

The Beach Trip
by Havoc

“The family is the school of duties - founded on love.”
- Felix Adler

“Oooh! Oooh, there it is! I can see the water!”

Andy chuckled, glancing over at his daughter in the passenger seat as she twisted to look out the passenger side window. She rolled it down and stuck her head out, her long fennec's ears flapping in the breeze as the car traveled down the seaside road. This was her first time visiting the ocean, not surprising for a teenager who typically lived with her mother in Kansas.

“Come back in the car, Anna, and put your seatbelt back on,” Andy cautioned her good-naturedly, reaching over and tugging on the back of her shirt. “Don't want anything bad to happen to you if there's an accident. Your mom would kill me!”

Reluctantly, Anna obeyed, sitting down in her seat properly and snapping the seatbelt back in place. She clasped her hands in her lap, her knees bouncing up and down with barely contained excitement as Andy turned off the main road. He drove a short way down the side road towards a public parking lot, while his eighteen-year-old daughter occasionally marveled at the palm trees and sandy roadside.

For his part, Andy was almost as excited as his daughter was. Not because of the beach; he lived in Florida full time and was no stranger to the ocean. No, the elder fennec's excitement was because he was getting to spend time with his daughter. He and his ex-wife had been through a terribly messy divorce almost twelve years ago back in Kansas, which was most of the reason why he now lived in Florida. He'd been begging for years for his ex to let Anna come to Florida to visit, and finally his ex-wife's husband (whom Andy actually happened to like as a person) had convinced her to allow Anna to make the trip. They'd called it a reward for her doing so well with her exams at the end of her high school junior year.

The day before, when Andy had been waiting at the airport for Anna to get off the plane, he would have missed her if she hadn't come running straight for him. The last time Andy had seen her, she'd been a barely six-year-old kit, only a head higher than his knees. He'd not been prepared to be greeted by a nearly-grown girl who looked so much like her mother at that age that they might have been twins! It had been a classic airport greeting, with her nearly taking him off his feet with the ferocity of her hug and squealing a greeting in the voice he'd only heard over the phone for the past decade.

But now, they were together, and Andy was looking forward to a month of spending time with his daughter. He looked back over at her. She'd already unbuckled her seatbelt and had her head out the window again. Andy laughed again, shaking his head and not bothering to pull her back in. They were almost to their destination anyway. Andy pulled into the parking lot, stopping and turning off the car.

"Okay, Anna, we're..."

He turned his head to look at her, and found an empty seat. Panicking for a moment, he looked all around, finally checking his rear view mirror to find that she'd already jumped out of the car and was pulling her stuff from the trunk.

"...here." Andy grinned and got out of the car to help his daughter out. They'd brought the usual sort of thing one brought on an outing like this: an umbrella, a pair of beach towels, a cooler with lunch and drinks, and, of course, a beach ball.

"What should we do first?" Anna asked excitedly. She was already walking towards the beach, following the signs pointing towards a wooden walkway. Her ears were twitching, responding to the sounds of the crashing waves; there weren't many other sounds. It was still early, for a Wednesday at least, and in any case there wouldn't be many people coming out to the beach.

"Well, why don't we get down to the beach first?" Andy suggested. "We'll get set up and then figure it out, alright?" He locked up the car and hefted his load, following his daughter. The walk down to the beach was a short one, and after they cleared a few rows of sand dunes, the Atlantic Ocean spread out in front of them as far as they could see.

Andy caught up to Anna, who had stopped and was staring at the ocean, her eyes wide and a huge smile on her face as she watched the water come crashing onto the sand. They just stood there for a second, Andy letting her get an eyeful of the expansive body of water.

"Whadda ya think?" Andy asked her. "Think you can find a few things to do here?"

"Oh, hell yeah!" Anna exclaimed, taking off for the waterfront at a much higher rate than Andy would have expected for a girl carrying as much stuff as she was. Her tail was wagging faster than he could ever remember having seen it wag before.

Well, he thought, I guess that doesn't mean much. I haven't seen her since she was still learning how to ride a bicycle... That thought caused him a little pain for a few moments, but he quickly brushed it away. He was doing his best to make up for it, and it wasn't like he could have done anything about it anyway, with his ex not letting her come to see him.

When they got down onto the beach, Andy and Anna set down what they were carrying. Andy grabbed the umbrella and stabbed it into the sand, starting to set it up. Out of the corner of his eye he saw Anna spread out her towel and sit down on it, fumbling with something. He paid her no mind for

the moment, concentrating on getting their spot set up. He opened up the umbrella, giving them what would soon be a good source of shade, once the sun got all the way up. Once that was done, he spread out a large blanket under the umbrella for them to sit on.

“There, now!” Andy said, glancing over at his daughter. “Guess we’re as set up as we...can...be...” His voice trailed off as he got a look at his daughter.

The younger fennec had taken off her shirt and was making quick work of getting her shorts off. Underneath she was wearing what might have been the smallest bikini her father had ever seen, the black cloth of which made a nice contrast with her cream-colored fur. What little bikini there was covered Anna’s perky, tangerine-sized breasts. As she got her shorts off and stood up, stretching, Andy saw that it was also covering a petite, firm rear. He realized he was staring and caught himself just as Anna turned her head to look at him, a question on her face.

