

"Boundaries"

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The cool airs of summer offered little relief when the heat one had to fight boiled from within. For any woman past the ignorant days of youth the time of one's estrus was all but a hormone induced hell for the body. Even now, as she laid sprawled with neither clothing nor modesty, Sadie wouldn't help but curse the God above for giving her the pain of her monthly heat.

The collie stared at her ceiling as the juices that coated her bare crotch and fingers started to dry. The scent of self-pleasure filled the air of her small bedroom and created with it a haze of bitter resentment. Her body knew what it wanted to feel within it. That want was not so easily placated by collie fingers. She sighed as she looked down at her paws that still rested against her headboard and her mind tried to cling to the image she'd used to bring herself her most recent release.

"Damn it."

Sadie growled in frustration as she rubbed her fingers into the fur of her stomach. She knew that the wisest course of action would be to make way to the shower while her room aired out prior to her father's return home. Despite the late hour, the woman's father had taken to late nights at the office to overcome expenses that had piled up in the years since her mother's passing. Even now he spoke about selling the house once Sadie finished her degree in college but his daughter was having none of that.

Still, the past week spent scouring online for local jobs she could use her degree towards now gave way to her fingers finding themselves focusing elsewhere. Instead of a search for employment she'd withdrawn herself to a search for a cure for her monthly ailment.

Breed.

That was the thought that ran through her mind every time she tried to think of what could be done to alleviate her issue. It was nature's harsh beckoning and its reminder of older days when she should be six or seven kids in already. When some strong alpha collie would have traded a pig or something to her father for the chance to pop her cherry and feel more like a man. Hell, right now her body would have almost settled for the pig.

With a disgruntled sigh, Sadie stood and crossed the room to her bedroom door. If tonight was anything like the past few her father would not be returning for at least another few hours. That afforded her the time to make dinner and shower before her dad arrived to the scent of his daughter's pastimes. Sliding on just a shirt, Sadie slipped out into the hall and made her way downstairs.

Ice cream hardly constituted a dinner but Sadie couldn't be damned to put the effort into anything else. Instead she took shelter on the living room couch and enjoyed the now cool feeling pressed between her legs as she enjoyed the sweet treat. Fishing between the cushions for the remote the TV soon blared the usual sounds of horror and gore that made up the woman's Netflix playlists.

Somewhere between *Ax Killer from Venus* and *Homicide on Ice* Sadie let her ears perk as the front door opened not ten feet from her. Before she had time to even make a run for it she found herself looking at her father as he stepped through the threshold into the house. She expected the awkward moment when his eyes came to find his daughter sitting bottomless on the couch with her legs spread. Yet, despite her expectations, her father just sighed and moved over to his chair.

"What's worth watching?" he asked as he glanced disapprovingly at the horror film. He shrugged and laughed a bit before settling back. "I see your tastes are still about as dark as when you wanted to dress like a vampire."

"I was fourteen. Twilight was very popular. I had to rebel against it." Sadie tried to sound calm. Part of her mind was rather worried about the fact her father wasn't scolding her for not wearing pants in the living room. Her last memory of running around without at least shorts and a t-shirt ended when she was 12 and her mother had to teach her about bras. "Tough day?"

The older collie grunted and ran a hand through the black ruff of fur atop his head. "Yeah. Think you can get me a beer? Or... uh... nevermind, I'll get it myself."

Sadie was to her paws before her dad even leaned forward. "I'll get it. You just relax." She hurried past him as her eyes darted back towards her room. She debated going and putting on some pajama bottoms but the idea of getting to enjoy some liberal behaviours rather excited her. She paused as his fingers reached for the fridge. A brief thought crossed her mind before she shook it free like a flea. Digging through and grabbing a beer the woman instead tried to test her father's new found liberty and snagged one of his hard ciders for herself.

Making her way back into the living room, Sadie passed the beer off to her father and held up her own alcoholic beverage. She was twenty. She was close enough.

