

A Festival to Remember - Interlude

For Killburn

By TheSpiralledEye

While Hailey was off having her first time, what exactly did Mizuki and Astrid get up to?

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Astrid watched as Hailey finally walked over to her crush Charlie and felt an odd sense of pride swell within her. Her daughter was really growing up; perhaps it was odd for a father to be encouraging his daughter to lose her virginity like this but then again what about this situation was *normal*?

She could finally see Hailey for the beautiful young woman she was; and after observing this Charlie fellow for a bit she could safely say he was a good guy; not some douchebag who wouldn't treat her girl right. It might not be love yet, but it was genuine and that was what she cared about most.

Hailey and Charlie were talking now and Astrid quickly turned to Raff.

"Quick, kiss me."

He didn't need to be asked twice, he surged forward without even asking why the sudden insistence. Astrid groaned; she was slightly drunk, but nowhere near as out of her mind as she had been last night on drugs. Now that the weirdness of the situation had worn off it was nice to properly enjoy herself without feeling out of control.

Raff was a good kisser, allowing plenty of give and take. His tongue was insistent but Astrid was able to battle it back, they both took turns exploring one another's mouths until they were forced to come up for air. Astrid turned her head slightly to where Hailey and Charlie had been before; gone, Astrid smiled.

"What are you grinning at?" Raff teased, pulling her face close to his again. "Not checking out other guys I hope."

"Nah, just making sure Hailey didn't lose her nerve."

"Really latched onto that girl, didn't you?"

"She needed a little push in the right direction is all." Astrid mused, "But she's taken care of now, so now I can focus on paying you back for last night."

"Oh? What did you have in mind?" Raff grinned.

Astrid's whole body started to tingle with anticipation; the thrill of acting so slutty was new to her and it was intoxicating. This new body has so many new toys to play with and she didn't have experience with any of them.

“What’s a fantasy I could make come true?” She purred, climbing into Raff’s lap. “Something you’re afraid to ask a real girlfriend for, but your music festival fling might be open to?”

Raff’s eyes widened for a moment and his grin turned almost predatory; he’d hit the jackpot.

“Why don’t we go find somewhere a bit more private then?” He growled. “I know exactly what I want to do. Ever given a tit job?”

Astrid shook her head, she didn’t even know what that was but she couldn’t wait to find out!

“You’ll have to teach me,” She replied, giving Raff another passionate kiss, “And feel free to make your instructions detailed.”

“God, I have never been so happy that somebody fell into my tent.”

Astrid couldn’t help throwing back her head and laughing. With a wink to Mizuki and Ken they were gone, Mizuki didn’t seem to mind, she was too busy humping away despite being in the middle of the public camping area.

They made their way to a small forested area; the kind that was swiftly becoming Astrid’s favourite place at music festivals and Raff began to unzip himself.

“It’s basically a hand job, except you use your tits.” He grinned, “Here, I’ll show you.”

He kissed her once more, drawing out another moan and pulling her down onto the grass. Astrid had never been one for outdoor sex before now, why bother rolling around in the dirt when you could use a comfortable bed? Now she could see just how blind she’d been.

Raff pushed gently on her shoulders and she wiggled her way down his body, placing a chaste kiss to the tip of his hardening cock. She could taste salt on her lips and was very tempted to try giving her first blow job but Raff stopped her before she could.

“Here.” he said huskily, leaning forward and pulling off her top.

She wore no bra naturally, she didn’t even own one. The shirt was discarded in the bushes, something to worry about later as Raff pressed both her breasts together around his cock so that it was squashed between them. She shivered; still not used to just how sensitive her new tits were. She could feel every inch of his length; she loved the way it twitched slightly in anticipation.

She replaced Raff’s hands with her own, pressing even harder to form deep cleavage to house his manhood and groaned watching his face twist into ecstasy; and she hadn’t even started moving yet. Balancing on her knees she gently massaged her tits, letting the soft flesh move against his cock before she began to bounce up and down slightly, stroking it with her body.

Raff collapsed backwards against a tree, eyes wide with lust as he watched the hot European woman Astrid had become getting him off with her tits. Astrid could feel herself getting wetter as she continued; this was one giant tease. His cock felt so good against her,

but it would never be enough to make her cum; so instead she was stuck in limbo, her pleasure building but never quite cresting.

Desperate she shifted her hands so that her thumbs could press into her nipples at the same time and moaned.

“Oh fuck, I can feel that...” Raff groaned, “When you moan, the v-vibration.”

With a wicked smile Astrid moaned again, then again, sounding like a sex crazed maniac and loving it. Each time Raff’s hips would buck, his cock sliding between her breasts easily as he got closer and closer. His pleasure was her pleasure and she bounced faster and faster, desperate to see him fall over the edge.

