

A Festival To Remember

For Killburn

By TheSpiralledEye

George and his friend Victor are both pushing middle age, but when they sneak into a music festival to make sure George's daughter isn't acting inappropriately they find themselves young, hot, female and ready to party alongside her.

~

George sat staring at the television; the game was a nail biter, the sort that would normally have him hooked but today it was nothing but colours on a screen. It was only when Victor jumped up and punched the air with a victorious yell that he'd even realised their team had just snatched victory from the jaws of defeat.

"And it's only half time!" Victor grinned, "What a game, eh mate?"

"It's not over?" George blinked in surprise.

It felt as though he'd been here forever.

Victor's brow furrowed for a moment before he scoffed and flopped back on the couch, grabbing another beer from the cooler he'd placed at its side and tossing it into George's hands.

"Mate, you need to stop this worrying, it's causing you nothing but trouble and you're missing the best game of the decade."

"It's not the only thing I've missed this decade." George replied glumly and Victor groaned.

"This again, mate, you tried, that's all you can do. Hailey is a big girl now, I am sure she can handle going to a music festival on her own."

George just shook his head, there was no point in arguing. Victor had been single and child free his entire life; he'd never had any desire to settle down and simply could not understand what it was like to be a father. Especially a father whose daughter seemed to want nothing to do with him.

His wife Maureen had told him it was his own fault for being gone all the time when she was young but what choice did he have? He was a trucker, he went where the work took him; that meant being gone for weeks, sometimes months at a time but it put food on the table. Wasn't that what a man was supposed to do, provide?

His daughter was always fed and well clothed; yeah he didn't always get home for her birthdays but he sent her presents and gave her a call. That was more than his father had done for him and that was fine! Still; things had taken a turn in the last few years since Hailey went off to college. He barely saw her the last few years she was in highschool but now that she was in a different state it was like she didn't even exist; and without her mother there to force her to answer her phone and talk to him their weekly catch up chat had ceased entirely.

"That's the thing," George tried, "I don't know if Hailey can handle it. If I knew her a little better maybe I'd feel more confident but...she was such a nervous thing when she was a kid. Peer pressure really got to her and these days music festivals are a hive of horny guys just waiting to take advantage of a girl like that."

"She's an adult now, she's not your little girl."

"She will always be my little girl." George said fiercely, "Whether she wants to be or not. She may be twenty one now but she's still a kid."

"Wasn't she born in 2001? Why worry now after all these years?"

"Twenty-two, at that age one year doesn't make a difference." George waved it off, "I just...when she was at home with Maureen at least I knew she was keeping an eye on her. Now she's off at college doing who knows what."

"Or who knows what."

"Don't even joke."

“George, mate you need to let this go,” Victor sighed, “For my sake as well, you’re ruining a good game.”

George sunk back into the couch in a huff, the halftime break was coming to an end anyway and maybe Victor was right; he needed to stop dwelling on this. But how could he? Panoptic was the biggest music festival this side of the county and was in the news every year for all the wrong reasons; drugs, rampant sex, public nudity, alcohol abuse, you name it. The fact that Maureen was okay with their little girl attending.

He tried to pay attention to the game but he found his eyes wandering from the players to the clock at the top of the screen. The gates to the festival were opening now, people would be filing in and setting up their tents ready for the first performance after the sun went down. Then it would be three days of non stop music and partying. And his daughter was probably there right now, being offered drugs or being seduced by much older, more experienced men!

It just wasn’t right; he had to do something! Of course he’d tried explaining such things in texts and calls but Hailey never answered so what was he supposed to do? He knew calling her now was a bust, not that it had stopped him trying before the game. Three times in fact. Every single one went to voicemail.

Still, the game came to an end and he got to his feet, already dialing her number. He just needed some indication that she had her head screwed on right; people changed during college, that was inevitable. He just needed to make sure his little girl didn’t change in all the wrong ways. As usual, the phone ran out and went to voicemail.

‘Hey this Hailey! Leave a message and I’ll get back to you! Unless you’re my dad. In which case, take a hint.’

George felt his blood boil; the disrespect. His anger faded soon after though, replaced with worry. If Hailey wouldn’t talk to him and Maureen refused to get involved how was he going to make sure she was safe?

“Look, why don’t we just go down there?”

George jumped, having somehow totally forgotten Victor was present.

“Go down there?” He blinked in surprise, “Even if we did, what are the odds we see her? And I do not want to be the crazy dad who stalked his daughter at a music festival.”

“We won’t approach her then, you can lay eyes on her, see that she’s fine and then we can go back to having our boys weekend.” Victor shrugged, “Frankly, you’re being a bore right now.”

He chuckled for a moment.

“Plus, we’re pushing fort-five now, it might be fun to do something a little ‘out there’, I wouldn’t mind feeling young again.”

~

Music festivals had certainly changed since his day and age.

Back then, it seemed like the music had a soul, a purpose, and a message. But today, it felt like a cacophony of noise, with little substance to cling to.

The festival grounds were a sea of vibrant colours, glitter, and bizarre fashion choices that he struggled to comprehend. In his day, people dressed in jeans and band t-shirts, embracing the music as the centrepiece of their identity. Now, it was as if fashion had taken centre stage, overshadowing the very reason they were all there: the music.

The stages were massive, adorned with dazzling LED lights and towering screens projecting flashy visuals. The sound systems roared with such intensity that he could feel his chest vibrating, drowning out any chance of meaningful conversation with the person next to him. It was more about being bombarded by the noise than actually listening to the music. And they were still outside the gates!

He could see people in line to enter, they were engrossed in their smartphones, capturing every moment to share on social media. Young girls hung off one another, wearing next to nothing as they plastered themselves all over the internet. Was that what Hailey was doing? He hoped not.