“You’ve...ah...grown quite a bit since I last saw you,” he said quickly, trying to explain why he’d been looking at her. Andy felt a warmth on his face that he hoped was not translating into a blush. However, Anna just smiled at him, wagging her fluffy tail in a happy sort of way. Andy let out a small sigh of relief as she turned away again. He couldn’t believe that he’d been looking at his daughter that way. He’d forgotten himself for a few moments, had been looking at Anna as though she were just another woman.

Andy supposed he shouldn’t be surprised that he would have trouble adjusting to spending time with his daughter. When he’d last seen her, she’d been so young. Now she was much older, fully an adult, and her body was...well...mature. To be sure, if he wasn’t her father, he’d probably find her very attractive. Youthful, well-developed...In fact she reminded him very strongly of his ex-wife. She’d been about Anna’s age when she and Andy had begin dating.

“Daddy!”

Andy was snapped out of his thoughts by his daughter’s voice. He looked up and saw her standing a ways away, looking at him and waving. She was holding their beach ball under one arm.

“Daddy, come on! The water looks great! I want to go swimming!” Anna turned back around, running for the ocean. Andy stared again for a few moments, his eyes fixed on his daughter’s butt. How could her mother have let her buy a teeny-tiny thong bikini like that...

Shaking his head forcefully, Andy grinned. “Alright, alright, Anna! Hold your horses! I’ll be right there!” He pulled his own shirt off, leaving himself in his own bathing suit. He stood and ran after Anna, gaining quickly on her while her back was turned. Anna turned around just as he’d almost caught up with her, and she shrieked and doubled her speed to the water, laughing all the way. She tossed the beach ball at his face, catching him square in the muzzle, and he lost his balance. He fell face first into

the wet sand, a rushing wave quickly covering him as Anna laughed even harder.

“You little...,” Andy mumbled, his mouth full of seawater as he looked up at her, grinning even wider. She was just begging for a full retaliation, grinning at him with a cheeky expression on her face. Maybe a huge splash of briny seawater would wash that grin off her face...

A few hours later, Andy was toweling himself off back at their umbrella, watching as Anna did the same. After a busy morning of enjoying the beach, it was time for lunch. Tossing his towel to one side, the elder fennec sat down on the blanket and reached for the cooler. He looked around the beach, noticing that it was much more populated than it had been when they'd first arrived. Shrugging slightly, he opened up the cooler and began unpacking their food. Anna had made it before they'd left the house that morning; a potato salad, some cold corn on the cob (which he'd actually prepared the night before), and some fairly thick cold cut sandwiches. Andy had also packed some canned beer for himself and some bottles of soda for his daughter.

“I'm absolutely starved!” Anna said, plopping down on the blanket next to her father. Her fur was all ruffled from her hasty towel drying, and she'd put her shorts back on.

“Yeah, me too,” her father admitted, picking up and starting to unwrap one of the sandwiches. He picked up a bottle of soda and offered it to Anna. “Thirsty?”

Anna pricked up her ears, looking past the bottle and to the cooler. “Well, um, actually...I mean yeah, but I was wondering...?” Her voice trailed off, and Andy looked back at the cooler. His beers were sitting on top of the ice, the cans starting to sweat a little now that the lid was open.

“You're not old enough for that,” Andy said casually, not angrily. Teenagers would be teenagers, after all, and she was just asking. “You probably wouldn't even like the taste. It's sort of an acquired flavor.”

His daughter gave a snort of laughter, her tail wagging with amusement as she looked at her father with an almost pitying expression on her face. “Oh, get real, Daddy! I'm eighteen years old, you think I haven't ever had a beer before? I do go to parties back home, you know, I don't live under a rock!” She looked at him slyly, picking up her own sandwich and placing it in her lap. “Besides, nobody here knows me, they don't know how old I am. Pleeeeeeeease?”

Andy sighed. Anna was looking at him with a wide-eyed, pleading expression that he remembered well from when she was a kit, and had been begging either him or her mother for something she wanted. He knew that he would be just as powerless to resist it now as he was back then. Anyway, she did have a good point. Just looking at her one wouldn't necessarily be able to tell she was underage. For that matter, nobody would even know she was his daughter.

“Oh, alright,” he said, relenting. “You can have one. Just don't tell your mother, alright?”

Anna clapped her hands together once, nodding her agreement. “Not a word!” she promised, drawing her fingers across her mouth in a zipper-like fashion. Andy handed her one of the beers and she popped open the tab, taking a long sip from it with apparent glee.

Andy shook his head ruefully, wondering if he would regret giving his daughter a taste of alcohol. All he needed was for her to wander off and get mixed up with some boys on the beach. A sharp flare of unexpected jealousy shot through his body as he thought of her with some teenage male, and he wondered why he felt that. He shrugged it off. Probably just parental protectiveness rearing its ugly head. Oh well...

He turned his attention where his stomach was demanding he do so, losing himself in idle conversation with his daughter as they enjoyed their lunch.

About an hour later lunch was finished, and Andy was clearing up the remnants of their food while Anna sat sipping on the last of another beer. Her third one, in fact...He hadn't been able to say no to her, and when you got right down to it saying no at that point would have been kind of silly; the damage had already been done, so to speak.

“Well, Anna,” he said as he closed the cooler. “What do you want to do now? Go for another swim? Of course, they say you need to wait thirty minutes after eating before you get back in the water...”

