

Very Fast Times at Claremont High
By Chrono Eclipse

It smelled like stale popcorn under the gymnasium bleachers. Huddled in the corner, I sat on the dusty floor in my skirt, my thin legs tucked under me as I leaned over to kiss Amy some more. Amy, the cute little blue-haired punk girl that she was, played things cool. She put her hand on my bare waist sending shivers down my 17 year old body and with all of her casual confidence reached her other hand around to hold my slender back as she planted a passionate kiss on my wanting lips. I moaned slightly and she giggled. I loved the feeling of her lip ring drag across my chin as we made out. I love having her tongue wrap around mine as we tangled ourselves together. I now felt her nimble hand with fingers painted in black nailpolish sliding up my flat stomach and slipping under my bra to cup my modest breast. I squeal and flinch backward and she giggles again.

We have been doing this routine at least twice a week for the past month, since we first made-out at my end of the summer party when we found ourselves alone in my bedroom. I looked at her pretty round face making a mischievous smile and all I want to do is kiss it. Amy has ideas beyond kissing and she kneels forward and tries to slide her hand between my thighs. I giggle and blush.

"Nooo c'moooooon!" I squeal with embarrassment and move to block her attempts.

I pull down my skirt once again to maintain some modest and swipe my hair away from my eyes before moving closer to her again to resume the kissing - the place where i'm most comfortable.

"C'mon what?" Amy asks playfully as I suck on her neck.

"You know what..." I say trying to stay sexy but get my point across, reaching up with my slender hand and caressing her cute face.

Amy pulls back and gives a mischievous look again. She pauses and looks around and then grabs the hem of her baggy shirt.

"How about... you should me yours and i'll show you mine." She says with glee as she pulls the shirt over her head to reveal her smooth bare torso.

Amy was petite but had a very cute body. She was a little plumper than I was, her belly flat but soft and her waist was wider than mine. But she also had enormous, gorgeous D-cup breasts, barely restrained in the dark blue bra that matched her hair. Seeing her without her shirt on was making my heart pump ten times faster than normal. I wanted to take off my shirt and bra and lay on top of her, rubbing our smooth young bodies together. Feel my B-cups press against her gravity defying chest. But I wanted something else first.

"Wait." I said pulling away and crossing my arms defensively.

"What? C'mon! I'm getting nay-kid for you girly-girl!" Amy said with a smile trying to be funny.

"What... am I to you?" I finally asked with fear and hope in my voice. Amy rolled her eyes and slapped her shirt against the cold dusty floor in frustration.

"God Skyler! C'mon! You know I hate labels and crap." She complained.

"But like... we've been doing this for a month now... like in secret and... and I think you're awesome! And like you're literally the best thing that has ever happened to me. And sooooo..." I began to babble but not yet having the guts to make the point I wanted to make.

"Soooo?????" Amy asked impatiently, knowing where this was going.

"So I want to be your girlfriend!" I declared.

My eyes watered a little at how intensely I felt this. Amy still looked exasperated but she pouted sympathetically at me and reached over to put her hand on my leg.

"Is that it?" She asked.

"Well no I like want you to be MY girlfriend too! And I want to like do things with you that don't involved hiding secretly under the bleachers. I want to like spend my life with you- I want to grow old with you!" I blurted out in a pile of word vomit in front of my hot, half-naked teenage make-out partner.

Amy's eyes widened as she looked at me to see if I was serious. Then she burst out laughing. I wiped the tears from my eyes and looked at her angrily.

"What's so funny?" I demanded.

"You want to grow old together? Are we like going to get matching tattoos on our wrinkled asses that say 'hers' and 'hers' and like go get the senior discount together at Rocket's and then hobble on over with our walkers to the local concert venue and see our fav bands perform a reunion tour for like the 60th time and like toothlessly make-out on the boardwalk and everyone's like 'Awww look at the cute little old lezzy grannies swapping spit in their wheelchairs.'" She asked in amusement.

My jaw clenched in fury and I stood up abruptly, making sure not to bump my head on the bleacher seats above me.

I grabbed my bag and stormed away yelling. "You're such an asshole!"

I didn't turn to see Amy's reaction I just heard her incredulous "What?????" Behind me as I bolted out of the gym.

"Skyler! Pssst! Wake up!" I heard the sound of a girl's voice in my ear.

