

# **Your Dad's Perfect**

## **- Our Life Novel by Billiejo Priestley**

### **Chapter 1-5**

#### **Our Life**

This room screams money, and it's not like I'm poor; I'm just not stupidly rich. Jake isn't yet. Sure, his dad is, but Jake was told until he proves himself, he won't get a penny. Sure, he gets money from his dad every month to live on and such.

Yet, nothing else. Even though I know that his dad essentially paid for this ring I am wearing, Jake doesn't work, which means he no doubt had to ask his dad for money for the ring.

It's looking like Jake might be getting his inheritance. News of this engagement has made his father see him in a whole new way—not just the engagement, but me, apparently. Dating me has made his son straighten his life out. I'm not sure how I helped. All I am doing is dating him.

I didn't even know about his money until I met his dad, so it was a shock when Jake stopped at the house.

They continued the conversation. His dad smiled at me and the ring. I'm still processing this. I mean, we've been dating for months, but dating and being engaged are two entirely different games.

Jake's father is lovely, though. It's clear he wants the best for Jake but hates his stupidity—that stupidity that I haven't really seen. I knew him before dating him, but not enough to know the real him—the one his father said didn't deserve the money.

His dad talks, laughing. I reply and feel Jake's hand sliding up my leg. My body tenses.

Turning, I glare at him. His eyes spark with interest, and he pouts at me. We're sitting with his dad.

“Did it go well then?” Alaric smiles at me from across the table.

I nod and smile. “It went amazing Mr Hendrix, I was surprised it went so well.”

“Ruby, please call me Alaric. You have been dating Jake for over a year. You don't need to be so formal.” His words are kind, and I nod. “Anyway, I will let you two kids have your fun and

disappear. Enjoy your break. Jake, stay tonight; don't drive back so late, son." I watch Alaric stand and leave.

I turn to face Jake. Every time he tries to grope me under the table.

"Babes, it was nothing. I didn't even get close to my goal." He leans forward, his lips finding mine.

"Even so, we were sat with your dad!" I don't feel comfortable doing that. Not when we're in company.

"Babes, stop sulking. Let's get to bed." He pulls me up, and I follow him. It's been ages since I slept here. We usually stay at the dorms, but we came late today to tell his dad we're engaged.

When I walk into his room, I smile—it's exactly how I remember it. Jake wraps his arms around me as he removes my clothes, slowly teasing me with his mouth.

Shaking my head, I step back. "Not here, Jake. Your dad is in the next room." That is just awkward.

He sighs and climbs into bed. "You know, you worry too much when it comes to sex. Loosen up, babes!" His words shock me, and he laughs. "Fuck it, forget it. Sleep." He rolls over.

Maybe I do need to loosen up? Yet, I can't feel comfortable with him fucking me so close to his dad.

Waking, I walk down. Alaric turns and smiles at me.

"Morning Ruby, Coffee?"

Nodding, I smile. "Please, Alaric. I didn't sleep too well." My sentence ends with a yawn as if to try and confirm my words are true.

"Is my son keeping you awake?" He smiles at me.

"Not exactly. My mind wouldn't quieten down." I kept repeating Jake's words over and over.

"Ah, well, hopefully you will sleep better tonight when you're back home." I nod at him and watch as Jake walks down.

"We best leave. Long drive ahead of us." Jake grabs his jacket.

"Okay, call in more often, both of you!" Alaric hugs me. "It's nice to see you again, Ruby." We say goodbye and leave.

The drive back is quiet. I wonder if his mind is on last night. To him, it was nothing. Sure, the table hid us, but his dad was still right there. It also isn't like his hand was at my knee—it ended up between my thighs.

I feel like he's in a mood because I refused to let him fuck me. Maybe it is just me, and I do worry too much. Maybe others wouldn't have an issue with it, and it is me?

Walking through the door, he grabs me. His kiss becomes forceful as I walk backwards into the bedroom. His hands pull my clothes off as we make our way to my room. My body falls back onto the bed, his lips on mine as he climbs onto me.

"We need to be quick babes. I'm late." He pushes his trousers down and thrusts into me. His hips speed up instantly. My moans get louder as I grab him and hear him groaning in pleasure as he thrusts a final time before moving off me. I watch as he gets dressed and walks out of the room.

Not even a kiss goodbye. I don't get this. People always rave about sex and talk about how amazing it is. For me, it's just meh. It's something I know I could live without. It's nothing that epic or amazing. If anything, it's boring.

