

My Father's Best Friend - Chapter 2 I've just had sex with my father's best friend. Reading Online I've just had sex with my father's best friend.

POV JULIA

I feel my back forcefully hit the cold bathroom wall. William kisses me with such intensity and violence.

I still can't believe this is happening!

If it's a dream, I never want to wake up.

He explores my lips and with his hands, every part of my body that burns with his touch.

I gain momentum and with his help, I sit on the bathroom sink.

I was wearing a dress, and that made it easier for him to move my panties to the side and stimulate my longing for his touch. I gasp as I feel a finger sliding inside me.

I was so wet.

I've always dreamed of this day, but it's even better than in my dreams.

At an astonishing speed, he takes a condom from his pocket, unbuttons his pants, takes out his member, and puts on the condom. He moves my leg aside, and for a brief moment, I hesitate.

I'm a virgin.

But if I say anything, first, he will recognize me, and second, he won't want to continue.

And I want this so much.

I've lost count of how many times I've dreamed of this day and woke up extremely wet. I'm a virgin, but I've masturbated thousands of times thinking about this man.

I gasped as I felt a finger sliding inside me again.

"Damn, you're dripping!" he says, taking his finger out of me and sucking on it without breaking our eye contact.

This is paradise, for sure.

So sexy.

I feel a slight burning, but nothing that makes me want to back down.

I know very well what I want, and right now, I want Will.

William positions his member at my entrance and penetrates me forcefully without warning.

My eyes water and I feel like screaming, I confess.

It hurt. It hurt a lot!

William stops his movements when he notices my reaction.

"Are you all right?" he asks, assessing me.

"Yes. Go on," I say, trying to disguise my voice as much as possible so as not to be recognized.

He nods and starts moving inside me again. Now the pain is minimal and gives way to pleasure.

The noise of the party seems to have dissipated, the only sounds are our mingled moans.

"Damn," he mutters as he thrusts hard into me.

With one hand, he turns me over, still penetrating me while stimulating my clitoris.

He knows exactly what to do.

One slap. Two. Three. Several sequences of slaps land on my ass.

"I love the tattoo," he says, slapping me again. I have a bitten strawberry drawn on my ass.

William penetrates me deeply and wraps his hand around my hair, pulling it back.

"You are very hot!" he says in a husky voice in my ear.

I feel my body shaking, I'm close to climaxing.

A few more thrusts and we come together. My legs feel weak and he has to hold me up so I don't fall to the floor.

We remain silent as our breathing returns to normal.

I look at myself in the large bathroom mirror and realize what I've just done.

I've just had sex with my father's best friend.

That's wrong.

But why was it so good?

I gently pull myself out of his arms and quickly start putting my clothes back on.

"Where are you going?" he asks, and I remain silent. "Why are you in such a hurry?" he asks, zipping up his pants.

"It was a mistake," I say before running out of the bathroom.

I walk past people, looking behind me the whole time, afraid that he'll come after me.

I want this secret, and I'll take it to my grave.

Imagine if he finds out he's just had sex with his best friend's daughter.

I don't even want to imagine what could happen...

I feel my body bump into someone and I'm ready to swear at them, but then Olivia looking at me strangely.

"Olivia," I mutter, looking back for William.

"Julia, where were you? Your parents are looking for you!" She continues to look at me strangely.

"I... I was around when my best friend insisted I come, but she let me down," I say, pretending to be hurt.

"Oh, forgive me, friend. You know, my parents started introducing me to so many people..." she says, reluctantly, about her parents' behavior.

"It's okay," I give a half-smile.

"Why are you looking back so much? Is something wrong?" she asks suspiciously.

"Nothing. I'm leaving," I say, trying to get past her, but she holds my arms.

"Your parents are looking for you," she reminds me.

"Liv, I need to go. Tell my parents I felt sick, had a headache, and went home early," I ask.

"Did something happen? Are you upset with me for leaving you alone?" she asks.

"Nothing happened. I just need to go."

With that said, I left Olivia behind and practically ran out of the ballroom. I could only breathe a little easier when I was outside. I looked around for a car so I could leave.

"Julia," I hear someone call. I turn to face the person and see Lorenzo. The son of a friend of my father's.

"Lorenzo," I forced a smile as I looked at him.

"Are you leaving already?" he asked.

"Yes. I have a headache," I lied.

"I'll drive you," he offers.

"No need."

"Yes, you do. I like spending time with you," he smiles mischievously.

"All right," I agree.

"My car," he points to a sports car that has just pulled up in front of us.

Lorenzo opens the passenger door for me to get in, and I do. He turns the car around and starts it, driving off.

The moments with William never left my mind, but that was it. They were just a good memory and nothing more. Although it's a good memory, it's still a memory... No one will ever know what happened in that bathroom, except him and me.

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