

Your Dad's Perfect

Chapter 6-10

C 6 His Advice

"Ruby, come here." I look at him and shake my head. His hand grips mine, and he pulls me in front of him. He turns me so my back is against him. "What is this?" He taps the side, and I glance down.

Shit, my list. I go to say I don't know when he speaks. "It fell out of your bag. You threw it down with that much force." He chuckles and waits.

"It was something to help me experience more, stop being a prude, and prove everyone wrong."

He sighs and grabs a pen, placing it next to the paper. His hands grip the counter next to me. "Pick up the pen," he says, his breath washes over my neck. Reaching down, I get it.

"Cross off number eight."

"W-what?"

"Cross of number eight. The list is a good idea, but number eight is a risk. Not only that, but you're not selling your body. You gain nothing from it."

"I want to." It will help. It's different.

"No, you don't. Women dance there for money, and many are abused behind the scenes. If you want a list, fine, but make it safe. Cross it out."

Nodding, I cross out the dancing in an adult club.

"Number ten, cross it out."

"Why?" What is wrong with a threesome?

"You don't even have a partner, so you're planning to have a threesome with two strangers? That's putting yourself at risk. Remove it." Nodding, I cross it out.

"Number fifteen as well."

"People do it all the time." What is wrong with a one-night stand?

"You didn't have them for a reason. Because you know you're worth more than a night, don't forget your values and morals. Remove it." Biting my lips, I scratch it out.

"Also, number sixteen. Before you ask, that's safer and better if you have a partner, not a random guy." I cross out the sex in public. "Number nineteen."

"What?" What is wrong with trying bondage during sex?

"You don't have a partner. Are you really going to let a stranger, a one-night stand, tie you up? You're putting yourself at risk."

I didn't consider that. Maybe there is a lot on here that shouldn't be, as I can't do it alone or with a total stranger I don't trust. I cross it out, move down the list, and begin crossing off some other things.

"Good girl," he whispers into my ear. I relax, putting down the pen. He was right; some of them are putting me at risk. "Now, let's talk about the last few." He turns over the paper. "Explain why you would have that on a list?"

"Erm..." I swallow hard.

"Ruby, why would you have those on the list when it's a list of things you hadn't done or ever tried?"

Shit. I bite my lip, and he keeps me encased between his body and the kitchen island.

"My parents were very religious and strict. Anyone before Jake was fun, and well, those are still things I haven't done or experienced."

I feel his body turn to ice, his hand grips my chin, and he turns my head to see me. "Are you joking?" I try and shake my head but fail. "Ruby, for years, you were dating and fucking. Are you telling me you've never had an orgasm, and he never fucked you with his mouth?"

His words cause my body to shake, and my head moves from side to side. "I never really enjoyed sex," it's the truth, which is why I was happy to quickly say no when Jake tried for sex.

"I want to fix the last two issues on your list."

My body shakes and explodes with pleasure. Shit...

"You should tell me no, Ruby, you're young enough to be my daughter."

"I..." Shit. I want to tell him no, but just the way he's stood has my body wanting him. It's something I've never felt before. He's waiting for my answer, he's right, I am young enough to be his daughter. I also know if I walk out and say no to him, I might just regret it. "Maybe because you're old enough to be, I should call you Daddy?"

He spins me to face him, and his hand slides along my leg. "Remove them." His finger strokes my sex over my underwear.

Crap, I didn't consider that. I'm wearing a one-piece leather corset.

"I said remove them. I can't do it while you're covered."

Nodding, I lift the dress, and his eyes widen. He swears under his breath.

"Ruby, why the hell did you come here wearing this?" He stands waiting.

"I'm going out after. I wouldn't have time to go back and change. I needed the shoes to go with it." My words are quiet.

"In this? Turn." I turn so my back is against him, and he swears louder. His hands grasp against the globe of my ass. "Your whole ass is on show. And you're wearing it out?"

I nod at his words. "It's appropriate for where I'm going." Very appropriate.

"Take it off." Nodding at his words, I unclick it around my neck. Moving and pushing it down my body until it falls to the floor. I stay facing away from him, but I can feel his eyes burning through my body.

C 7 His Touch

We don't move or speak. I don't want to speak. I don't want to consider this too much. There's a chance if I do, or even if he does, we will stop and realise how crazy it is.