Anna snorted laughter, setting her now-empty beer can down on the blanket. “Thass'an ol' wives tale, pop,” she giggled, slurring her words a little. Her long ears were looking a little wonky, pointed in different directions, and he could see a pink tinge underneath the thin fur on her cheeks. Perhaps he should have said no to that third beer after all...

“You're right, it is,” Andy agreed, sitting back down next to the younger fox. “But I think I've had enough of the waves, at least for right now. What say we go for a walk down the beach instead?” Anna agreed with that, so Andy packed up their umbrella and blanket and carried their things back to the car, then rejoined Anna on the sand. They set off together, walking down the beach side by side towards a distant rock jetty as other beachgoers played around them.

Andy noticed that Anna was a little wobbly as they walked. Not surprising, considering that the rather small girl had three drinks all by herself. She held lightly onto his arm as they went, getting ever closer to him. Andy was all too acutely aware of her body rubbing up against his, and could feel her breast touching his arm. His daughter was a little giggly, and he would have sworn that she didn't realize what she was doing if he hadn't seen her glancing at him from time to time.

Nah, no way..., Andy said to himself. *She wouldn't. I mean, she's just tipsy, so even if she is...* He shook his head, turning his attention to the scenic view of the waves crashing against the shore. They were getting much closer to the long rocky jetty. Several times Andy felt a flutter of anxiety at how close his daughter was getting to him, and he had to remind himself that nobody could know she was his daughter. *Nothing to worry about...Nothing at all...*

“Oooh, hey, cool!” Anna suddenly said, turning to look at the jetty as she clung to her father's arm, her breasts pressing full against his side as she pointed. “Hey, Daddy...betcha I c'n get onna top o' that!” She giggled again, stripping down to her bathing suit once more and letting go of him as she trotted over to the jetty.

“Whoa, Anna, hang on!” Andy exclaimed, suddenly very concerned. The rocks on the jetty would be very slippery, he knew, and he was afraid of what might happen if she was to slip. He hurried after her, catching up to her just as she was moving to climb up onto the rocks. “Anna, be careful, you could get hurt if you're not careful!”

“Daddeeeeee...,” the teenage fennec pleaded, pausing as she looked over her shoulder. “I just want to walk down it a short way...” She smiled sweetly at him.

Despite his concern for her safety, Andy couldn't help but smile back at her. Her attitude was quite infectious. “Well...” He looked at the water next to the jetty, and saw that it might just be shallow enough for what he now had in mind. Just to test it, he stepped into the water beside the rocks and found that the sand had built up so that it was only waist-deep. “Okay, here's what we'll do. You can walk along the rocks and I'll walk beside you in case you fall, alright?”

“Okey-dokey!” Anna agreed, tossing a mock salute with two fingers. She started walking out into the water along the rocks, occasionally using her arms and tail for balance. Her father waded along in the water beside her, keeping a hand on her waist to steady her. Andy was still a little worried about what she was doing, but he figured that as long as he was there to catch her if she fell, there wouldn't be any harm. Anyway, she wasn't doing too bad.

Anna was still quite tipsy, though, and she was a little wobbly. Her body kept twisting this way and that as she walked, and eventually Andy noticed that his hand had ended up more on her bottom than on her waist. He glanced at Anna to see if she had noticed as well, but she hadn't. She was just walking along, mostly looking down at her feet and at the water around them.

Guiltily, Andy slowly moved his hand around her bottom, feeling it. Tight and firm, but not without a healthy helping of padding. Just like her mother...What would his life be like if she hadn't walked out on him?...He still remembered what she had been like in bed: a real handful. Andy was actually surprised they hadn't had more children than just Anna. And that jerked his thoughts around to

Anna, in an unhealthy way. She was growing up into quite the woman, as he had just started to notice today. Andy was still a young man, and he did have the normal urges for a young man...His daughter was absorbed in enjoying her little stroll along the jetty...Surely she wouldn't notice if he just moved his hand a little further under her tail...

Just as his hand was shifting to its intended target, Anna turned towards him, leaning over slightly and looking down at him.

"Think fast, Daddy!" she called, and she launched herself off of the rocks, landing squarely on his shoulders. Anna laughed loudly, clapping her hands as Andy struggled in his surprise to keep her from falling into the water.

"Why, you...!" Andy gasped, looking up. The back of his head was in her stomach as his eyes locked on the underside of her perky breasts. There was a slight squeeze as Anna used her thighs to grip his head, her legs kicking a little.

"What?" she snickered. "I got tired of walking on the rocks, so I decided to take a ride on your shoulders."

"Well...," Andy said, a playful tone creeping into his voice. "I hope you can hang on!" He started twisting this way and that, trying to jostle her off of his shoulder so he could flip her into the ocean. Anna squealed, her thighs gripping him tighter as she held on for dear life.

"D-Daddy!" she gasped, swatting at the top of his head lightly with her palms. "D-Don't move your head, it's..."

"Hm, it's what?" he called up to her. "Hang on, or I'll toss you off!" He was laughing hard now, having fun with their little game.

The young fennec female's voice turned into a throaty whine. "Your neck is...is rubbing, and it...kinda tickles..."

Andy paused for just a moment, and in that instant he could feel what she was talking about. The back of his neck was right up against her crotch, protected by just the thin layer of her silky bathing suit. Despite the slight chill from the cool sea water, he could feel the warmth there. He knew that he should do as she was asking him, and that he should stop, but right now he was having a hard time equating Anna the pretty young woman with Anna his daughter. So he pretended he didn't understand what she was saying, and he kept up his game, feeling her warm young sex rubbing the back of his neck.

