

I'm (Turned) On to You!
by Havoc

"I, with a deeper instinct, choose a man who compels my strength, who makes enormous demands on me, who does not doubt my courage or my toughness, who does not believe me naïve or innocent, and who has the courage to treat me like a woman."

- Anais Nin

When Jonathan walked by the bedroom that belonged to his daughter, Abby, the anthro Houndoom wasn't quite sure of what he was hearing. He'd just gotten home from work, before his wife, and knew that Abby should have gotten home from school an hour or so ago, so other than him she should have been the only one at their house. But the noises he was hearing from her room didn't sound like her voice. Instead, he thought he could hear a male voice. Curious, he stopped on the way to his own bedroom and backtracked a few steps.

Abby's bedroom door was open a few inches, and Jonathan was able to peek inside. Through the crack in the door, he had a clear view of Abby's bed. When he saw the source of the noises that had drawn his attention, his red eyes went wide with shock.

A Zangoose male, who looked about the same age as his eighteen-year-old daughter, was sitting on the edge of the bed. He didn't have any clothes on, and his eyes were closed, an expression of bliss on his face. Kneeling on the floor in front of him, facing away from Jonathan with her hands on both of the Zangoose's knees, was Abby. The petite teenage Houndour was as naked as the boy was, and her head was bobbing up and down rhythmically. The boy was moaning softly, which was what Jonathan had heard as he'd walked past.

The father couldn't believe what he was seeing, though he should have known what he was going to find. This wasn't the first time that Abby had brought a boy into her room, but Jonathan hadn't thought that things might have ever progressed this far. He'd thought that the teenager wouldn't have gone past the "making-out" stage yet. He watched for a few moments, his heart pounding as Abby continued to move her head up and down, presumably on the Zangoose boy's cock. His eyes were drawn more to Abby than to her companion, though. She was starting to grow into a young woman, looking more like her mother every day. Recently, Jonathan had begun to notice the curve in her hips and the confident swagger as she walked. Abby was growing into quite the attractive girl, and apparently he hadn't been the only one to take note of it.

Jonathan shook his head. This wasn't the time to have any kinds of fantasies about his daughter (there rarely ever could be a good time for that!), and he needed to put a stop to this. Just as he was about to clear his throat and open the door to gently break apart the two lovebirds, his ears pricked up

as the boy began to speak.

“Abby, I'm gonna cum...,” the Zangoose said, putting his hand on the back of Abby's head. His facial muscles began to twitch slightly, and his hips began to buck up towards her muzzle. A second later, Abby reached back and batted his hand away, lifting her head up.

“Don't you dare!” she growled forcefully, sitting up straighter as she looked at him. “You're not cumming before you fuck me. I want that cock inside of me...”

That was a bit too far for Jonathan's liking. Though he'd always kicked out Abby's boyfriends, he could deal with some youthful indiscretion and a blowjob or two. Hell, he had been young once. But he would be damned if some pimply-faced, tousle-furred high-schooler was going to have sex with his baby girl. Quick as a flash, Jonathan had the door open and had taken a few steps into Abby's bedroom. He took a deep breath.

“Abigail! Just what is going on here, young lady!?”

Gasping in shock, Abby whipped around at the sound of his voice. For a second, Jonathan had a full view of the female Houndour's front. He couldn't help but notice that her breasts were rather nice for a girl her age, covered in the same red fur as her belly. They weren't anywhere near as large as those of her mother, who had quite the hefty rack indeed, but their small size just made them all the more lovely in Jonathan's view. He realized where his thoughts were taking him again, and he closed his eyes briefly before opening them again, spearing his daughter with a stern expression.

After a brief moment, Abby ripped a sheet off of her bed, using it to cover herself up. “Daddy!” she shrieked, her black eyes widening to the size of dinner plates. “I...You're home early! I didn't hear you come in.”

“Just who the hell is this?” Jonathan growled, glaring at the Zangoose lad on the bed. He took a step forward, a little flicker of flame flashing out from between his bared teeth. The teenage boy looked terrified.

“I'm, uh, I'm...,” he stammered, starting to get to his feet. His cock, so proud only seconds before, had wilted to next to nothing in his fright.

Jonathan snarled again, and the boy shrank back. “I wasn't talking to you, boy!” he barked. “Put some damn pants on and get out of my house! I see you around here again, and third-degree burns will be the *least* of your worries!”

Faster than Jonathan would have thought possible, the teenage male dove for his discarded clothes and dragged on a pair of blue jeans. Like a flash he pushed past the Houndoom, his footfalls thundering on the stairs as he ran down to the first floor. A loud slam moments later told Jonathan that the boy had fled out the front door.

“Daddy, what the hell!?” Abby said, looking annoyed as she gathered the sheet tighter around her. “We were just fooling around, we weren't gonna-”

“Zip it,” Jonathan said, staring her down. “I don't want to hear any excuses, I heard what you were saying to him. This is about the hundredth time I've caught you with a boy in your room. You put your clothes on and come downstairs. I'll be waiting in the living room, and we're going to talk about this.”

“But, Daddy-”

“No buts!” the Houndoom said firmly. He turned around, away from his daughter. He was having trouble enough avoiding looking her up and down in her state of undress, and he needed to get out of there before his imagination got the better of him. “Downstairs. Five minutes. Or your car privileges are revoked for a month, understand?”

Without waiting for her response, Jonathan walked out of her bedroom, closing the door behind him. He took a few seconds out in the hall to calm his nerves down, and then he went downstairs. The lump in the crotch of his pants took significantly longer to calm itself.

Precisely five minutes after he'd left her room, Abby came downstairs to find her father sitting in an armchair in the living room. Jonathan knew that he cut an intimidating figure. He was still wearing his work suit, though he'd taken off his black silk jacket. The black shirt, red tie, and black pants blended devilishly with his black-and-red fur, and the gray horns curving from the top of his head only completed the demon-like ensemble. When Abby came into the room, she barely met his eyes, just slipping onto the couch opposite his chair. The petite Houndour had tossed on a pair of black shorts and a pink t-shirt. Jonathan had been expecting to see the awkwardness that she usually displayed when he caught her with a boy, but he was surprised to see only defiance on her face this time.

Putting that aside for the moment, he cleared his throat. “Abby, who was that boy?” he asked, doing his best to keep his voice as calm as possible. He was still upset, and as evidence by his crossed legs, still a little “out of sorts” from what he'd just witnessed.

