

The Long Chat Session

By ChronoEclipse

Cammy found herself stooped over in her seat gripping the arms of the chair she was in. The formerly sexy coed felt very weak and tired. Her dentures were missing from her mouth again as her wrinkly lips tucked in around her gums.

She looked up at her computer screen but everything seemed blurry so she felt around for her glasses. She managed to find them but putting them on was another story as her bony hands shook terribly as she brought the spectacles up to her elderly face.

Once she was able to get her thick glasses on and see a bit better she blinked her sunken eyes at how different the room looked. She wasn't in a house anymore – the room resembled a dorm room with its sparse furniture and sterile walls. But the twin beds with metal rails on the side, the HELP buttons on the walls and the nurses station in the corner made it clear that this definitely wasn't a college dorm room – this was a room in a nursing home.

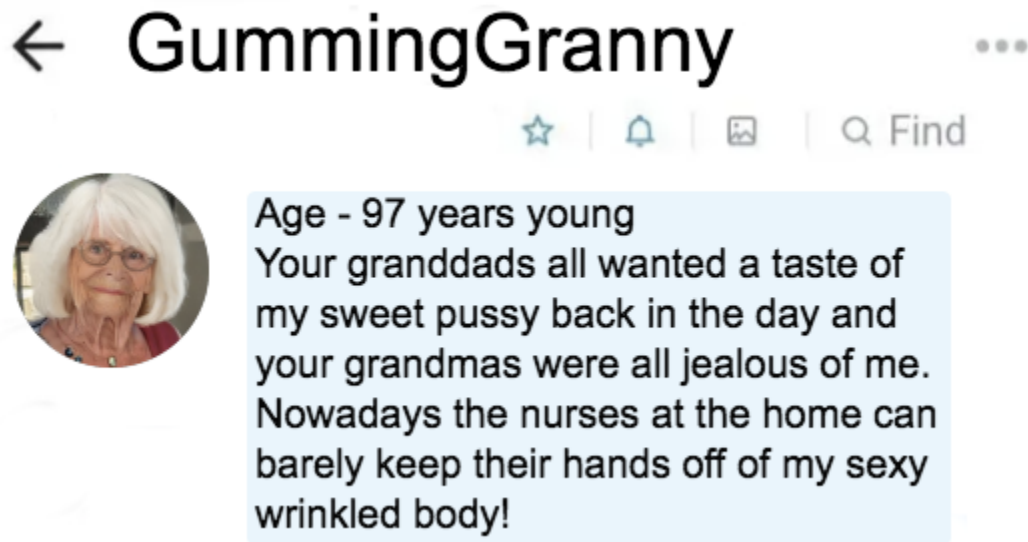
The unnaturally aged 20-year-old spotted her dentures in a cup beside one of the beds. Cammy attempted to stand up to go retrieve her false teeth but immediately remembered that she could barely walk without support. She pawed at her pale veiny bare legs noting that the tone and muscle and even the fat on her legs had completely atrophied leaving just stick thin appendages covered in folds of wrinkled skin. She lightly pinched some of the loose dangling skin along her thigh and tisked at how she used to have such nice sexy long legs.

Cammy glanced around for her walker but didn't see it anyway, she wondered how she was supposed to get around without a cane or the walker and that's when she noticed that the chair she was sitting in had large wheels on either side of it. She had now aged to the point where she was confined to a wheelchair.

She tried to wheel herself away from the computer desk but quickly found that her chair was locked. She fumbled around trying to figure out how to unlock it but had to stop and rest after a minute. This was a girl who before today could put in 2 hours at the gym and still be excited about a full night of dancing and fun, now just lifting

her arms from a resting position for more than a few seconds made her want to go take a nap!

As she slumped in her wheelchair she focused her eyes on her computer screen. Her OnlyFans page was still open... or rather 'Gumming Grannys' page was. Now she was labeling herself as 'one of the oldest sluts on the internet'. Her welcome message read as follows:



Cammy blinked her sunken eyes at her nearly 100-year-old self's smack-talking game. She looked at another recent post with a picture of her shriveled bunched-up old ass that claimed "Norma Jeane Baker aka Marilyn Monroe went to the same high school as me and back then all of the boys thought I was the prettier one! Still do!" With a kissy winking emoji.