He scanned the lines and crowd for Hailey but had no luck, he went over the crowds twice just in case she’d dyed her hair or something since he last saw her, but nothing.

“She must already be inside.” He frowned.

They had planned to simply sneak in or hop the fence but that was another thing that had changed since his day. The giant chain link fence surrounding the festival grounds was

covered in thick, plastic sheet posters that made getting a grip impossible and even if they pulled one back, they would need a sturdy pair of wire cutters to get through. There were no loose edges to be found.

So here they were, having travelled all this way for nothing, staring at the festival grounds across the street and stewing. Or at least, George was stewing, Victor just seemed to hope this would satisfy his friend so they could go home.

“Hey fellas, hoping to get inside and party?”

The voice came from behind them; a lanky young man with a fringe twice as long as it should have been grinned at them. George could only just make out his glinting grey eyes behind his hair; his eyes instead fell on the festival passes that hung from lanyards across his fingers.

“Are those counterfeit passes?” Victor asked, sounding intrigued.

“Hells yeah man, want in?”

“Don't bother Victor, ” George rolled his eyes, “I'm not paying hundreds of thousands for passes that'll probably not pass inspection anyway.”

“Nah man, you got me all wrong.” Fringe grinned, “Music should be free y'know, all about the soul. Not this corporate shill. Stick it to the man, man. Go in, have fun, all on me, my dudes.”

Victor raised an eyebrow and George and smiled; he always had been the more wild of the pair. George just sighed; why the hell not? At least they didn't need to pay. He grabbed the lanyards and they each placed one around their neck. It wasn't as if they needed them to work for long anyway; just long enough that he could find Hailey in the crowd and make sure she wasn't acting like a complete hooligan.

“Namaste, fellas.” Fringe smiled, walking down the street, already reaching into his pack to fish out more fake passes.

“Nama-what?” George blinked.

“Who cares, let’s go!” Victor was grinning ear to ear, “It’s been years since I went to a proper concert!”

“We’re here for Hailey.”

“Sure, sure, we’ll find her but if these passes actually work why not enjoy a show or two, eh?”

George smiled; he did owe Victor for spoiling his boys weekend he supposed, if he wanted to go stand in one of those crowds and get deafened it was the least he could do for dragging him down here.

They waited in line for a frankly stupid amount of time before they reached the front and let the bouncer at the gate scan their laminated cards. George could feel his palms sweating; he hadn’t needed to sneak into anything for well over a decade and he had to admit; it was quite thrilling. He was certainly feeling younger than his years.

To his surprise and relief they were waved inside and the bouncer turned his attention to the next person in line. George and Victor exchanged wide grins; they’d gotten away from it! No matter how old you got, getting away with something naughty always gave you a small thrill.

Once they were far enough inside the grounds they both burst into relieved laughter.

“Oh man, I was actually worried there for a second.” Victor breathed, “My heart is racing, I can feel my chest pounding.”

“Me too!” George chuckled, “My hands are still all tingly. A bit pathetic really, that was all it took to get us excited. Back in the day we did far wilder things than sneaking into music festivals.”

“Well, those days have passed.” Victor said somewhat sadly, “But it’s nice to get a taste of them now and again. Alright so…where to first?”

George had no idea. Where would Hailey go? The festival grounds were enormous, they had to be to accommodate thousands of concertgoers. There were campgrounds, music stages, food halls, bars and even an eat street. His stomach growled and George realised they never got around to ordering pizza for dinner with the game.

“Food, then we’ll head over to the campsites to see if Hailey is there.” He said certainly, no point hunting on an empty stomach.

The badge sitting on the lanyard felt hot against his chest and Gorge internal winced; was he really so old? No wait, that wasn't the lanyard, at least, it wasn't anymore. The heat was seeping into his skin now and making his chest feel strangely sore.

They made their way down Eat Street, looking at all the overpriced food on offer. George glanced down at his chest, noticing how heavy it felt and grimaced; so many years behind the wheel of a truck had taken its toll. He had always been a heavy set guy but now he saw for the first time just how big he was, he had full on man boobs, he could see them outlined in his shirt.

“Maybe we should hit up one of those hippie salad joints, I am sure they have one.” He suggested, “I could stand to lose a bit of weight.”

“Yeah,” Victor replied glumly, “Me too. Maybe it’s being around all these young people but my ass has never felt so big.”

George almost choked on his own saliva. Since when did Victor speak like that? His friend seemed equally surprised by his choice of words but not nearly as surprised as George when his eyes drifted south. Victor’s ass was huge; big in a way that it certainly had not been earlier tonight or even a few minutes ago. His jeans were spread thin across it to the point where it looked like they were about to rip.

“Dude, what the hell?” Victor gaped.

“Since when do you call me ‘dude’?”

“Since now!” Victor gaped, pointing right at George’s chest. When he looked down a small, unmanly squeak escaped his lips; his man boobs were...well, not very manish anymore.

Even with his shirt in the way he could see them taking on a rounder, more feminine shape; a shape he knew all too well from years of marriage and porn watching. Not only could he see them swelling but he could feel it too. With an indignant cry he covered his chest and grabbed for Victor’s wrist, locking his fingers around it and making a mad dash for anywhere

that wasn't crowded. Something easier said than done. Why were there so many damn people here?

The pair of them stumbled as they made their way through the Eat Street crowd; George took a step only to shriek as his toes were met with cold, well trodden mud. His foot had come right out of his shoe! Not only that but his foot didn't even look like his foot! The skin had lost all its age, becoming smooth and youthful with dainty little toes and smooth arches.

He was not risking bending down to get the shoe, he abandoned it in the mud and kept moving only for his legs to crack audibly as they began to lengthen.

"Oh fuck, oh fuck!"

He spun around to see Victor groaning, palms pressed to the cheeks of his ass as it continued to change shape and his jeans struggled to contain his thickening thighs.