His hands stroke down my sides, causing my body to quake. Stopping at my hips, he turns me before lifting me onto the kitchen side.

"Say no, Ruby." His eyes go from mine down my body. I push my legs wider.

"No...I don't want to walk away and stop this, Daddy." He groans and pushes me back until I'm laid down. His hands stroke up my legs, pushing them further apart.

I expect him to grasp my hips. Instead, his hands continue their journey up my body while his head lowers and drops between my thighs. I feel his tongue stroke along my clit, his hands wrapping around my throat.

My body vibrates with pleasure as his tongue moves slowly. His hands around my neck keep me against his mouth. He works slowly, gently, moving from my core back up to my clit, each time it causes my hips to raise.

Slowly, his tongue begins to speed up and spear into me. His groans against me cause my body to tremble with need. Each movement of his tongue seems to work faster and deeper. Pushing me higher and making me a little more crazier than before.

My hands grasp into his hair as his hands tighten around my neck. His tongue drags along my sex, and he sucks against my clit. The word no is screamed from my lips as I try and push him away, only for him to bury his head deeper between my thigh.

My body rocks, and I cry out. Adour swells within me, and I lose control of my body as his mouth and tongue work even faster. I barely even gain back my consciousness before he's pushing me into another orgasm.

I black out, it hits that I forget how to breathe, and my entire body feels like it's covered in goosebumps as the blood flows through it faster.

His hands release on my neck, his head raising from between my thighs. My release covers his face and beard. His hands grasp my hips, and he pulls me to stand in front of him. I feel his mouth against my neck.

"The next guy who touches you, if he can't do that, walk away." Shit...I don't even know how to answer. He turns and grabs a drink before handing me one.

"Is something wrong?" He looks at me, and I know why he's asking.

"I just, I'm not sure what to say or do now. I feel out of place."

He chuckles. "Now you don't know what to do or say and feel out of place? Not before, when you were naked or screaming my name?"

I bite my lip.

"This just proved my point," he taps the paper. "How bad would it have been after your one-night stand?" I nod my head and glance at the clock.

"I'm going to be late." I got lost in everything.

"Get sorted here. Use Jake's room." I move and pull the dress on, just so my body is covered. I don't feel ready to walk around naked. Grabbing my things I rush upstairs and he follows, I watch him go into his room and I go to Jake's room.

Showering. I get dressed and find the shoes.

After putting them on, I go through his drawers. I can't find my hairdryer, which I need to dry my hair. Giving up, I tie it up and decide that will have to do.

Walking out, I see his door open slightly. Walking over, I raise my hand to knock and stop when I see him through the gap in the door. My eyes go to his hand as it moves over his cock.

He's big. Really, damn huge. I swallow hard and watch his hand move. "Ruby, step in here." How did he know I was here? I step in and watch his hand move. "I'm sure that this will work and mean you can cross of number thirteen."

All I can do is nod. My eyes fixed on the way his hand strokes his cock. His tongue moves over his lips. "I can still taste you on my lips." He groans and moves his hand faster. "So fucking sweet, so pure." I watch as his hand quickens and tightens on his cock. "You taste like heaven." He growls, and his hips buck, I watch as the cum spurts out of him landing on his hand and stomach. Slowly, his hand stops.

"Enjoy your night, Ruby. Stay safe."

All I can do is nod, turn and run. Which I do, I run and fucking fast. I'm not even sure what the hell just happened. Getting outside, I climb into the car and begin driving.

Yet, my mind is on him. On every move he made, on all the ways I felt. The ways he made me feel without even damn touching me. Hours later, I stopped outside the club. I see Bex and her car.

Slipping off the dress, I put on the mask and walked over.

C 8 His Tour

Knocking on the window, I watched her open it.

"You were ages. I tried calling. Did his daddy apologise for his son being an asshole?"

"Like you wouldn't know." She tilts her head and gets out. I watch as she puts on the mask.

"What did that mean?" She hooks her arm through mine, and we walk in; she leans in and sniffs me before feeling my hair. "Oh no, you didn't fuck his dad as revenge did you?" She laughs and looks at me. "You did?"

"No! I didn't fuck him or use him for revenge." I walk to the bar and order a drink, her eyes staying fixed on me.

