

A woman is shown from the waist down, wearing a black, ribbed, knee-length dress with a side slit. She is also wearing black fishnet stockings with a vertical line of dots down the center of each leg and bright red high-heeled shoes. Her hands are in her pockets. The background is a grey, textured wall.

A  
TOUCH OF TABOO  
NOVEL

YOUR

*Dad*

WILL  
DO

NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLING AUTHOR

KATEE ROBERT

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YOUR DAD WILL DO  
A TOUCH OF TABOO NOVEL



KATEE ROBERT

TRINKETS AND TALES LLC

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## CHAPTER 1



JANUARY

*H*ow does one go about seducing their almost-father-in-law? I really, truly do not recommend doing an internet search. The results are heavy on porn and light on answers. In the end, I'm left to my own devices.

That's how I end up on his front porch in a short black dress and thigh-highs in the middle of January, well after the polite hours of visiting. I'm shaking as I knock on the door, and it's not purely because the icy wind makes my clothing feel like a laughable barrier.

Despite the late hour, he's awake. My breath catches in my throat as the door opens to reveal him. Shane. The man who, up until a few days ago, was supposed to be my father-in-law. Funny how quickly things change when you least expect it. Or not so funny at all. I sure as hell don't feel like laughing.

He fills the doorway, a large man with broad shoulders, big hands, and a smattering of salt and pepper in his hair. He's in his late forties, some twenty-ish years older than me. Shane frowns as recognition slips over his handsome face. "Lily? What are you doing here?"

"I was hoping we could talk." I have to clench my jaw to keep my teeth from chattering. Maybe I should have gone with the trench coat route. At least then I'd have a coat.

To his credit, Shane doesn't make me wait. He moves out of the way and holds the door open so I can walk past him. The first blast of warmth makes me shiver again. Maybe if I hadn't stood out there for so long, gathering my courage, I wouldn't be so cold now.

"What did he do?"

I blink and stop trying to rub feeling back into my fingertips. "Excuse me?"

"My asshole son. What's he done now?" He catches my hand and lifts it between us. My ring finger is markedly empty. Shane skates his thumb across the bare skin, still frowning. Now my shivers have very little to do with temperature and everything to do with desire.

It's yet another indication of the many ways that my relationship with Max wasn't operating on all cylinders. His freaking father can do more with a single swipe of his thumb than Max was ever interested in doing with his entire body. Then again, Max and I only ever had polite, friendly sex—which was *not* what I found him doing with his secretary when I showed up unexpectedly at his office. It's not what I suspect he was doing with the others I suspect came before her.

I don't want to get into it right now. I've already had four days of tears and raging with my girlfriends, but if I start talking about how I found Max fucking his secretary like the biggest goddamn cliché in existence, I'm going to start crying again.

That's not why I'm here.

I'm here for revenge—and maybe a little pleasure, too, though the pleasure rates a distant second in priorities.

"Shane." I say his name slowly. In all the time I dated Max, I called him Mr. Alby. A necessary distance between us, a reminder of what he was to me—only ever my boyfriend's father. I rip down that distance now and stare up at him, letting him see the pent up emotions I've spent two long years ignoring and denying.

I've spent two long years ignoring a whole lot.

Shane's dark eyes go wide and then hot before he shuts his response, locking himself up tight. But, almost as if he can't resist, he swipes the pad of his thumb over my bare ring finger again. "Tell me what happened."

"We're over." My voice catches, and I hate that it catches. "No going back, no crossing Go, no collecting two hundred dollars. Really, really over."

He nods slowly and then gives my hand a squeeze. "Sounds like you could use a drink."

"I could use about ten, but one's a good place to start." At least he isn't kicking me out. That's a good sign, right? I follow him to the kitchen and watch as he opens the liquor cabinet and picks through the bottles.

He barely glances at me. "Vodka, right?"

"Yes." Of course he remembers my drink. I bet, if pressed, he also remembers my birthday and a whole host of other details that slip past most people, including my ex.

But then, Shane isn't most people.

Heat melts into my bones as he methodically puts together a drink for each of us. I don't know what to do with my hands once I don't need them for warmth, and the coziness of the temperature is a vivid reminder of just how little I'm wearing. My dress is barely long enough to cover the tops of my thigh-highs and while I'm wearing a garter belt, I have nothing else on beneath the thin fabric of the dress. I'm dressed slutty and downright scandalous and Shane has barely looked at me since I walked through the door.

That won't do. That won't do at all.

He finishes with the drinks and I gather what's left of my courage and close the distance between us, sliding between him and the counter to reach for the glass. Just like that, he's at my back, his hips against my ass. "Thank you," I say over my shoulder.

He inhales sharply, but doesn't move back. "What are you doing, Lily?"

