enjoy it. You've fought me long enough."

He rubbed his finger above my clit and...then...found my sweet spot.

"Ugh...ugh...oh David-"

"Yes, come for me baby, come hard."

"I'm almost...oooooh..."

One finger was rubbing the tender skin to the top right of my pussy and the other was furiously stroking my clit.

“OH MY GOD HERE IT...”

Then, I cried his name out as my orgasm hit me.

“DavviiiiIIIIIIIDDDDD...AAH...AAAAAAAAAAHHH-
UUUGHHHH-AAAHHHH!”

He covered my lips with his to help me keep it down. He continued to kiss me as I cried out my orgasm into his mouth. I started to calm down, catching my breath. His eyes were full of hungry lust.

“You have no idea how much of a turn on it is to hear you scream my name like that as you cum. I almost came in my pants.”

I giggled.

“Oh Julia, if I had known it was going to be this good, that fucking you would be all I ever wanted, the things I could have done to you.”

I said in my best seductive voice...

“Better late than never.”

“Mmmm, you have no idea.”

He smiled so brightly. I'd never seen such a big smile on his face before. He then opened the car door, scooped me into it, and reach around to unclasp my bra and pulled my straps down slowly.

“Holy shit, Julia. You breasts are so fucking sexy. I'm trying not to just fuck you senselessly.”

“We'll get back to that.”

“Yes we will.”

With that, his tongue started to lap at my clit.

“Oh God, David, stop...I won't last.”

He looked up at me.

“OK, I just wanted to taste you, baby, but I need to be in your pussy so bad right now.”

He shoved my jeans and panties aside, laid me down on the back seat, and entered my pussy.

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