Abby gave a little *tsk* of irritation, still not looking at him. “He would have told you if you'd given him a second...” Her short tail was flipping about in an annoyed fashion, and the black fur on the back of her neck was raised. Even though the skull-shaped emblem on her forehead gave her and others like her a perpetually angry look, Jonathan could tell that she was especially miffed right now.

“Abigail...”

“God, *fine!*” she snapped, finally meeting his gaze. “His name's Danny. He's in my class at school. We were just-”

“About to go at it like a couple of Lopunnies?” Jonathan finished for her. He arched an eyebrow at his daughter, seeing what her reaction would be. He saw her eyes widen a little, and he felt the temperature in the room go up a touch.

“Fine, yeah, Daddy,” Abby said, sounding supremely pissed at him. “That’s exactly what we were going to do! So what? I’m *eighteen*, Daddy, you can’t treat me like a child anymore!”

Jonathan clenched his hands together. The thought of his daughter doing that with anyone... “How long has this been going on?”

“Not that it’s any of your business, but this is the first time he and I have done anything,” Abby muttered. “He’s the first boy I’ve been with at all, since you scared the last one off!”

Jonathan resisted the urge to snicker a little. He remembered the last boy before Danny, a Vaporeon who he’d caught Abby making out with in the old tree house in the backyard. That kid had run off with his tail between his legs, dodging a blast of fire from Jonathan that had nearly set the backyard lawn ablaze. Abby had been pretty mad then, too, though not as mad as she seemed this time. He supposed that was to be expected. When Jonathan had been her age, he would have been pissed if he’d been interrupted in the middle of a rendezvous.

That boy is going to have blue balls from hell, he thought to himself, smirking just a little bit, enough that he hoped Abby wouldn’t see.

“What’s your problem, anyway, Daddy?” Abby asked, her voice heated. “You always run off every boyfriend I’ve ever had! Why can’t I have any fun?”

Jonathan got control of his minor amusement. “Abigail, I’m your father. I’m just trying to protect you.” The Houndoom uncrossed his legs, leaning forward with his hands together. “Those boys don’t care about you, they don’t love you. They just want to use you.”

Rolling her eyes, Abby flopped over on the couch. Her shirt rode up, exposing her belly. Her father tried not to notice. “*Please*, Daddy, I can take care of myself. Besides, what makes you think I care about that? I just like having a little fun...”

Something about the way she said that worried Jonathan. “You haven’t...”

“No, Daddy, geez!” Abby said, sitting bolt upright again. “I’ve never...you know, gone all the way. I’ve just, like, fooled around a bunch. I’ve never had a chance to go any further!”

Jonathan sank a little in his seat in relief. His baby girl was still a virgin. He’d at least been able to protect her that much. “Well, good. But you know you’re going to be grounded for a while.” He held up a hand to forestall the objection that he knew was coming from her. “I know you’re not a little girl, Abby, but you’re still my daughter. And while you’re in my house you go by my rules, and you know that one of those rules is no unsupervised visits from boys.”

Abby stood up, clenching her fists in barely contained rage. "This is so unfair!" she groused, crossing her arms over her spare breasts. Rolling her eyes, she blew dark smoke through her nose, growling angrily. "How long am I grounded for?"

"I'll discuss that with your mother when she gets home. For now, go back to your room. I don't want to see you downstairs until dinner, clear?"

"Yeah, fine, great," Abby said sarcastically. The teenage Houndour pivoted on her feet, stomping off towards the stairs. "Glad you care about me so much, *Daddy*." She vanished up to the second floor of the house, and her father heard a slam as she went into her bedroom.

Jonathan kept an eye on the stairs for a moment, then he shook his head. Abby could be as mad at him as she liked, that didn't change the fact that he loved her. All he wanted to do was protect her, after all.

Enraged, Abby flopped face down on her bed, burying her head in a pillow. She was at her wit's end with her father. For the past six years, ever since she'd first "discovered" boys, he had been ruining every relationship she'd ever had. He just couldn't seem to tolerate her doing anything with a boy, and she wished she knew why. Abby had used to have a lot of fun with her father, but he'd seemed to change as soon as she started growing up. He annoyed her a lot more, wanted to be involved in everything, and wouldn't let her date *anyone* no matter how nice a guy he was. Hell, he usually never even bothered to try to find if they were nice or not!

And it wasn't like Abby didn't like her father. She loved him, as much as any daughter would love their father. But he just made her so angry sometimes, especially when he chased off her boyfriends. Abby had been looking forward to finally losing her virginity this afternoon. If only her father hadn't come home early...She'd almost been there...

"Ugh...", Abby groaned to herself. She rolled onto her back, crossing her feet at the ankles. "Still so damn horny..." The smell of her own arousal was still thick in the air of the room. She was definitely still soaked between her legs. Somewhat semi-consciously, she licked her lips, remembering the taste of Danny's cock in her mouth. Definitely not the first time she had done *that*, even if it had been the first time with him specifically. The Zangoose hadn't even had the chance to try to return the favor, let alone fuck her.

Sighing, her anger bled away to be replaced by arousal. Reaching down, Abby unbuttoned her shorts and pulled them down her legs. She wouldn't be able to think about anything else until she took care of herself. The petite teen let her pants drop off of the side of the bed to the floor, then she spread her legs apart. Putting her right hand between her thighs, she touched a fingertip to her pussy, lightly

tracing it along her damp slit. She shivered and sucked in a sharp breath as pleasure spread from her sensitive loins.

“Mmm, feels good...,” she murmured to herself. Abby took her other hand and pulled her moistened lips apart, slipping the finger inside of herself. She was very tight, and it felt amazing as the digit slid deep into her passage. Gritting her teeth, she started sawing her finger in and out, using her thumb to massage her clit. Bringing her left hand back up, she put it underneath her shirt, grabbing her breast and squeezing hard.

Abby pinched her nipple, sending a tingle through her body that mingled with the pleasure coming from her pussy. She began moaning softly, her toes curling as she squirmed on her bed. In her mind, she pictured herself riding on top of a hot guy, his cock hitting every spot just right. She'd been imagining what it would be like since she was fourteen: He'd worship her, touch her just the way she wanted to be touched, and then she'd get on top and lower herself down...Maybe he'd be a canine pokémon like her, and his knot would go in and seal them together nicely, or a feline, with barbs teasing every inch of her cunt, or some other exotic male who'd make her first time something special.