His lack of retreat gives me a little more strength. Just enough to sip the drink and then turn slowly to face him. I have to lean back over the counter to meet his gaze, and a thrill goes through me as he forces *me* to make the adjustments. He might as well be made from stone. I tip my chin up. "I have a question."

"Ask it."

"Last summer, you and Max were supposed to be working, so I was here at the pool." I can barely catch my breath. "No one was around so I didn't bother with a suit."

"Mmm." The barely banked heat in his gaze is back, flaring hotter by the second. He still hasn't moved, either to press against me or to retreat. "That's not a question."

I lick my lips. "It felt wicked to be out there naked, knowing I was in your house even if you weren't here. I..." This part's harder, but his nearness gives me a boost of bravado. "I started touching myself. I felt like such a little slut, but that made it hotter."

He's breathing harder now, and he reaches around me to grasp the counter on either side of my hips. "Why are you telling me this?"

"Because it's not anything you don't already know," I whisper. "You were upstairs. I saw you watch me through the master window." I reach behind me to the counter just inside his hands. The move arches my back and puts my breasts almost within touching distance of his chest. "I didn't know you were there when I started, but once I knew you were watching me, I took my time and dragged it out. I wanted you to watch. I wanted you to do more than watch." The last I've never admitted to myself, let alone out loud, but it's the truth. "Do you remember that?"

He exhales harshly. "You don't know what you saw."

"Okay." I'm shaking like a leaf. "My mistake."

Shane still doesn't move away. "Even if I came home for lunch unexpectedly that day, you were dating my son." He shifts forward the barest amount, closing in on me. "It would be fucked up if I stood in my master bedroom while you fingered that pretty little pussy. I'd be a monster to have watched the entire thing and fucked my hand while I pretended it was you."

"Shane," I say his name like a secret, just between us. "I'm not dating your son right now."

"What did he do?"

"I don't want to talk about it."

He shakes his head slowly. "You came here with a purpose, but you don't get to throw yourself at me without sharing the truth. Out with it, Lily. What did Max do?"

I really, really don't want to talk about it, but the sheer closeness of him makes my verbal brakes disappear. I find myself answering without having any intention of doing so. "He slept with his secretary. I think he wanted me to catch him. Either that, or he's just really shitty at hiding it when he's up to no good." Except that's not the full truth, but admitting that I think he's been cheating on me for months and months feels like admitting that I'm a fool. What kind of fiancé just swallows the lies whole and doesn't question it when things don't quite line up?

Apparently the kind of fiancé that I am.

He curses softly. "I'm sorry."

"I'm not." It's even the truth. I will cry and I will grieve for the future I thought would be mine, and I sure as hell will spitefully fuck Max's dad, but I'm not sorry I avoided tying my life to someone who never should have been more than a friend. Someone who didn't hesitate to hurt me instead of sitting me down and telling me how unhappy he is. Max is selfish and if I wasn't entirely happy in our relationship either, I didn't go out and fuck other people when we were together.

But, as I told Shane just now, we're not together any longer.

I lift myself onto the counter, putting us at nearly the same height. The move has my skirt rising dangerously, flashing my thigh-highs and garters.

Shane looks down and goes still. We both hold our breath as he shifts one hand to bracket my thigh and traces the point where my garter connect with the stockings. “Lily.” This time, when he says my name, he sounds different. Almost angry. “If I push up your skirt, and I going to find your bare pussy?”

The words lash me and I can’t help shivering. I lick my lips again. “If you want to find out, I won’t stop you.”

“Dirty girl.” He snaps the garter, the sting making me jump. “You came here for revenge.”

There’s no point in denying it. “Yes.”

“I’d have to be a selfish asshole to take advantage of you when you’re like this.” But he’s looking at me in the way I’ve always fantasized about, like he has a thousand things he wants to do to my body and hasn’t decided where he wants to start.

“It’s what we both want, isn’t it?” When he doesn’t immediately answer, I press. “Why *not* do it?”

He moves his hand to my hip and grips the fabric of my dress, pulling it tight against my body. “I could think of a few reasons. You were going to marry my son.”

I can’t quite catch my breath. “I’m not going to now.”

“You’re young enough to be my daughter.”

I watch the dress inch up my legs with every pull of his hand, baring more and more of me. The sight makes me giddy. It’s the only excuse for what slips out in response. “Should I call you Daddy, then?”

He goes still. Just like that, he releases my dress and the fabric falls back to cover most of my thighs. Disappointment sours my stomach, but he’s not moving back. He skates his hand up my side barely brushing the curve of my breast before he grips my chin just tightly enough to hurt. “Is that what you want, Lily?” He presses two fingers to my bottom lip and I open for him.

“You want to call me Daddy while I do filthy things to you that you’ve only fantasized about.” He slips his fingers into my mouth, in and out, in and out, miming fucking. I watch him with wide eyes, but I don’t get a chance to decide if I like it or not before he clamps his remaining fingers tightly around my chin, his fingers almost deep enough to gag me.