The aged former coed shook her head in bewilderment wondering who would even come to a page like this – not many guys, by the look at her anemic follower count. Maybe the remaining fans she had came to the page out of morbid curiosity about what advanced age could do to a formerly sexy body or maybe they were granny-loving weirdos. Either way, old Cammy was promising all of them an x-rated video of her evening sponge bath to be posted later that night.

"This is a nightmare." Cammy croaked, flapping her wrinkled lips. She was surprised that it had taken her nearly 80 years of aging to come to that conclusion.

She lifted her bony wrinkled hand up to attempt to message Kronos Aion in a final attempt to get him to reverse this. She didn't think she'd survive another bout of aging or if she did it was unlikely that her supercentenarian self would be able to use the computer anymore – she could barely use it now. Her hands were shaking uncontrollably and she couldn't manage to type the right letter on the keypad. It didn't help that she kept getting messages from other “fans” who seemed to sign up for the sole purpose of taunting her.



Ewww you're so oooold haha! You're like a shriveled up prune!



Sick! Your titties just look like a pair of fried eggs dangling from your chest!

Cammy glanced down sadly at her breasts and had to begrudgingly agree that they did look like sad flat eggs sliding down her bony rib cage. She raised a trembling hand and used it to flap her right breast up. The empty tit flopped up and then slapped back down again. She did that a few more times watching morbidly as the loose sacks of skin that used to be her perky breasts flopped and dangled like empty shirt sleeves.

COLONELANGUS69: Yo I think I follow your great-granddaughter on here – is that what she's gonna look like in like 100 years? So gross!

These were some of the same fans that just yesterday had been telling her she was the most gorgeous girl on the site and were bidding top dollar for a chance to win a pair of her panties!

Cammy attempted to respond but it didn't work out very well.



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She wondered for a moment how she maintained her page at this point if she was too old to keep her hands steady to type. Did one of her daughters type for her? Did Ellie? Did family bonding over at Old Grandma Cammy's house consist of inserting a dildo into her old cooch, taking pictures of it and then updating her smut page?

The prematurely aged girl gave up on trying to type and used all of her strength to drag the mouse up to the Live Video button.

Cammy gummed down on her tongue nervously as she clicked the button. She eased back in the chair feeling very tired from the little activity she had had so far. The camera loaded and she got a good look at herself framed in the window on the screen.

It felt like she was looking at a video of another person on the screen. The shrunken wrinkled woman sitting hunched in her wheelchair looked so old and pathetic. It was impossible to see the sexy well-toned 20-year-old woman that she had been when she woke up that morning in this frail liver-spotted 97-year-old granny.

She just sat there stunned for a few minutes, blinking her sunken eyes under her thick coke bottle glasses at the sight of her withered naked body in the chair. There was nothing remotely sexy about her anymore as her loose hanging turkey waddled dangled under her chin and her thin white wispy hair fell down around her crooked back and hunched shoulders.

Cammy wasn't entirely naked however. Wrapped around her frail bony waist and her pancaking ass was a puffy white adult diaper. She let out a small 'eep' at the realization of it and then moved to take it off. But then stopped realizing that not wearing a diaper right now was probably worse - and besides, it wasn't like she was in a hurry to see what her vagina looked like at 97-years-old.

She glanced back up at the computer and gasped in panic for a moment, remembering that she had started a live feed. Her fans had been watching her now for several moments of silent awkward processing of how old she had become.

"H-hello...." She began to say.

Cammy found it harder to speak, her voice sounded like a shrill trembling croak and the words came out slow and labored, having to take a breath between every couple words.

“M-my name is Cammy... and I’m only 20... years... old...” She quavered.

She glanced back down at her shriveled old body in the chair.

“I know... that that’s... hard to believe... right now... to look at me... but I was born... in 2002!” She explained before stopping to catch her breath again.

Cammy wasn’t sure who was still watching this but she knew that this was her last best shot at not spending her remaining days in this nursing home room.

“...I just graduated... from high school... two years... ago. I was a... young coed... making sexy stuff... on Only Fans... this morning... but I was talking to this guy... Kronos... and he made me... get older... grow old somehow... and I had kids... then grandkids... and now I’m in a nursing home... all in one day!” She rattled before taking a big wheezing breath.