## **C 2 The List**

### ***6 Months Later***

Sitting, I laugh. The slight feeling of being tipsy makes me happy.

"He's a grumpy nut!" Bex pushes me so hard that I almost fall off the stool.

"Maybe, but he's my grumpy nut!" I laugh and stand, and she pouts at me, sulking. "I'm going. I want to be with Jake when the new year begins. He wasn't feeling great." Hugging her, I walk home.

"Ruby, Ruby, Ruby!" I groan and stop at the door turning Ivy dances to me. "I'm glad you're here! I lost my keys."

Laughing at her, I unlock the door. "You didn't lose them, Ivy. You never do. They are always inside where you left them." I walk in and go to the side, picking up the keys. I rattle them at her. "See."

Laughing, she nods. Walking to the kitchen, I grab a drink and go upstairs, my head shaking at the fact she forgot her keys again. I had told her just before we left, get your keys. Laughing, I push the door open and freeze.

"Jake!" I stand shocked and sickened. He turns slightly and looks at me.

"Is this her?" The woman who is naked and currently wrapped around him laughs, and Jake chuckles.

"Get the fuck out!" Screaming, I throw my bag at him.

"Calm it, Ruby!" Jake screams at me. I watch the woman grab her clothes and rush out.

"How the fuck could you?" Screaming, I take off a shoe and throw it at him.

"Because you're boring! God, woman, you're soo damn stiff." His words are screamed into my face as he laughs. "You were a means to an end, I wanted my inheritance, and you helped me to get it!"

My body freezes. "Did you ever actually like me?" Was this all a way to get the money?

"Yes! Then I got bored, but I could see my dad thought this was the real deal. He seemed to think you were fixing me, so I played for a bit until he signed my money over. You can't complain; you got to date and fuck me. Someone every woman wants." My hand swings, and I punch him.

"Screw you!" I fight back the tears and push him away from me.

"No thanks, there's more action in a board game. Want some advice? Stop being a prude." He turns and storms out. My body falls to the floor. Over a year he used me for over a year to get fucking money?

"Ruby." Turning, I look at Ivy and fight back the tears. "Fuck him. He's the sort who will die alone. With money, but no fucker will be there." She moves and hugs me.

"God, I'm a fucking fool! What's wrong with me?" Sitting, I cry, and her arms stay wrapped around me, trying to comfort me.

It's been a month since I saw Jake with that woman. I spend it hiding away. Other than studying, I don't leave. I know everyone is talking. Jake's latest bit I caught him with has made it known why he walked.

Everyone knows, and everyone is talking about me like I'm a nun.

"Do something!" Bex shouts at me.

"Like what?" Nothing I do will bring Jake back.

"Prove the asshole wrong, get people talking about you and how much you do. Write a sex list."

I laugh at her words.

"What the hell is a sex list?"

Rolling her eyes at me, she laughs. "It's a list of things you need to do or try. It revolves mostly around sex. Things like visiting a sex shop, having a one-night stand, and making a sex video. There are loads. Prove you're not what he says." She turns and walks out.

It could be fun, and right now, I have nothing to lose—not when everyone says I'm a nun. I grab a pen and notebook and sit. My eyes look over the blank paper.

My mind comes up blank as I sit and consider.

Visit a sex shop

Watch porn

Use a sex toy

Kiss a random guy

Kiss a woman

Take pole dancing lessons

Do a sexy photoshoot

Dance at an adult club

Buy sexy lingerie

Have a threesome

Visit a sex club

I keep going, and by the time I'm finished, the list is two pages long. Looking through it, I decided that I should get started. I need to do something.

Grabbing the laptop, I open it and load up a porn site. This seems like a good starting place.

This is out of my element. Scrolling through, I stop at a video. I watch it, and shaking my head, I quickly close that video. That was too much too soon. Clicking on another, I begin watching it. I'm astounded—she looks like she's enjoying it a hell of a lot. So why don't I feel pleasure like that?

I lose myself in the video, soon finding myself watching more after it, and the night disappears. Some of the videos do really make me feel like a prude.

## **C 3 Something New**

Today has gone quickly. Class has ended, and I'm determined to cross another item off the list. Parking the car, I walk to the shop. Standing outside, I look at the store. Sucking in a breath, I push the door open and walk in. I begin to look around.

My hand trails over the leather lingerie. Picking up a set, I carry it with me as I continue to look through the lingerie and make my way towards the sex toys.

