

AN AWFUL MESS

By ChronoEclipse

Chris was freaking out. He dashed out of the room where his girlfriend, Cindy, sat in her own mess mumbling nonsense about it being time for her bath. She had been a teenager like himself just moments ago but when he had turned his back she had grotesquely aged into a doddering old woman old enough to be his great-grandma.

He ran down the dilapidated hall, searching the rest of the abandoned nursing home for their other friends that Chris and Cindy had snuck in here with.

He burst into room after empty room not finding anyone. He kept hollering their names but with no answer.

Finally he burst into a room and was shocked to find a fat old grey haired black woman propped up on one of the beds.

She was naked. He saw her now much too small cheerleading outfit on the floor. She was sitting on a bed pan, pissing and shitting into it liberally.

Her shaky wrinkled hand picking at her shriveled distended belly.

Her boobs were fat empty sacks hangin on either side of her.

Her frizzy grey hair was falling out in clumps onto the bed

Chris was terrified as he watched her scratch at herself and shit again into the pan. "Whitney?" he finally asked.

She slowly turned her head toward him with no look of recognition on her face, her toothless mouth opened and a confused moan came out "Uhhnnn".

Chris fled the room.

As he continued down the hallway he heard a shrill voice.

"Hello?" he called out.

"Trisha?"

"Jess?"

Nothing.

He continued further and heard what sounded like nursery rhymes being sung.

He tried again "Trisha? Is that you?"

"Chriiiiiis?"

He heard the woman's voice call back.

She was right around the corner.

"Oh thank god. Trisha, you won't believe what happened to Cindy and Whitney!" As he turned the corner and looked for the girl he froze in his tracks.

What he had expected to see was a spunky, radiant, teenage brunette. Trisha, was one of the cutest girls at school and had on more than one occasion made him think about cheating on Cindy.

What he found was a naked, shriveled frail 95 year old woman standing in a pool of her own piss holding a catheter.

"Chris, I can't fit this in my woowoo"

She said in a shaky voice raising the tube and pointing at her loose vagina that was covered in white hairs.

"Will you help me?"

Before today if Trisha had asked any guy to stick something into her vagina they would have done it in a heartbeat.

But this wrinkly trembling old woman with long white hair and pendulous tits, shrunken and stooped over; uncontrollably pissing herself, made Chris want to hurl.

"Trisha, what happened to you?" He finally asked.

"What? Who are you?" She rasped, looking frightened. Her mental clarity was gone.

She was senile and began mumbling songs to herself again.

Drool dripped down her chin and onto her withered breast.

Chris smelled a smell and saw some brown colored goop slide down her leg

She suddenly looked very upset.

"Help, I made an accident."

She hobbled down the hall, flashing him her wrinkled old ass that now had poo oozing from it.

Chris covered his nose with his shirt in disgust and ran away

"To hell with them." he thought, he just wanted to get the hell out of there before something happened to him.

He finally made his way to the lobby and tripped and fell into a puddle of piss and shit.

He looked in front of himself as he got back up and saw the oldest woman he had ever seen.

She was well over a hundred. Her boobs were just empty flaps of skin laid across her bony chest; her arms and legs were skeletal. Wisps of long white hair cascaded from her mostly bald scalp.

The ancient woman was just lying on the floor incontinent drooling out of a mouth that had lost most of its teeth. He would have had no clue who she was – she had aged beyond any resemblance of her young self, if it weren't for the hummingbird tattoo on her bony, bruised hip.

This incredibly old shriveled bag of bones was Jess, the head cheerleader and bitchiest of Cindy's friends.

She had thought coming in here was a stupid idea.

She had complained that she would rather be at the beach getting a tan.

Now, as he stared at her shriveled pale skin and ancient body he agreed that she would have been better off.

She looked so old that she lost the ability to stand.

She could only lie on the floor in her own filthy waste.

He didn't know if she would recognize him, her eyes were glazed over with cataracts.

"Jess?" He whispered.

A little louder he said: "Jess, it's me Chris. Can you hear me?"

She mumbled and gurgled some drool and rocked a bit on the floor.

She weakly moved her arm upward and smacked her wrinkled lips but nothing intelligible came out.

Her wrinkled veiny hand landed on her bald gaping vagina.

She patted it with her palsied hand and made a distinct rasping chuckle.
"Heh. Heh. Heh."

It occurred to Chris that in Jess's senility this was her attempt at seduction.

For a half a moment Chris (who of course had no idea what was happening or why) wondered if Jess knew something he didn't. Maybe Jess was trying to tell him that fucking these suddenly ancient women would renew their youth and beauty.

As he pondered this the centenarian farted and pissed some more scratching a bed sore on her wrinkled inner thigh.

He couldn't bring himself to do it. Everything about her disgusted him now.

He quickly approached the front door and ran outside, refusing to go near the place again.

THE END