

My Father's Best Friend - Chapter 5 Barbecue Reading Online

Barbecue

POV JULIA

The night of the ball still haunted my thoughts and disturbed my peace. Firstly, I was left with a lingering desire for more. I wanted to feel him again, even though I knew it would never happen. Secondly, William remained obsessed with discovering the identity of the mysterious woman from the ball. He practically put his life on hold to search for her. I've tried numerous times to make him give up this madness, but does he listen to me?

"Any news?" Will asked, sitting down beside me on the couch.

I took my eyes off my phone and looked at the shirtless man in front of me holding a beer.

I swallowed hard, quickly diverting my gaze back to my phone.

"None," I replied.

"Impossible," he said indignantly. "We've spent the entire last month calling every woman at that party."

"It's a sign for you to forget about her," I replied.

"Or maybe she's someone we know!" he asserted.

"You're already drunk!" I laughed, and he shook his head.

"No other explanation!" he confirmed.

"Will, maybe she doesn't want to be found..."

"Júlia, I don't give up easily. I'll find her," he said, looking me firmly in the eyes.

I was close to shouting in his face that the mysterious woman he was looking for was me, but I lacked the courage... I'm afraid of his reaction, and besides, I'm afraid of my father finding out.

"Still chasing after the mysterious woman?" my father appeared in the room.

I sighed irritably.

"I'll find her," he said confidently. "I feel like we're close to discovering..."

"Let's forget about this for a moment and enjoy this barbecue," my father said. "It's not every day we celebrate our wedding anniversary."

Today was my parents' wedding anniversary. 25 years together. My mother wanted to throw a big party, but miraculously, my father managed to convince her to have a barbecue for close friends and family only.

"You're right!" Will got up, lightly patting my father on the back. "Congratulations, my friend. 25 years tied down," he teased.

"It was the best choice I ever made," my father said with a gleam in his eye. I find his love for my mother so beautiful. One day, I want to have love like my parents...

"I have no doubt; you've built a beautiful family!" Will said, taking a sip of his beer.

"And it's time for you to do the same, don't you think?" my father asked accusingly. "You're getting older, William; you need to meet someone and start your own family."

Will rolled his eyes and shook his head.

"I'm a free spirit, Jhon. You know that! Imagine me, being bossed around by a woman. No way!"

"Marriage is much more than you think. Don't you miss having a partner in your daily life? Someone you know will be there for you, with you?" my father asked.

I shifted on the couch to listen to their conversation.

"Friend," William embraced my father from the side, "I think..."

He walked away with my father, leaving me highly curious to know what he would say.

I squirmed on the couch, curiosity gnawing at me, but I refused to follow them to overhear this idiotic conversation.

I lay down on the couch and returned to my phone.

"I'm here!" Olivia shouted, throwing herself onto me on the couch.

"Get off, you fatty," I pushed her, and she fell to the floor, grumbling.

"Insensitive," she said, getting up and sitting on the other couch, looking at me. "What are you doing here instead of being out by the pool?" she asked curiously.

"Tired..." I lied.

"Of what? We're on school vacation, and you do nothing all day," Olivia pointed out.

"Wow, what slander! How dare you come to my house and slander me like this?" I asked, feigning indignation.

Olivia laughed.

"Let's change into our swimsuits and head to the pool?" she suggested excitedly.

"I don't feel like it," I replied.

"Are you avoiding someone?" she asked.

"Me? Avoiding someone?" I countered her question, nervous.

But the truth is, yes. I am avoiding Will. His obsession with the woman from the ball is driving me crazy...

"Then there's no reason for us to be cooped up in this room when there's a fantastic pool waiting for us outside in this heat. Come on, come on, come on!" she said, pulling me up.

I sighed at Olivia's insistence, but since I had no more excuses to give her, I reluctantly agreed, and we went up to my room together.

"I'll change," I announced, entering my closet.

I looked at my bikinis, searching for one I liked, or rather, one that would fit my body perfectly and make a certain guy look at me the way I wanted.

I opted for a red, string bikini. I quickly put it on and wore a pair of denim shorts to cover the bikini bottom.

I left my closet and saw Olivia ready, waiting for me.

"I hope your brother notices me today," she said excitedly.

I rolled my eyes.

"My brother is insensitive to women. You'll suffer with him," I warned.

Sometimes, I'm criticized for being honest. But I'd rather be honest than fake. I've known my brother since I was born, and I know exactly what happens to the women who get involved with him.

He's my brother, and I love him. But when it comes to women, he's a real jerk.

Brian is 20 years old, my older brother. He's very protective and can be suffocating at times. But the truth is, he's afraid that men will do to me what he usually does with girls outside.

"But he's hot," she sighed.

"If you want to suffer, go ahead," I replied, leaving my room and heading to the pool area.

The barbecue area was packed. That's because my father said it was only for close friends and family; imagine if it weren't?

When we stepped into the barbecue area, all eyes turned towards us. Even some disgusting older men were looking at us with malicious intent. Disgusting.

I looked around for William, and he was in a secluded corner, talking to a woman. She was talking nonstop, gesturing wildly, but from a distance, it was clear that he wasn't listening to a word she was saying. He was looking in my direction, and for a moment, I saw his eyes drop to my chest. But he quickly averted his gaze, returning his attention to the brunette who kept talking without pause.

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