I turned to see that I had been day dreaming and Palmer, the dimple-faced blonde girl that sits next to me in history class was trying to get my attention before Ms. Nichols our teacher noticed. I wiped the slight drool from my mouth and looked over at Palmer, who was normally a bit of a teacher's pet.

"Thanks." I whispered to her.

She grinned and winked, giving me the thumbs up and I noticed for the first time just how cute the kind of shy, innocent girl was when she smiled. She had a full face but it lit up in this kind of chipper, enticing way.

"Skyler!" I heard my voice again and whipped my head around to look at the front of the classroom to see Ms. Nichols was looking at me intently.

I took a sharp breath hoping I hadn't gotten myself and Palmer in trouble.

"Uh yes?" I asked hesitantly.

Ms. Nichols was barely older than us, this was her first year out of student teaching. You could tell from her posture and her face framing haircut of her brunette hair that she was a total club girl when she wasn't at school. In fact last friday I had overheard a group of classmates debate in the hall about whether or not Ms. Nichols had leftover body glitter on her cheek. All of the guys in school talked about how hot she was constantly and a couple bros had even been suspended for circulating jerk-off material of Ms. Nichols pristine, brunette head photoshopped on some thin-waisted porn models body. I still have the picture saved on my laptop. It's very well done. But despite all of this - or maybe because of it, Ms. Nichols was one of the strictest, no-nonsense teachers in the school.

"What did the settler's find Ms. Montgomery?" She asked me in an impatient tone.

I had no idea what she was talking about and needed to think quickly.

"Oh! Ms. Nichols... my stomach really hurts. May I please go to the bathroom?" I asked in a pained voice to sell it.

The class laughed and Ms. Nichols stood silent for a moment staring at me. I knew she had to go for it after making a big deal in class the other day about how we live in a society that period-shames women. I agree with her, but i've got to use the resources at my disposal. So forgive me this once for faking bad cramps. Ms. Nichols closed her eyes and took a breath and nodded, pointing to the door. I quickly grabbed my bag and rushed out of the room leaving my books on my desk.

I hurried past the handful of students that were loitering around in the hallway and slipped into the first floor girls bathroom. It had been a week since my fight with Amy when I stormed off and left her under the bleachers. Since then she's tried to apologize basically like three times a day. She's left so many texts and voicemails on my phone I had to start deleting them. She even snap-chatted me pictures of her nipple and then a pic of the two of us run through some app called 'oldify' that made us look like leathery old biddies with the caption 'You. Me. Someday?' It's taken all of my self-restraint to continue my cold shoulder, but I have self-respect and I can't just go crawling back to her right away expecting to not just fall into the same lame pattern. If we're going to get back together it'll be on my terms. In the meantime she can stew over what she's missing out on.

As I stand on the other side of the bathroom door I realize i'm not alone. Two cheerleaders are standing in front of the mirrors primping themselves. The taller of the two, a bitchy platinum blonde named Hannah looked at me like I was a bit of mold she just noticed on the wall.

"Oh great. Ellen Page is here...." She said snidely to her friend.

"Thanks?" I said, feeling like there were far worse things to be called.

Hannah snorted. "That wasn't a compliment. So are you done undressing us with your eyes? I have to get back to class you little perv." She hissed coldly.

I rolled my eyes.

"I'm not attracted to soulless hellbeasts." I muttered as I moved past her to the mirror.

"What did you say!?" Hannah yelled whipping around in the doorway.

I tossed up my hands defensively.

"Nothing! Geez!" Hannah lowered her eyes to a glare and stormed out of the bathroom.

I looked over at the other girl, Katie, who was still fixing her light brown hair in the mirror. Katie was perky with a thin, petite body. In fact I could see her pink heels lift a bit off of her flip

flops as she stood on her tiptoes to get a better view of her face in the mirror. I saw her smirking at me as I looked at her dainty feet.

"I-I uh wasn't undressing you in my head or anything." I said quickly.

Katie giggled kindly.

"I know. Not all cheerleaders are homophobic... that's like a REALLY offensive stereotype." She said with a straight face.

I looked at her pretty features looking at me dead seriously and then we both burst out laughing.

"God, people suck." I said as I turned to fix my reddish hair in the mirror.

Katie nodded and examined her cheek "God, not as much as pimples though!"