"Fine, fine... at least you're drinking it here and not with your friends at some bar that didn't card you." Her father sounded somewhat irate which made Sadie feel a twinge of guilt. However, as she noticed her father's eyes linger on her for a bit longer than she expected she felt a twinge of curiosity. She asked.

"Is it okay if I don't wear panties or anything while I'm home? My heat is really bad this month."

The older collie seemed to think before he nodded and thanked her for the beer. When Sadie walked back to the couch, her father chimed in with, "Your mother's heats were worse in summer too. It's why you have a birthday in the spring."

Sadie arched a brow. Did her father just admit to banging her mother? Was it that big of a deal if he did. She chuckled as she went back to watching her movie. She sat more comfortably this time and sipped her liquor. It wasn't the first time she'd had cider. This was just the first time she'd asked permission.

By the time the movie was wrapping up, Sadie noticed that her father had fallen asleep. She sighed softly and cast a weary smile in his direction. He really was trying so hard to keep the house afloat until she was out of college. Logic prevailing, Sadie knew that selling the house was the right thing to do. They didn't need the space. There were much nicer houses for less near the university as well

with much less space to get filled with clutter. Keeping the house was... mostly for the memories.

Grabbing the remote, Sadie switched the TV off before looking back to her father. She stood and nudged him gently on the shoulder. "Dad? Come on... it's late." The older collie just groaned in his sleep. "Dad, seriously. You'll kill your back sleeping in that chair."

"God you smell nice..."

Sadie arched a brow and looked to her father. He was clearly still sleeping as indicated by his slow, rhythmic breathing. The younger collie stood there for a moment as she looked down at her father. He was older but still in great shape. He reeked of collie musk from working all day and... Sadie shook her head. Somewhere deep in the back of her mind something had whispered and she had wanted to listen.

The older collie groaned again. "Fuck you're tight... come on..."

Sadie blushed hard. "Okay, come on dad. No more sex drea-"

"Fuck Sadie... you smell so damn good."

Freezing in place, Sadie looked at her father with utter surprise. Every part of her being told her to be disgusted by what she was hearing now. Her core twisted and knotted as the woman felt her body crave something she didn't want

to admit to. By rights, she knew she should be disgusted. Yet, as she stood there looking down at her father, her body started whispering to her mind.

He's strong. Fertile. He smells as damned good as you do to him.

Stepping back Sadie tried to drive the voice out. Rational thought said this was wrong.

What's the matter with curiosity?

"This is wrong."

Breed him. He'll make the suffering stop.

Sadie groaned and moved to make her way back to her room. As she did though, she felt a hand slide gently around her wrist. Looking back, she saw her father looking up at her with sorrowful eyes.

The older collie sighed. "I'd... were you sitting out here... waiting for me?"

No, Sadie thought.

Yes, her mind argued.

Biting her lip, Sadie put her other hand to her stomach. "I... didn't expect you home so soon." She flicked her gaze back to her bedroom. "But..."

"But?"

"I was hoping you'd take your pants off too if you saw me without mine. My heat is unbearable dad."

The older collie smiled. Sadie realized his grin was a bit drunken and only now did she consider he hadn't been sober when he'd come home to find her. She felt him pull gently as if to beckon her back to him. The mind resisted but her paws moved to him. She found herself lowering her ass until she was sitting across his lap just as she had as a child. This time she found an unfamiliar pressure pressing up to greet her.

Her muzzle parted to protest. His met hers before she could utter a single word. Their tongues met and Sadie tasted alcohol but not to the degree she was expecting. Her body ached now as she felt a strong hand come to rest against her stomach and rub tenderly. That rough paw she'd grown up to love scratching behind her ears and fear swinging into her backside now found new meaning as it slipped under her shirt and gripped her breast.

Before she realized it, Sadie found herself lifted and held in her father's arms. She blushed as she broke the kiss only to find her shirt being pulled up and off her head. Again her muzzle parted to protest but as course finger pads found their way up her thigh she gasped and arched. She didn't give protest a second thought as her father carried her to his room.