"D-Daddy...," she protested, her hands grasping at his head. The way that his neck was rubbing her as he twisted her back and forth, it was getting harder for her to keep her grip with her legs. Her face was feeling warmer, and she was starting to feel short of breath. "Please...d-don't...st-..."

“Careful, now!” Andy cautioned her, his hands skating along the outsides of her shins up to her knees. “If you're not careful, you might fall.” He was wading slowly away from the jetty, to where the water was getting a little deeper. “We wouldn't want you to get too wet, you know.”

“I don't think...oh...” Anna bit her lip, unable to get out what she had been about to say. She just hung on, trying not to lose her seat as her father “accidentally” rubbed her in a very sensitive area. Her head was still spinning a little from the beer she'd had with lunch, and she knew that she ought to try harder to let him know what he was doing, but right now she was having a little trouble with forming the words. She was about to try it again when suddenly he pitched forward, dunking her into the sea. A mouthful of salt water was her reward for trying to cry out, and then her father caught her, pulling her back up.

Andy, only intending to tease her a little and then give her a bit of a wetting, now found himself holding his daughter under her thighs as her legs splayed out on either side of his body. He'd barely kept her from going completely under, but now he found her wrapped around his waist, her face flushed. He swallowed, looking at his daughter. She'd put her hands on his shoulders to steady herself, and from the look on her face she was just as surprised as he was at the position they were in. And he was all too aware that now what had been pressed against the back of his neck only minutes ago was pressed rather directly against his own groin. And it was still just as heated as it had been only minutes ago.

And he was starting to have second thoughts about just how far he had been taking it...

“Listen, Anna...I, uh...,” he started to say, wondering just how he was going to make this right with her. Her eyes were as wide as saucers, and her mouth was slightly open, and her lower lip was trembling slightly. He just knew that whatever was about to happen, it wasn't going to be good.

And that was when Anna pulled herself forward, brought her lips to his, and kissed him as deeply as he could ever remember being kissed.

To say that Andy was taken aback would be the understatement of the century. Anna was kissing him, and...and she was his daughter, and he shouldn't be enjoying this. And why, *why* was he enjoying this? But goddamn, he was enjoying this...The younger fennec felt very warm, and her mouth tasted strong and spicy, reminiscent of the drinks they'd had with lunch. Her breath was wafting gently against his cheek, and as she deepened the kiss, her tongue probing at his lips, he could feel her legs tightening around his waist.

Hesitantly, at first, Andy moved one hand up his daughter's thigh, gliding over her rear and up her back. He pulled her closer to him, pressing her breasts to his chest. He parted his lips, twining his tongue with hers, his eyes drifting closed as he allowed himself to experience something he hadn't since

his wife left. Vaguely, he wondered if anyone up on the sand was watching them. But even if they were, all they'd see would be a young girl and her older beau.

When the kiss finally broke, Andy leaned back from Anna. Those emerald eyes of hers were still very wide, and the shocked expression on her face told him that she'd just sobered up quite a bit. He flicked his tongue over his lips, which had suddenly become very dry, and he slowly set his daughter down on her feet in the water. She stood there, looking at him, fumbling with her hands as the waves crashed around them.

"Listen...Anna...", Andy said, casting around for something to say. "I, uh...I wasn't..." He faltered and his voice trailed off.

Anna opened her mouth, her voice quavering a bit. "No, it was...I mean..." She abruptly stopped talking, looking down at the water, her tail hanging low.

"Look, it's, uh...it's getting kinda late, Anna," Andy said, unable to think of much else. "We should probably get going."

Without another word, Anna turned and started walking back down the beach. She paused to pick up her shorts from where she had laid them down. With the slightest of backwards glances at her father, she took a moment to put them back on before continuing on. Andy looked out at the sea, sighed, and then followed her.

The car ride back to Andy's house was very unlike the ride to the beach had been. There wasn't much talking, and Anna spent nearly the whole trip staring blankly out the window. Andy kept his eyes focused resolutely on the road, doing his level best not to blank out and run the car into a palm tree. Every five minutes or so he'd glance over at his daughter, just checking to see if there had been any change in her attitude. Not being able to read the moods of women very well might have been the reason his wife had left him, but he thought it was fairly obvious that Anna was more than a little upset. He started to panic as he pulled into his driveway, knowing that the time was rapidly approaching that he would have to say *something*.

Andy stopped the car, put it in park, and turned off the engine. He sat there for a moment, his long ears perked up for any noises his daughter might make, not wanting to look at her just yet. He took a few deep breaths, gathering his thoughts. He turned his head towards his daughter and at that same moment she looked at him, as though she had predicted he would pick that exact second to speak to her.

"Anna, I...I didn't mean for that to happen...", he said, fighting to get the words out. "It was just that...I dunno, I guess I got caught up in the moment. You're a very lovely young woman, and I just lost

my head..."

"Daddy, it was my fault, I—" Anna was cut off by a wave of her father's hand.

"Just let me finish what I was going to say, okay? This is already really hard." He brushed a hand over his face, smoothing back his ears. "I shouldn't have done what I did, any of it. You were drunk, and much more importantly than that, you're my child. It was completely improper and it never should have happened."

Anna's ears drooped a little. "Daddy, please don't be so hard on yourself. It's my fault, too, I..."