I stop at them and glance around. Now what? My hand reaches out blindly and grabs three different ones. I've no idea what they are, but I'm not about to read the boxes in the shop. Walking towards the till to pay, I stop.

My eyes see the items. I grab a pair of handcuffs and a flogger and continue to the till. I place the items down. I watch as she picks each item up and scans them all before I pay, and she hands me the bag.

Getting into the car, I laugh. I did it. What the hell did I buy? I laugh, knowing that maybe I should have done research before. When I get home, I place the items in the drawer next to my bed. They are items I have to use. Otherwise, why visit a shop and buy them?

"We're going out!" Bex and Ivy burst into my room. "Oh my God!" Bex runs over and pulls the items out.

"You made a list!" She squeals and hugs me.

"Okay, calm down. Anyway, I'm not going out." He will be there with her.

"Yes, you fucking are! Don't let him push you into hiding. That confirms his words. It's been a month. Get on a slutty dress, now." Ivy drags me up from the bed.

"Fine!" Walking over, I look through the clothes.

"No! You're wearing this." Bex holds out a dress, and my eyes widen.

"Is that even legal?" I stare at it; it's short, and most of it is see-through.

"Very, get it on. Look, you don't want him back. Screw him, not literally, as that's not allowed! Show him what he's missing. You might be a prude, but he can't fuck for shit."

I laugh at her words.

"What? I've heard you two. He doesn't hit the spot. Come on." Ivy bounces around me.

"Okay, give me ten minutes." I grab the dress and go to the bathroom to get ready. Walking out, they are waiting.

"Oh yeah, he never saw you in anything like this. Make him bleed." I laugh at Bex. "That's if he's there, we're going to Rainbow Horse." That's a gay bar. Jake does go there, not often, but still, there's a chance he is there, which makes me want to refuse.

The bar is full; Bex and Ivy have pretty much been pouring the shots down my throat. I won't complain, though, as I'm laughing and enjoying the night. Standing on the dance floor with them, my body moves to the music.

I'm glad I decided to come out. They were right I do feel better already. My body stops when I see him and her together. They are staring towards me and laughing.

"Don't. You do not let him and that evil excuse of a woman run you out and stop having fun. Turn your back to them and dance." Bex pulls me so I'm no longer facing them. It wouldn't be as bad if he wasn't talking about me and saying shit.

I see Oliver dancing, and I smile toward him. "While dancing, move me closer to Oliver." This will stop Jake from staring at me. Bex and Ivy nod but look at me, confused. We dance, and as we do, they keep moving toward him.

Dancing beside him, he notices me and glances down.

"Ruby, didn't expect to see you out tonight." He smiles slightly and stops dancing.

"Am I not allowed to have fun like the rest of you?"

He chuckles at my words. "I didn't think you 'did' fun."

"Because Jake said so, right?" He nods, and I continue to dance. "Indulge me, won't you Oliver and go along with me?" He peers at me, confused. His eyes stay fixed on mine, hell am I really about to do this?

Doubt creeps in, and I feel someone push me forward, my lips pressing against his. The feel of his hand slipping around my waist makes me smile as I continue to kiss Jake's best friend. His hands hold me closer as I finally break away from the kiss.

"What was that?" He stares at me.

"Oh, just some fun. Thanks for letting me borrow your mouth for a few seconds." Turning, I walk towards Bex and Ivy.

"Erm." Bex laughs. "I gave you a nudge but didn't think you would actually stick your tongue in his mouth."

"It worked, Jake is pissed." Ivy laughs, and I glance over, seeing him glaring at me. I give a little wave and turn away from him.

"You realise you never do that, right? The whole kissing someone, random people. You date, that's it." Ivy continues to laugh.

"I changed my mind; dating got me nowhere. I might test-ride all his friends." They both laugh, but I'm being serious. We stay for a short while longer before making our way home.

Getting in, I walk into my room and stop.

"What are you doing here?" I stare at Jake.

"I left my watch. I was just getting it." He holds it up.

Laughing, my head shakes. "You had it on tonight. Why are you here in my room?" I stare at him as he stays sitting on the bed, his eyes falling to the items on the bed. Shit, I forgot Bex had pulled them out of the drawer.

"Why do you have these?" He picks up the handcuffs.

"Jake, you need to leave." Why is he here?

"Look, you wanted my attention, and you got it. It was a good idea to use Oliver. I'm here, so let's have fun." I laugh. "Come on, Ruby. You wanted to play, so let's play."