Her finger was flying in and out of her pussy now, and she was moaning louder. Maybe her father could hear her, she didn't care. Abby was in the zone now, and she was so close to cumming. The fantasy just made it better. Just as she was picturing herself with a tall, muscular Houndoom, she went over the edge. Her head went back, and her finger slid out of her sex as she came, her inner muscles spasming wildly in ecstasy. The female Houndour writhed around on her sheets, gasping for breath and whimpering happily.

As she started to come down from the sexual high of her orgasm, the irritation with her father started to return, though she wasn't angry at him anymore so much as she was disappointed at what she'd missed out on. As she raised her hand and looked at her own cum clinging to her fur, she knew, just *knew*, that how she'd just felt was nothing compared to how it would have felt with a real male.

Why won't you let me have any fun, Daddy..., Abby thought to herself, absentmindedly licking her finger clean.

Jonathan was in the kitchen whipping something quick up for dinner when his wife arrived home from work. He and Rebekah had been married for nearly twenty years, and he felt very lucky to have a wife like her. Like him, she was a Houndoom, shorter than Jonathan and very curvy and busty. Like her husband she worked in business, handling sales for a large regional software firm. She liked the work because it usually allowed her to stay close to home, though occasionally she had to take business trips to meet with clients.

When Rebekah came in, she dropped her computer bag near the front door and came into the kitchen. Sneaking up behind her husband, she wrapped her arm around him from behind, planting a kiss on his cheek as she squeezed him.

“Hey, sweetheart,” she said, rubbing a hand over his chest. “Have a good day?” She nuzzled at his shoulder, pressing herself up against him.

“Not bad, not bad at all,” Jonathan said, turning to the side to kiss the top of her head. “We had a pretty light day at the office, so I was home pretty early.”

“That's nice.” Rebekah leaned against the counter, wagging her long, pointed tail. “How's Abby doing? I didn't see her downstairs when I came in.”

Jonathan sighed, turning the stove down to low. He faced his wife, crossing his arms. “Yeah, Abby's fine. We need to talk about her, though. I caught her with another boy up in her room today when I got home from work.”

Rebekah's tail stopped wagging, and she looked exasperated. “Not again...” She covered her face with one hand, massaging her temples with her thumb and forefinger. “Making out again?”

“Well, ah, this time it was a little more...serious.” Jonathan took several minutes to explain to his wife what he'd walked in on. For the five minutes that it took, the female Houndoom's face went through a bunch of different expressions. At first she was shocked, and then horrified when she heard that Abby had been naked with a boy, then a little bit of relief when she heard that it hadn't gone as far as it could have. When Jonathan was finished, Rebekah looked resigned.

“You know, Abby has a point,” she said. “She's not a little girl anymore. Actually, I was a couple years younger than her when I lost my virginity. We can't protect her forever.” She shrugged. “I'm no fan of it, either, but she's going to do it eventually whether we like it or not. Sooner, more likely than later, judging by how determined she seems to be. Whether you're a virgin or not is a big deal for people her age.”

Jonathan growled quietly. “I know that,” he grudgingly said. “But that doesn't mean I have to tolerate it under my roof. She can do whatever she wants when she's grown and on her own, but for now she's in my house, and she needs to follow my rules.” He turned back to the stove. “I'm not having my baby girl deflowered by some guy who's just going to turn to the next girl as soon as he has the chance.”

Rebekah grinned a little. “I'm glad you're such a protective father, but as I seem to remember, the first time we had sex was a good while before we were an exclusive couple. You had a few other girlfriends between then and when we got engaged.” She tapped him firmly on the back of the head with one clawed finger. “What's the difference between her situation and ours?”

"That's totally different," her husband protested. "It just..." He paused for a minute, trying as hard as he could to think of a reason that made sense. "It just isn't the same." Guiltily, he refused to look back at his wife. If she saw his face right now, she might guess...

Sighing, Rebekah shook her head. "Well, you're entitled to your feelings, I guess. Just remember, if you push her too hard, she may come to hate you for it. Be prepared to deal with the consequences, alright? She's a headstrong girl, after all." Walking from the kitchen, she spoke once more over her shoulder. "I forgot to mention. The company VP asked me to travel a few cities over to meet with some important clients. I'll need to leave the day after tomorrow. It shouldn't take more than four days, but I'll probably be gone at least two."

"Alright," the male Houndoom said. "I should be able to hold things together here while you're away." He turned the stove back up to continue preparing the meal.

"I'm going to wash up. Let me and Abby know when dinner is ready."

Two days later, Rebekah had left to go on her business trip, leaving Jonathan and Abby alone at the house on a Friday night. The evening of their little spat, Abby hadn't come down to dinner when she'd been called, still harboring resentment towards her father for ruining her lovers' rendezvous. By dinner on Friday, though, things seemed to have mellowed out a little, and she started speaking to him again. The Houndour girl was still upset, just not enough to avoid her father. Avoiding him would have made life pretty boring for her, in any case, since as a result of her disobedience she was grounded for two weeks. Less time than she had been expecting, but more than she would have liked.

Over the past two days, Abby had been trying to figure out exactly *why* her father hated the idea of her being with boys so much. On the surface, she could understand it a little bit. He was her father, and he wanted her to be safe. Abby wasn't stupid. She knew that having sex could get her pregnant, especially with compatible species like Danny, a Zangoose, had been. Getting pregnant at eighteen would really suck, but Abby wasn't dumb enough to be unsafe like that when she was in season, and she definitely wasn't in heat right now. And her father *knew* that she wasn't that dumb, in fact she was pretty intelligent, as her grades at school were evidence of. In most respects, Abby was a very responsible teenager.

So, assuming her father knew that, his forbidding her to date or be alone with boys made absolutely no sense at all. And that infuriated Abby all the more, that she couldn't comprehend his reasoning for what he did. Oh, of course, she had talked with him about it before, but each time he explained things exactly like a parent would. Which was to say, vaguely and unhelpfully. His constant refrain was "those boys aren't good enough for you" and "I'm just trying to protect you" and "you'll

understand one day”. Well, Abby didn't want to understand some day, she wanted to understand now!

