

Your Dad'S Perfect - Free Novel by BillieJo Priestley

Chapter 1

Caught

Please be aware that this is the first draft, so there may be a few mistakes. If this bothers you, I recommend you don't read it until it's completed and edited.

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 stupidness 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.

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.