Her sunken milky eyes began to water.

“Please... I don’t want to be old... I’m young!... If anyone... knows what... happened to me... or how... to change me back... please help!... My tits were big and perky... and now they’re... shriveled saggy sacks... my blonde hair’s gone white and... I don’t have teeth anymore!” She pleaded.

Cammy’s eyes widened as she felt a warm damp feeling in her crotch.

“Oh god... I’m peeing myself... I was doing teen... modeling just last... year... and now I... need a diaper... Please... someone... just change me... back to being young!” Cammy begged, cupping her gnarled hands together.

A request popped up on the screen for a Cam-to-Cam session from Kronus Aion. Cammy swallowed hard, fearing what he would do if he was mad at her for telling the world about him. She reluctantly brought the mouse up and accepted the request.

On the screen was a young man with short brown hair, neatly dressed with a button up shirt and a clean shaven face. He looked like a completely non-descript average guy. Someone that would blend in at a bank line or that Cammy could walk by at the grocery store a dozen times and not even notice. Nothing about him seemed out of the ordinary until she took a closer look at his face and noticed that there were no whites to his eyes. In fact his dark pupils seemed to swirl and twinkle like galaxies, and when he spoke she didn't hear it from the computer speakers, she heard his voice from inside her own head.

"Hello Cammy." He said, his deep voice reverberating in her skull.

"H-hi." She said, trembling both from fear and from old age.

"I suppose you must have some questions." He said with a warm, if disconcerting, smile.

Cammy nodded her wrinkled head slowly.

"I have been around for a long time, longer than you can imagine and I exist far longer, well after you and everything around you is considered ancient history. The people of the Hellenistic region worshiped me as a god for a time over two millennia ago." Kronos explained.

Cammy wet her wrinkled lips.

"Th-that's crazy..." She gasped.

"Crazier than going from being a 20 year old college girl to a 97 year old nursing home resident over the course of our afternoon chat?" He asked with a smirk.

Cammy sheepishly shook her head.

"B-but what are... you doing on... Only Fans?" She rattled slowly.

"I may not be mortal but I AM human. I have needs after all, just like everyone else." He replied matter-of-factly.

Cammy pawed at her empty sagging breast because it itched. She frowned at her shriveled body and looked back up at the screen.

“Then why did you make me so oooold?... I was... much sexier when I was young...” She quavered.

Kronus chuckled softly.

“From my perspective the human lifespan happens within the ticking seconds of a clock. A newborn babe could become a wizened grandparent in the blink of my eyes so I’ve found myself drawn to both women in the flower of their youth and in the decrepit old crones that they eventually become... It’s fun when you get to experience your aging process as quickly as I do...” He said with another unsettling smile.

Cammy swallowed hard as she listened to him and wet her thin dry lips again.

“Y-You’ve done this before?” She asked timidly.

“Oh yes. It’s truly fascinating what a top tier models page looks like after you add 70 years to her... Like this woman who prided herself on her large perky breasts...” Kronos replied.

A gif of a young topless woman with her hair pulled back in a ponytail appeared on the screen. She was jumping up and down and giggling as her massive round GG-cup breasts bounced up and down.

“She’s still flaunting them even after a chat with me left those breasts dangling down to her waist...” He added.

A second gif appeared of a frail 90-year old woman with a white ponytail sitting in a wheelchair much like Cammy’s, lifting her pendulous left tit up to her mouth and gumming on her shriveled nipple as her right breast hung down sadly pooling on her lap.

“Or the pair of ‘Bootylicious’ professional dancers who still shook their rumps even after they needed walkers to remain upright and those ‘bootys’ were melting down the backs of their thighs.” He pointed out.

A pair of images appeared on Cammy’s screen, one showing two brown-skinned beauties showing off their thong-clad bubble-butts and a second showing two dark-toned grannies bending over walkers naked from the waist down with wrinkly walrus-butts sagging and pancaking for the world to see.

