

A follow-up to [this story](#).

Seth Kenney had never seen a gay couple before. Well, not in real life. Only in the news or on TV, and the last time was when his mom voiced her disapproval of *Loud House* because the character Clyde had two dads, so Seth stopped watching it. He didn't want to do anything that made his mom unhappy.

So Seth felt sinful even looking at the two men walking yards ahead of him - though they did not resemble Clyde's cartoon fathers, not by a long shot. Even from across the parking lot, Seth could tell that they were big. They walked with their arms around each other's waists, and as they crossed over an empty parking space on their way into the school, the combined width of their shoulders more than filled it. One man was bearded with a buzzcut and a big belly, like one of those guys on the strongman shows. The other had a gleaming coil of blonde hair and a tight waist that tapered up to a disproportionately broad chest - a bodybuilder, there was no mistaking it. Both sported tight suits, probably made just for them, since guys that size most likely couldn't shop in stores.

Seth wondered if they were volunteering at the dance, or picking someone up? If they had a kid at the school, how had he never seen those two giants at any event before? They weren't exactly the type of parents who blended into the crowd.

He knew they had never been Scouts, not like him. Gay guys hadn't been allowed to join until a couple years ago - his mom had tut-tutted that rule change too. Seth's troop hadn't had any homosexuals join regardless, so it hadn't been a problem. He was actually just coming from a meeting and opted to not change out of his uniform. Having just been granted the level of Eagle Scout a week before - something he worked most of his life to achieve - he was practically showering in that uniform.

And maybe Amy would think it was cool. That was the hope. Beautiful Amy, Seth's biggest...*only*...crush in school. He wanted to dance with her and only her, and maybe he would ask her to prom too. And if she said no, he wouldn't go. It was Amy or no one.

Seth knew he wasn't cool, and he didn't care that he wasn't. He was an Eagle Scout, he liked computers a lot, and he had braces combined with not particularly great skin or hair. But Amy didn't seem like the kind of girl who would judge him on looks or who he hung out with, and he liked that. They hadn't really talked much, except in class, and he wanted to break through that barrier. His tongue would just need to stop tying up whenever he saw her.

He got to the front doors of the school but stopped outside of them when he saw a crowd gathered around the ticket table; another look made him realize it wasn't a crowd at all, just the two gay bodybuilders, who were so big they looked like several people put together. Seth hung outside until the two men walked on. It wasn't that he hated gay people, he just didn't know how

to interact with them. As he waited, he took the opportunity to make sure the ends of his neckerchief were even. Nothing worse than a sloppy uniform.

He walked through the first set of doors and saw the two bodybuilders still close by. They were talking to Seth's principal, Dr. Bullock, a bodybuilder himself. Seth was wondering how it was possible that those three men could get so big - they must eat nonstop - when Belle Moorman walked by, looking beautiful. Seth craned his neck to look through the glass door to see where she was headed, and if Amy was with her, but instead Belle stopped and hugged the blond bodybuilder. He gave her a kiss on the head, and then she moved to the big, bearded hulk and hugged him too. Seth ascertained that the men were her parents, which surprised him. Belle never talked about having two dads before. Seth wondered which one was her biological father. Probably the guy with the beard, he guessed, since they had similar coloring.

Distracted by the scene, Seth opened the door and walked in without thinking. Belle and her dads all turned at the sound of the door opening, and Seth saw her take a long look at his scout uniform. Then they turned and walked away. Seth was pretty sure Belle didn't like him very much. After all, he liked Amy, and Belle was being the protective best friend.

A guy from Seth's English class, Freddy Anderson, was working the ticket table. "Belle Moorman has two dads?" Seth asked, without even saying hello first.

"Guess so," Freddy said. "I didn't know that, did you?"

"No."

"Those guys are huge. Like, it got dark when they came in, because they cast a shadow over me!" Freddy leaned in and lowered his voice. "They've got bigger boobs than the girls here."

"They're not boo-"

"I know they're pecs," Freddy said, "but the really muscled guy couldn't even button his shirt over them."

"Gross."

"I know." Freddy opened the cash box up. "Anyway, you here to dance? You know this is a father-daughter dance right?"

"It is? Since when?"

