

My Father's Best Friend - Chapter 4 Touching yourself thinking about him... Reading Online

Touching yourself thinking about him...

POV JULIA

I watch as William covers my small cut and bites my lips with the inappropriate thoughts I'm having right now.

Instantly, I remember last night, and a warmth takes over my body. I squirm in my chair, pressing one leg against the other to ease the throbbing in my intimacy.

"Is there a problem?" William asks, looking at me strangely.

"All of them," I reply without thinking, and he raises an eyebrow.

"Tell me then, maybe I can help," he looks at me, increasing my excitement.

He could help me. Oh, yes, I could use his large and skillful hands to relieve myself. I can feel his hands touching my skin... I bite my lip, imagining his touches.

My face heats up as I see my parents in the kitchen, chatting animatedly and having no idea about the inappropriate thoughts their daughter is having at this moment.

"I...", I look down while still pressing my legs together, "I need to take a shower," I say, getting up quickly.

"Another one?" my mother asks. "You just showered," she points to my wet hair.

I want to disappear into a hole right now.

My God, how embarrassing!

"Excuse me," I say, practically running out of the kitchen.

I rush up the stairs at an impressive speed; my room is at the end of the corridor. I ran to it and closed the door behind me.

"My God!" I say, panting, leaning my back against the door.

My heart was beating frantically, my intimacy still pulsating with desire. It would need a little attention now; I know that just one shower wouldn't be enough to relieve me.

I walk to my bed, quickly removing my clothes. I run my hands over my breasts and down to my wet intimacy.

This is the effect that Will has on me.

Before, I already felt outrageous things about him. Now that I know what his touches are like his naked body, my God, it will be practically impossible to be around this man without remembering what happened last night, without wanting him inside me again, fucking me hard.

With that thought, I began to stimulate my intimacy. I run my fingers over my clitoris, which longs to be touched. I massage it in circles, biting my lip to suppress a loud moan.

I insert a finger inside me, making a back-and-forth motion, imagining it's Will touching me. I start to grind on my finger, now putting a second finger inside me. I grind frantically on my fingers, and with my other free hand, I massage my clitoris.

"Fuck," I bite my lip again to repress a loud moan.

"Julia," I hear someone call me.

Damn, I'm almost there...

Just a little bit more...

"Julia," the person calls again. I increase the movements, coming intensely on my fingers.

"Fuck," I say, panting.

"Is everything okay?" the person asks.

I get up quickly, my legs weak from the orgasm. I quickly put on my clothes and walk to the door to open it.

I open the door and see William standing there, arms crossed. He looks at me strangely.

"Hi," I say, blushing, remembering what I just did, thinking of him, and wondering if he heard any moans that escaped my mouth.

"Is everything okay?" he asks, analyzing me.

"Why wouldn't it be?" I reply to his question with another question.

"You look all disheveled there, and sweaty..." he looks inside my room. "I heard some... um... noises?!"

I bite my lip nervously, not knowing how to respond.

"Is someone in there with you?" he asks, and before I can answer, he invades my room, looking into every corner as if searching for someone.

"Are you crazy?" I ask, turning to face him, irritated that he invaded my room.

"Sorry, Julia. Please," he says, repentant. "I swear I heard some... noises. And, well," he smiles embarrassed, "I was going to rip the head off the person who was with you."

"I don't understand," I cross my arms.

"You're my best friend's daughter. A baby. Do you think I'd let a man get close to you? No way!" he says firmly.

"I'm not a child anymore!" I say, annoyed.

"Julia," he tries to argue, but I interrupt him.

"Please leave my room," I give him passage to leave, and he does.

"I'm sorry," he apologizes again, still at the door of my room.

"Okay. What did you want here?" I ask, with curiosity.

"Your dad said you could help me find the woman I'm looking for..."

I swallow hard.

"So, you're interested in her?" I ask.

"I want to know who she is," he replies, leaning against the door. "Can you help me?"

"What do I get?" I ask, and he laughs, shaking his head.

"A chocolate?" he suggests.

"This 'mysterious woman' is worth just a little chocolate?" I ask, crossing my arms.

"I'll teach you how to drive," he smiles triumphantly because he knows I wouldn't refuse that.

"Okay. Where do we start?"

"Your mom sent me the guest list. In total, there are 1,500 guests. We need to separate all the women we don't know, and then we'll call them."

"You're crazy!" I laugh, disbelieving. "It's almost impossible for us to find her."

I try to make him change his mind.

"Will, you have any woman at your feet, man. Forget about her!"

He shakes his head.

"One thing no one knows," he speaks quietly as if it were a secret for no one to hear, "I don't give up easily on what I want."

I feel my body shiver like never before with his words. Is he interested in me? But will this interest continue when he finds out who I am?

I thought it would be just another meaningless encounter with him. When would I imagine that he would chase after the "mysterious woman from the ball"?

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