"What the hell is happening?"

"I don't know!"

George's chest was heaving, thankfully people weren't paying them much mind; probably assuming they were drunk or high. They continued to walk until they reached the edge of the festival grounds where the crowds thankfully thinned and the area became more parkland with a few bushes and trees they could hide behind.

Speaking of behinds, George could feel his swelling now, just like Victor's. It was an odd sensation, slightly painful but also slightly good. He could feel his glutes growing round and bouncy, with an almost peachy shape. All while his thighs turned thick to support the new weight of his rump.

Victor's chest was swelling now too but he had the advantage of wearing a button up shirt. His fingers trembled with shock as he tried to undo them to free his constrained tits and George could see the way his fingers were changing. The wrinkles and age lines smoothing over just like on his own feet. He held his own hand up to his face and was met with smooth, youthful skin and long dexterous fingers made for finery. Gone were his calloused, sausage fingers made slow by years behind a thick steering wheel.

Not only could he feel his skin getting smoother at every point of his body he could see it changing colour too. He'd always had rough, tanned skin from years behind the thick glass of his windows. His left arm was dark from sitting in direct sunlight for years as he made long drives but now that weathering was fading. His skin was turning pale and the

thick hair there was disappearing, sinking back beneath his skin leaving his limbs smooth and slightly pink.

Meanwhile Victor was turning darker; not majorly but his white skin was turning a very pretty olive tone that seemed to match the new features he was rapidly acquiring.

“A-are we turning into chicks?” He gaped, his voice already a slightly higher pitch that suited his new, slang filled vernacular much better.

“I think so-ooooooooohhhh.”

George had no words for the sound that had just escaped his lips; it was downright pornographic. He hadn't meant for it to happen but he could feel his insides rearranging; his waist cinching in and his lips themselves changing shape. They swelled, and he felt his nose changing shape along with his cheekbones. His soft palms rested against his face in shock as he felt all stubble melt away, along with all his hard edges.

“Your hair!” Victor cried, pointing up at his head.

George raked his fingers over his skull, finding far more hair there than ever before; not only that but it was blonde, icy white blonde. He pointed one long finger at Victor, who's dark hair was somehow getting even darker, growing at a rapid rate down his shoulders like a glossy velvet waterfall.

A moment later Victor cried out and both hands went to his crotch, something that would surely have made George look away at any other time but this time he couldn't. He watched as Victor's hands slowly sunk closer to his crotch, the shape of his manhood obviously disappearing leaving the front of his jeans the only part that was loose.

George swallowed; eyes slowly slipping down to his own legs in anticipation and terror. His cock was still there but even as the realisation entered his head he started to feel it tingle. A pleasant feeling really, like a lover's fingers stroking it lightly, only these fingers weren't making him hard; they seemed to be doing the opposite. His cock was shrinking!

It was almost torturously slow compared to the rest of his changes, which seemed to happen so quickly they overwhelmed him. His dick was taking its time, slowly shrinking up and inside him all while filling his lower belly with the most intoxicating pleasure and pain all at once. He tried not to moan the way Victor had but he couldn't help it.

“Ah! Ahhh!”

Two half pleased gasps escaped him as he felt his balls pop back up inside him. He swore he could feel them melt away as his innards reformed and it only added to the warm pool of pleasure in his stomach. This was so humiliating, but he just couldn't help it. He pressed a hand to his crotch the same way Victor had just in time to feel the last of his manhood disappear.

A moment later, his skin gave and he felt his finger slip into his new slit. Even with his underwear and pants between his digits and the new soft pussy he groaned feeling the pressure against his new clit; it was even more sensitive than the tip of his cock.

Victor was gasping and George finally turned his attention back to his friend only to see a total stranger. It was only because he had witnessed the change first hand that he even recognized him at all.

A petite Asian beauty was standing before him, in ill fitting clothes that did nothing to hide how pretty she was. Dark almond shaped eyes, flowing black hair that was almost unnaturally straight and a small build that nonetheless had curves in all the right places.

“Holy shit.” he whispered, not recognising his own voice.

It wasn't as high pitched as he imagined, it even had a husky quality to it; yet there was something sensual and undeniably feminine about it.

“What do I look like?” He asked in a panic.

Victor fumbled with his phone, flipping the camera around to face him so George could see his reflection. George blinked a few times, not truly believing what he saw; the only word that came to mind was Scandinavian beauty. He had sharp features and full lips, with icy blue eyes and matching platinum hair. While Victor's new body was somewhat busty his could only be described as voluptuous.

Double D breasts and the ass to match; big enough to be enticing and alluring but not so big as to get in the way.

“We're...women, ja?” He whispered, shaking his head in confusion at the little addition. Since when did he speak with a slight accent?

“How?” Victor gaped, “Why? Just what the fuck, girl?”

“Girl?”

“Well, ya are?” Victor shrugged. “Oh man, why do I keep talking like that? It's so cringe.”

“What's cringe?”

“...I don't know...but I do?” Victor's face scrunched up in confusion.

Something very weird was going on and for the first time that night; George had bigger problems than finding his daughter. There was a flash as the laminated plastic of his festival pass caught the moonlight and for the first time George realised there was an image on the back; a photo of his new face!

Astrid Werner, was written just below it.

He felt almost a physical jolt in his mind; all of a sudden he knew intimately that this was his name. Her name? Theirs? He wasn't sure, there was still a degree of separation between himself and this new body he found himself in but with each second that passed he swore he could feel it eroding.

“Mizuki Nakamura.” Victor breathed, “I think, is it weird to say that name sounds like mine?”

“No, I think I feel the same way about this one.” George frowned.

“It had to be the lanyards right? That freaky dud with the fringe fucking cursed us or something!”

“I don't believe in curses.” George scoffed.