"Yeah, they changed it last minute. A lot of guys didn't get the memo, so don't feel weird about it. There are a lot of people here without parents, you should be cool."

“Is Amy’s dad here?”

“I, uh...actually, no, I don’t think so.”

Seth nervously rocked back and forth on his feet. “Cool, so I might be able to dance with her.”

“You into her?”

“Um...” Seth turned bright red. “Yeah.”

Freddy reached across the table and socked Seth in the arm. “Go for it, man!”

“I’m gonna,” Seth nodded, rubbing the area on his forearm that Freddy punched. “It’s how much? Eight dollars?”

“Yeah, eight.”

Seth tore open the velcro of his wallet and took out its only bill, a ten. He handed it to Freddy, who passed back two singles. “Heyyy,” Freddy said, pointing to Seth’s arm, “sorry. I didn’t mean to give you a bruise. Look, though, it kinda looks like a flower.”

Seth looked at his forearm. The bruise didn’t hurt - in fact, he didn’t feel anything - but Freddy was right, it did look like a rosebud. The red splotches were like petals. “Weird,” Seth said. “It doesn’t hurt, don’t feel bad.”

“It’s getting bigger though! Man, I really hit you hard, I’m sorry...”

Seth inspected his arm again. The red patches had extended, encircling his forearm - like the rosebud was blooming. He could almost see shadowing on the “petals”...and they really *did* look like petals. If he didn’t know any better, he would’ve thought he had a...

Seth darted away from Freddy, muttering a quick “it’s fine” as he scurried toward the bathroom. He knew it was nothing, it was just worrisome that his bruise was visibly spreading. He wriggled his fingers to make sure he could feel them and wasn’t going numb. All good there. Everything felt normal, in fact-

“Oh, sorry!”

In his rush, Seth wasn’t looking where he was going, and his shoulder collided directly with the one person he didn’t want looking at him right now: Amy. “Have to pee that bad?” she laughed as he bulldozed toward the bathroom.

“Sorry, baby girl, I-” his tongue tied up and he went mute. He could feel her looking at him oddly as he went as fast as he could into the bathroom. Why did he call her that...that was so stupid, why was he so stupid, he could never look her in the face again after that...

The bathroom door swung shut behind Seth as he skidded to the sinks, and the silence that greeted him told him that he was alone in there, much to his relief. Because something was wrong with his arm...the bruise was a literal flower. Seth couldn't stop staring at it. It looked like he had a big rose tattooed on top of his forearm, with tendrils of ink making their way down toward his hand and up toward his elbow. But that was ridiculous - absurd - it couldn't be. He thought maybe there was a projector somewhere, casting video onto his skin. He looked around at the ceiling but saw nothing like that. Then Seth hypothesized that he was hallucinating. He'd eaten something bad, maybe ingested berries on a scout trip and they had stayed in his system, lingering, waiting to make him go crazy. Did things like that happen? It seemed a more likely scenario than...this. Another rose bloomed around his wrist, and the thorny vines swirled down the back of his hand. Seth turned the faucet on full blast and stuck his hand under the hot water, but the ink didn't even slow its attack on his skin. The tattooed vines curled into formations on top of his fingers: music notes, except for his index finger, which sported a treble clef. His forearm was inked with red roses from his wrist to his elbow now, and then the stems stretched up to his upper arm and more blooms opened. Between the petals swirled other items: a clock, a skull, more musical notes, a pinup girl wearing nothing but black heels. He rubbed his finger frantically on her bare breasts...he couldn't have a naked lady tattooed on his arm, Mom would kill him! What was he saying, his mom was going to kill him anyway. But this couldn't be real, there was no way, Seth told himself. There was no way he had a full sleeve tattoo. It was going to come off. It was fake.

He saw a shadow creeping out from under his collar, and with a gasp of horror, watched as ink spread. “No, no!” Seth cried, rubbing at the skin until it was red and raw, but it was no use. The entire left side of his neck was covered with a large ‘A’ in elaborate calligraphy, framed by a pair of angel wings, with praying hands below that.

