

My Father's Best Friend - Chapter 6 Damn tattoo

Reading Online

Damn tattoo

POV WILLIAM

I wanted to know what the hell was going on in my head when I looked at my best friend's daughter's breasts?!

In a terrible internal struggle for having done that, I don't know what happened; I only realized it when I was already staring at her breasts.

Julia is a beautiful girl. She's 17 years old and has a body that would make many older women jealous. But she's off-limits to me. My best friend's daughter.

When did I start looking at her like this?

"Are you listening to me?" asks a brunette who had been talking non-stop with me. If I said I heard a word of what she said, I'd be lying.

"Sorry, gorgeous," I forced a smile, "What were you saying?" I asked.

"I wanted to get to know you better, Will," she said playfully, running her hands over my chest. If it were a month ago, I would have taken her to my apartment and messed around until she couldn't take it anymore...

"Give me your number, and I'll call you sometime," I lied. Because the little time I spent with this woman was enough to know I couldn't handle a date with her. She talks too much...

"Sure, write it down," she said excitedly.

I reluctantly took out my phone, and as she continued talking, I wrote down her number, saving it as 'Never call.'

"My name is Lais," she said with a smile.

"Okay, Lais. I'll give you a call," I forced a smile and moved away.

She's beautiful, but I didn't feel attracted to her.

Because ever since that damn dance, I've only been thinking about the woman who left me standing in the bathroom, saying that everything we did was a mistake.

My friend, John, insists that my obsession with this woman is because she dumped me. A very rare thing to happen...

But it's not that...

I could list the reasons why I want to know who she is...

She awakened something in me. I can't say what it is because I've never felt these things before. I have no interest in any other woman since that day. It's been a month without sex, and it wasn't for lack of trying. I even tried to be with other women, but it didn't work. I gave them pleasure, but I didn't feel a damn thing.

She was a virgin.

The woman at the dance was a virgin. I went crazy when I saw the bloodstain on the condom. Damn, I took someone's virginity at that dance.

And I kept wondering, why did this woman choose me to lose her virginity to? Why me?

I think, upon realizing that this woman was a virgin, I became even crazier and more obsessed with her.

"I need to get laid," Brian appears in front of me with a beer.

"And what do I have to do with it?" I ask, sitting in one of the available chairs.

"Just venting..." he sat down beside me, looking around and stopping his gaze in the direction of his sister. "Would Julia be very angry if I hooked up with Olivia?" he asked.

"Hmm... Yes?"

"But she doesn't need to know, right?" he says with a sly smile.

"Brian, you're going to break the girl's heart, and your sister is going to break your face," I shake my head negatively, "Leave her alone!"

"Anyone seeing you talk like this would think I'm a monster," he dramatizes.

"Almost that," I say, laughing.

"And you, uncle, aren't you going to get a girlfriend?" he asks, sipping his beer.

I quickly decline. I look around the party, seeing people happy with their partners and families. All my friends are married, have children, and everything else. I'm the only one who's alone.

No one will ever understand my choice to want to be alone. I don't even want them to understand. They don't need to understand anything. Knowing it myself is enough.

Think about it, choosing to be alone is a choice. My choice, and mine alone.

I want to be alone. I prefer to be alone.

Why?

Because that way, no one hurts me. No one disappoints me. No one abandons me.

I'm 40 years old. And one thing I've learned in my life is never to expect anything from anyone. I avoid being disappointed by unreciprocated feelings. I avoid having feelings. No feelings, no suffering.

Some may think I'm weak for thinking this way, but I don't care what others think. It's my way of thinking. I've been living all these years like this, and I'm fine the way I am.

"I like being alone," I say.

"I want to be like you," Brian says with a smile, "I don't want to tie myself to anyone."

"Better alone than in bad company," I say, watching some people jumping into the pool. Water splashed on me.

"You sons of bitches," Brian yelled angrily because they had splashed water on him too.

"Come on, Brian," Julia shouted excitedly to her brother, who quickly declined. "Are you going to stay here with this old grouch?" she asked to provoke me.

Julia leaned over the pool, looking at us. Her hair was wet, and a few droplets of water fell on her breasts.

"Focus, William."

I mentally repeated this mantra. She's my best friend's daughter; I can't look at her any other way.

"Old grouch?" I questioned, raising an eyebrow.

"Yes," she laughed, "You guys are just gossiping here; go have fun."

"What's fun for you?" I ask curiously.

She laughs again, and her cheeks turn slightly red. She's embarrassed.

"I'm here at the pool," she says, looking around.

"Oh, brat, go play with your dolls!" Brian teased his sister. Julia showed him the middle finger and dove into the pool.

I stayed in the same place, observing everything around me. I'm a quiet guy, I keep to myself, and I like to observe.

Even now, I'm watching Julia coming out of the pool with her friend Olivia. She climbs the pool steps while droplets of water fall on her body. I can't help it when my gaze wanders over her entire body, but then it stops at her buttocks. I can see it, the damn tattoo.

Julia has a bitten strawberry tattooed on her right buttock. The same tattoo as the mysterious woman from the dance. In the same place, even.

I shake my head negatively.

No.

Julia can't be the woman from the dance.

Could she?