On Saturday, Abby spent most of the morning and early afternoon downstairs, watching TV and doing homework. She barely saw her father at all during the day; he spent his time up in his second-floor office, adjacent to her parents' bedroom, working on technical documents. A lot of her father's work dealt with coordinating projects from teams located around the world, so oftentimes he relied on an Internet-connected computer to do his job. It was something that was singularly uninteresting to Abby, so she left him alone while he worked.

As the afternoon was getting later, Abby grew bored with TV and homework, so she decided to go back up to her room to find something else to do. The Houndour walked up the stairs to the second floor, grumbling to herself about not being able to go outside. Arriving in the second floor hallway, she was about to go into her room when she heard an unusual noise from her father's office. Her ears pricked up curiously as she tried to figure out what it was. The noise sounded like her father's voice, but he was speaking in a hushed tone. She wondered who he could be talking to, since her mother was away and there was nobody else in the house.

Creeping quietly down the hall, Abby came to the door of the office, which was halfway open. Peeking inside, she saw her father sitting at the computer, turned mostly away from her. Abby glanced at the computer screen, expecting to see the usual sorts of diagrams and charts that her father did. But she saw something completely unexpected. Moving pictures, like some kind of video. It took Abby a few seconds to realize that her father was watching porn on his computer. Her eyes shot wide open at the sight. She'd had no idea that her father was into dirty videos!

“Yeah, that's it...suck it...,” her father was muttering, his eyes locked on to the computer screen. Squinting, Abby was just able to make out the content of the video. A male Arcanine was lying on a couch, leaning back in a relaxed posture and looking down at a female stretched out with her head near his waist. The girl, a Growlithe who looked maybe nineteen, a year older than Abby, had her mouth wrapped around his cock, bobbing her head up and down as she sucked on him. The Arcanine had one hand on the back of her head, and he seemed to be moving his arm with her head, as though he was helping her along with her movements.

Abby then heard a soft rasping sound, along with a slight creaking as her father leaned back in his computer chair. She realized that he was unzipping his pants, and a moment later she saw him pull his own cock out. Though her first instinct was to look away, curiosity made her look further. Her father had a pretty sizable member, and it was fully erect. Long and fiery-red, like the fur on his muzzle, Abby thought she could even see his knot beginning to swell. She couldn't tear her eyes away

from him, and the video was soon forgotten as she saw him wrap a hand around his shaft and start to stroke it rapidly.

I had no idea Daddy did anything like this, Abby thought to herself, feeling a little shiver pass through her body. She was growing a little heated watching him masturbate, even though she kept telling herself that it was her father. The Houndour had always assumed that he was some kind of a prude, since he seemed to hate the idea of her having sex so much. Now she could see that the Houndoom wasn't that way at all. After all, he was watching porn and jerking off, even talking dirty a little while he did it. And Abby was ashamed to admit that the sight was making her a bit damp between the legs.

On the screen now, the scene had changed somewhat. The Arcanine had pulled the Growlithe's mouth off of his cock, and he moved her so that she was on her knees with her arms over the back of the couch. Lifting her tail out of the way, the Arcanine pressed his member against her pussy, grunting as he shoved himself inside of her. The Growlithe whined in pleasure, gripping the back of the couch hard as the larger male started fucking her mercilessly, his huge canine shaft sliding in and out of her as his hips smacked against her rump over and over.

"That's it, take it Abby...Take your father's cock..."

Abby had to clamp a hand over her muzzle to keep from yelping aloud in surprise. For a moment she refused to believe what she had heard her father say. Even though she knew it couldn't possibly be true, she had just heard her father fantasizing about fucking her while he was watching the porn video! As soon as he said it, she saw his hand starting to move harder and faster along his length, and he began moaning louder. He was obviously very turned on by the idea.

Did he really just say that? Abby questioned herself. But she knew her ears hadn't lied to her. He had definitely said that, and she wasn't sure what to think. Abby never would have thought that her father would think of her in that way, or that *any* father would think about their daughter in that way.

"You want it, don't you, Abby?" Jonathan growled, his voice a little jerky as he began masturbating more vigorously. "You want your father's cum in your dirty little pussy..."

Oh my god, that's...that shouldn't be so hot..., Abby thought, her lips parting as she panted slightly. Her gaze was locked on her father's cock, and her tongue flicked out to lick her lips briefly. The thought of what it might taste like rose, unbidden, to the front of her mind, and she reproached herself immediately for it. That was so wrong. Yet the moisture she could feel inside her panties was enough to tell her that it wasn't wrong enough for her body not to find the idea appealing.

Then, in a flash, something clicked in her mind, and Abby couldn't believe that she hadn't thought of it before. Her father was always chasing away her boyfriends, telling her that he wanted to

protect her. Couldn't it be possible, however unlikely, that he forbade her from associating with boys because he was *jealous* of them? All of a sudden it made perfect sense to her! Her father didn't keep her away from boys because he wanted to protect her, he kept them away because he wanted her for himself. Even though he'd never revealed anything or made a move on her, he secretly had been wanting to fuck her ever since she was old enough to be interested in men. Abby was furious, aroused, and amazed all at the same time.

Gritting her teeth, the teenage Houndour crept away from her father's office before she could see him finish himself off. Slipping into her bedroom, she paced back and forth for a while, her head spinning as she considered what to do with this new information. Now she had an answer for why her father was so dead set against her losing her virginity. As she kept thinking about it, a plan started to form in her head, and a grin steadily spread across her face as it became more evolved.

Alright, Daddy..., she thought, going to her bed and stretching out lazily. If you're so particular about how I lose my virginity, I'll just have to grab the Tauros by the horns...

Later in the night, Jonathan awoke from a deep sleep feeling like something was wrong. For one thing, the light was on in his bedroom, and he could have sworn that he turned it off when he went to bed, but that didn't seem to be it. In his groggy state, he tried to figure out what else was bothering him. He did feel a little chilly, and he noticed that the covers had somehow slipped all the way off of the bed. Since he usually slept naked, he felt the chill a bit more than usual, even being a Fire-type with a fur coat. That must have been it. Yawning, he made to sit up and reach for the blankets, but then he realized he couldn't move his arms. For that matter, when he tried he couldn't move his legs either. His eyes shot wide open at that. Looking at his wrists and ankles, he found himself tied spread-eagled to the bed. His wrists and ankles were secured to the bedposts by some kind of thick cord, tied tight enough that he couldn't budge at all. The Houndoom struggled for a few moments, but it was useless.