She tried covering it up with blemish remover and then took out mascara and began doing her eyelashes as I looked at my own face in the mirror. My smokey eye-liner was smudging a bit from nodding off in class. I decided to fix it up while I was in here. Amy always said that the most beautiful thing about me were my big green eyes and I enjoyed framing them in a full rim of eyeliner. I glopped some watermelon lip gloss onto my lips. Amy also said I had scrumptious pouty lips but I thought my lips were a little on the thin side. I reached up and smoothed out my straight bangs with my hands, making sure no strand of my red locks were out of place. I then held my fingers against my chin. My chin was sort of soft and rounded giving me a bit of a baby face that maybe me look to young. Katie noticed what I was looking at and smiled.

"Yeah I totally have the same problem - subtle cheek bones. You just have to go full duck face." She said sincerely and sucked in her cheeks a bit to show her cheek bones and make it look like her face was more mature and angular.

I tried it myself in the mirror. It did make me too a little more mature but also completely ridiculous. I giggled and shook my head.

"Suit yourself but it definitely makes your look older and hotter." Katie said with a wink.

She began adjusting her bra in the mirror.

"Thanks." I said packing up my bag as the cheerleader groped herself.

That was my queue to leave. I walked back out into the hallway and turned to go to class when something caught my eye. I turned down the hall to see a pretty, full-figured, tanned girl

named Morgan sitting on the floor barefoot outside of one of the classrooms. She shushed me and motioned for me to get down on the ground. I knelt in front of her, her wide soft soles now presenting themselves inches from my knees. She didn't look up at me as she frantically typed onto the computer.

"What are you doing on the floor?" I whispered.

She batted her big eyes at me and raised her top lip into a forced smile.

"I didn't get a chance to do my homework for this class last night so i'm trying to do it before I go in." She whispered back.

"Won't they notice that you aren't in class though?" I asked trying to be helpful.

Morgan paused, her mouth tightening in thought.

"Oh..." She said realizing her oversight. I smirked sympathetically.

"Also, why are your shoes off?" I asked looking at her flats that were kicked off to the side of her.

"Oh uh, just because it's comfier." She said wiggling her ruby red painted toes.

I shrugged and stood up turning around to walk back to class. Down the hallway I saw two slender, perky underclassmen girls huddled next to one another giggling up a storm. The blonde, Lauren, was holding a note in her hand and bracing herself as her tiny brunette BFF, Priscilla was pushing her toward the lockers.

"You put it in there!" Lauren cried in a pretty, high-pitched voice.

"Nuh uh! This was your idea! You put the note in his locker!" Priscilla countered back trying to deflect Lauren's attempts to pass her the note with her dainty hands.

Both of the girls were wearing short skirts that showed of their slim, bare legs, they also hair tight tank tops on hugging their perky breasts. They were like the epitome of cute, giggly teenage girls. I watched them for another moment as they wrapped their lithe bodies around one another trying to get the other one to put the note in the locker. I didn't bother wondering whose locker it was. It was almost definitely Autin's locker. The senior guy all the girls went insane over. Well - not all the girls. I smirked and turned to finally head back to class.

"Welcome back Skyler. Please take a seat." Ms. Nichols said sternly and I hurried over to my desk.

Palmer looked over at me sympathetically, not realizing that I had made up a lie to get out of having to answer a question I didn't know the answer to. I was about to whisper to her that I was fine when a burly looking donkey-monster burst into the room.

"Look at all this youth!" It cried with glee staring at us.

"Oh for godsake, what now?" Ms. Nichols asked sounding very annoyed that this monster had interrupted her classroom.

"I'm here to teach kids about the study of gerontology!" The donkey-monster said enthusiastically waving around the blaster-vacuums it had for arms.

Ms. Nichol's beautiful face looked skeptical.

"This is U.S. History. I don't think you belong here! Get out right now! You're wasting my class time!" She snapped pointing a well manicured finger at the door.

The Donky-Monster looked taken aback.

"My you're awfully cranky for a young teacher. I think it's time for you to retire!" He declared as he pointed his arms at Ms. Nichols and fired a suctioning beam at her.

She was engulfed in a blue light and we all watched as she shriveled and aged in a matter of moments until the light subsided and our hot young teacher was replaced with a trembling grey-haired woman in her late 80s. Her pristine face was a collage of wrinkles and her neck dangled limply under her chin. Her impressive cleavage had become shallow as her breasts lost shape and firmness and pooled onto her aged gut. We could now see liver-spotted wrinkled skin pulling downward between the opening of her blouse. Her knobby knees shook as she gripped her desk with a gnarled and to brace her elderly body.