"You did something. What happened?" She looks at me, waiting. Standing, I explain what happened, and her eyes widen.

"His dad?" She stares at me.

"He's actually really fucking hot. Like, unbelievably hot. So yes."

Her eyes almost come out of their sockets. "His dad!"

All I can do is nod. "I think I regret it now. At the time, though, my body was exploding with pleasure, and it wanted him, so when he told me to say no, I didn't."

God, what did I do? It was Jake's dad! Of course, everyone is going to think that was for revenge, but it wasn't. Oliver was for revenge, his dad? Well, that was for me.

We walk around the club, it's amazing, surely this would be a safe place to find someone to have fun with? I mean, there's contracts and shit.

Rules that must be followed. I stand holding the whip, tangling it around my fingers.

"I have to say, I'm glad we came here." Bex smiles, and I nod.

"It is an amazing place." If only I had someone to use it with. I'm not sure I'm comfortable signing up to use it with a random guy, even if they are all vetted beforehand. My body leans against the bar as we talk.

I do want to come back. Hands appear on either side of me. Bex glances at me and then at the person behind me.

"Now, why are you here, Ruby? Didn't we agree that you trying anything like this with a stranger was dangerous?"

My body instantly sets on fire with pleasure as I hear his words. Bex's eyes widen, and a knowing look crosses her face.

"I'm getting home." She smiles and walks away, no! She was meant to talk sense into me and tell me not to do it again. She wasn't meant to leave me here, in a full-on sex club or, rather, BDSM club.

Sucking in a breath, I turn and face him. "I said I had plans, and that's why I was wearing this." He asked me why I went to his place wearing it, and I told him why.

"I assumed you would still have your dress on. I thought you were going to a local bar in the dress. Not here, practically naked." My body shakes at his words. "Why are you here, Ruby?" His eyes delve into mine. I raise my hand to remove the mask, and he stops me. "Leave it on." He says that, yet he hasn't put on a mask.

"It was on the list, Alaric. To visit a place like this." He saw the list.

"I thought that you meant a club with music and props, not something real."

Biting my lip, I nod. "I wanted to see what places like this were like." It's something different.

"Then let me show you." He holds out his hand. God, what am I doing? I stare at it, debating if I should or not. "I won't touch you, Ruby; I am going to guide you around and show you the place. Nothing more."

Nodding, I place my hand in his, and we begin walking.

"As you can see, this is the lobby. Guests sit here and drink and talk. Nothing too exciting happens here." He continues out of the room. "This side is a restaurant. Health is very important in this lifestyle, and food after a session is essential." He walks past the room and down the hall.

I stand shocked. "A sex shop, many items here are sterilised and used. Things that go inside the body, however, you have to buy yourself." All I can do is nod as he leads me back to the entrance. He points at the stairs. "Left or right? We will visit both sides, but which first?"

"Left." He nods and guides me up the stairs on the left. Getting to the top, he turns, and I see the hallways.

"This hallway is for submissives, brats, and such." He walks in, and I follow. I see a small hallway, but he keeps going. He puts in a pin, and a door opens, and he guides me inside. He walks in and stops.

C 9 The Business

My eyes widen. "As you can see, the rooms are fully equipped; anything someone may need is there. Within reason, as I said, anything that goes inside the body has to be bought and taken away with you."

I stay staring. The woman is kneeling, her mask covering her eyes. Nothing much is happening. The man is walking around the room, picking up things. I feel Alaric move and follow him.

"Again, submissive." His words have me look through the window. Shit. Okay, this is more than the last window. The woman is tied up, the whip swinging and hitting her. "This hall is for submissives, male and female. There is a limit to three people in the room."

Turning, he guides me back out and down another hall. Unlocking the door, we step through, and my body stops.

"This side is more extreme. This hall is where people come if there will be more than three people. These rooms are typically used by those into gangbangs, orgies and such." He says it like it's normal. Each room is similar, with a male or female submissive surrounded by people.

He walks out and goes down the next hallway. I'm not sure what to expect in this hallway. He stops, and I look.

"This is swingers." Okay, that's not as big of a shock. "The rooms are locked; only those signed in can enter them. These hallways are staff halls; they can check everything is fine while doing their rounds."

"Rooms are locked?"