"Lucky for me you're such a heavy sleeper!"

Jerking his head to one side, Jonathan saw Abby standing against one wall of the bedroom, her arms crossed and an expression of amusement on her face. She was dressed for bed, wearing just a pair of panties and a light t-shirt, and she was staring right at him. He tried to move his hands to cover his groin, before remembering that he was tied down.

"Abby, what's going on?" he asked, confused. Jonathan tugged on the bonds at his wrists. "Who tied me up like this?"

"I did, of course," Abby replied, her grin widening. Her short tail was wagging from side to side rapidly. She seemed to be enjoying herself rather immensely at the moment.

Jonathan was even more confused. "You did? But...why? I don't understand."

"Well, it's like this, Daddy," Abby said. She moved away from the wall, walking slowly across the floor, coming around to the foot of the bed. "For years now you've had some kind of hang-up about me having any sort of sexual relationship with anyone. You know, I never really got why until just recently. And when I figured it out, well...you couldn't really expect me not to do something about it. After all, you've kept me tied down for pretty much my whole life, so this is only fair." She glanced down between his legs, where his cock was still concealed within his sheath.

Guarded now, Jonathan watched her carefully. Something was very different about Abby tonight. She was acting much more like a predator than usual. "Abigail, what are you up to? This isn't funny, young lady. You're going to get in a lot of trouble if you don't untie me, right now."

"Oh, I certainly hope so." Reaching down, Abby shocked her father by cupping her palm underneath his balls, hefting them in her hand. She licked her lips as she squeezed them gently, just enough for her father to feel it. As she watched, his cock twitched inside of his sheath.

Jonathan's eyes went even wider as his heart started to pound. "Wh-What the hell are you doing?"

"Relax, Daddy," Abby said in a soothing voice. She straightened back up. Winking at her father, she pulled the hem of her shirt up, dragging the garment off of her body. Unable to look away, Jonathan watched as her body was bared to him. The day before, he had only gotten a brief look at the young woman his daughter had become, but now his eyes were free to savor the sight. Her slender, flat belly was covered with fiery red fur, clashing magnificently with the coal black of the rest of her body. Swallowing hard, he locked his eyes on her breasts. Abby could not have been larger than a B-cup, but on her they seemed the perfect size, perky and firm, and capped with the cutest little black nipples he had ever seen in his life.

"Abby...", Jonathan croaked, his throat suddenly very dry, "you really shouldn't be doing this. I'm your father. This isn't right." He glanced down at his groin. The tip of his canine cock was starting to push out, and he couldn't do anything to prevent it. His daughter was gorgeous, but he shouldn't be thinking of her that way! She was his child, and he was married, and this was all sorts of wrong!

Clucking her tongue, Abby stood there with her hands on her hips. "Hush, father dear. After all, we both know very well that this is exactly what you want." Before he could even start to object, she hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her panties. "Or do you not want me to..." She affected an impression of her father, lowering her voice. "Take my father's cock?" She slowly started lowering her panties, slipping them down her hips, until Jonathan was able to see the soft, delicate folds of her sex. "You don't want to shoot your cum deep into my 'dirty little pussy?'"

Jonathan was sufficiently shocked to hear her repeat the words he'd spoken that very afternoon that he didn't even think to deny it. "You...You heard that?" he stammered, barely able to even get that much out. "I was...I was just...That is..."

"How long have you wanted to fuck me, Daddy?" Abby said, her voice positively flirty. She held her panties up for him to look at. He was able to see that the crotch was darker than the rest, damp with her fluids. The eighteen-year-old Houndour tossed them his way, and they landed directly on his face. Jonathan's nose was immediately filled with the scent of his daughter's arousal, and he felt his cock swell to full erection within seconds. The scent permeated his brain, clouding his mind with a feeling not unlike being slightly drunk. "Tell me the truth, now."

With his daughter's panties on his face and his cock harder than he could ever remember it being, Jonathan saw little point in lying. "Since...", he began, gritting his teeth as he thought about what he was about to say. "Since...Well, since you were about twelve, I guess..."

"So naughty," Abby growled, though a shiver passed through her body as she heard him say it. "Your own daughter. How perverted can you be? So all this time you wanted me all to yourself, hm? None of the boys I ever fooled around with were good enough?"

"No!" Jonathan said, feeling a flash of anger at the thought of anyone else with Abby. "None of them were good enough for my baby girl!"

"Ooooooh, but you are?" Abby cooed. She climbed up onto the bed. Her father's long cock dragged along her belly as she crawled over him, until she was face to face with him. She plucked her panties off of his face, tossing them to the side. Her father's cock was between her thighs now, slightly behind her rear, pointing straight up at the ceiling.

Jonathan growled quietly, looking up into his daughter's black eyes. "I'm the only one good enough for you, Abby. Nobody else should even lay a finger on you." He could feel the heat of her pussy radiating on his shaft. "I'm the only man worthy of you."

"Is that so?" Abby whispered. "Then maybe you ought to prove it, Daddy." She lowered her head, catching her father's lips in a deep, intense kiss. The Houndour slipped her tongue into his mouth, feeling the fiery temperature within. His tongue locked with hers, and they tangled together for long, passionate moments. Abby was dripping wet by now, her pussy aching for a long, hard cock inside of it. She knew that her father would be dying for the same.

But he wouldn't get it, not before she'd had her fun. Breaking their kiss, Abby straightened up, sitting on her haunches on his lower belly. "I'm going to untie your hands now, Daddy," she said. "And you're going to be a good boy and not do anything unless I tell you to. If you disobey, I'll tie you right back up and leave you here until mom comes home." There was a flash of mischief in her eyes. "And

I'll go out and find some other boy to have this pussy. And you don't want that, do you? You want my tight little cunt all to yourself, don't you?"

Jonathan looked away grudgingly, not answering. He was furious with himself for being in this situation, even if he'd fantasized about it for years. He never thought it would actually happen. When he took too long to speak, Abby leaned over and grabbed his muzzle with one hand, forcing him to look back up at her.

"You'll answer when I ask you a question," Abby growled, an evil grin on her face. "I said, you want this tight little cunt all to yourself, don't you?" Staring intently at her father, she saw him jerk his head once in a nod. "Uh-uh, that won't do at all. I need to hear you say it, Daddy. Tell me you want to fuck me."