"Jake, I wanted to play with Oliver, not you. I did play with him. Now leave." He sits, shocked.

"You're joking."

"No, get the fuck out of my room!" My words are screamed, and I see Bex appear at the door.

"Fine." His words are almost growled as he storms out. Bex laughs before leaving.

What the hell was I ever doing with that jerk?

## **C 4 Lessons**

The week has passed by quickly; I get lost in studying. I've signed up for dancing lessons, though. Two nights a week, I will do pole dancing, and another two nights a week, I will practice lap dances.

I have to admit I had fun with Bex and Ivy that night once I let go of my fears. Pulling on the boots, I stand, and Bex walks in, her eyes widening.

"Why are you wearing hooker heels?" I laugh at her words. "I'm serious. Are you going out?"

"I'm doing pole dancing lessons. It's the first one tonight. I figured I would wear heels and learn while wearing them."



"I'm coming!" she runs out of the room. I laugh, walk to her room, and watch her get ready. "I always wanted to learn, so I'm coming. Why pole dancing?" She turns and looks at me as she fastens her shoes.

"I have a slot in a few weeks dancing in a club." Her hands stop, and she looks at me. "Yes, I'm being serious." I laugh and watch her fasten her shoe.

"You're going to dance in a club?"

"Yes, I visited this week. It looked amazing. The women looked happy. It's a thrill, so yes, I am going to be dancing half-naked on a pole."

"I think I need to make a list for myself! It sounds like you're having all the fun," she says, laughing, and we leave together.

Getting to the building, we go in, and to be fair, it's harder than it looked. Still, I slowly get the hang of it and begin to enjoy myself. While I am, Bex is falling over and laughing. I honestly think she might be drunk.

Walking over, I pick her up off the floor. "Sorry, but I can't do it. My body is like... no way...keep our feet on the ground." She laughs, and I nod. "You were doing well, though." Her grin widens, and we begin to leave.

"Thanks; by any chance, do you know Boudoir Bunny?"

She stops mid-step and turns to me. "Yes, why are you asking?"

"Because I plan to visit tomorrow night."

Her mouth falls open. "Do you know what it is?" She looks at me now.

"I do. I read up on it, checked it out online, and spoke to someone else who goes there. I'm not planning to do anything there; I just want to go and see what it's like."

"To see what it's like? It's a bondage club, like a full-on sex club. With private rooms and shit." She laughs, and I nod. "Which, you know, and you're still going?"

"I'm not going in the rooms. I will be staying in the communal areas."

"Can I join you?"

I laugh slightly. "You were just looking at me like I'm crazy, Bex."

"Yeah, but I still want to go. I've always wanted to, but I'm not about to walk into a sex club all on my own." I laugh and nod.

"Then come with me. Do you have a suitable outfit?" She can't go in her usual clothes.

"Not for that place, so let's go shopping." We leave together, and I go to the shop. This is twice now I've been in a sex shop. I look through the different outfits, a lot are leather, PVC or rubber.

Grabbing the mask, I smile.

"You're going to be a kitty?" Bex looks at me.

"Yes!" I hold up the outfit, which is actually more like lingerie. She laughs and holds up her outfit. She has a bunny mask. "I have the perfect pair of shoes as well to go with it."

Paying, we leave and go home. Standing in the room, I begin to go through everything. I can't find my shoes!

"Bex! Ivy!" I watch them walk in. "Please say you have seen my black shoes, the ones with a metal heel." I need those; they will go with the outfit.

"You had them on when you last visited Jake's dad." Ivy smiles at me.

"Shit!"

"Just wear something else." Ivy smiles at me.

"No! I had the outfit planned in my mind. I need those shoes."

"Then ask Jake to get them."

Sighing, I reach for my phone.

*I need the stuff I left at your dad's from when I stayed, please, like now, if possible.*

I hit send on the message and sat on the bed. I began to look through my phone. The dating app is relatively hilarious; some of the chat-up lines have me laughing.

My phone vibrates, and I see Jake's name. Hitting the message, it shows up.

*It's your shit. Get it yourself, or just leave it there for when I next go down with whoever I'm dating. I'm sure they will appreciate it.*

Screaming, I throw the things off my bed, and Bex walks in with Ivy.

"Well?"

"I've to get it myself or leave it there for his next woman to use." Their eyes widen.