"Dad..." Sadie groaned as her mind tried to process what was happening. Some part of her expected to wake up lying in her bed and find that this entire moment was just a perverted dream of a desperate woman. As she felt her body come to rest gently on the bed she'd once run to from fear of storms the realization that this was all too real rushed over her. "Dad, wait..."

The older collie peeled off his shirt and Sadie gasped. She hadn't seen her father shirtless since she was a cub and yet now he stood before her as toned and muscled as he probably had been at half his age. "It's okay sweetie. Daddy's going to make the heat go away." That statement cemented to Sadie what the outcome would be if she didn't speak up now. If she didn't stop this carnal taboo act. She opened her mouth once more.

She moaned loud as a thick finger slipped inside her. She grunted as her father spread her legs with barely any force to expose her white furred mound to him. She whined her final protest as her toes curled with the sensation of a foreign touch at her most intimate of places. She bit her lip hard as her eyes screwed shut. If she hadn't known herself better she would swear she'd just cum.

The older collie chuckled causing Sadie to open her eyes just in time to see her father's muzzle slip between her legs. As a warm, flat tongue drew itself up against her swollen vulva the man's daughter could do little but moan her acceptance of him. He still kept that thick digit buried into her as it explored her depths with the tender caress one would expect from a lover. When he came to an obstacle he growled playfully. "Mine." There was no question in the statement. It was a claim of ownership.

Her only response was to nod. There were no words that she could force to the surface as that warm tongue parted her outer lips and explored her pussy

proper. It slipped inside and momentarily joined that invading finger before moving up and circling the partially exposed nub of her clit. This time, the sensation that arced through her like lightning could be mistaken for nothing but the sheer release of orgasm that it was.

The next few moments seemed to blur for the younger collie. She was aware that the finger that had once prodded her hymen now slipped away and the tongue soon followed as it cleaned up the mess it had made of her. By the time that Sadie was able to realign her thoughts she was being scooted further up the bed until her head rested against the pillows. Looking down, she gave what could only be called a begging whimper.

Her father had disrobed entirely now. Protruding from his black furred sheath a deep red shaft of thick canine flesh presented itself to her. There was no subtlety in what this was meant for. This wasn't just some mundane collie cock. This was the cock of one born to breed. This was the cock that had sired her. Now, it would do its task again in a new home.

The bed creaked as the older collie crawled over his daughter. He smiled down to her before pressing his muzzle to hers. Their tongues danced again now flavoured with the unique bitterness that was Sadie's own arousal. The taste against her tongue did little more than fuel the fire already burning inside her midsection. Her legs found new home on either side of the male atop her. Her invitation given.

Invitation taken. As her father lined up his shaft Sadie could only watch as her once virgin vulva parted and accepted her invited guest. It took only a single hard thrust from well trained hips to rid her of her innocence. Her hymen tore as

her body welcomed that thick shaft that was impossibly familiar. She screamed into the kiss as she drew her father closer.

There was no compassion now as her father gave short thrusts to work himself deeper into her. As if disgusted with her, the part of Sadie's mind that had wanted to stop this just seemed to disappear. Replacing it was a new voice that cried out how right this truly was. Something old and primal stirred within her as she accepted the unforgiving thrusts of a worthy member of her species.

She moved and bit his shoulder roughly. Her reward was hand and claw digging into her breast. She moaned out as the air around them became filled with the scent of unadulterated sex. Her cries mixed with the sound of flesh slapping against flesh. Soon the creaking of the bed and the tapping of the headboard against the wall joined in the symphony of passion. For his part, the older collie was very quite through it all.

Then, as the song of their union reached a crescendo, it was over with a final cry of pain. A thick lump of flesh forced itself past her tight vulva and forced itself deep into her. Her father's thrusts became short and sporadic. He grunted and nearly snarled as he pressed as deep into her as he could. The man's daughter in turn moaned out with a broken sound tinged with laboured breathing.