She got her wish sooner than she would have imagined; Raff’s eyes rolled back and his cock pulsed, sending a stream of cum splattering against her chin and chest. She couldn’t resist swiping her tongue over her lips to get a taste as the rest dripped down into her cleavage.

Raff relaxed back against the tree with a look of utter bliss on his face and Astrid grinned ear to ear; she’d never felt so wild and naughty in her entire life. A part of her wondered what Mizuki was doing with her new body and partner, whatever it was, it could not have been more scandalous than what she had just done.

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Mizuki smirked against Ken’s lips as she watched Raff and Astrid walk away. She was glad her friend was embracing their new bodies; while it certainly hadn't been her choice the moment she’d stood in that crowd by the stage she knew it was a blessing. She was young again! Free to live out her wild years once more with no repercussions! She didn’t even have a wife or kid to worry about, nobody was going to miss her old fuddy duddy self except maybe Astrid; and she was here so it couldn’t have been more perfect!

“Wonder what they're off to do.” Ken chuckled.

“Focus on me big boy.” Mizuki narrowed her eyes playfully and Ken just laughed.

“Everybody is.” He glanced around and Mizuki followed his gaze.

Eyes roamed over her and who could blame them? A hot Asian chick making out loudly in the middle of the public area was bound to catch people’s attention. Rather than feeling embarrassed, it made her feel powerful; let them watch. The attention and admiration only fueled her sex drive.

“Let’s see how explicit we can get before security comes along.” She said with a daring tone to her voice, “If you’re up for a little...danger.”

Ken raised an eyebrow and smirked before taking a last swig of his beer.

“I bet you get embarrassed and ask to stop before I do.” He said.

“You’re on.”

Mizuki forced her tongue down his throat, swallowing his loud groans. His hands squeezed at her chest and she gasped, reaching down to the front of his jeans to return the favour. They petted one another, making out hard and loud before Mizuki decided to step things up a notch.

She heard a female voice somewhere around her scoff in disgust as she took out Ken's length and began to stroke. She made sure to not lean forwards too much either so that everybody could see *exactly* what she was doing. There was no shame here; it was freeing.

"Ahhh...ahhhh, is that a-all you've got?" Ken teased, pressing a finger into her jeans and against her clit, "Two can play at that game."

"Oooohhhhhh."

Mizuki couldn't find the words; she thrust her hips and tightened her grip against Ken's cock, pumping harder and faster; determined to make him cum first. Even if somebody called over security Mizuki wasn't sure she could stop now.

She wanted so badly to last but the bliss was just too much; the feeling of eyes upon her, the knowledge that her new pussy was soaked already, the fact that she was right on the edge with so many people about to watch her cum; it was too much to bear. With a wail, Mizuki let herself fall over the edge, feeling her pussy quiver as the pleasure washed over her.

Somehow, her hand kept pumping and even more impressively, Ken managed to hold on, though a groan told her she was close. Still rocked by afterglows Mizuki scanned the crowd; most people were trying not to look and failing; she gave them a wink before changing tactics.

If Ken thought cumming in front of people was going to make her concede, he was dead wrong. Without hesitation she shifted; as she let go of his length Ken's face twisted into a victorious smile, he thought she was done. Instead, she wiped that grin off his face.

With an ease that surprised even her she took his length in her mouth and slowly swirled her tongue around it. Somebody nearby was yelling at them to stop; she let it egg her on. She moaned, kissing the head and licking up and down the length before hollowing her cheeks and sinking her whole mouth down over the cock.

She could taste precum, feel the tip pressing against the back of her throat and yet she didn't gag. Instead she began to bob her head, moaning to stimulate him further while Ken groaned and bucked his hips hard into her. He wasn't a gentle lover and Mizuki loved him for it.

She could hear heavy footsteps, the kind made by thick security guard boots on soft ground. She picked up the pace, giving the head one final swirl and a good hard suck as Ken fell over the edge. Even as he was cumming she didn't stop, she just kept sucking and swallowing until she felt a hand on the back of her shirt, pulling her up with a pop.

The guard was in his fifties and looked like he hadn't smiled in years, Mizuki grinned up at him, the taste of seed still on her lips.

"Bloody horny kids." He groaned, "Come on you two, suspension centre till you sober up in a few hours."

“Are you gonna handcuff me?” Mizuki batted her eyes and giggled as the man’s neck turned pink.

“Don’t worry.” Ken whispered as they were led through the festival to the security tent, “I am sure we’ll get out early for good behaviour.”