“This isn't happening,” Seth said aloud, tugging at his collar to get a good look at the tattoo. “This can't be hap-”

A loud crack resonated through the bathroom, and Seth lurched upward. He briefly thought the ceiling was coming down toward him. The boy groaned, leaned against the sink, and with a shudder, elongated further. His knees crashed together, and the hem of his uniform shirt was tugged violently out from the waist of his pants, where it had been tucked in. Now, it didn't reach.

Seth fell back in shock. His body was all stretched out, a foot longer than it was supposed to be, like looking in a funhouse mirror. It had to be that - the glass in the mirror was messed up, that was all...

...except that didn't explain why his uniform hem didn't even reach his bellybutton, and that was to say nothing of the bottoms of his pants hovering high above his ankles. And they were so tight - painfully tight - and getting tighter... "UNH!" Seth grit his teeth and braced himself against the sink, using his free hand to fondle his aching crotch. With his trembling, tattooed fingers, he undid his utility belt and the button of his pants, loosening his nuts from the pain. His dick weighed heavily against his fly. It felt like it was about to burst. The outline of his shaft and balls were shoved up inside their confines. It hurt like hell. He grimaced and squealed, tossing his head to move his bangs out of his eyes.

He tried to button his pants again, but he couldn't even pull the two sides together. Tucking in his shirt felt hopeless. He didn't care about the dance anymore, he just wanted to go home, but there was no way to leave without being seen. The bathroom didn't even have windows he could try to crawl out of. The only way he could get to his car was to walk straight through the dance, and he couldn't do that looking like he was wearing a belly shirt and capris - not to mention the tattoos.

A thought came to him: he could try wrapping his merit badge sash around the bare part of his stomach, and at least cover that section of skin while he sprinted for the parking lot. But when he tried to shrug the sash off, it wouldn't move. Seth pulled on it with more force, but it didn't budge. He couldn't even slip his fingers under it. It was like it was sewn to his shirt, but there were no seams. "C'mon," he pleaded, yanking hard, but it wouldn't come off. Neither would the merit badges. Seth tried and tried, but the more he did, the less his merit badges moved. His mom had sewn them on tight - or, wait, they weren't sewn on at all. They were actually printed on the sash...that didn't seem right...neither did Seth's sash being a part of his shirt. He tucked strands of hair behind his ears and pulled again, watching as color dripped out of his merit badges and across the front of his uniform shirt, which itself was getting hard to grip. Like the fabric was changing.

Seth stopped trying. His badges, or what had *been* his hard-earned badges, were spreading all over the front of his shirt. Color...so much color...the dull khaki hue of his uniform was being flooded with every variety of hue. Streaks of color shot over Seth's shoulders, around his sleeves, down his sides, twirling together to form different patterns that belonged in art museums. The kinds of details that adorned tapestries and the tops of columns, but all over his shirt, flanked by animal print and stars.

Seth's silky hair fell out from behind his ears and spilled over his eyes. His heart was thudding in his chest as he pushed his hair back with one trembling hand and wondered how he allowed it to get so long. He always had buzzcuts, really short ones at that. Somehow he'd let his hair mushroom into a big bowl cut, and the strands squirmed under his fingers, as they grew longer - he let go and watched his curtain of hair spill to his chin, which itself had sprouted stray whiskers. Seth shook his head, once again trying to understand what was happening - he was wearing a wig, or someone had put extensions on as a joke. His hair approached his shoulders now, gaining volume along with length, growing heavier on his head as it thickened, covering his

ears and the back of his neck. He reached to where it was hitting his neck when his sleeve ripped. "OH!" Seth jerked his arm to the front of his body, splitting his shoulder seam. A meaty bicep had grown in on top of his arm. The color of his tattoos had actually lightened due the muscle beneath stretching them out. The long, lanky limb expanded rapidly, pumping up from the tips of his fingers to his shoulder. Seth held his hands out and compared them: one was far bigger than the other, broad and thick. His tattooed arm looked like what he'd imagined those bodybuilders out front had, the kind of arm that girls in bars would grip as they pleaded for a flex. That thought got him hard, balls thrumming with life. They were vibrating, and he wondered if they were picking up on the music playing at the dance. Little waves were reverberating out from his crotch and rippling through his body. He didn't want to be hard, but with all the stimulation, he couldn't *not* be.