"Wh-what did you do to me!?" She creaked and looked at her reflection in the mirror on her desk.

"Oh god no! I'm only 24!" She said in a horse mumbling voice, bringing her shaking hands to her wrinkled jowls.

We sat in horror not knowing what to do. We were stunned that Ms. Nichols had been aged 65 years in seconds. It wasn't until the Donkey-Monster asked. "Alright who wants to be next?" That we all snapped out of our stupor and decided to panic and run for it. We all quickly scurried out of our desk, abandoning our books and bags and tried running past the monster toward the door.

"Don't everyone volunteer at once!" He said gleefully as he emitted his suction beam toward a boy in the glass, turning him into a grey-haired old man.

The only other door out of the classroom was locked. I heard a scream behind me and saw that Palmer had been hit. The perky young teen was engulfed in light and when it subsided a white-haired woman in her early 80s crumbled to the ground. I rushed over to make sure she was okay. Her dimples were now lost in the wrinkles of her wide, jowly face. Her sunken eyes looked at me sadly.

"I'm so old!" She said examining her age-spotted hand. "I'm like my grandmas age... and i've never done anything! I've never drank alcohol or snuck out of the house late at night... i've never even kissed a boy!" She quavered clutching my wrists in her trembling old hands.

I put my hand on her slumped shoulders.

"It's okay Palmer! We'll find a way to fix this and make you young again! You'll have your chance to do all those things!" I said supportively.

"But what boy is going to want to kiss me now!?" She said gesturing toward her saggy body.

Another boy from the class, Justin, rushed over.

"Palmer are you okay! I can't believe that thing made you old! Are you hurt?" He asked her concerned, bravely putting his hand on her paper thin wrinkled arm.

"I- well my back aches a lot." She said and looked into the boy's eyes as Justin looked at her with concern.

Then, as if finding the courage to do something in this hopeless moment she leaned forward and planted a kiss on him with her pruned lips. As Justin went wide-eyed at being kissed by the girl he had had a crush on, who was now old enough to be his grandmother, I looked up to see that the Donkey Monster was busy trying to shoot kids who had escaped out the window. I stood up and patted the two of them on the shoulder as if to reassure them that everything will be okay and then made a mad dash for the door.

"Hey get back here!" I heard the thing yell as a beam narrowly missed me and I entered the hallway.

I needed to find Amy. Fast. And the two of us needed to get the hell out of here and let forces much stronger than us deal with whatever this Donkey-monster was. I bolted down the hall hearing the monster bust through the door.

"You're moving too fast. You need to slow down granny!" He yelled at me firing his beam in my direction.

I was running so fast that I forgot about Morgan in the hallway.

"Hey watch it!" She yelled seeing me running toward her but it was too late and I tripped over her legs and onto the floor.

I quickly skidded across from her in time to see a beam engulf her. When it subsided a 81 year old woman sat on the floor, her long curly hair now grey and white and her body pudgy and wrinkled. She looked like Mrs. Clause trying out a young hair style. Her wrinkled belly seeped out from below the bottom of her too tight shirt and her legs were wrinkled and riddled with cellulite. She still had an impressive tan for an old lady though. I noticed her feet had shriveled up. She bent her now misshapen arthritic toes and tried to flex her bare feet emphasizing the now abundant wrinkles of her soles. I flinched as I watched her try to stand.

"Uggh why do I ache so much?" She asked in a horse shaky voice, putting her hand on her crooked back and grasping her big floppy old breasts with the other moaning.

The Donkey-Monster was gaining on my and narrowly missed hitting me with his vacuum beam once more. I leapt up, leaving the elderly Morgan to fend for herself and took off again down the hallway. Up ahead Katie was exiting out of the girls room, seemingly in her own world, unaware of what was going on.

I could hear her humming a Taylor Swift song to herself as I yelled: "Katie, run! He's making people old!" Which, out of context, sounds like nonsense for sure. But it was all I could get out. Katie gave me a confused look and then saw the thing jogging behind me firing a beam out of it's arms. She went wide-eyed and turned to run back into the bathroom.

"If you need to go that badly - Maybe it's time for adult diapers!" The Donkey Monster yelled with a chuckle as it fired its beam at Katie, engulfing her in light.