Shane leans down and holds my gaze as his fingers stroke my tongue. “You want to call me Daddy while I slip my hand up your skirt and find out what you have waiting for me? While I bend you over this counter and eat your cunt until you come?” It’s almost too much, I can’t quite catch my breath, I really *am* going to gag, but he gives me no relief. “You want to ride *Daddy’s* cock?”

## CHAPTER 2



I make a panicked sound and he releases me, sliding his fingers from my mouth. It feels dirty and wrong and I'm shaking with need. "Yes," I whisper. "Yes, that's what I want."

He searches my face. Maybe he thought he'd scare me off with all that, but instead I'm even more turned on. My hands drop to the hem of my dress. "Would you like to see?"

He looks around as if realizing where we are for the first time. "Not here." The kitchen faces the front of the house, and with the lights on, it's only the maple trees in the front yard that keep the neighbors from seeing us.

I hop off the counter and stagger after him on knees that feel like Jell-O. Oh my god, is this really happening? Did I really challenge him like that and now he's called my bluff? Daddy kink is *not* on my list of things I wanted from Shane, but I can't deny that every filthy sentence he spills makes the heat in my blood pulse hotter.

I want to be bad, to be dirty. I want to forget every bit of the last few days. I know the forgetting won't last forever, but at this point I'll take what I can get.

I expect Shane to take me upstairs, but he stalks to the living room with its big sectional couch and square ottoman. When it's pushed together, it basically creates a massive bed, and I've always wanted to fuck on it, but

Max was never interested in anything resembling public sex. I watch Shane push the ottoman tight against the couch, my heart beating too hard.

He considers me for a moment and then drops onto the couch and situates himself against the back of it with his big legs stretched out. Like this, there's no missing the way his cock presses against the front of his pants. He crooks his fingers at me. "Take off your shoes."

After a short silent debate, I stand on the ottoman and walk to him. But when I move to straddle him, he shakes his head. "No. Turn around. Lie down." When I don't immediately obey, he moves me how he wants me. Urging me onto my stomach facing the television, my shins and feet bent up against the back of the couch. It feels strange and awkward and it's made worse by the fact we aren't touching.

He must sense my confusion, because he rumbles out a laugh as he takes the remote and puts a movie on. "You don't remember this."

It's only when the opening credits of a bullshit action movie start that I go still. "I was lying between you two like this."

"Yes." He tosses one of the throw blankets over my lower half and then nudges my legs wider. "Just. Like. This." And then his hand is there, burrowing under the blankets and sliding up to bracket my inner thigh. "You were wearing a skirt nearly as short as this. Were you hoping he'd finger you right in front of me?"

Embarrassment and desire twine through me. "Maybe." My breath catches in my throat as his hand shifts higher, his rough palm against my bare skin. I swallow hard. "Maybe I was hoping you'd do it."

"Shameless," he murmurs. "Let's see how shameless, shall we?" He yanks the throw off with his free hand and tosses it aside. "Pull up your dress, Lily."

I reach down and grip the hem of my dress, inching it up over my ass, baring me from the waist down. "Like this?"

“Good girl.” He tightens his grip on my thigh. “Spread your legs and lift your hips.” As I obey, his hand shifts higher and cups my pussy. We both exhale shakily. I expected him to jump me, to rip off my clothes and fuck me against the nearest available surface. I didn’t expect him to recreate one of the dirtiest near misses we’ve had over the last two years.

“Wet,” Shane murmurs. “Were you that wet for me that day? Would you have let me...” He pushes two broad fingers into me. “You would have, wouldn’t you?”

“Yes,” I moan. I writhe back against his touch, trying to take him deeper. I feel like I’m on fire, wanton and dirty and unable to stop. “I wanted your fingers so bad.”

Just like that, they’re gone. “You want to be bad, Lily? Prove it.”

I lift my head. “How?”

“Come here.”

I turn around to find he’s spread his legs a little and has his hand palm up on his thigh. His fingers are still wet with my desire, and that might embarrass me if I had room for thought. Shane nods at his fingers. “Straddle my thigh. Right here.”

Understanding dawns, bringing with it another wave of need. I have to grip his shoulders as I obey, and I come down lightly against his palm. Shane rewards me by pushing his fingers into me again. This time, I can’t help whimpering.

“Take what you need, Lily.” He grips my hip with his free hand and urges me to rock against his palm. “Ride my hand.”

I shiver. “Your hand isn’t what I want.”

“My hand is all you get right now. You have to earn my cock.” He smiles, slow and arrogant. “I’m not a little prick who’s desperate to fuck your pussy and chase my own pleasure. I’ll get inside you when I’m good and ready, and not a moment before.” His voice goes hard. “Ride my hand, Lily.” He leans in, his voice low and sinful. “Show your Daddy how prettily you come.”