His deltoid bulked up to match his arm, rounding out above the bicep and sending growth into the side of his chest. Seth felt the strain of his uniform buttons and his collar. In the mirror he saw his neck muscles quiver. As terrifying as his tattooed neck was, he had to watch as it bulged and pushed against his neckerchief. Each vibration of his nuts made it bigger, a beat pushing pure muscle into him. "Nnngrh." He could only make animalistic grunts, his Adam's apple was shoving so hard against his collar button - actually, buttons, there were two...no, three, stacked on top of each other, creating a tall collar that covered his entire neck. Seth was happy to see that tattoo covered, but his neck spasmed and thickened again. The buttons pulled apart, baring a column of muscle wider than Seth's head. His Adam's apple bobbed in the center. The masculinity of it prompted another manly reaction: Seth moaned in surprise, and shot pre-cum into his underwear before he got control of himself. The bassly groan echoing off the bathroom tiles made him wonder if something had happened to his voice.

His shirt exploded with colors and patterns. The scratchy polyester was now pure shimmering silk, cool against his skin. Seth had been so distracted by his shirt and his hair that he hadn't noticed his other arm filling to the same proportions as its mate. Two muscular arms hung off his skinny torso, reminding him of that *Spongebob* episode with Anchor Arms. He remembered watching that episode with a kid next to him - had he been babysitting or something? There'd been a tiny little body snuggled up under his arm, and when the Anchor Arms came on screen, Seth flexed his own and made the kid laugh. He was thinking about that memory as his shoulders grew, too, with the deltoids rounding out, capping off, then spreading past the width of the sink in front of him, far better suited to his thick neck. He reached up and caressed the muscles bulging out beneath his jaw. They looked so fuc...so *freaking* good. But then he realized he shouldn't be enjoying the sight of them, especially not with them covered in all that ink, so he wrenched his arm away.

Unfortunately, that proved to be too much for his shirt to endure.

POP!

The button over Seth's chest exploded off and hit the mirror with enough force to almost crack the glass. "No!" Seth yelled, sucking in a deep breath and holding the front of his shirt together, but the buttons all strained - his chest was flat but too wide for the limits of his uniform turned kaleidoscope. The muscular bulk of his back pushed against the silk, then ripped it up the side. Seth felt the air rush in. He reached to pull that seam together, but the motion split open the other seam. "Goddammit," he shouted, a word he had never used before and felt immediately guilty for saying. Defeated, his arms fell limply to his side - pushing his chest out, his nipples surging forward as a warning shot before his new pecs burst the front of his shirt open, buttons flying around the bathroom.

"Unnnhhh!" His chest vibrated and shook as he felt electric shocks course through his nipples, pushing them further outward as two square shapes formed on his front. Above his growing pecs, his wide-open shirt revealed a chest piece: a snake coiled around his collarbone like it was a tree branch. The artistry of it was incredible, Seth had to admit, even though he hated tattoos. And his abs...holy crap, his ABS. Eight bricks expertly laid. He'd never seen a stomach like it.

But then he couldn't see them anymore. Seth was nearly yanked off his feet by the force of his chest growth; the muscles of his pectorals cramped and then shot out half a foot in front of him, forcing his silk shirt to wrap tightly around their mass like cellophane, his nipples proudly protruding through the fabric.

*"...the really muscled guy couldn't even button his shirt over them..."*

He could hear Freddy's words echoing through his head, shaming him. He reached to button his shirt, knowing full well it was far too small for that, but his fingers slid over his nipples and sent a shock through his body. He moaned, loudly, grateful for the music blaring outside. His chiseled chest and broad shoulders looked so delicious that he had to fondle his crotch to keep himself from cumming. Seth bent over and felt his butt split the back of his pants, and when he whipped his head back in surprise, his hair shot out a foot longer, now a huge mane that spilled down to the base of his chest and covered his shoulders. There was no frizz, in fact, the voluminous waves looked quite styled, but there was so much hair that Seth didn't know what to do with it. He needed a hair tie, and a razor - whiskers had sprouted all over his chin and under his mouth, and he saw his mustache coming through the skin. He'd never had to shave before, which made for the arrival of facial hair all the more confusing...his mustache prickled out longer and wider, pushing past the corners of his mouth, while the patch of hair under his lip grew down to connect with the bigger growth on his chin. The tips of his mustache grew into points, creating a musketeer goatee, which combined with his long hair to give him the look of an old swashbuckler. He reached up and rubbed the waxy tip of his styled mustache, just to feel that it was real. He couldn't believe it was. He almost smiled, but his lips twitched - he suddenly felt like he'd been punched in the mouth - and then they swelled up right before his eyes, thickening into a full Mick Jagger pout. Bug-eyed, Seth poked his pinky into his bottom lip and felt its