“Well I do, now!” Victor spread his arms open wide as if to say ‘how else do you explain this?’

Either way, they both ripped the lanyards off and waited. And waited. And waited.

“I don't think we're gonna change back.” Victor pouted.

“Me either.” George sighed. “Look let’s just...find Hailey and then we can get out of here and hopefully, I dunno, sleep it off?”

Victor’s face scrunched up, his cute little button nose made it impossible for him to look threatening though.

“You’re still thinking about your daughter right now? After all this!?”

“Well what do you think we should do? Just leave?”

Victor shuffled uncomfortably.

“Fine, we find Hailey, maybe enjoy a song or two and then we’ll figure this out.”

George chuckled.

“Now who’s not thinking straight?” The last thing on his mind right now was music.

At least, it was until they started walking back towards the festival proper. The sun had set and the stages were in full swing. Music drifted in the air; the loud, screeching kind that today’s music was known for. Not the hard rock he’d grown up on but the odd combination of pop and rock that had come out in the last few years, with rap seemingly thrown in at random.

He’d never cared for it before but something about the beat had him humming along to it, he even found his steps falling in line. With each pump of base his foot hit the ground, his hips swaying back and forth with ease to the tune as his shoulders begin to shift in time as well.

Mizuki seemed to be getting caught up in the music as well, having acquired a spring to her step. She looked so cute with her soft smile and bright eyes taking in the music it took George a moment to realise he’d just called her Mizuki, not Victor. Even if it was all inside his head that was...worrying.

“Maybe we could check the stage?” Mizu-Victor suggested, “I mean, she came here for music, shouldn’t we check the main event first?”

“Yeah, sounds like a plan.” He agreed, secretly eager to get closer to the pounding music.

A few people snickered as they passed, eyes running over their ill fitting clothes and George felt a small flush pass through him. He shouldn't have been embarrassed but he was. The desire to put on something that fit right was a lot stronger than he would have thought. He tried to focus on how uncomfortable it was to be in this body but that was rather hard when it was...well, fun.

He hadn't been young in a long time and while gaining a set of tits had never been on his wish list all of a sudden being twenty years younger felt incredible. His body lost all the small aches and pains that came with middle age, not to mention how lovely and smooth his skin felt. Even just walking and feeling the fabric of his clothing stretch across parts of his body and brush against others made him shiver and want to dance all the more.

The beat got louder and for the second time that night George felt Hailey flee his mind entirely. He felt his eyes go wide as he beheld the stage; pyrotechnics flying, the band in the middle lit up by lights and projected onto screens so that everybody could see. It was wild and exhilarating. The drummer smacked his sticks together as the lead singer started up a new set and his foot tapping changed to full on dancing.

He couldn't help himself; this ass was just made to be shaken and surprisingly, or perhaps unsurprisingly, Victor seemed to feel the same. He told himself it would just be for a little while, but each song flowed into the next and he found himself lost in the crowd, jumping up and down, screaming and waving glow sticks that seemed to just fall into the throng of people from nowhere. Soon he had a necklace and several bracelets made from them as well.

Despite the cool night air he was hot; so many bodies pressed against him in the throng he couldn't help but grin. He could feel the occasional hand brush against his butt or side, once or twice somebody got bold and made a grab for his new tits. Once again he tried to be irritated but the touches filled him with nothing but glee. It had been so long since he'd felt wanted in that way it made him dizzy with desire.

"Maybe we should get out of here." He mumbled, "I can't think straight."

Mizuki wasn't paying attention; not that she would have been able to hear her. Him. George shook his head, it was so hard to think of himself as George right now when Astrid felt so much better. Physically and mentally. It wasn't like he was forgetting himself; he knew logically who he was and what was going on but it was almost like playing a really good video game; he was in the zone, totally embodying the character.

It was exhilarating, the most fun he'd had in years but that logical voice at the back of his mind was tugging at him. Telling him this was wrong, he was a man, he wasn't supposed

to enjoy this young people's music or letting his butt bounce when he danced. He certainly wasn't supposed to enjoy when somebody brushed a little too close and his spine shivered, sending want down between his legs where his new pussy was getting moist.

Another hand brushed against him, this time against his thigh and he was simultaneously thankful for and annoyed at his long trousers. He couldn't help but want them gone so he could feel skin against skin.

He groped through the crowd, finding his friend's wrist and pulling her to him. For a moment they stumbled against one another, breast to breast and burst into a fit of giggles until they managed to get a hold of themselves and push out of the crowd.

"That was...so much fun!" Mizuki squeaked, "I'm not even mad anymore, I forgot how fun it was to be young and sexy!"

"And female?"

"Well, you can't forget something you never were." She shrugged. "I say we stick around for the whole festival!"

George hated how tempting that sounded. Then, an idea occurred. In this body, with this face and the new budding personality developing, he could do more than just observe Hailey from a distance; he could actually talk to her. Maybe even befriend her; act as a big sister, a mentor to keep her out of trouble while at this wild place. It was perfect!

"Let's go to the campsite, the music is too distracting and I didn't see Hailey once." He suggested. "Come!"

His chest was buzzing with excitement; his body was tingling from it. Never had a father had such an opportunity and he hoped it would distract him from how nice it felt running, feeling his pussy lips rub against one another now that they were wet.

The camp ground was a disorganised pile of chaos. Everywhere tents were gathered in no discernible sense of organisation; people flitted from place to place in various states of undress, holding bottles of alcohol and cigarettes that smelled distinctly illegal. He could see people silhouettes behind the thin fabric doing unspeakable things to one another, their moans mixing with the voices of the crowd. It was exactly the pit of debauchery he had expected; and the festival had only been going for a few hours.