Giving up, Jonathan huffed in resignation. "I...I don't want any other boy to have you, Abby. I want your tight little cunt all to myself." He saw her eyes light up as he said it, and felt her body temperature increase by several degrees. "I want to fuck you, Abby."

"Good boy," Abby praised him, letting his muzzle go and rubbing the back of her hand along his cheek. "You get a reward for that." Reaching over to his wrists, she untied the cords binding him to the bedposts. Keeping an eye on him to make sure he didn't try anything, she slid her body up along him until she was straddling his chest. "Remember. One wrong move from you, and this is all over. Touch me, Daddy."

Hesitant now that he actually had his hands free, Jonathan looked up and down his daughter's body. Should he really be doing this? Abby was his child, and doing anything sexual with her would be incest, which was definitely not right. It would be a violation of the socially acceptable relationship between father and child. Then again, Abby was the one taking the initiative here. If she wanted to cross that boundary...It was definitely his biggest fantasy, after all. And his daughter was a beautiful young woman, and she was right here with him, right now, not a stitch of clothing between them.

Jonathan decided that he couldn't resist. He moved his hands down to her thighs, stroking them up along the teenage Houndour's silky fur. Abby smiled wide as his hands came around to her belly, sliding up to her breasts. She closed her eyes, letting out a small moan as his hands cupped her firm furry mounds. Jonathan's heart skipped a beat as he felt them. Her breasts were absolutely perfect, sculpted as though to fit his hands. He squeezed them, feeling around them. Abby moaned again, leaning forward and pressing them more firmly into his palms.

Spreading his fingers on her breasts, the Houndoom's red eyes locked onto her petite, perky nipples. He licked his lips, looking up at her face. "May I?"

Abby opened her eyes. "Well...Since you asked so nicely, I'll allow it."

More eager now, Jonathan sat up, bringing his hands around to his daughter's back. Bringing his head to her chest, he kissed her nipples one after the other. Then, pressing his lips to her right breast, he sucked the nipple into his mouth. Abby gasped in pleasure as she felt the tip of his tongue swirl around the sensitive nub of flesh, a shudder passing along her backbone. Her tail wagged harder than ever, and Jonathan could feel drops of her fluids leaking from her sex onto his belly.

As he suckled at her breasts, the older Houndoom moved his hands gradually down to her rump. Abby did nothing to stop him, so he assumed that she had no objection. Taking her ass firmly in his grasp, he felt her rear. He almost came right away as he felt how perfect her rump was. Abby had inherited every good feature of her mother's stunning body, and then some. It made him burn all the hotter for her. He slid the fingers of one hand between her buttocks, going lower and lower until he felt the slick folds of her pussy on his fingertips. Abby squealed in pleasure as he rubbed at her sex.

"Oh, god, Daddy...", she moaned throatily. "Nobody else has ever touched me there before..."

"I know," Jonathan murmured, pressing his fingers a little deeper. She was so tight that he was barely able to fit the tip of one digit inside of her. "I never let them. I wanted you all for myself."

"It feels so good, oh, Daddy," Abby breathed. She pressed her rump back, whimpering and squeezing her eyes shut tightly as his finger gradually managed to press inside. His fingers were much thicker than her own, and she felt fuller than she ever had when it was just her touching herself. Abby bit her lip as her father began moving his finger slowly back and forth inside of her, and pleasure spread through her body, making her head spin. This was even more wonderful than she had ever thought it would be.

Abby let him continue for several minutes, moaning and rocking along with the motions of his hand. Then, just as she felt him starting to take more control of her, she shot her arms out, grabbing him in a deceptively strong grip and pulling his hands away from her. "Well, let's not get carried away, Daddy. Remember who's in charge, here?" She laughed as she saw the disappointment and confusion spread across his face. "I told you that you would have to prove yourself before you could have me. And you're not quite there yet." She looked over her shoulder, seeing his cock standing proud. The red canine member was throbbing with his arousal, and she could see precum leaking from the tip. "I think I ought to have a taste, to see if you're good enough."

Abby turned around on her father, sliding her rump back until it was right in his face. Jonathan was presented with the most appealing sight he had ever laid eyes on: his daughter's pussy was in front of his eyes, inches away, and it was gorgeous. Her slit was a delicate pink on the inside, dripping wet, and the smell was amazing. He inhaled slowly, direct from the source this time, and the inside of his nose was assaulted by a cocktail of sweetness, musk, and spice. Her tail wagged as once, and his eyes

were drawn to her adorable puckered ass. He couldn't in a million years have torn his eyes away from her. She was like a goddess. He lifted his arms, intended to touch her again, but Abby spread her legs and pinned them down with her feet.

“Ah, ah, ah,” his daughter scolded him. “I told you before, you don't do anything until I tell you. And right now you are forbidden from moving at all. Two more strikes, and I walk, father dearest.” She laughed lightly at the sound of frustration her father made at her pronouncement. “Relax. Be a good boy, and you'll get what you want eventually.”

Chuckling again, the teenage pokémon turned her attention back to her father's cock. Up close, it looked even better than it had when she'd been watching him masturbate. In all of her brief makeout sessions, Abby had seen a few cocks, but her father's was like nothing she'd seen before. Her mouth was already watering, but she restrained herself. She was going to savor this.

Lowering herself until she was stretched out flat along her father's body, she lightly touched the tip of her nose to the canine member before her. She sniffed at it, taking in its scent. Her father's musk was the strongest she'd ever smelled, and she felt a throbbing in her loins as she breathed it in. Tentatively, she opened her mouth. She could walk away now, and have done nothing worse than tie her father up and tease him a bit. This was the point of no return. No going back if she went any further.

Jonathan groaned aloud as he felt his daughter's tongue touch his cock. Abby dragged her tongue slowly up his length, moistening his hot, stiff flesh with her saliva. She felt absolutely wonderful on him. The Houndoom couldn't remember the last time that his wife Rebekah had done anything like this. He loved his wife very much, but they had fallen into a routine long ago in their marriage, and as nice as routine was it was nothing compared to novelty.

“You like that, Daddy?” Abby asked. She kissed his cock on the way up, flicking her tongue over it like it was a popsicle. “You might have chased away all my boyfriends, but I still have some practice with this. Allow me to demonstrate.”