He nods. "Before going to a room, people sign in, sign contracts, and such. Let's say you had a partner. You could come here with another couple and rent the room. Only you and that couple would have access. Or, you may come here as a couple and request a couple join you, and if one is available, they would."

I nod slightly. "And the last hallway?"

"Those rooms are different; the submissive agrees to how many people, and beforehand, they also agree they are happy with it being those people. Again, people come here with the people they plan to use, or they come and request others join." He walks out, and I join him.

A few minutes later, we walked through another door. "This side is open." He walked down a hall, and I again looked in the room. The door was open? I turned and looked at him.

"Exhibitions and Voyeurisms, those who like being watched, or like watching. People can walk into any room they want and watch and play with their own friend if they have one with them."

He takes me from the hall into another. "This side, is open, rules still follow though. So, for instance, this one." He stops, and I look. A woman is strapped up. Another woman is kissing her body as a man whips her. "The submissive, as you can see, has her master with her, but those who want to can join in. Behind you will see a list of permitted acts, and strengths allowed to be used."

He leaves the hallway and guides me down another. "This side is like all of the others, only it's more set up for rope bunnies." He stops, and I look through the window. That's a lot of rope on a woman, and she's suspended in the air.

He guides me back to the lobby and hands me a drink. I sit with him, processing everything.

"You said the hallways we used were staff hallways, so you work here?" I can't remember what he said he did for work, but this is different. How does he have so much money working here?

"Kind of, you could say that." Is that a yes or no?

"And the windows?" Why were there windows?

"Those are one-way windows; staff can see in, but they won't see us. Staff often walk through the hall and glance in to ensure nothing is being done against the rules. So no, they didn't see us there watching."

My eyes rolled; that wasn't why I asked.

"Why would you come to a place like this?" He looks at me. I go to answer, and he continues. "Why would you let something my foolish son say make you think you need to come somewhere like this to prove a point?"

"Because your foolish son wasn't wrong. I wasn't exciting; I didn't do anything fun. I was boring in and out of bed." I thought he understood that.

"He was wrong."

I laugh. "How can you know?" He can't. I haven't fucked him to prove it wrong.

"Ruby, today alone has shown that you're not boring. That list proves that you're not boring." He leans towards me. "I suspect my son failed at fucking you right, which made sex boring for you, and well, boring sex doesn't make people want to do it or seem like they are having fun."

"Or, it's just me who didn't find it fun, and he was fine." There's a chance it's down to me.

He chuckles slightly.

"The fact he failed to please you any time you were with him proves he was the issue. People can find sex boring, especially when they have opened themselves to a world like this. It doesn't mean it fails to give them pleasure, however. You shouldn't use places like this."

Why is he so against it? "You said this place was safe. So why would it be an issue if I did use a room here?"

"Because you're doing it to prove him wrong, it is an issue. You're not here for yourself; you're here to prove a point."

I open my mouth to tell him he is wrong, but he's not. "You're right. I created that list to prove people wrong. I came here to prove people wrong. Maybe I am bored of the same life, and this is different, which I need."

"People don't get bored of sex and instantly run to a place like this." His eyes stay on mine.

"Maybe I do?" Okay, I don't, but still...

"Okay, indulge me. Let's say you were to use this place, what would you use it for, what would ask for?"

Oh. He sits looking at me and waiting. I have no idea. No idea at all, he wants an answer though.

C 10 Taking His Advice

I hadn't really considered why I would use this place or what it could be used for. At first, I just wanted to visit, but now I'm considering whether I would.

"You have no idea about this world, do you?" He smirks, and I nod.

"Of course I don't. I keep telling you that your son was right." Has he forgotten that?

He laughs and nods. "Someone not knowing about this world doesn't instantly make them boring, dull or a prude. People only search out this world through interest and such." Sighing, he stands.

"Stay there." I watch as he walks off. Why am I to stay here? Looking down, I see my glass is empty, walking to the bar I order another drink.

"Hi." Turning, I look at the guy. "I'm Kian." The guy holds out his hand. I shake it and smile.

"Ruby." He nods at me, starts talking, and then stops. Alaric looks between us and turns me away from Kian.

"I'm sorry, Mr Hendrix. I didn't realise she was your guest." Kian smiles at him.

"She isn't, but she doesn't know enough to hop into a room with someone." Alaric pulls me away, and I sit down.

"He was only saying hello." I laugh slightly.