“I mean, case in point you went from blow job to gum job videos and from auctioning off your panties to auctioning your Depends! There aren’t any women in their 90s or even 80s or 70s on this site unless I had a hand in it... I guess when left to the natural flow of time, they move on to new chapters of their lives and resign themselves in the fact that their days of being beautiful and full of sex appeal are long over... But when a girl goes from her prime to her dotage in an afternoon...” He explains with a chuckle.

“But it’s... not... fair! You’re robbing... us... of our... youth!” Cammy cried in a shrill voice.

“Oh Granny Cammy. ‘Robbing’ is such a dramatic term. I’m just eating your ice cream before it melts. You see youth is fleeting, I hope you understand that by now. But beauty, well, beauty is in the eye of the beholder.” He said with another sly grin.

Cammy shivered. She had always gotten a thrill out of strangers gazing at her body and getting turned on by it. She enjoyed being seen as sexy – but not like this.

“Please... I just want to go back to being young!” She cried.

“I’ve watched you all day Cammy, I know part of you enjoyed becoming a mother and a grandmother, part of you loved the attention you got from your fans despite how low your breasts began to sag... A part of you is happy with this.” He said.

“I’m looking forward to having kids someday... and grandkids... and sure I might keep up a page or post sexy photos of myself into my golden years now, when I hadn’t imagined myself doing that before... but I want to live my life and grow old naturally!” She pleaded.

Kronos looked at her silently for a moment as the old woman slumped in the chair wheezing for breath.

“All right Cammy. I will give you back your youth but first there is one thing you have to do for me...” He informed her.

Cammy’s sunken eyes lit up as she leaned forward toward the camera on her laptop.

“Yes!... Please!... Anything you want! I’ll... do it!” She croaked anxiously.

“In order for me to rewind time for you and bring you back to the age you were when we first started our chat I need you to-” He began to say in a slow deliberate voice.

Cammy was waiting on bated breath for the instructions on how to get her youth back. When, right before Kronus finished his sentence, the laptop slammed shut.

“Nooooo!” Cammy quailed as she saw the last hope of regaining her youth literally shut before her sunken eyes.

She looked up to see a woman in her mid-60s who vaguely resembled Cammy’s own grandmother as she had looked maybe five or ten years ago.

“Mom! What are you doing on there!? Why aren’t you dressed!? That man could have seen you in the buff!” The steely-haired retirement age woman yelled.

Cammy looked in amazement at the matronly woman. She was wearing a modest lavender sweater over her saggy chest and a floral-print blouse to cover her bingo-wing arms. Her gray and white hair was cropped and permed and she had a big chonky necklace hanging down by her bunching loose neck.

“Zoe!?” Cammy gasped realizing that this woman who looked like a recently retired high school English teacher was in fact her youngest daughter.

“Yes mom... do you need stronger glasses? I can have them schedule a new eye exam for you at the same time they test your hearing next week... who was that man you were just talking to on the computer?” Zoe asked impatiently.

“H—he was going to tell me what to do so that he could make me young again...” Cammy said sadly looking back to the closed computer.

Zoe snorted and smirked showing glimpses of the snarky teen she had been earlier in the day under all of her new wrinkles and jowls.

“Oh good. You can sign me up for that too when he tells you the secret.” Her senior citizen daughter replied sarcastically.

Zoe went over to the dresser and pulled out a well-worn sweatshirt from the drawer.

“You know, these people will promise you anything to get your bank account information. You really have to be careful mom. You didn’t tell him your social security number did you? I’ve warned you about this...” Zoe added as she brought the sweatshirt over and began to dress her frail mother in it.

Cammy was taken aback at how easily her aged daughter was able to dress her. Zoe just took Cammy’s frail bony arms and lifted them into the air, the former coed tried to resist but was far too weak to do so. With an arm held up above her head, Zoe slipped the sweatshirt over her liver-spotted head, then slipped the other arm into its sleeve and tugged the top down to Cammy’s diaper. The 97-year-old felt like a helpless baby throughout the whole process unable to do anything but give in to having the shirt put on her.

She glanced down at the dusty-rose colored sweatshirt. It was something she wouldn’t have been caught dead in at 20, but she was caught alive in it now at 97... It said ‘BLESSED!: Mom since 1950; Grandma since 1975; Great-Grandma since 2002.’

“I became a great grandmother the year I was born...” Cammy mumbled in disbelief.