He sucked the youth out of her replacing the perky cheerleader with a shrunken, hunched-over old crone. The makeup that she had spent so much time on looked ridiculous on her wrinkled, leathery face. She reached behind to put a hand on her crooked back and shuffled forward into the bathroom, Her cute feet in her flipflops looked quite aged, covered with veins and liver-spots. Her painted toes bent from arthritis. Her thin wrinkled legs appeared to be too weak to lift and instead Katie just slid one foot in front of the other as she shuffled slowly into the bathroom moaning. Once the door shut I heard a high-pitched old lady scream as Katie got a good look at what 65 years would do to her trim sexy body.

I turned the corner and rushed past the two underclassmen girls as they were now standing in front of Austin, who had come out to his locker finally. Lauren was twirling a strand

of her blonde hair and grinning like the ditsy school girl that she was at the older guy while Priscilla was rubbing his arm with her dainty hand. Their flirting techniques were far from subtle but Austin seemed to eat it up as the two young teen girls showered him with attention and praise.

“Now what do we have here.” I heard the Donkey-Monster say as he rounded the corner and observed the same scene I just did.

“I hope he has a thing for older women!” The monster declared gleefully as he fired a beam each at Lauren and Priscilla engulfing them in light.

Neither seemed to notice the monster or the beam that had hit them as they were too busy making googly eyes at Austin. When the light subsided the pair of thin pretty girls had been transformed into frail old women of 80 years of age. For a moment though, they didn’t react. Lauren was still twirling her now grey hair in her crooked finger while giving knowing looks at Austin with her big sunken eyes. While Priscilla was thrusting her saggy breasts at him and rubbing her stick-like wrinkled legs together nervously.

“So we’ll totally be at your party on Saturday...” She told the formerly older boy in a shaking tone.

Then at once the two girls noticed that Austin’s looks of appreciation had turned to looks of disgust and horror. They turned to one another and screamed.

“Oh my god Lauren! You’re like, a granny!” Priscilla said looking at her elderly best friend.

“You’re like all shriveled and shrunken too!” Lauren exclaimed back seeing her friends formerly petite young body now sagging in her age-inappropriate clothes as they both showed off too much skin for 80 year old women.

They quickly pulled out their compacts and looked at their own aged faces and screamed. Just then the Donkey-Monster zapped Austin, turning him into a bald old man and I took the opportunity to make a run for it once again.

I knew Amy had a class this period down this hallway but I forgot which room number. I opened the first door to find a freshman biology class, except there were no longer freshmen in the class. A group of dumbfounded geezers in their late 70s were hobbling around the room.

“HeIIlppp us!” croaked one old woman with a brightly colored lime green dress and pink mid-riff baring top, that unfortunately allowed her shriveled breasts to peak out of the bottom.

I quickly shut the door and moved on to the next room. I was momentarily relieved to see a class full of fresh-faced 16 year olds. The teacher however was not happy to see me burst into her classroom.

“Young lady! What is the meaning of this!?” She demanded.

“Uhhhhh you all have to evacuate now! There’s a fire and the fire alarm isn’t working!” I yelled frantically.

It worked and all of the students began quickly grabbing their things and rushing to the door.

“Okay- okay! Let’s stay calm and leave the building in an orderly- ORDERLY manner.” The teacher said loudly as kids were already rushing past me to get out.

I knew this would slow down the monster a bit and give me a chance to find Amy. I opened the rest of the class rooms in the hall finding either classes the monster had already hit or empty rooms. I heard some moaning up ahead and hid in the doorway to an empty class. I heard the slaps of bare feet padding slowly down the hallway. I poked my head around the corner to see an 82 year old woman with straight white hair hobbling with great effort down the empty hallway. I recognized her outfit, even though the mini-skirt and bright crop top looked obscene on the old woman.

“Hannah!?” I gasped.

“UUUUUggggghhh i’m sooooo old and gross!!!” The aged Hannah moaned through thin, wrinkled lips and a toothless mouth.

“I - like, can barely walk. I need a cane or something! Help me! You’re still young! I need to get to the bathroom. I-i’m having trouble holding it.” The elderly cheerleader demanded pointing a crooked finger at me.

I did my best not to laugh and walked forward to help her.

“Heh, bet you’re sad to see what time did to my tits eh Ellen Page?” She rasped harshly, patting her shriveled chest morbidly.