With a little flourishing swirl of her tongue around the tip of his cock, Abby parted her lips and took him into her mouth. She had to stretch her jaws wide to accommodate his girth, and the fit only became tighter as she lowered her head. Jonathan was moaning even more now, fighting as hard as he could to keep from thrusting himself deeper into her throat.

“Mmm,” Abby murmured around him, taking the moment to relish the feeling of her father's cock in her mouth. She'd been dreaming of this ever since she'd decided how to take revenge on her father. She rubbed her tongue along the top of his shaft, feeling it twitch between her jaws as she rubbed the sensitive flesh. When she'd gotten used to him, she started moving her head up and down,

just like the Growlthe girl in that video her father had been watching.

“Oh, god, Abigail,” Jonathan moaned, flexing his hands unconsciously as his daughter bobbed her head along his swollen member. Tremors of pleasure were passing through his body, radiating out in all directions from his groin. He jerked his hips up once, just barely, but Abby hardly noticed. She was too entranced with sucking on him, swirling her tongue around and around as she went. Jonathan could feel his cock pulsing little streams of precum into his daughter's mouth as she blew him, and judging from the way she was whimpering around him, she was enjoying the taste very much indeed.

The petite Houndour pushed her head forward as much as she could with each downward motion, each time getting a little bit more of her father's cock into her muzzle. Before long, she could feel the tip of his cock hitting the back of her throat, and then he slipped deeper, rubbing her tonsils with his length. His fiery precum was coating the inside of her mouth, spicy enough to burn slightly, but she wouldn't have dreamed of letting up now. She was getting just as much pleasure from this as he was. Abby could hear her father panting now, could feel his breath rushing against her exposed pussy, heating her already seared flesh even more.

Just then, Abby heard a strangled gasp from her father, felt a shiver pass through his body. “A-Abby...,” Jonathan choked out. “I'm going to...gonna cum, sweetheart...” He moaned deeply, bucking his hips up once, then twice, then a third time. He gave a strangled cry, feeling his cock start to jerk...

Then he yiped loudly, his eyes shooting wide open as he felt Abby's fist close tight around his balls. The pain was enough to keep him from cumming, and he yelped again as she twisted his sack around. Abby lifted her head, letting her father's cock slip out of her throat, and she looked over her shoulder at him with an evil smirk. He looked at her in confused betrayal, his cock still painfully erect, throbbing hard. He'd been so close to cumming.

“Now, now, Daddy,” Abby said to him, almost purring with how sweet her voice sounded. “This is my show, and I'm not stupid. I know that if I let you cum now, I won't get anything out of it.” She pushed herself up, sitting up on her knees. Her pussy hovered over his nose now. A slippery strand of her feminine liquid slowly leaked out, dripping onto his muzzle, and his tongue flicked out to lap it up. That little hint of flavor inflamed his desire anew, and she could see it on his face. “You're going to have to make me cum first, Daddy. Show me how well you can use your tongue, and maybe then I'll let you cum...”

Whining in disappointment, Jonathan pleaded with his eyes for his daughter to reconsider. But he saw that she was going to be firm in this matter. Silently assenting to her demands, he nodded, then turned his gaze back to her pussy. The Fire-type felt his heart flutter as his eyes fell upon her sex. She looked so ready for him, her lips plumply swollen and slick with her arousal. Her scent was

intoxicating. If this was wrong, he never wanted to be right ever again in his life.

Putting his tongue out, Jonathan lapped once at Abby's hot pussy. He was rewarded with a whine of pleasure from her, a sound that was musical to his ears. Encouraged, he licked again at her, receiving the same result. He was not disappointed in the slightest by her magnificent flavor. She tasted better than anything he could ever remember having, so young and so pure. Jonathan swirled his tongue around in a tight circle over her clit, then slid it back along her slit to press against the entrance to her sex.

"Fuck, yes...", Abby hissed, reached underneath and spreading her cunt for him. She let her head fall back as her father's tongue pressed inside, slipping into her slick passage. She was warmed up now from his finger before, and he was able to get deeper than he might have otherwise. His hot, slippery tongue wormed around inside of her vagina, lapping around her inner walls and sending cascades of bliss through her. "Oh, Daddy, you're so good. Keep going, please! Ohhh..."

Jonathan would never have stopped, not at this point. His fatherly instincts, misdirected as they might have been, told him that he needed to do whatever would make his child happy. He pulled his hands out from underneath her legs, grabbing Abby by the hips and snugging her tighter against his face. She shrieked in delight, one of her heads coming behind his head, between his curved horns, pulling him to her as well.

"Daddy, I-I'm gonna cu-u-ummm," Abby moaned loudly, her voice quavering as her body began to shake. "Don't stop, don't stop..."

Holding on tight to her, Jonathan slipped his tongue out, changing to broad, flat strokes along her whole pussy. He let his tongue slide further back as well, licking along her puckered tailhole. Abby screamed, her other hand shooting down between her legs in a flash, and she rubbed her fingers furiously against her clit as her father licked at her. Moments later, her whole body stiffened, and she started to shake violently as though she was having a seizure. Her father held onto her firmly as she came, not letting up at all with his tongue as she moaned and whimpered in pleasure. Her juices were flowing freely into his mouth, and he swallowed as much as he could, savoring it like it was the sweetest treat he'd ever had. Which was not far from the mark.

When her body finally became capable of movement again, Abby sank down onto her stomach, her breasts pressing against Jonathan's lower belly. Her father rubbed her back slowly and gently, licking his lips to clean every last bit of his daughter's moisture away. The Houndour girl took a while to catch her breath, and when she did she gradually rose back up again.

"Did I please you?" her father said, his voice hopeful. He was completely under his daughter's spell now, thoroughly submissive to her desires. If she had asked him to jump off a cliff right now, he

probably would have very seriously considered doing it.

Abby looked over her shoulder, grinning widely if somewhat weakly. "Daddy, that was marvelous," she said. She rubbed a hand over her face, still feeling a bit shaky. "But still not quite enough...I need more..." Leaning over, she fumbled at the cords tying his feet down, unfastening them with a little difficulty in her weakened state. She let the cords fall to the floor when her father's legs were free, then she slid off of him.