"I just care about you so much, and I don't want to do anything that would jeopardize our relationship." Andy's voice was shaking now, and he dropped his eyes to the floor of the car.

"Oh, Daddy..." Anna unbuckled her seatbelt and climbed over the center console. She wrapped her arms around her father and hugged him tightly. "Daddy, nothing you could ever do would possibly do that. I love you! And today was still one of the most fun days I've ever had." She kissed him on the cheek. "And you're a really good kisser, so cheer up, okay?"

Andy snorted with laughter. He hugged his daughter back, feeling relieved. "Thanks...I feel a lot better hearing you say that." He sighed as Anna leaned back, grinning at him. "Say, how about we go inside and put on a couple of bad movies, and I'll order some pizza for dinner. Sound good?"

Anna nodded, back to the perky teen that she normally was. "Sounds perfect, Daddy!"

Later that night, as Andy was clearing up the pizza boxes and washing the dishes, he had to admit that today had been a pretty good day. Maybe he and his daughter had embarrassed themselves a little bit, but who really cared about that? The day had been one of the best days he'd had in the last ten years, and he knew he wouldn't soon forget it. Whistling quietly to himself, he took the pizza boxes out to the trash, leaving the dishes to dry in the rack beside the sink. On the way back in, he looked up to the second floor, where Anna's guest bedroom was. A faint light was still on. Maybe she was reading or something, or she might have some schoolwork that she was supposed to do over the summer holidays. He realized that he hadn't asked what her school life was like. Oh well, something to leave for tomorrow...

Quietly, so that he wouldn't disturb his daughter, Andy locked up the house and went upstairs to his own bedroom. He closed the door behind him and got undressed, grabbing himself a quick shower before he put on some pajama shorts and got into bed. Surprisingly, he found that he really wasn't all that sleepy, but he knew he'd need to get some sleep if he was going to be worth anything in the morning. He laid down and reached over to switch off his bedside light, relaxing against his pillow and closing his eyes once his room was blanketed in comforting darkness.

The fennec guessed that his eyes had been closed for about fifteen minutes when he heard a slight creaking noise. He cracked one eye open, seeing a little light filtering underneath his bedroom door from the hallway outside. Anna must be getting up to use the bathroom or get a drink, or something like that. A moment later, he was surprised to see a shadow hide some of the leaking light, and there was a soft knock at his bedroom door. Confused, he sat up in bed, wondering if something was the matter.

“Yes?” he inquired.

“Daddy?” his daughter’s quiet voice said, muffled through the door. “Um...May I come in?”

Andy felt his heart skip a few beats, though he wasn’t really sure why it should have.

“Ah...Sure.” He checked to make sure that he really had remembered to put on pajamas before getting into bed, since he tended to sleep above the covers. “The door’s unlocked. You can come in.”

The doorknob turned and the door cracked open with a soft, metallic click. The dim light from the hallway crept in, briefly dazzling Andy’s eyes, which had grown accustomed to the darkness in his room. He blinked a few times before he registered Anna coming inside, and she closed the door behind her. The room darkened again, allowing Andy to see in the darkness once more. His heart caught in his throat.

Anna stood just inside the closed doorway. Her fluffy tail was hanging down loosely, waving back and forth in an easy manner. Her ears were pricked up, however, betraying the apprehension that her tail tried to belie. His daughter was wearing next to nothing at all. She had on a sheer, translucent nightgown which hid little underneath it, for she had on no bra and a small pair of panties. She had her hands clasped at her lower belly, letting Andy see her perky breasts. Her nipples stood out, pale brown spots on her sandy tan fur.

“You...Anna...,” Andy croaked, unable to draw his eyes away from her. He looked her up and down, and he knew that she was doing the same to him. As soon as she had walked in the room, the blood had rushed to his cheeks and to other places as well. He could feel very well the strain in his pajamas from the hard erection that had sprung up. His heart was absolutely pounding now, and he was almost certain that people the next city over could hear it thudding against the inside of his chest.

Anna was absolutely beautiful, and he knew instantly that if he didn’t have his daughter tonight, he’d regret it for the rest of his life. He could see in her eyes, dimly reflected in the moonlight from outside, that she felt exactly the same way.

“Daddy...,” Anna said, her voice low and throaty. She crossed the floor to his bed, climbing up onto it on her knees, looking down at her father. With a quiet sigh, she stretched out on the bed next to him, moving her body close. Andy could feel the heat radiating from her, knew that she was young and

probably in season, but that even that had nothing to do with the way she was feeling right now. She'd wanted him ever since the minute she'd showed him her bathing suit at the beach, and he'd been quite the fool not to see it before now.

With no need for any further words, Andy took his daughter's face in his hands and drew her to him, kissing her. Anna kissed him back, reserved yet eager, her tongue slowly slipping into his mouth to twine with his. She slipped her hands under and over him, hugging around his back as they kissed. Andy thought that she tasted wonderful, and she smelled faintly of lilac, the same scent that he knew her mother wore on occasion. He moved a hand down her back as well, going to the hem of her nightgown and moving his hand underneath. The fur of her back was as soft as down feathers, and he rubbed his hand along it, stroking her back with long and firm movements of his hand. Anna arched against him, making a small whimpering noise as he petted her.

Anna's hand traveled down towards his rear, sliding around to the front as she got to his waist. She traced her fingers over the waistband of his pajamas, and Andy's breath caught in his chest as she began to fumble with the button that held them closed. Breaking the kiss for a moment, he took his hand from under her nightgown and placed it over hers, making her pause, giving her a chance to change her mind if she wanted to. Anna chuckled softly, and she kissed him again, gently brushing his hand away.