jelly-soft plumpness. He looked permanently puckered up for a kiss. “Tha’ lookpf dumb,” he muttered, not used to having a trout pout smacking together when he talked.

A quick stab of pain, and suddenly Seth’s penis had flopped into the open; his pants could no longer take the presence of a muscular ass and big crotch. “Sorry,” Seth said instinctively, despite the bathroom being empty. He closed his thick fingers around the shaft and gave it a stroke. He knew he wasn’t supposed to do that. Not ever. But it felt good. And it was part of him - how could it be a sin if he was born with it? And he had a great fucking dick. Huge, thick, beautifully straight, with balls that shot delicious cum, he’d been told. Seth barely recognized the tall, increasingly muscular figure in the reflection. The long hair and musketeer goatee made him look radically different on their own, even without taking his physique into account. Seth flexed for himself, pretending the hunky guy in the reflection wasn’t him. He noticed that his shirt now sported long sleeves, though they were so tight over his arms that they barely needed to exist. The points of his collar had extended longer, stretching to mid shoulder when opened. Buttons bloomed back onto the front of the shirt, and Seth slid it off to inspect it. Just looking at it made his dick pulse with excitement. The inside had a tag that said “Versace Custom for R.W.”

The horniness provided by the silk shirt pushed Seth’s muscles bigger, his chest swelling noticeably further. He quickly put the shirt back on before he outgrew it, and buttoned the bottom two buttons, the only ones that would reach. The remaining five undone buttons showed off everything. His cobblestone waist tapered up to an enormous, chiseled chest that proudly heaved with each breath. His cleavage looked amazing, rock solid, and the grooves between his abs were so deep that the shirt wedged inside of them, just as it did underneath his pecs. Not many guys could rock a loudly patterned silk shirt like this, but Seth could. And he was grateful that the hem had grown long enough to properly fit him, even if it was skin tight and had a neckline plunging past his navel.

His rock-hard erection was unmissable. He couldn’t believe how fucking hot he looked with those big tattooed muscles, clad in slutty silk. Seth didn’t know what was happening, but he did know he was desperately horny. It might be better to shoot a load, he reasoned...if he was hard, his huge dick wouldn’t even fit in his pants. A single stroke of his cock sent shudders of pleasure through him. His knees buckled - and ripped through the front of his pants. Seth fell against the sink, his long hair falling down around his face as he leaned over. His shoes skidded against the slick tile of the bathroom floor, and he had to let go of his penis to grab onto the sink with both hands so that he didn’t fall. Seth stumbled back, nearly falling again. He lifted his foot and looked at the sole of his shoe. It was smooth as glass, not like a sneaker’s sole, and as he inspected it, a thick two-inch heel pushed out. Seth rose up taller in the air as his other shoe grew a matching heel. Pieces of metal erupted out from the toes of the shoes, which were themselves growing long and pointy as the tops of Seth’s sneakers grew up past his ankles. An array of buckles shot across the tops, replacing the laces, leaving Seth sporting a pair of studded black leather boots. His baggy pant hems, once so untailed they nearly covered the tops of his sneakers, had shrunk inward to cling to his ankles and now tucked perfectly into the



tops of his boots. Skinny jeans, cellophane-tight over chiseled quads and a tight ass. The knees were ripped out just so.

Holy shit, he looked badass. Dangerously sexy. Like he'd gotten into a fist fight and then fucked the loser. Long hair perfectly tousled, goatee preened to perfection, designer clothes tight and revealing, muscles tatted and pumped. His jaw and chin were chiseled and masculine, bearing a couple days' worth of stubble that offset his pretty-boy trout pout.