He both hoped he would run into Hailey so he could be sure she was safe but also secretly hoped she wasn't here in this sinful place. The moans echoed in his ears and made

his new pussy quiver slightly which he tried to ignore as he roamed the tent city trying very hard to stay focused. SO focused in fact he wasn't paying attention to his own feet until it was too late and they caught on a tent string.

If he hadn't been in this new, front heavy body, perhaps he could have righted himself in time but as it was; there was no hope. He flung his hands out to soften his fall and fell straight into the open flap of a close by tent. Groaning as his new tits were squashed under his weight and then a moment later, Mizuki's as she tumbled in after him. Apparently she found this incredibly funny because she couldn't stop giggling.

"Sorry!" George gasped, "Sorry about that we were just uh....ummmm."

Two young men were sitting cross legged in the tent; eyes wide with surprise. It seemed they were not expecting anybody to literally fall into their tent despite it being unzipped and open. Their eyes flicked to the sleeping bag between them and back up to George with a nervous energy. George followed their gaze and saw exactly what had them so spooked; a selection of small pale pink pills were sitting on the sleeping bag, having clearly just been divided up.

George may have been older but even he knew what molly looked like.

"So..." The taller of the men spoke slowly, "Everybody here cool?"

"If you're asking if we're gonna narc on you it's no." Mizuki spoke up and George grit his teeth.

Ordinarily he didn't approve of this sort of thing but the longer he stayed in this body the less he seemed to care. Young people were always experimenting with this sort of thing; hell even he smoked a bit of pot back in the day.

"Man, I was worried we were going to get busted first thing." The shorter fellow said, "I'm Ken by the way, this is Raff."

"Raff?" George snorted.

"Short for Raphael." He rolled his eyes, "My mom's...eccentric."

"I'm....Mizuki and this is Astrid." Mizuki said, sounding slightly strained, the two of them shared a look.

George wondered if she was feeling the same compulsion he was, to think of themselves as 'shes' and those female names.

"Well, in exchange for not ratting us out? And a free sample?" Raff grinned, holding out his palm with one of the smaller pills on it.

George could still feel himself buzzing with excitement after his first concert in years. That ache between his legs was strong and these strange compulsions seemed to push him forward. Before he could stop himself, he was picking up the small pill and placing it on his tongue. It was sweet, perhaps they had added a layer of sugar to it? It didn't matter, a moment later it slid down his throat and that's when things began to get...fuzzy.

It was like being in a dream; everything around him seemed to glow a little brighter, and feel both painfully in focus and fuzzy all at once. Raff's hand found his and the touch felt electric. All of a sudden they were outside again, at one of the smaller stages, dancing with Mizuki and Ken somewhere in the background.

The reservations he had been holding onto seemed to fall away; George couldn't seem to think about anything but the here and now. Once again he was in a crowd and the bodies pressing against his own felt wonderful. He wanted more. He could feel skin on skin contact...had he taken his shirt off? He must have, because he was sure he could feel somebody's hands on his now bare tits. The sensation made him groan.

Lights whirled and he found himself spread out on grass in a quiet area of the festival similar to where he and Mizuki first transformed. His mind was so sharp he could feel every individual blade of grass pressing against his bare skin; tickling it in a way that felt so intimate.

There was Raff, he was bending over him and George felt himself almost falling into his eyes; they were such a bright, beautiful shade of blue. He reached up to cup his face and groaned, feeling the stubble scratch against his smooth palms; it was as if his sense of touch had doubled in sensitivity.

Then the fingers parted his folds. His whole body arched as Raff dragged the rough pads of his fingers over his clit and down to his hole; so, achingly, slow. It was almost hypnotic; George was torn between wanting it to last forever and desperately needing the teasing to end. He didn't even care that another man was touching him, if anything he wanted there to be more.

A mouth found its way onto his nipple and sucked and the sound that escaped him was even more pornographic than before. It was downright sinful; he was sure half the

campsite must have heard it, if not the whole festival. Each suck on his tits only made him repeat it; he couldn't hold it back.

It felt like his every pore was on fire; he could feel every inch of the tongue as it brushed across his skin and his insides began to burn. They spoke briefly, George couldn't be sure what exactly he was saying, only that he was begging for more of this feeling; this wild, ecstasy filled feeling.

Everything seemed to be happening so fast and yet so agonisingly slow all at once. He could feel Raff's strong hands gripping his shoulders, the smooth points of his nails felt electric, almost like they were pumping sparks under his skin. He could feel his muscled pegs pinning down his hips as he pulled himself closer, pressing their full bodies against one another.

This felt somehow more intimate than anything he had ever done with ex wife; he could feel every pore of his own body as well as Raff's and that deep need inside him burning hot. Then finally all the pleasure washing over his new body seemed to focus in one place, the pressure between his legs.

His whole body arched as his mouth opened in a silent scream of ecstasy feeling his inner walls parted. It was unlike anything he had ever experienced or could describe. He could feel Raff widening his passage, each nerve seemed to sing with pleasure and yet...it still wasn't enough.

Following some new primal instinct he began to rock his hips in time with Raff's thrusts and was rewarded with another wave of pleasure. The next one began before the last could end, all overlapping one another until the bliss grew higher and higher. He could hear Raff groaning, hips bucking hard as he attempted to hold on. What a gentleman.

George, or was he Astrid, it didn't matter, pressing himself harder into the man. He was so close, right on the edge. He could feel his new passage tightening around the cock, squeezing it for all it was worth until finally his vision went white and a pleasure more intense than anything washed over him. He was cumming, hard and loudly. Words and sounds escaped his lips that even he couldn't understand, he just kept pumping his hips trying to prolong it as much as possible.

A beautiful sound; one of a woman in ecstasy met his ears. At first he thought it was him but then he realised his voice had been stolen away by the sheer intensity. He turned his head and saw Mizuki; she was kneeling above Ken in the cowgirl position, bouncing up and down on his rock and riding him hard as he gripped her hips. How long had they been here? Fucking right next to one another without even noticing?

