

My Father's Best Friend - Chapter 1 masquerade ball

Reading Online

masquerade ball

POV JULIA

"Come on, it's going to be amazing!" Olivia, my best friend, insists.

There's a masquerade costume party at my dad's company today, and I didn't want to go, but my friend is very persistent. She's been trying to convince me for over an hour.

"I'd rather stay at home, watch a series and eat nonsense!" I cover my face with the blanket, hoping to end the argument.

Olivia takes a deep breath and I imagine she's about to drag me down the stairs.

"If you don't get up in five minutes, I swear I'll drag you!" she says angrily.

"I've got nothing to wear," I make up an excuse.

"Don't be a liar! I saw the clothes and the amazing mask your mother gave you!" she points out.

"What do I get if I go?" I ask, revealing my face.

"For fun?" She raises an eyebrow. "You look like an old lady; you don't even look 17," she grumbles.

I smile at her comment. What's wrong with wanting to stay at home?

"Okay, I'm in," I stand up, and she smiles triumphantly. "Do you think William will be there?" I ask. He'd be the only reason I'd put up with that boring party.

Olivia rolls her eyes, annoyed with me.

"Forget that guy!" she orders. "He's much older than you and would never look at you. He's your father's best friend."

I sigh. I've had a crush on Will for as long as I can remember. Well, not just a crush, but a total obsession. He's practically my father's brother, and I know very well that he'd never notice me. But it never hurts to dream, right?

"Let me dream," I pout.

"You can dream, but not about your father's best friend," she scolds me. "He's old," she grimaces.

"Are you telling me you don't find him attractive?" I ask, and she stays silent. "See?"

"Okay, fine, he's a good-looking older guy," she rolls her eyes.

He's not that old; he's only 40. He's 23 years older than me. I don't see it as a problem, but some people might find it absurd.

William has black hair, light eyes, and a few tattoos on his body. He's strong and very, very handsome.

The few times I've seen him shirtless during barbecues at our house or on the beach, I've admired his body and fantasized about one day tracing all his tattoos. They suit him so well. He's perfect! Every woman's dream, that's for sure.

Unlike my father, William never dreamed of getting married and having children, which is why he's still single. And I've lost count of how many women I've seen him date. Let's just say he's quite a womanizer. Maybe he can make an exception for me, right?

"I know. I have good taste!" I say confidently after daydreaming about my unrequited passion.

"Get ready!" Olivia commands.

"I'm going to look very nice, maybe he'll make an exception for me, right?" I say, laughing.

"Keep dreaming, Julia," my friend mocks my dream.

If William wasn't my father's best friend, I doubt he wouldn't notice me.

"Luckily, dreaming is free," I joke. I often laugh at my sorrows.

"Get ready, Julia," Olivia orders again.

I reluctantly agree and get up to get ready.

(...)

As expected, the ballroom was packed. Everyone was dressed up and wearing masks.

"This decoration is perfect!" Olivia says excitedly, looking at the details of the decoration.

"Mom tried her best," I say sincerely.

We walk through the crowd of guests until we reach a secluded table.

"I'm going to find my parents," says Olivia, moving out of my sight and leaving me alone.

A waiter passed by and I picked up a glass of champagne, sipping it. These parties are boring; I'd rather be at home watching a sitcom and eating nonsense.

I'm on my fifth glass of champagne, and I'm slightly tipsy. My best friend who insisted so much that I come has disappeared and left me alone. Why did she want me to come so badly? For this?

She's a great friend!

I get up and dance a little on the dance floor.

I sway to the rhythm of the music until I feel strong hands on my waist. I smelled his cologne and froze instantly.

I would recognize that scent miles away.

"Are you alone?" he asks, his voice husky in my ear. It sent shivers down my spine.

I turn slowly to face this man, confirming my suspicions. It's him.

William.

The man I have a crush on. I dream about him every night, and it's terrible to have him so close yet so far away.

Still in shock from his approach, I just nod.

"Dance with me?" he asks, assessing me.

I was speechless. I didn't know if I should tell him who I was or just go with it.

If I tell him who I am, he'll probably pull away, for sure. He'd never dance with me if he knew who I was. He'd never touch me like he did a few seconds ago.

William firmly held my waist and led me in the dance.

My heart was pounding with his proximity. For a moment, my legs wobbled, but he was here, holding me firmly.

"You smell amazing," he says, leaving a kiss on my neck, making me shiver again.

I pulled away slightly from his body, and I looked into his eyes for a moment. It was the only part not covered by the mask we were wearing. Will didn't break eye contact with me, his gaze wavering as he looked at my lips. I nervously bite my lip, anxious for what awaited next. Slowly, he moved his face closer to mine, my breathing was rapid, and I waited so long for this.

"I want to kiss you," he warns.

I nodded in agreement because I wanted that too.

William placed one of his hands on the back of my neck and gently pressed our lips together. I felt the softness of his lips, and butterflies fluttered in my stomach.

His kiss was far from what I imagined; it was a thousand times better. He had passion. His tongue played with mine at a fast pace, dueling for space. It felt like our kiss was a perfect fit.

"Let's get out of here?" he asked, and I, of course, just nodded.

I might regret it tomorrow. But today...

Today, I'm going to enjoy it!

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