I backed away, annoyed.

“Wait, where are you going! You have to help me! I’m too old to get there myself! Hey! I’m an old lady now! You have to respect your elders! You bitch! Get back here!” She screeched and then had a coughing fit in the hallway. “Aw no! I can’t pee myself! I’m the head

cheerleader!" I heard the old lady cry behind me as Hannah clearly had an accident in the hallway.

I reached the last door of the hall and opened it to find a toned, heart shaped woman's ass staring at me. A couple had clearly snuck away to have a little hanky panky in one of the empty science rooms. The woman was naked except for a jean jacket, laying on top of the guy. Her long legs stretched out toward me, with her soft, enticing soles facing me and her purple painted toes curling with ecstasy as she and the young and the guy beneath her fooled around. They both turned their head when I entered and when they saw it was just another student they laughed and went back to what they were doing as if I wasn't even there. I stared for a good minute or two watching them gyrate against one another. It made me miss Amy in a weird way. I turned to leave but saw a Donkey-shaped shadow sweep over the door and I ducked to the side quickly.

"Oh look! A may/december romance! Are you robbing the cradle or is he robbing the grave?" The monster asked.

"Huh?" The girl asked confused turning to see who was there, her perky boobs dangling between the opening of her jean jacket.

I saw the light engulf her but stayed glued to the wall to stay hidden. When the light subsided her formless pendulous breasts swayed down to the young man's bicep and her face was withered and haggard. I took a few side-steps toward the door. I got a good view of the woman's now bare shriveled ass, pancaking down onto her wrinkled thighs and her incredibly wrinkled soles of her aged feet now no longer enticing but rather ugly as were her crooked purple-painted toes that seemingly curled from arthritis rather than pleasure. Her aged body sagged on top of her lovers who screamed as she moaned, disoriented and attempted to climb down from him but her mostly naked, elderly body was having trouble. I slipped away before I could see if she made it off of him. I was hoping to get through the day without seeing an 80 year old vagina adorned with grey pubes.

I peeked around and couldn't see or hear the Donkey-Monster. Amy hadn't been in any of the rooms in the science hall so there was only one other place she could possibly be. I booked it toward the gym. The double metal doors were very loud and I winced as I opened them trying to make them creak as little as possible. The gym was completely empty except I could make out something bright blue under the bleachers.

"Amy??" I loudly whispered as I tiptoed into the room.

"Sky!?" Amy called out in a normal voice and rushed out from under her hiding spot. "Oh my god Skyler! I knew you'd come here to find me! There's a monster and he's like turning everyone old!" She explained running toward me.

"I know baby! I was so worried about you!" I said as I ran toward her with open arms.

"Ah ha! I found you!" A sickeningly upbeat voice yelled as the Donkey Monster crashed through the side-door.

"Nooo! Skyler!" Amy yelled as the vacuum beam hit me and I stopped frozen in the middle of the gym.

The blue light engulfed me. It felt warm, I hadn't expected it to feel warm as the youth was sucked out of me. I could feel my skin shrivel and sag as I became old. My rosy cheeks sloped downward tugging on my face. Folds appeared under my eyebrows as my eyes sunk inward and my eyesight became fuzzy. I felt the soft chin I had fretted about less than an hour ago droop into a turkey waddle below my face. My back stooped forward. It ached and I found myself reaching a shaky hand to my lower back. My breasts slid down out of my bra, they no longer held any shape. They were just small empty sacks drooping down toward my belly. My knees buckled and knocked together as my formerly toned legs weakened. I could feel my toes bending and curling up as my feet gained arthritis. My ass seemingly doubled in size and collapsed onto my melting thighs.

The light subsided and I felt like I was going to topple over. Amy rushed over and held me. I felt embarrassed having my make-out partner put her hands on my old decrepit body. I was 65 years old than her now. Too old for her. She didn't seem to mind though as she hugged my frail shriveled body and cupped my wrinkled cheek in her pristine hand.

"Oh Sky..." She said looking at me with deep love and pity.

"Amy, runnnnnn!!!" I quavered horsley wanting her to escape with her youth while she still could.

But Amy turned around definitely and yelled: "Hey asshole! Where do you get off robbing teens of their youth!? You turned my smoking hot girlfriend into a smoking hot granny and now i'm going to punch you in your stupid donkey mouth!" She said balling her hand into a fist and charging him.