Uncertain of what she intended, Jonathan let his daughter coax him into a sitting position. At some nudging from him, he moved over until he was sitting on the edge of the bed. Abby got in the center of bed, then she laid back with her head on the pillows. Watching her with an increasing sense of anticipation, he saw her raise her legs, lifting and spreading them until her knees were almost touching her ears. His mouth opened as he began panting hotly. Looking him straight in the eyes, Abby reached around the backs of her thighs, putting her fingers on either side of her pussy and pulling her nether lips apart.

"Fuck me, Daddy," she whispered, her voice a soft, but firm, tone of command. "Now. I need you in me. Don't be gentle with me, I want you to fuck me hard. Fuck my tight, dirty little pussy like you've always wanted to."

Swallowing, the Houndoom got on his hands and knees, crawling the short distance across the bed to his daughter. Kneeling between her legs, he placed his hands behind her knees, pushing them further back and opening her up even more. Looking down at her tight, virginal sex, he moved his hips forward until his rigid cock was bumping up against her entrance. He looked into her eyes, watching her expression. She had a hungry look in her eyes, and if there had ever been any doubt there it was long gone. But he had to ask anyway.

"Are you sure, Abby?" Jonathan asked his daughter. "If you really want me not to be gentle, I won't be. It's going to hurt a little, at first." He slid his cock along her lips a few times, coating his flesh with a layer of her slippery fluids. He reached down and grasped his member, nudging the tip just inside of her. Abby sucked in a sharp breath, and she nodded.

"Yes, Daddy," she said. "I'm sure. I really want it. I've never wanted anything in my life more than I want this right now."

Jonathan smiled at his daughter. "Alright. I love you, Abigail." Without a moment more of delay, he thrust his hips forward forcefully, burying his cock in his daughter to the hilt all at once.

Abby screamed louder than she ever had, her voice echoing through the house. She wrapped her legs around her father's hips, whimpering and shivering violently as he held himself deep within her. Abby couldn't imagine anything that big ever being inside of her. She felt like she'd been stuffed fuller

than was possible, and for a short while it *did* hurt terribly. But before long the pain slowly bled away, replaced by a wonderful, warm sense of fullness. When her whimpers died away, Jonathan kissed her tenderly on the lips, then straightened up, leaning back from her while staying buried inside of her sex.

“Look at that, Abby,” the Houndoom said, no small amount of marvel in his voice. “I’m all the way inside of you. You did so well, sweetheart.”

Opening her eyes, Abby looked down at the point where she and her father were joined together. She moaned as she saw it, feeling a wave of pleasure wash over her. Her father was so huge, she could see a slight bulge in her belly where his cock was nestled within her. As she looked, he drew his hips back, sliding out of her. The bulge moved, and when he pushed back in, it moved back.

“God, that’s so...,” Abby breathed, trying to find the right words. “So...So fucking...hot...” She looked up at her father, a smile spreading across her face. Pushing herself up on her elbows, she stretched her neck out and licked him on his nose. “Daddy, I love you so, so much.” Lying back down, she clenched her legs tighter around him. “Now fuck me.”

Snarling loudly, Jonathan obeyed her command to the letter. Planting his hands on either side of her head, he began thrusting in and out of her as hard and fast as he could manage. She was so tight around his cock that it was tough at first, but as he slammed into her pussy over and over again, it became easier. Abby squealed in delight, bringing her arms behind his back and holding on for dear life as he fucked her. This, finally, was what she had wanted for so long. She had wanted to take a male over, to bend him to her will until he mated her with reckless abandon until she couldn’t stand it any longer. The fact that it was her own father she’d done it to seemed to make it feel even better than she’d imagined it would.

Baring his fangs to her, Jonathan leaned down, clamping his jaws tightly on his daughter’s shoulder. She screamed, clutching her hands to the back of his head, rocking her hips up to meet his as he continued thrusting into her tight body. Jonathan was losing control of himself, surrendering to the most basic instincts within him. He wasn’t a father anymore, he was just a male Houndoom with feral desires, and Abby wasn’t his daughter anymore. She was a female, open and receptive to him, and he was claiming her, as was his right.

Abby gasped for breath, her lungs barely able to keep up with the speed of her panting. She could feel a massive swelling pressing against her pussy, and she knew that her father’s knot was growing fuller with each passing second. Before long, he’d be able to force it inside of her, the ultimate act of incest.

“Daddy, do it!” Abby shrieked, goading him on. She heard him growl roughly, felt him thrusting into her even harder. “Do it come on please yes please...Ooh, Daddy, I need it in me. Cum in me, cum

in me please, make me yours, make me your mate, fill me up!” Her tongue was moving as though it had a mind of its own, forming words that her brain was only half aware of. It didn't matter, she meant every bit of it.

With one final push, the Houndoom slammed forward with as much force as he could manage, the claws on his feet shredding the sheets underneath him as he fought for as much leverage as possible. Abby moaned loudly as her father's forced its way into her cunt, and she felt an intense rush of heat as he began to cum, pulsing his fiery, thick, incestuous seed into her pussy. She hooked her feet at the small of his back, pulling him in even more, holding him tight against her body as she began to cum too. They kissed passionately as they writhed against one another, her pussy rippling around his cock as he continued to pump her full of cum.

Jonathan slumped against her shuddering and breathing laboriously, feeling like he had nothing left within him. Abby held him tight, murmuring little disjointed phrases of satisfaction, his warmth nested nicely in her womb and a sensation of completeness spreading through her. Her father nuzzled at her neck, and she kissed him back. They both felt like they never wanted the moment to end.

“Daddy...,” Abby whispered. “Daddy, Daddy...Finally...”

“I know, sweetheart,” he whispered back. “You were amazing. That was incredible.”

A soft thump from the open bedroom door made them both turn their heads in surprise. Standing in the doorway, her briefcase laying on its side on the floor where she'd dropped it, was Rebekah. Her eyes were locked on the spectacle she saw on the bed she usually shared with her husband, and her gaze flicked from Jonathan, then to Abby, then to where her husband's cock was tied in to her daughter's pussy, and then back through the cycle all over again. The female Houndoom was rooted to the spot, her jaws wide open in horrified shock.

Jonathan swallowed hard, raising a hand in a tentative wave. “Rebekah...,” he said. “Ah...You're home early.”

“Hi, mom,” Abby said sheepishly, waving feebly as well.

Rebekah just put a hand to her mouth, shaking her head from side to side in disbelief.

“Surprises are foolish things. The pleasure is not enhanced, and the inconvenience is often considerable.”

- Jane Austen