"I know what I'm doing," she whispered. Her fingers deftly manipulated the button, unclasping it. Freed from its confines, Andy's stiff cock sprang out, brushing against her leg. Andy groaned quietly as his member rubbed the soft, fine fur on her thigh. He barely trusted himself not to explode right then, but he didn't want to disappoint his daughter. He was reminded, however, that it had been a very, very long time since he'd last been with a woman, especially one as beautiful and downright sexy as Anna.

His will was severely tried as Anna gave a low moan of her own and touched her hand to his exposed member. Andy gritted his teeth, focusing hard as he allowed Anna to explore his cock, her fingers lightly rubbing along the seven inches that were all hers at this moment. She gently pinched and squeezed, her hand moving around to close around him completely, her fist gripping him. Andy took a deep breath as his daughter slowly stroked his erection, his toes tensing and relaxing as small ripples of pleasure came from her motions.

Fighting past the pleasure to move his hands, Andy tugged his daughter's nightgown up. She briefly released her hold on him to let him drag it over her head and off, immediately going back once the garment had been removed. Andy now had his daughter's body uncovered, free to his eager hands. He brushed a palm up her soft, flat belly, bringing a hand to her breasts. The vixen moaned again as his hand cupped her right breast, squeezing softly. Her young breasts were firm and fit his hand as though

the had been crafted specifically for him to hold them. He rubbed her furry orb, the heel of his palm grinding against her nipple. He felt it stiffen under his touch, and Anna squirmed slightly as he focused on it, using his thumb and forefinger to twist and pinch. Anna gave a sharp squeal, her hand losing its grip as her father played with her nipples.

“Daddy...,” she whimpered, her voice quavering. She gasped as his other hand touched her panties, where it had been stealthily traveling while he distracted her with his breast play.

“Hush, Anna...,” he murmured, touching his lips to her forehead. “It’s your turn.” Andy slipped his hand between her legs, his thumb sliding over her panties. He gave an approving rumble in his throat, feeling dampness and warmth. Her panties were absolutely soaked.

Firmly, Andy pressed two fingers against her sex, rubbing along the damp spot between her thighs. Anna cried out, her hands coming up to his shoulders, gripping tightly as she opened her legs for him. Her father rubbed her roughly, his fingers sliding over the slick fabric. He would rub in a tight circle at the top of her sex for several moments, then trace up and down, his finger pressing in just a bit each time. She writhed around slowly, her hips moving back and forth as she rolled to her back. Taking the opening, Andy lowered his head to her breasts, taking one of her nipples between his lips and suckling gently.

Reaching over to the bedside table, Andy clicked the light on. It burned both of their eyes momentarily, but Andy wanted to be able to see his daughter's sexy body clearly. He was not disappointed in the least; she was every bit as beautiful as she had appeared in the dim moonlight. Andy raised his head, his hungry eyes moving up and down along her body. Anna looked up at him, her expression hazy from the pleasure that was washing over her. Reluctantly, Andy removed his hand from between her legs.

“I want to...,” he said, sitting back on his haunches. “No, I need to taste you...” His eyes locked on her panties, his tongue flicking out of his mouth.

“Oh, yes...,” Anna groaned. She reached down, hooking her thumbs into the waistband of her panties, lifting her rear as she pulled them down. A thin strand of moisture drew out from her sex, dripping on the bed as she uncovered herself fully to his eyes. Andy's cock gave a painful throb as he saw how wet she was for him. He almost wanted to pounce on her, to sink himself into her right away. But not yet, not yet...

Shifting slightly so that he was kneeling right at her feet, Andy placed his hands underneath his daughter's knees, pulling them up and pulling her legs apart. Anna's arms came behind her head, underneath the pillow as she looked up at him, her smile inviting. He locked eyes with her as he spread her legs, forcing himself to wait. Finally, when he had taken his hands away from her knees, he let

himself shift his gaze down between her thighs.

Andy moaned as he gazed upon the marvelous view. Anna's pussy was a delicate flower, swollen with need for him. Her sweet lips were slightly spread, pink flesh hidden within glistening with want. Unable to help himself, Andy placed a palm over her, searing heat assaulting his fingers as he curled them over her pussy. Anna tensed up and whimpered, her teeth tight together as her father touched her, no cloth separating her from him anymore.

“Oh, god, Daddy...Lick me...Please, I need *something*...”

Obligingly, Andy lowered himself to his stomach, sliding his hands underneath her tight, firm rear. He moved his head between her legs, feeling her warmth on his face now. He inhaled deeply, his daughter's scent wafting inside his nostrils. The smell of her was so strong, musky, sweet, and spicy all at the same time. He was intoxicated by it instantly. He felt her hand on the back of his head, pushing him insistently closer.

With no hesitation, Andy extended his tongue, lapping slowly at the slick crevice of his daughter's sex. Anna rewarded him with a sigh of pure happiness, the pressure on the back of his head decreasing only slightly. He had no intention of moving his head even if she had released him fully. Her taste was addictive. The flavor was spiced, slightly sweet, and absolutely delicious. Lifting her rear up with his hands, he licked deeper into his daughter, slipping his tongue inside of her. She twisted her hips in his hands, coaxing him further inside. He felt her walls gripping at his tongue, rippling around him.