She hit him in the nose and the monster doubled back, surprised, flailing his arms and rubbing where she punched him with his cannon arms.

"Owww!" He yelped. "That really hurt!" He added.

Amy looked at him with a pissed off glare.

"There's more where that came from! No one sends my girlfriend to a nursing home!" She yelled charging him again.

I was in awe of her but also paused for a moment, hoping Amy wasn't going to check me into a nursing home when she was done. The Donkey Monster jumped back.

"Your girlfriend huh? Well then how nice, you'll be growing old together!!!" He cackled as he fired his vacuum ray at her.

The light engulfed Amy mid-charge and she aged 65 years in seconds, leaving her 82 years old like me. The light subsided and my sexy little punk chick had become a wrinkly shrunken punk granny. She fell backward and landed on her sagging ass. Her large boobs flopped upward and then slapped back down onto her wrinkled muffin top. Grey roots were showing amongst her still mostly blue hair. Her face shriveled up, her plump lips thinned and wrinkled, the lip ring now looking out of place on an elderly mouth. She was shorter, having shrank a few inches in height and her body was hunched. The Donkey Monster just laughed happily and ran out of the room leaving us alone together.

We slowly hobbled toward one another, reaching our sagging bony arms out. Finally we reached each other and hugged tightly. I leaned down and kissed Amy's grey and blue haired head. She craned her neck up and puckered her wrinkled lips and I bent down to kiss her. Our bodies were very old but we still felt very much like teenagers. Before long we were making out on the floor of the gym. I found, through probing her mouth with my tongue that my girlfriend was now in need of dentures.

"What happened to your teeth?" I asked surprised.

Amy laughed and wheezed.

"I guess my diet of mostly sugar caught up with me." She snaked her gnarled hand under my shirt, feeling the wrinkled flesh of my no-longer flat stomach.

I shriveled at her clammy touch but didn't stop her. She snaked trembling fingers up and found my saggy tits, cupping them greedily.

"A lot lower than where you left them eh?" I asked with a slight cackle.

She snickered back.

"I just can't believe it took you 65 years to let me get to second base." Amy quipped.

I held my elderly girlfriend close and nuzzled my aged face against hers.

"What are we going to do now Amy? We're only 17!" I asked, at a loss.

She kissed my wrinkled cheek and hugged me.

"I don't know Sky, we'll figure out something... you were right though. It's nice." She said with a grin forming on her aged face.

"What is?" I creaked, raising a white eyebrow.

"Growing old with you." She said causing my heart to flutter.

I closed my eyes and sighed happily as I felt her lean in and press her pruned lips against mine.

A short while later the monster was stopped - somehow. No one really gave us the details. Just that he had been sent back to whatever dimension he came from and we were all safe. I sat on the back of an ambulance next to Amy. We had blankets wrapped around our old bodies. I looked around and saw that basically my entire school had been turned into geriatrics. My classmates hobbled and shuffled around looking dazed and confused. Many of my teachers were ancient and dozing off in their wheelchairs. A medical team did tests on us and assured us that our youth would be restored. That the youth energy the Donkey Monster had been vacuuming up had been recovered and was in the process of being redistributed back to us. But that it would take a MONTH. Amy gave the scientist a bony middle finger at that news. Still, we had nothing to do but make the most of it. Our high school was fashioned into a temporary assisted living facility since most of our families weren't equipped to suddenly care for an elderly teenager. They flew out an emergency staff and everything.

"Skyler!" I hear my name called and I open my eyes blearily.

For a moment I think I've nodded off again and dreamed the whole thing and that Palmer is beside me waking me up so that I don't get in trouble with Ms. Nichols.

"Palmer?" I whispered as my vision cleared up a bit.

"Eh? What?" I heard a shrill voice call back.

I saw that Palmer was indeed next to me but we weren't in class. She was old and being doted on by a now equally old Justin. She hadn't been the person calling my name either.

"Ms. Skyler? Hun. Do you need anything?" A 40 year old female nurse asked me.

"N-no I'm fine." I snapped feeling a little disoriented.

"Okay dear. But if you need help to bathroom just let me know." She said patronizingly.

I made a face at her.

"I don't need help. I can go to the bathroom on my own." I said struggling to stand up from the comfy couch they had us on.

The nurse grabbed my frail arm and reached around to my stooped back and helped me up. I stood on shaky legs and began to shuffle toward the bathroom. She handed me a walker.