Finally, Raff finished with a shudder and fell atop George, groaning and sounding deeply satisfied. For a few moments they basked in the afterglow but then to his surprise and delight; George felt the man going hard inside him once more.

“Again?” He asked.

George could only nod.

~

So far, Panoptic hadn't been going the way Hailey hoped. She woke the second morning, without so much as a hangover let alone any company in her tent. She sighed in disappointment; the memories of last night, falling asleep to the sounds of moans from nearby tents made her burn with jealousy. She had a *plan*; she'd found Charlie's tent early and ingratiate herself with his friends, she'd planned on getting drunk enough that her nerves went away and then she would get the man into bed. She'd had a crush on Charlie ever since they started in Entry to Chemistry together last year and she was determined to actually do something about it at last.

And then she chickened out. All the other women here seemed to know what they were doing and she felt like a flailing baby sheep compared to them. Once again she cursed her father's interference; how he managed to be so absent, yet still scare off any potential boyfriends she'd found in highschool was unbelievable. Once, after three months of nothing he'd turned up at her prom to give her date 'the talk'. She had no idea what the talk involved; only that afterwards any hope she had of losing her virginity that night was long gone.

Now she was so behind experience wise she felt she would never catch up, or impress somebody like Charlie. With a frustrated groan she pulled on her jeans and shirt and stepped out into the morning. It was late, closer to lunch than breakfast but that was to be expected, the new shows didn't go on till well after lunch so they could play into the early hours of the morning, so it was oddly quiet.

A sleepy sigh made her look down and she watched as a beautiful blonde woman with mussed hair poked her head out of the tent and blink beery eyed. Her neck was a mess of hickies and her eyes were slightly pink; she'd had exactly the sort of night Hailey had wished for. Their eyes met and Hailey flushed pink realising she was probably staring.

“Sorry, I wasn't judging I was, Just admiring.”

Fuck that's exactly what somebody who was judging would say! The woman seemed shocked and Hailey felt herself getting more embarrassed; the day had only just started and she'd already botched it.

“Is that your tent?” The woman asked with the slightest hint of an accent.

“Yes?”

“You were here the whole time?” She gaped.

“Uhhhhh, yeah. But it’s fine, everybody goes at it at music festivals. I didn’t hear anything too private.”

The woman was suddenly on her feet, dusting herself off and trying to neaten her hair.

“It’s fine, we all understand how it is, ja?” She smiled awkwardly, “Did you have any company of your own?”

“No.” Hailey pouted, “My crush is a few tents over but...I chickened out.”

The woman looked oddly relieved and then conflicted for a moment before handing out her hand.

“My name is Astrid. Why don’t we go get something to eat together?”

~

Astrid couldn’t believe it when she woke; she had expected this whole wild adventure to be a dream. Being turned into a woman and experiencing a night of youthful, intoxicated passion was not something she ever expected. Nor was waking up in the text the next day hungover and feeling distinctly at home in her new body and persona. Logically she knew she had been George right up until last night but somehow thinking of herself in that way felt...wrong.

She had been in the middle of her introspection when she remembered the real reason to panic; Hailey, she’d never found her! And then as fate often did, it played a trick. Now they were both standing in line to get breakfast burritos and she had no idea what to do. It wasn’t as if she could just come out and say ‘hey I am actually your father, have you been acting inappropriately lately?’. Yeah, that would go over *great*.

“I swear the festival owners are so smart, putting out all this greasy breakfast food when everybody is hungover and not thinking with their heads, I mean, twelve dollars for a basic burrito? Only desperate hungover people would pay for that.”

“Ja, tell me about it.” Astrid groaned, handing over fifteen for a burrito with the lot which made Hailey giggle.

She had such a nice laugh, he always told his daughter she would look beautiful if she smiled more but telling her that always made her frown. It was nice to see her so relaxed and happy; it was a side he never got to see.

“So, I am glad you had a good night.” Hailey sighed as they settled down on a bench. “I had such high hopes that I could finally let loose here and then I had the perfect chance and I choked.”

“Why?” Astrid asked, he’d always assumed Hailey was sneaking around being a wild girl when his back was turned.

“I just...all the other girls seemed so confident. They knew how to dance so sexily and get the guys attention without seeming too desperate and I felt so stupid. Like a little kid playing pretend, not an actual adult.”

She bit her lip.

“I’m still...I don’t have any experience with guys. I know I like them but I’ve barely even gone on any dates.”

“But you’re so pretty!” Astrid gaped in genuine surprise, “And your clothes are so fashionable!”

No experience...at all? Obviously it wasn’t something a father like to think about, their daughter being all grown up. He’d wanted her to be careful but he’d assumed she’d at least had a few more adult dates since leaving highschool; hell, most people had them while they were in high school these days. Hailey seemed to flush in both embarrassment and flattery.

“Thanks, my mum always said so but my dad...”

Astrid felt a bit form in the bottom of her stomach.

“Every time he saw me wearing something like this he said I'd attract the wrong kind of attention.” She rolled her eyes, “I swear, he only ever appeared to criticise me and ruin any chances I had with boys. He keeps bugging me constantly, it's a miracle he hasn't rung my phone again now, I bet he thinks I'm some drugged up nympho.”

“I'm sure he doesn't think that.” Astrid said quietly, placing a hand on Hailey's knee, trying to put as much sincerity into her voice as possible.

“Oh, he does.” She rolled his eyes, “Frankly, I am fine without a dad in my life. I don't know why I am even talking about him.”

Astrid let her eyes roam over Hailey's outfit; she was wearing a pair of tight blue jeans and a loose flowing singlet top that swayed a little when she walked. Not the most conservative outfit to be sure but she hardly looked like a streetwalker. He could remember telling her to dress more appropriately when wearing similar things in the past but...not for the life of him he couldn't figure out why. Her outfit was cute! And she didn't even look slutty.