"I would say leave it, buy new, but that's fucked up. Go get it." Bex smiles at me.

"That means leaving early. The club is two hours away, so I need to go in the morning, get there, get my stuff, drive back, get ready, and then leave again." Maybe I should just wear different shoes.

"Then don't wear those shoes." Bex shrugs, but I had it planned in my mind and I hate now following through.

"No, I'm getting my stuff on the off chance he takes a woman there before I do, and she wears it." They nod and leave. Lying down, I fall asleep.

## **C 5 Secrets**

Stopping outside the house, I hit the button and waited; I slept in. So I had to get ready for tonight and wear the outfit under my dress.

"Yes?" I turn to the intercom. He will be working, but I know where the spare key is.

"Hi, Alaric, it's Ruby. If possible, I need to grab the things that I left here."

"You don't need to ask." The intercom turns off, and the gates open. Driving in, I get out and walk up the steps. I stop noticing that the pot has moved. Turning, I see it.

Leaning over, I lift it and look for the key; it's not here.

"Ahm." I stand and turn, Alaric is staring right where my ass was bent over.

"Sorry, I thought you would be at work. I was going to let myself in." Maybe I should have knocked first.

"No worries. Can I get you a drink?" He walks in, and I follow.

"Erm..." He's smiling at me, shit he doesn't know.

"Is everything okay?" He grabs a glass, and I nod. "Drink?"

I nod at him, I thought Jake would have told him this was over? Now I feel more awkward than before, knowing I have to tell him. He holds out the glass, and I take it.

"Thanks, Aleric."

"You're welcome. Why isn't Jake here?"

I lick my lip. Panic builds within me, but I bite it back.

"Ruby? Where the fuck is your ring?"

"We're over, I'm sorry I thought he would have told you. I wouldn't have come if I knew he hadn't. I just need my things."

"What the hell do you mean it's over? What happened?"

Fighting back tears, my head shakes. "It doesn't matter."

"Like fuck it does. You're almost crying. What happened?"

He stands waiting. "I found him with some other woman in my room." He stills at my words. "He used me to convince you he had settled down so you would give him the money."

"He proposed though."

"To make it more real," his eyes widen. "Can I use the bathroom, please?" I need to avoid his questions.

"Ruby, you don't need to ask, but when you're done, we'll talk about this." I nod, quickly throw my bag on the side, and rush through.

As I entered the bathroom, I locked the door. I thought he would have known. I never expected to get here and have to tell him about his own son's recklessness and dirty behaviour.

Apparently, though, I have to. Jake is hiding the fact that we split, which makes no sense at all. Why hide it?

As I walk back through, he stands waiting. I go to walk around the unit, and he stops me. "What is going on? You're not telling me everything. You're avoiding talking to me. Why?"

"There's nothing to tell. I found him with another woman."

"And..." He stands waiting.

"And we split up." I shrug.

"Talk me through what happened and what he said." He looks at me, waiting.

"New years, I went back early to spend it with him, I found him in my room with a woman. I screamed at him, the woman asked if I was her, and laughed." His eyes widen. "I told them to get out, he told me to calm it and I asked how he could it to me. He called me boring but explained he could see that you were falling for the fact he was with me, so he played for a bit until he got the money."

He doesn't reply; he just stands shocked.

"Then he told me I should be happy, I got to fuck and date him. Someone with money that every woman wants. I hit him, and he said there was more action in a board game."

Now he knows I can get my shit and leave.

"Ruby, I'm sorry." He stares at me. "This is my fault. He was going from woman to woman, partying and blowing money on nothing. You started dating him, and he seemed to settle slightly. I mentioned the money; I didn't think he would use you just to get the money."

"It's not your fault. You know now, but I need to get my things." I turn, and he stops me.

"Don't you listen to him, to his words. What he said is wrong, he was cruel, and I'm sorry."

I shrug but don't reply.

"Ruby, why are you listening to his words and letting that change you?"

"I'm not." My words are quiet, and his head tilts. "Okay, maybe I am. Something must make him think that, so somewhere inside, I'm boring. I'm not sure if it's a fact I wouldn't let him grope me under the table while you were here or that fact I refused to fuck him here with you in the other room that made him see me as boring, or maybe it's because I really fucking am!"

His body stills as I shout. There has to be some truth to his words.

"I wouldn't have believed him so much if he didn't tell others, and then those people start saying shit. Everyone knows, he told everyone." I can't go into class without people staring at me and talking.