"Oh jeeez..." Seth's trembling hands went back to his dick. Stroke, stroke, stroke...his eyes were heavy-lidded, bedroom, glowering out from arched brows. His tongue ran over his teeth and nearly popped out the gold grill that had once been his braces; the jewelry didn't cover his straight white smile but instead gilded the outline of his teeth with gold. It shone just like the rings on each of his fingers, and the array of bracelets that adorned both his wrists. Three thin gold necklaces rested on his pecs, drawing the eye straight to his bare chest. He had never worn jewelry before... Seth didn't get what was going on...or why he looked like this...a grown man was staring back at him! Bulging, solid muscles flexed through his shirt. He didn't look to have an ounce of fat anywhere. His abdomen was a masterpiece. He traced his fingers over the symmetrical muscles and crunched them downward, wondering if there was a person on earth who could keep their hands off them.

And he was so fucking horny he didn't know what to do with himself. He tugged violently at his dick, moaning loudly. What he wouldn't give to have a pair of lips sucking him off...or a tight, wet pussy he could bury himself inside...or a big muscular ass to plow...his brain was overloaded with visions of buff men and busty women, having sex with him or each other, his hands on a hard cock or a soft breast...Seth tried not to think about it. He felt filthy, nasty, and he didn't want to like feeling that way. But he did like it. He loved it, actually. He loved sex. Men, women, didn't matter as long as they were gorgeous.

"...oh fffuuuck..."

This was so new, his bisexuality. Seth didn't understand why it felt new to him. Everyone knew. He wasn't quiet about it. His first time had been with a guy, even. Then he'd slept with a girl, loved that too, so he dove in headfirst...but he hadn't always been careful...

Someone was outside. He could hear male voices exchanging pleasantries on the other side of the door. One of them would probably be in at any moment. Seth's strokes sped up. He knew this was a bad idea - that something major and drastic was happening to him - but he couldn't help it, couldn't stop. That big, buff stud in the mirror was too much to take. He was so fucking hot. The sheen of sweat on his skin just made him look even more gorgeous. Seth's hair stuck to the side of his handsome face, mostly blocking his vision, though he could see his neckerchief turning black, and feel it getting heavier on his shoulders.

Seth heaved his big dick into the sink just as he felt his new black biker jacket finish forming around him. The smell of fresh leather was too much, and with a proud roar, his dick exploded into the sink, filling it with white cream. The door opened - someone was about to round the corner - the big man struggled with his crotch-hugging jeans, barely able to stuff his big dick into their tiny confines in time. He got zipped up right as a beautiful Ken doll of a bodybuilder came around the corner.

"And I thought I was showing a lot of skin," the blond man said when he walked over to wash his hands. His blue dress shirt was open to the base of his chest, thin fabric clinging to the curve of his pecs. He extended a freshly dried hand. "Philip Moorman, I'm Belle Moorman's dad."

"Royce..." the man who had been Seth said instinctively, as they shook hands. "Royce Wilbury."

"I'll be damned," Phil, staring right into Royce's bedroom eyes. "I didn't even recognize you. You've gotten-"

"Yeah," Royce nodded. "I stopped drinking and replaced it with the gym." He looked down at his shredded physique. "Guess it worked."

"Good for you. *Wicked Whispers* is such a great record. Belle and I used to sing *She Knows We're In Love* in the car when she was little, for some reason."

Royce laughed. "I hope she didn't understand the lyrics."

"She definitely didn't! You have a daughter here?"

"Amelie...Amy," Royce said. He pulled down one side of his huge silk collar to show the 'A' tattooed on his neck.

"Amy Wilbury!" Phil gave his forehead a coulda-had-a-V8 slap. "You're Amy Wilbury's dad! How did I never know that?! She and Belle are best friends!" His eyes widened. "*Lost Nights* is about Amy! I love that song! My gosh, this is crazy."

"It's about how I'm always touring. I never meet any of her friends," Royce sighed, a hint of sadness in his voice. "I wish I could be around more, but it's how I make money, and she wanted to be in one school, not living on the road. I was never an alcoholic or anything but, you know, rocker lifestyle...there was a week when she was little where she called me three times, and all three times I was at an afterparty and didn't hear my phone." This all spilled out of Royce, as if he was reminding himself instead of telling Phil. The bathroom came back into focus, replacing the orgy in his mind. Royce felt like he was descending to earth for the first time. It was odd. But it was easy for him to focus on his daughter's friend's father. Philip Moorman was 10/10 hunk, with a deep, sexy voice to boot. Royce had to keep reminding himself to look at Phil's eyes instead of his chest.