Warmth filled her deepest depths. Liquid and thick that seared her flesh in ways that only potent seed could. It was something too new for her. Her body nearly protested now and yet drank in every gush from that thick shaft lodged deep inside her with the thirst of a dying woman in the desert. Her womb accepted her new role and her mind in kind did as well.

She blacked out.

When morning came, the young collie found her body protesting even the slightest of movements. She was aware of warmth before she was aware of the body atop her. She felt a sense of panic as she felt something slip out of her when she pulled back. There was an odd sense of absence that she was unusually not fond of. Of all the things that had led her here it was this feeling that felt the most wrong of them all.

The younger collie carefully slipped out from beneath her still sleeping father and made her way quietly to the bathroom. The panick was still there as she looked at herself in the mirror. Tinges of red from small cuts on her breast were the first thing she noticed. That was followed by the sight of something dripping from her now revealed petals between her legs. She hurriedly made herself look more presentable before looking at her reflection.

As she stared at herself her mind tried to piece together everything that had happened the night prior. She processed the drinks and the movies, her father finding her as he did, and his unusually laid back attitude. Would he awake and realize what he'd done? Would he regret it? The collie put a hand to her head. She focused her breathing.

She made a plan.

When finally her father woke he was greeted with a note that informed him his boss had been called and that lunch was waiting for him. He hadn't bothered to dress when he greeted Sadie at the table. He looked ashamed. Just that look alone brought pain to Sadie.

The older collie sat and rubbed his face. "Christ forgive me... Sadie, I'm so sorry."

"Thank you."

"I can't apologize to you enough. I... God, what have I done?"

"That's not why I'm thanking you dad."

The older collie looked up with utter confusion painted across his face. "I don't understand."

Sadie cleared her throat and handed him a paper she'd printed off while he was still sleeping. "I found a house just off campus. Two bedrooms. Great price overall and a wonderful neighborhood. When our cub is old enough it even has a good school."

The older collie did not seem any less confused by this.

"I figure you and I can share one bedroom and the second can be the nursery."

"Sadie I..."

"I didn't say no." Sadie looked at him sternly. She wasn't going to mention that she had wanted to. Had it been any time outside her estrus she'd have never dared. That didn't mean that she hadn't wanted to. "I love you dad. I'm not going anywhere."

Her father wiped his eyes as tears started to form. "You're pregnant... with your own father's cub..."

"Yup and I know from experience how wonderful of a father you are. You'll be just as wonderful the second time around."

"People will... never approve." He wasn't trying to fight the truth anymore it seemed. Good.

"In five years, by the time our child starts school, we can either raise it to think you're grandpa or daddy. It will be loved. If nothing else you can look like some sexy playboy going after a younger collie. It's a different town dad. No one outside of my college knows me and honestly they've never met you. Hell I could say I married you after high school."

The older collie sighed. "This is wrong."

"Then you're going to suck it up and be a man and make it right. You'd shoot any boy that knocked me up. What's stopping me from doing it to you? Love. I'm still going to love you dad... and I'll love our cub too." Sadie tried to sound as optimistic as possible. She smiled warmly. She laced every word with love.

Her father nodded and sighed. "I love you too Sadie. I still... feel horrible."

Sadie walked to him and kissed him deeply. Her hand found his sheath. Her other gripped his head. When she pulled back she looked at him seriously. "Then use that to motivate you to move and make good choices for our cub. For me."

In the end, the older man nodded. He then paused. "Wait... you want to share a bedroom with me?"

"Well, yeah," Sadie said with a grin as she moved to sit on his lap. "You think I'm only going to want to do it once?"

With that, she took advantage of her father's confusion to kiss him again. When his hands came to her hips and she felt a familiar poking against her ass, she sighed and smiled. As her father lifted her onto the table, the collie thought about her plan once more in her mind. As she felt him press against her she realized that it worked.