Anna's hands gripped the blankets of the bed, grabbing fistfuls as she rolled her hips against her father's muzzle. The eighteen-year-old was beyond any pleasure she'd ever felt in her life, and she could not help moaning and crying aloud. She was almost afraid that she might alert the neighbors with her shrill cries, and yet she didn't care. Let them complain about it, she didn't care if she kept them awake the whole night, as long as her father didn't stop doing what he was doing.

Andy's ears twitched as he listened to his daughter's loud noises of enjoyment. He grinned to himself, and then he withdrew his tongue, closing his lips around her clitoris and sucking hard. Her gasps of pleasure caught in her throat and her legs extended straight out, tensing up as she came hard and fast. A guttural sound of bliss escaped her throat as her body spasmed, and Andy felt a slow, warm dribble of her fluids drip down his chin. He gingerly slipped his tongue back inside of her, her muscles sucking it in as he drank her. He held her around the waist, keeping her from falling off of the bed, keeping his grip until she finally started to relax. Her body sank against the mattress, her breasts heaving as she fought to regain her breath.

Slurping his tongue out of her, Andy sat up, his tail wagging with impish glee as he looked at

his daughter's nude body beneath him. She was panting, her tongue protruding from the corner of her mouth as she lay there. A smile twitched to her face as she looked back up at him, and she beckoned him with one finger. Andy leaned over her, close to her face, and she kissed him.

“Daddy, you're wonderful...,” she said, as soon as she had the breath to spare. She curled her tail around his body, hugging him to her as his own tail curled around hers. Their hug sandwiched his cock between their bodies, reminding Andy of his urgent need for release.

“Anna,” Andy said, pushing himself up. His cock, still poking out from the opening of his pajamas, stood straight out from his body, begging for attention. Anna smiled at him, sitting up on the bed.

Without speaking she came forward, pushing his pajamas down and over his rear. She pushed his cock inside to allow the waistband to slip past, and then she circled around his body, pulling them down his legs and off of him. With a laugh, she suddenly shoved him forward, taking him by surprise and sending him face-first into his pillow. Andy rolled over, looking back up at her with a curious expression on his face. His erection was standing up proudly, throbbing slightly with each beat of his heart.

“Daddy,” Anna said, climbing over her father. She straddled his waist, her slick pussy sliding along the underside of his cock as she positioned herself. Excitement rose in Andy as he realized what she was getting ready to do. His daughter reached beneath herself, grasping his cock firmly, aiming him at her waiting, oh-so-ready sex. “Daddy, I love you...”

Taking her hand away, Anna lowered her hips, biting her bottom lip and closing her eyes as her father's cock pushed inside of her. Andy had to try very hard to not cum right away as he felt it. His daughter was incredibly tight, searingly warm, and very wet. She put her hands on his chest, the claws at the ends of her fingers pricking him as she pushed her hips down. Moments later, her rear nestled against his thighs, as he hilted inside of her.

“Ahh, Anna,” Andy hissed, placing his hands on her hips. He brushed them up her sides, cupping underneath her breasts as he looked up at her face. She opened her eyes, meeting his gaze. “Anna, I love you, too, sweetheart.” He moved his hands around to her back, pulling her down to his chest, hugging her to him as they both savored the feeling of being joined.

After several long minutes of this, Anna pulled out of his hug, sitting back up and perching on his waist. “I'm so ready for this...” She braced her hands on her father's belly. “But, I don't wanna get...well...you know. So when you're gonna cum...”

“I understand,” Andy said. He stroked his hand up and down her side again. “Go ahead, sweetheart. I'm ready, too.”

Slowly Anna lifted her rear, hissing between clenched teeth as her father's cock gradually eased out of her. She kept rising until he was very nearly out of her, and then she pushed back down. They both sighed together as he plunged back into her depths. Gradually, they got into a rhythm, synchronizing until it almost felt as though they were one person moving together. The elder and younger fennec danced together, making their own music.

Andy couldn't believe what he was doing with his own daughter, but he knew he couldn't stop if he'd tried. She was just too tight and just too wonderful, her slick passage hugging his cock as it moved in and out of her body. He looked up at her, seeing her youthful breasts bounce with each inward thrust. Anna had an adorable expression on her face, a combination of joy and something almost approaching agony, though with a happier twist. He moved his hands to hers, picking them up as she continued to roll her hips along his.

Anna gasped, momentarily losing her balance as her handhold was taken. Her father caught her, holding her up with her hands in his. She closed her fingers, intertwining them with his, as they continued their blissful rhythm. Father and daughter, holding hands, though doing something that surely no father and daughter were meant to do.

"Daddy...", Anna whispered. She sped up the motion of her rump, her hands tightening on his. Andy felt the slickness of her pussy increasing, her passage rippling around his cock as she grew close to her second climax. "Oh..." She bit her lip, her tail wagging hard as she let her head fall back, staring at the ceiling as she lost herself in the feelings coursing through her body.

Andy felt the same way, and his instincts were starting to take over his mind. He could feel an intense pleasure welling up inside of him, amplified by his daughter's pussy milking his cock. Vaguely he could remember her telling him not to cum inside of her, but the knot swelling at the base of cock, kissed by her pussy with every upward thrust, was making him seriously reconsider that promise. He wanted nothing more than to tie his daughter, to lock her to him and fill her up. It was all he wanted to do, all that his brain was screaming at him to do.