“So you stopped drinking.”

“So I stopped drinking, and now I work out after shows in case she calls me.”

“You’re a good dad.”

Royce smiled as they headed for the door. “Thanks. I don’t feel like I am sometimes.”

“Word of advice: if you worry about being a good dad, that means you’re a good dad,” Philip said. “If you don’t mind me asking, how old are you?”

“I’m 36.”

“Jesus.”

“Yeah, she was born when I was 19. I’ve been touring with bands and shit since I was 14...I grew up way too fast. Probably the youngest dad here by a longshot. I got married a couple years ago and I have one-year-old twin boys, when they were born I was like, ‘oh yeah, I think this time I kind of know what I’m doing.’” He laughed and pulled out his phone. “Look at them!”

Philip made a distinctly un-masculine noise at the sight of Royce’s twins. “Are they on the road with you?”

“For now, yeah, until they’re ready for school. Amelie’s mom and I were never together, we were just two idiot kids being stupid. She made us both grow up. We co-parent well but I wish I could’ve given her that stable home like my boys have.”

“I love her name, by the way. Amelie.”

Royce grinned. “I can thank her French mom for that. Ames was born in Paris actually. She still goes there every summer to visit her grandparents.”

“And that’s why you’ve gotta go on tour, to pay for that,” Philip joked, and both men laughed. “Don’t let me keep you, I saw her waiting out there. But it’d be great to get together when the girls do.”

“Absolutely, man, let me give you my number.” Royce dropped his contact info into Philip’s phone and used the opportunity to take another peek at the man’s hot fucking chest. Sure, Royce was a married man now, but he could still *look*... “Great to meet you, Philip,” he said, pumping the man’s hand and heading to the door.

He was only just through it when he heard “DADDY!” and saw Amy running right toward him. Royce threw his arms wide and shouted “Surprise!”, laughing as Amy leapt into his arms and let him twirl her around. “Hi, beautiful girl,” he said with a big smile, kissing the top of her head and brushing her hair back with his hand so he could see her face. She was such a young lady now. “You had no idea I was coming?”

“No! I’m so glad you’re here.” She hugged him again, pressing her face against his chest, and he rested his cheek on her head and held her as tightly as he could.

“I didn’t want to miss it.” He put his arm around her as they walked away from the restroom. “You look so pretty, baby girl.”

“Thanks Daddy.” She looked at his hand clutching her shoulder. “You look pretty too, though you know you don’t have to put a ring on EVERY finger.”

“But how else will people know I’m a rockstar?” he teased. “Hang on a second, I think I underpaid.” Royce strutted back to the ticket table, where a gawky boy was manning the lockbox. The kid looked up at Royce with wide eyes.

“Whoa,” he squeaked.

“Hey, I forgot to pay for my daughter earlier. Sorry about that.” Royce fished a twenty out of his designer wallet. “You can just give me ten back and we’ll call it good.”

“Who’s your daughter?” Freddy asked.

“Amy Wilbury.”

“Oh wow. Actually, she kinda looks like you,” Freddy said.

“It’s the goatee, right?” Royce’s eyes sparkled as he looked over to Amy to make sure she was in earshot. Her eye roll confirmed it.

Freddy shook his head, pink flushing his cheeks. “Wh-what, no-”

“I’m joking, kid,” Royce smiled. “Hope you get to have some fun tonight. You got a girl coming?”

“Oh, well, it’s father-daughter...”

“Eh, take every chance you get to take a pretty girl out on the dancefloor. Even if it’s your daughter one day. Maybe I’ll see you out there.” With a grin, Royce socked Freddy in the arm and left the table.

Royce took Amy's hand and, with considerable rockstar charm, swept her out onto the floor. She smiled and stepped onto the tops of his boots, like she had when she was little and they'd danced around the kitchen to his band's demos. Once again, father and daughter rocked back and forth to the sounds of Royce's own voice.