

My Father's Best Friend - Chapter 3 Who is the mystery woman at the ball? Reading Online

Who is the mystery woman at the ball?

POV WILLIAM

"It was a mistake."

The last words of that woman wouldn't leave my mind.

How could it have been a mistake?

Was she married, by any chance?

After she practically ran out of the bathroom, I straightened my clothes and went out to look for her to try to understand what had happened. I spent the whole night searching for her and didn't find her.

I was never one to chase after any woman. I never even repeated my flings, but that woman... she stirred something in me, and I wanted to find her. I want to know who she is, why she ran off, why she said it was a mistake. I have so many questions...

"You seem thoughtful today," John, my best friend, said as he observed me.

"There was a woman at the party last night," I took a sip of my whiskey, "I had never seen her at our parties before, and I want to know everything about her," I confessed.

"No," he said with a smile, "Is the biggest womanizer in New York in love?" he teased.

"No. I don't fall in love, you know that. But I want to know who that woman was," I said firmly.

"Any clues?" he asked.

"Where's the guest list?" I inquired.

"Surely, Ava must have it," he replied nonchalantly.

"Ask her," I said.

"Are you that interested?" he asked, and I looked at him, not understanding his question. He continued, "I mean, are you going to search for every woman we don't know on that massive list? We had over a thousand guests."

I nodded.

"I want to find her," was all I said.

"What happened between you two, anyway?" he asked curiously.

"I saw her dancing alone on the dance floor, you know me, she immediately captivated me, so I approached her, of course. We danced together, and before I knew it, we were having sex in the party bathroom. She left, saying it was a mistake, and didn't even give me her name or phone number," I said indignantly at her leaving me like that.

My best friend laughed at my expression of indignation.

"Is that why you're after her? You're the guy who leaves without saying a name and kicks women out. You can't accept that you were rejected this time," he asserted, and I shook my head. "That's it. Now, I want to find her and congratulate her for making you feel like this," I laughed at my situation.

Who needs enemies with a friend like this?

I got up to refill my whiskey glass when my friend's daughter came down the stairs. She was startled to see me and stood frozen, looking at me.

"Why are you so surprised, Julia? Do you owe me something?" I teased her.

Julia descended the stairs without taking her eyes off me.

"I didn't expect to see you here so early... Don't you guys sleep?" she asked, kissing her father.

"My friend came to cry over a woman, can you believe it, daughter?" John said, teasing me.

"Seriously?" she asked, surprised. "And who's the latest conquest?" she asked, curious.

"No one knows!" her father replied. "He met her at the party. Did you happen to see him dancing on the floor with the woman? Maybe you know her!"

I looked at my friend's daughter, hoping for a positive response. But she suddenly seemed strange.

"No... I didn't see anything, Dad," she said with a trembling voice. "I'm going to have breakfast," she quickly left the living room.

"What's gotten into her?" I asked.

My friend shrugged, and we continued talking about the mysterious woman who had kept me awake the night before.

"Since when do you have sex in party bathrooms?" my friend made a face.

"I don't know what came over me. Before I knew it, we were there..."

"Could it be that I'll finally see you serious about a woman?" he asked, and I denied it.

"That will never happen. I don't want a relationship with anyone," I asserted.

"Why do you want to go after this woman, then?" he asked.

I have so many reasons that it's hard to list them all.

"Just help me, okay?" I requested. He agreed, raising his glass.

I finished another glass of whiskey, got up, and took the glass to the kitchen. Julia was leaning over the counter. I playfully smacked her on the rear, making her jump in surprise.

"Do you want to kill me?" she asked, turning to face me.

"You were the one who was distracted," I said, placing my glass on the kitchen sink.

"I have a hangover," she grumbled, taking a long sip of coffee.

"You shouldn't be drinking. You're only 17, Julia," I scolded.

"You sound just like my dad," she made a face.

"Well, I practically am, right? I'm your dad's best friend, and, well, you're like my daughter."

"Quiet," she ordered.

"Good morning," Ava entered the kitchen with John.

"Good morning," I greeted warmly.

"John mentioned that you want the guest list from the party," Ava commented, and I simply nodded. "I'll send it to your email."

"Thank you."

"Why do you want that list?" she asked curiously.

I heard John laughing, that idiot.

"It seems someone's in love..." John teased, and Ava looked at me in surprise.

"I can't believe it!" She put her hand to her mouth in amazement.

"Don't listen to him, Ava. I only met a woman and wanted to know who she is."

"What costume was she wearing? Maybe I know her," Ava said.

"She was wearing..."

"Mom, I have a headache," Julia interrupted me. "Which medicine should I take?"

"The usual one, honey. The pink box," she got up to get the medicine. Ava searched the cupboard and picked up a pink box. "This one," she handed the medicine to her daughter. "So, Will, what was the mysterious woman's costume?"

"Darn it!" Julia dropped her glass of water on the floor.

"Be careful, honey," Ava said, going to help her daughter pick up the glass shards.

"Ouch," Julia whimpered as she cut her finger.

"Let me finish cleaning up here, sweetie," Ava said to her daughter.

Julia got up and came over to my side with her bleeding finger.

"It looks bad, hold on."

I went to the cupboard and grabbed the first aid kit to clean the cut.

"Let me see," I requested.

Reluctantly, Julia extended her hand, showing me her not-so-deep cut. I held her hand and cleaned the wound, covering it with a band-aid.

"When you get married, it'll heal," I smiled at her, and she looked at me strangely.

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