Maybe it was this new body, or perhaps more likely, her new mind but Astrid couldn't help but feel a little guilty. Had she really been so harsh?

“Well, I think you look cute as hell.” Astrid gave Hailey a thumbs up, “Why don't you hang with me and my friend Mizuki today? We can prepare you and then you can knock this guys' socks off tonight!”

“Really?” Hailey smiled nervously, “Thanks! It's been kinda awkward here if I am honest, everybody else seems to have come with friends or a group, I'm that lonely nellie all by herself.”

Astrid put an arm around her former daughter's shoulders.

“Not now you're not!”

~

Hanging out at a music festival with her daughter was...not what Astrid expected. The Hailey he knew was surly, hyper defensive and curt. Not somebody you could really hold a conversation with. But here it was like Hailey was a whole other person. She bonded with Mizuki almost immediately and Astrid felt her hackles rise; her daughter was being so trusting with supposed strangers, was she always so open? It was like asking to get scammed or used.

Then she realised the truth; Hailey was lonely. It seemed to waft over her in waves; the girl was latching onto them because she really didn't have anybody else. She had always assumed his daughter left the house constantly when he visited because she was meeting up with friends but now she wasn't so sure.

As they danced and enjoyed the music she felt both guilt and joy blossom in her heart. It was wonderful, getting to spend quality time with her for the first time in years. But also, she could finally see just how badly she had failed as a father. All this time she thought her harsh attitude had been tough love, when really when combined with her near constant absences she had just fostered insecurity. She could see it in every pore of Hailey, how she walked, how she subtly held back when she danced; it was sad.

"You need to be more free." Astrid cried, handing her a beer and flinging her arms up in the air, "Come on, dance like nobody's watching!"

"B-but everybody is." Hailey flushed, eyes darting between the people all around them in the crowd.

"That doesn't matter." Astrid insisted, "just try it!"

"Yeah girl!" Mizuki grinned, "Fuck the world, work on you and the men will drop at your feet."

Mizuki gave her a kiss on the cheek and Hailey laughed; it was a sound that made Astrid's heart swell and she vowed to make sure she heard it as many times as possible over the three day festival.

She introduced Hailey to Raff and Ken, both of whom took to her instantly. No even in a creepy way either, perhaps they were picking up on the vibes Astrid was because they both seemed to almost take the woman under their wing. Acting like her own personal creep bodyguards and stopping anybody who looked a bit too eager to help her 'confidence' in all the wrong ways.

“Wanna try?” Raff offered Hailey one of the pills but Astrid plucked it from his palm and placed it on her tongue before Hailey had the chance to answer.

“Oh no, nothing hard for this one, look at her, she can barely hold her drink!” She teased, “Hailey, you’re sticking to alcohol, got it?”

“No arguments here.” She smiled, seeming relieved to have the choice taken away.

“In that caaaaaase.” Mizuki grinned, “Here! We’re going to teach you how to play Kings Cup.”

Astrid hadn't played Kings Cup since she was...well, the age she'd reverted to now really so perhaps it was fitting. She made sure Hailey drank just enough to lower her inhibitions, but not so much that she was black out drunk. Between rounds she would sneak the girl a bottle of water and wink, telling the rest it was vodka while Hailey mouthed a small thank you.

“Okay,” Astrid breathed, still unsure as to whether she should do this at all. “I think it’s time you went and talk to this Charlie fellow you keep talking about.”

“What? Oh, maybe.” Hailey blushed deeply.

“I’m betting he’s the cute dark haired one over there right?” Astrid smiled, “The one you keep looking at when you think we’re not paying attention.”

“Shut up.” She giggled, “But yeah, you’re totally right.”

“Of course I am.” Astrid squared her shoulders proudly, “Now, here’s what you’re going to do. You’re going to get that hair out of your face, walk up to him and complain about how your two friends paired off with their guys and left you on your own and ask him to keep you company. Oh and if things happen...go to his tent, I don’t want to hear it.”

Hailey stood, wobbling slightly due to nerves and the alcohol she’d consumed, back stiff as a board before Mizuki slapped her across the butt.

“Go on girl! Go have fun, I know we will!”

Astrid gave her daughter one final, genuine thumbs up. It was an odd position to be in but she found herself hoping not to see her until the morning.

~

Hailey took a deep breath; despite the drinking she'd done she was still nervous as she walked up to Charlie. She was also determined though and filled with new confidence. Astrid was the best friend she needed right now and she took a moment to remember her words before stepping up behind the guy she liked so much and tapping him on the shoulder.

"Hey!" Charlie's face brightened, "There you are! I Have been wondering where you got to."

"You have?" Hailey breathed.

"Yeah, you just disappeared last night." Charlie shrugged, "I was worried you might have gotten into trouble."

He had been thinking about her too, that was a good sign. She could feel herself about to get flustered when she remembered Astrid's words and she instead forced herself to look vaguely irritated.

"My friends ditched me." She said dramatically, "Astrid and Mizuki, they decided guys were more worth their time."

She glanced back over her shoulder to where Astrid and Mizuki were currently sitting, or rather, where they were making out. Astrid had already climbed her way into Raff's lap and his hands were under her shirt. The insecure part of Hailey wondered if she just wanted her to go away so she and Raff could get together but she quashed the feeling.

"Man, that sucks, you can come hang out with me if you want, I was about to hit up the smaller stage, an indie band I've never seen is playing. Want to check them out with me?" Charlie offered.

"Sounds great!"