"That's how all connections start. Right now, you shouldn't be in one. So, here." He passes me an envelope. Opening it, I pull out the papers. "Now, before you assume, no, it's not for you to sign. I suggest you read through, search things, and find out what this world is really about."

"I know the basics." I'm not stupid.

"Tell me them." He sits back, holding his glass.

"Well, for one, the relationships involve a submissive and a dominant. The submissive gives up her control, her rights, and her will to the dominant. The relationship is about them both getting pleasure from each other within the bedroom." His hand raises.

"It sounds like you watched some bullshit film or read a book that has it all wrong." I bite my lip. "For one, it's more complex than submissive and dominant. There are brats, slaves, rope bunnies. There are not just dominants, but masters, brat tamers, slave trainers and such."

Okay, that I didn't know. "Mostly, though, the submissive does not give up her control, her rights, and her will. She gives up aspects of it that she is comfortable with and agrees to. If she weren't willing to be tied down in any way, then that wouldn't happen; she keeps control of that part."

"Okay, so I am wrong." I shrug, and he laughs.

"You're very wrong. For instance, it's not about getting pleasure from each other. It's also not just within the bedroom. There are two sides, those who live the lifestyle all day, every day, then those who do it purely in the bedroom or for sexual purposes."

"Point taken." I get it, don't believe what movies say.

"For instance," he glances around the room and points towards a couple. "What do you see when looking at them?" He gives the person a clear nod so he doesn't look weird for pointing them out.

I sit looking. "I see a man sitting with a woman and drinking." What else is there to see?

He laughs. "Observe them for a moment." I nod at him, and watch, I don't get what I am missing though. They are sat drinking, the guy is talking to someone else. "Okay, well, for one she is wearing a collar, which signified she is his. It's a form of commitment and acknowledgement that they are together. Second thing, she is a slave; hence, she isn't speaking to people. If you watch long enough she will reply only when given permission to do so. In here, she would not speak to other Masters and Mistresses without his prior permission."

"Sounds like control." Not having permission to talk?

"Each relationship is different. Some do some don't. For many, the rules outside the room are more to ensure both parties are safe and healthy, for instance, having to eat well. Not drinking in excessive amounts, there is a lot, and many are explained in this contract." His finger taps it.

"I apologise. I clearly had no idea about this."

"You see it as control, right?" I nod at him. "Would you willingly sit here right now and let me tell you not to speak to someone?"

"No."

"Exactly, but if we spoke, we would be in the dynamics together. I explained that talking to another Master or Mistress in the lifestyle can be seen in the wrong way, it can be disrespectful, and I would rather you had permission. Then what?"

"Then I would agree." I can understand why they wouldn't.

"So who would really have the control? It wouldn't be me, as you read and agreed to the rules you were happy with—rules which, at any moment, you can say you don't want. A Master and such is only in control as far as the submissives' permitted list goes. Anything else they have no control over, and the biggest thing is that the submissive can stop any part she wishes, at any moment she wants."

He's right about me having no idea. I clearly don't. "Thank you Alaric, I shall read through this and do my own research."

"Research is the key to this world—not just online but in person, at places like this where the rules are known."

All I do I nod at him and stand. His hand stops me.

"My son won't get away with this, Ruby. What he did was wrong, and he clearly failed to realise that he was told that any issues within the first few years and he would lose access to his account."

"I don't care about him anymore." I don't, let him have fun with his money, it won't last long.

"Maybe not him, but you care about how he made you feel, and I apologise again. He should never have said or done anything like that towards you."

"Thank you, Alaric." I walk away, and his hand stops me.

"Be careful, Ruby. You want to explore, branch out, and try new things. That's fine, but ask yourself, is it really safe?"

"I will." Rushing out, I get into my car and drive back. I can't believe Bex left me.

C 11 His Attempts

Driving back, I walk in.

"Bex!" I walk up to her door and knock. "Bex, I know you're in; unlock the door."

I watch Ivy step out of her room. "Now, what did she do?" She laughs, looking at me.

"Bex! You have three seconds, or I swear, I will pour out your vodka." The door unlocks, and she opens it, standing smiling. "You left me with him!"

"Did you not want to get into Jake's daddy's bed again?" she smirks, and I groan.

"You slept with his dad?" Ivy stares at me.