"I can do it myself!" I snapped again, waving her away.

"I know dear. It's no fun getting old." She said with a sympathetic frown.

I rolled my sunken eyes.

"You're like old enough to be my mom! I'll be less than half your age in a week!" I snapped bitterly and grabbed the walker to plod down the hallway toward the bathroom.

The nurse looked scandalized.

"Well I never! Looks like someone's cranky in their old age..." She said behind me.

"Bitch." I mumbled under my breath as I hobbled slowly to the bathroom.

It was amazing how little things changed despite everyone being 65 years older. I shuffled forward and found Morgan, spread eagle in a hospital gown lying in the middle of the hallway floor.

"Help! I've fallen and I can't get up!" She quavered.

I hobbled over to her.

"Morgan, what happened?" The puffy looking old woman lifted her old pudgy leg showing her incredibly wrinkled sole to me yet again.

"I threw my back out. Can you, like get a nurse or something?" The ditsy old woman asked.

I nodded but before I could go to find one two attendings rushed forward to help the pasty old woman up and into a wheelchair.

I continued to shuffle forward and saw two tiny shriveled old ladies huddled together giggling like gossiping old biddies. Priscilla and Lauren were both dressed in thin house coats. Their thin wrinkled bare legs still visible and their dainty old feet in fuzzy slippers.

"You ask him!" Priscilla insisted in a shrill quavering voice.

"No you ask him! It was your idea!" Lauren countered in an equally high pitched, shaky tone.

As I got closer I saw that they were daring each other to approach the hunky young nurse that was checking the blood pressure of their former crush Austin who was sitting drooling in a chair.

"Okay I'll ask him!" Lauren said determinedly.

She quickly fixed her thin white hair making sure it framed her wrinkled face in a 'cute' way and then shuffled over to the young man like a kindly old granny.

"Excuse me you're like a nurse here right?" She asked batting the long eye lashes of her sunken eyes at him flirtatiously.

The young man raised an eyebrow.

"Uh yes miss. I am. Do you need help with something?" He asked in a kind tone.

"Would you um, like, give me and my bestie sponge baths?" She asked with a lecherous grin.

Priscilla waved her gnarled fingers at him flirtatiously and then burst into giggles. Lauren shuffled back quickly and joined her friend in giggling.

"Oh my god! I can't believe you asked him! You're so bad!" Priscilla quavered happily. I rolled my eyes at the former freshmen girls who were now dirty old biddies.

The bathroom was up ahead and I used what little old lady strength I had to push the door open and found a little old lady with grey hair pulled into a ponytail staring at her face in the mirror. Katie had lost more height and now really needed to stand on her crooked toes to get a good look at her wrinkled face.

"Gah, I had to go from pimples right into worrying about liver spots!" She lamented finding a big splotch on her right cheek.

"You look beautiful." I said sincerely.

She did look very pretty for her age. Katie had moved on to tweezing grey hairs from her chin and snorted in disbelief at my compliment.

"Gah!" She said grabbing her bladder and shuffled around to the stall to pee.

"That's like the fifth time in an hour! God, being old sucks!!!" She whined.

"Hey at least you're not in a diaper like Hannah." I said snickering a little meanly at the thought.

"Yeah small favors." Katie retorted.

"I should be heading off to cheerleading practice, instead i'm shuffling off mahjong in the math lab...." She groaned standing up from the toilet.

I powdered my wrinkled face in the mirror and with trembling hands circled my tired sunken eyes with smokey black eye liner. I dabbed some watermelon lip gloss on my thin wrinkled lips and smacked them together and held my gnarled hand up to the turkey waddle under my chin. Once I was satisfied with my appearance I grabbed my walker and turned to shuffle out of the room.

"At least we'll be young again in a week or so." I said with a kind smile.

Katie washed her palsied hands and smirked.

"I can't *wait*." She said bitterly.

I opened the door.

"Eh, being old isn't so bad... if you have someone to share it with." I said in a sweet voice and hobbled out.

I turned the corner to find Amy waiting for me, though dozing off on her walker. I shook the blue haired old woman awake and she smiled at me causing all of the wrinkles on her face to accentuate. I leaned over and gave her a kiss on her aged lips, enjoying the feeling of her lip ring brushing against my wrinkled chin. We clasped our gnarled hands together and hobbled off toward the gym.

THE END