Was this the music festival equivalent of a first date? It sort of felt like it; there was an undeniable energy between them that made her feel excited. Fueled by both Astrid's pep talks and the alcohol in her system, Hailey reached forward and let her fingers lace between Charlie's. He stiffened for a moment but then returned the gesture with that sweet smile she loved so much.

They barely listened to the music; they were too busy focusing on the tiny ways their bodies touched as they sat in the grass. Each time their knee brushed or legs rested against one another Hailey felt that thrill pass through her again like a bolt of lightning.

This wasn't love, she wasn't that naive. Or at least, it wasn't love yet, but it was the spark at the centre of all good relationships; maybe it would become more, or maybe it would just stay passion. Either way, she wanted to find out.

With boldness she had never felt before Hailey reached up to cup Charlie's face and gently pulled his lips to hers. He had plenty of time to pull away if that's what he wanted, but if anything he surged forward eagerly.

His lips felt strong and smooth over hers and Hailey let her instincts take over, tilting her head back to welcome his tongue. After a few wonderful minutes his hands came to rest on her hips, holding them tightly and gently pulling her toward him till their bodies were flush together, kneeling on the ground.

Hailey's heart raced with desire and excitement; she had passed dozens of couples doing exactly what she was doing now. Making out with abandon, right in public, not caring if anybody watched. She never thought she could have the confidence to do it but here she was, with her dream guy no less.

She moaned into his mouth and let her hands slip under his shirt, running along the smooth and defined muscle there. One of his hands slowly moved from her hips to brush against her lower stomach making her whole body quiver, then it moved up till the tips of his fingers were brushing against her underboob. Finally, they broke apart, gasping for breath.

"Should we...go back to my tent? Is that too forward?" Charlie offered quietly, "I always got the sense you'd want to move slowly, it's why I let you come to me I didn't want you to think I was some guy just chasing tail."

Suddenly all the nerves she had felt in the days preceding seemed to melt away and Hailey giggled, linking their fingers together once more.

"Let's go."

The next few minutes were a blur of lights and excitement; the tent walls were close but that didn't matter, it just meant they had to be even more intimate. Charlie removed her clothing slowly, taking his time to kiss at every inch of revealed skin as it showed. Hailey didn't need to tell him this was her first time; he seemed to know and understand. Never rushing her, always making her feel special and loved. It made her all the hotter and sure that she was doing the right with, with the right guy. Maybe all those years waiting wouldn't be wasted after all, if this was the result. At least her first time would be memorable and with a proper gentleman.

When they finally came together she could barely hold on. Feeling him moving inside her gave her a pleasure unlike anything she'd ever experience. She came fast and hard, then again, three times before Charlie finally followed her over the edge. It was perfect, everything she had ever wanted and it was all thanks to confidence Astrid had given her.

~

There was a sense of melancholy that had overcome the festival grounds. With the stages slowly being disassembled in the morning light and people slowly packing up their things the atmosphere had totally changed. It was like a magic spell had been cast over the area during the festival; making the people attending feel like they were in their own wild, fun filled world and now it was all over.

Astrid's heart pounded painfully in her chest; she had to do this now. Hailey was trying to pack up her tent while obviously still hung over. The tall man, Charlie, was standing with her and they both had an obvious air about them. Astrid couldn't help but smile at the beautiful young woman her daughter had become in just a short weekend. Hailey smiled as Astrid approached and Charlie gave her a small wave before excusing himself so they could talk.

"Hey, I was hoping to see you!" She beamed, "I wanted to get your number so we could stay in contact. I can't believe I forgot to ask."

"Yeah, about that..." Astrid winced and Hailey's face immediately fell.

"Oh man, did I say something to offend you while we were drunk? I'm so-"

"No, nothing like that." Astrid held up her hands to placate her, "It's just I can't give you my number because...you already have it. In fact I wouldn't be surprised if you blocked it."

Hailey blinked in confusion.

“What do you mean?”

“I’m well...your dad.”

There were so many ways she could have said that and she picked the worst one. Hailey’s face went through a mixture of emotions; most of them confusion, fear and panic. She was probably rapidly trying to figure out how to deal with this obviously crazy person she had befriended when Astrid felt more words coming.

“I swear, just let me explain.”

She told Hailey all about the passes, the strange transformation and compulsions and everything that had followed. The problem with trying to convince somebody you’re not insane is that you often sound insane doing it.

“Look, ask me anything about your dad and I will know it.”

“Okay...what sort of cake did I have at my tenth birthday party.”

Astrid felt her cheeks flush.

“I don’t know.” She admitted full of shame, “I wasn’t there. I was working and I got so caught up I didn’t call till the next day. I was so sleep deprived I didn’t even know I was late till your mom yelled at me.”

Hailey blinked, eyes widening in surprise and for the first time he saw an inkling that she believed him. Another question, then another, then half a dozen more down the line there were tears welling in both their eyes.

“You really are...dad, wow, this is weird.”

“Please don’t call me that anymore, I’m Astrid now.” She insisted, “I’ve been given a second chance at youth and more than that...it’s too late for me to be a father to you. But maybe now I can at least be a friend...a sister.”

There was a pause.

“Are we going to tell mom? I know you guys have barely talked since the divorce but still, we should probably think up a story.”

Astrid felt her face split into a smile.

“You’re okay with this?”

“I mean, it’ll take some getting used to.” Hailey shrugged, “But honestly, I barely knew you before and well, you gave me some great advice. I like Astrid, I want her as my friend.”

“Alright!” She punched the air, this had gone far better than she’d hoped.

Hailey giggled. The air was still tinged with awkwardness but Astrid had faith that would fade in time. Getting a second chance at youth and a second chance to be with her daughter was more than he’d ever dreamed.

“Hey!” Raff called, waving some sort of pamphlet in the air. “Panoptic is going to the Eastern coast next month, you girls in?”

Astrid and Hailey shared a look and smiled.

“Hell yeah!”