Letting go of his daughter's hands, he grabbed her hips. His rear lifted from the bed as he began thrusting up into her tightness with reckless abandon, a wet smack reverberating around the room as he fucked Anna. She screamed with passion, her own hands coming up to her breasts, squeezing them as her father took control of her body. Looking down at him, she could see the same passion on his face, could tell that it was taking all of his will to not dominate her completely. It was an expression that she absolutely couldn't resist.

"Ngh...D-Daddy?" she gasped, barely managing to speak through her exertion. He took several minutes before he was able to speak, only able to groan through the force of his fucking.

“Ah...Yes...Anna?” he managed, each thrust of his cock into her pussy causing his words to escape from his mouth in a short burst.

Anna leaned down, her breasts flattening against his chest. She bent her head to his long ears to whisper, though it took every ounce of her strength to gather the extra air to speak.

“I changed my mind...,” she said. She could feel her orgasm building inside of her, almost ready to leap out and take her over completely. “C-Cum in me, Daddy...I want it...I need it.”

With a tortured groan, Andy wrapped his arms around his daughter, rolling her so that he was atop her. Letting her go, he braced his hands on the bed and started pounding into her. Sinful, delicious slurping sounds filled the room as his cock churned her depths, his knot bumping up against her tight young pussy with each inward thrust. He was so close, so very close...Just a little further...

Screaming out loud, Anna wrapped her legs around her father's waist, the young fennec shuddering wildly as she came. She pulled her father's head down to hers, kissing him fiercely as she twined her tail with his. Pleasure exploded inside her head like a fireball, and she saw stars as her father continued fucking her. Anna felt his knot straining at the entrance to her sex, and she pushed against him, desiring it inside of her.

Grunting, Andy gave one final thrust, pushing his swollen knot right inside of his daughter. He arches his back, his mouth opening in a silent yell as he felt himself explode. Spurt after spurt of his incestuous cum flowed inside of his daughter, filling her womb with his essence. She whimpered, clutching at him as he came, her pussy squeezing every last drop out of him.

When he was finished, he slumped against his daughter, panting. They laid there for several minutes, relaxing in the warmth and the feeling of being close to one another. After he finally caught his breath, he rolled them back over, holding her on his chest. Anna hugged him, nuzzling into him. He ran a hand up and down along her back, stroking her soft fur as he closed his eyes, breathing deeply.

“We're going to be stuck like this for a while,” he mumbled, his eyes still closed. He scratched his daughter at the base of her tail fondly, feeling his cock give one final twitch inside of her before resting, tying them together. Her nose touched the underside of his chin, and she licked at him softly.

“S'okay...,” Anna said. She hugged him tighter, laying her cheek against his collarbone. “I don't feel like going anywhere right now. I'm pretty comfortable.”

Andy smiled, opening his eyes and looking down at the top of her head. He brushed his hand over her ears, ruffling them as he'd used to when she was a child. “I guess I am, too.”

“Y'know what this means, right?” she asked him.

“Hm?”

Anna rubbed her cheek against him with a satisfied sigh. “It means that now I think you're good

at more than just kissing.” She fell asleep before she could hear his amused laughter.

Three days later, Andy was standing at the airport terminal with Anna, waiting for her flight to be called. She had her arm around his waist as they both looked out the window. They'd scarcely been five feet away from each other for the past three days, but now both of them knew they'd be apart again. One plane flight and she'd be halfway across the country, back at her mother's house.

The public announcement system called out her flight number. Anna tightened her arm around his waist, not wanting to leave. Andy let her stand there for a few more moments before he spoke to her.

“You need to get going, sweetheart,” he said to her. “You're going to miss your flight.”

“I know...I'm kind of hoping I do...,” Anna replied. She sighed. “But I know you won't let me.”

“You're damn right I won't. Your mother would give me hell.”

Anna sighed again. “She would. She didn't want me to come here in the first place. She said you'd be a bad influence.” She gave him a sly look. “She was kinda right.”

Andy chuckled. “Yeah, I guess she was.”

His daughter turned to face him. “I'll come back and visit at Christmas,” she said. “And...well, I've kinda been thinking about applying to university here in Florida.”

Andy smiled at her. “Well, if you can convince your mother, by all means. I'd be happy to have you back here.” He leaned down and gave her a kiss on the forehead. “And don't be afraid to call.”

“You're not getting away that easy.” She hooked her arms around his neck, pulling him down for a much deeper kiss. His arms wrapped around her back, clutching her to him. The announcement system sounded again.

“That was the last call,” he said, breaking off from her. “Hurry along, now.”

She hugged him tightly. “I love you, Daddy.”

“Love you, too, sweetheart.”

The fennec vixen picked up her bags, turning and making a dash for the gate doors. She turned just as she got to the entrance, waving and blowing one last kiss to him. Then, with a swish of her tail and a flick of her ears, she was gone, the gate doors closing behind her.

Andy watched where she had disappeared for a few more moments, then he turned to leave the airport. A smile tugged at the corners of his mouth as he walked out. It had been a very good visit, indeed, and it had been wonderful seeing his daughter again. Hopefully, soon, she'd be able to stay for good. He'd waited for her before. He could do it again.

“People so seldom say 'I love you', and then it's either too late or love goes. So when I tell you I love you, it doesn't mean I know you'll never go, only that I wish you didn't have to.”

- Unknown