Calling him that is downright wicked. “Okay,” I breathe. And then I begin to move, grinding against his palm, forcing his fingers as deep in me as I can get them. It’s not enough, but it feels so good and so bad at the same time. It’s made more complicated by the fact that I’m in a familiar setting, but things couldn’t be more different.

Shane watches me a moment, his gaze dark and hungry and then leans down and captures my nipple through the thin fabric of my dress. He sucks hard, making me cry out, and then looks up. “Take off the dress.”

I’m only too happy to comply. I wrestle it off me and toss it away. The way he watches me—God, I can’t breathe. My orgasm is bearing down on me, so I slow, wanting to make this last as long as I can. I lean back and prop my hands on the ottoman, giving him view of the long line of my body as I fuck his hand. His jaw goes tight. “You are so sexy.”

“Thanks, Daddy.”

He drags me closer. “I shouldn’t like that so fucking much.” He guides me to lie down between his spread thighs, my legs stretched wide as he drags me until I’m nearly in his lap. “But I do like it, Lily. I really, really do.” He parts my pussy with questing fingers and circles my clit slowly with his thumb. “Do you want to come?”

I think I might die if I don’t. “Yes.”

He’s still tracing me with his fingers, teasing me, examining me. “Tell me what this pretty pussy needs, baby girl. Ask me properly and I’ll give it to you.”

I bite my bottom lip and look down my body at him. Do I dare say it? The alternative—not getting what I want—is unacceptable. “Make me come, Daddy. Please.”

The slow slide of his fingers into me feels obscene in this position. As if I’m just a plaything for him to do with as he pleases. Against my better judgement, my gaze flies around the room. We’re totally exposed here. If someone walked in, there would be no doubt what we’re doing, no hiding

how close I am to coming, no missing the fact that it's *his* fingers getting me there.

"What are you thinking about?" He asks almost idly as he pumps his fingers a little. "You just clenched around me."

"I, um..." I drag in a ragged breath. "I was thinking about how exposed we are right now."

"Not we. *You* are exposed. Spread out in only these tease of garters." He spreads my pussy with his free hand and bends down to ghost his exhale against my clit. "You're thinking about the look on his face if he found us like this."

I hadn't been, but now I can think of nothing else. Fierce satisfaction soars through me. I've endured so much pain and humiliation because of Max. I'm just enough of an asshole to want to respond in kind. "Maybe."

Another delicious exhale, the feeling almost enough to tip me over the edge. "I shouldn't ask..."

I stretch my arms over my head, writhing almost mindlessly against his touch. "Ask me. I'll tell you whatever you want."

"When's the last time he made you come, Lily?" It sounds like it's dragged from him, rough and brutal. "When's the last time he worshiped your pretty pussy the way it was meant to be worshiped? Fingers and tongue, over and over again until you're begging for his cock."

My back bows and the beginning of an orgasm curls my toes. I'm so close... But Shane's stopped moving, stopped the heady rise of pleasure while he waits for my answer. I whine and thrash. "Never. He's never done any of that."

"He's never made you come?"

"No." He never seemed to care, either. Not as long as he got his.

Shock makes his voice harsh. "Not a single fucking time?"

"No," I whimper. "Not once."

His curse is the only warning I get before his mouth is on me. Licking and sucking and, holy shit, that feels good. I barely get a chance to enjoy it before I'm orgasming, my toes curling and my back bowing. I don't mean to grab his hair and grind my pussy against his face, milking every last bit of pleasure from his clever tongue.

I don't mean to, but I'm not sorry I do it.

Shane shifts me higher on the ottoman and shoves it forward enough that he can go to his knees between my spread thighs. I tense. Most of the time when guys have gone down on me in the past, they're in a rush, doing the bare minimum to get me ready enough to fuck me. I'm *more* than ready to fuck Shane, but he's giving my pussy slow, thorough kisses. Like he has all the time in the world. Like this isn't even about my pleasure; it's simply because he's enjoying himself.

Little by little, I relax, my mind unspooling beneath his tongue and the pressure of his fingers against my thighs, holding me open for him. "That feels good," I whisper.

He drags the flat of his tongue over my clit. "Stay the long weekend."

I lift my head. "What?"

He's watching me closely. "Stay the weekend, baby girl. Let me work out two years' frustration on your tight little body and worship your pussy. Let me make you come so many times, you lose count." Another long lick. "Surely that'll satisfy your need for revenge."

I can't think with him working me like this. "But what if he comes to visit?"

"He won't." He nips my thigh. "I'll tell him to stay away if that's what you want."

I don't know what I want. If this is only revenge, having Max catch us should be the ultimate goal. But if he catches us, this ends. I slowly reach down and sift my fingers through Shane's silvering hair. I lift my hips,

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