Zoe looked at her mother with a raised eyebrow.

“Hmm? What was that?... Oh I suppose we’ll have to get you a new updated one of these when Lorilei has her baby.” Zoe said with a smile.

“Who is Lorilei?” Cammy asked, finding it so hard to keep track of all of these different family members.

“Lorilei mom! Ellie’s daughter?” Zoe said loudly as if her mother should know this already.

“The little girl!?” Cammy gasped.

Zoe chuckled and rolled her eyes.

“She’s not a little girl anymore. She’s a grown woman and she’s going to have a baby with her fiance next June.” Cammy’s daughter pointed out.

“... Ellie... Peyton’s daughter... the pretty young girl that came here... is going to be a grandmother?” The 97-year-old asked, between breaths.

Zoe nodded happy that her mother was piecing it all together.

“That’s right mom. You’ve got it!” Zoe said with an encouraging rub of her shoulder.

Cammy slumped forward in stunned silence for a moment realizing that she had gotten so old that even her grandchildren were now beginning to become grandparents themselves.

“Is... Is Peyton still a gamer... and does Mackenzie still cosplay?” Cammy asked.

Zoe gave her mother a look that loved ones give their senile relatives.

“The only games Peyton plays since her last hip surgery are pinocle and bingo and Mackenzie’s on a Disney cruise for seniors right now that her kids got her as a 70th birthday present.” Zoe informed her mother.

“What about Mackenzie’s daughter – the pretty goth-punk girl... Gabby?” Cammy asked.

“Gabrielle, Mac’s daughter. Oh I forgot when she dressed punk and dyed her hair back when she was a teenager! It reminded me of my David Bowie days when I glammed it up back in the late 70s!... No she’s a computer programmer now, living in Sacramento. She’s married with two kids in high school.” Zoe replied.

“So everyone’s just... old now...” Cammy sighed sadly.

Zoe smirked and rolled her eyes.

“Yep ma, everyone’s gotten old. I’m retiring from therapy next year, my daughter’s a soccer mom now... That’s what happens when time passes... now I’ve got to get back on this computer and see if you’ve been the victim of identity theft...” Zoe said, leaning over her mother’s wheelchair to open the laptop again.

“It’s not like that... he’s one of my fans... on Only Fans...” The 97-year-old rattled softly.

Cammy held her breath in the vain hope that Kronus Aion would still be there to make her young again. But sadly as Zoe opened the computer back up the chat was closed and he was marked as ‘offline’.

Tears began to well up on the elderly woman’s baggy sunken eyes as she thought about how this might just be her life now – a frail shriveled great-great-grandmother living in a nursing home toothless and wheelchair bound.

“Oh my god! What is this? This is disgusting!... ‘The Oldest Slut on the Internet?’ ‘Click to watch me get cum in my wrinkles!’... Mom are they talking about you!?” Zoe gasped as she scrolled through her mother’s Only Fans welcome page.

Cammy gulped and blushed.

“Who posted these pictures on here!? Who TOOK these pictures of you – you’re completely naked in these!” Zoe screamed in shock.

“... I guess I took the pictures... and posted them... I didn’t intend to be active on the site into my 90s but... here we are...” Cammy replied with a shrug.

Zoe was livid.

“This is elder abuse! I want to speak to the manager of this so-called nursing home!” The 65-year-old demanded.

“Hey Zoe, be cool... It’s just Only Fans... you wanted to have an account... on here when you... were a teenager too!” Cammy tried to reason with her formerly young cool daughter who had now aged into a Karen on the warpath.

“When I was a teenager you wouldn’t even let me wear low cut tops to the disco never mind posing nude like this!... I don’t know who is responsible for this but I want them fired!” Zoe bellowed.

As if on cue the door opened and a young man in scrubs walked in cheerily.

“Hey Ms. Cammy, how’s my favorite resident today? Are you ready to get wet and wild in your evening sponge bath?” The young man said with a big grin.

Cammy immediately pissed into her diaper again this time out of panic. She recognized the young man that had just entered the room – it was her boyfriend Sean!

“Oh god, Zoe you’ve got to hide me. He can’t see me like this!” Cammy quavered realizing that she was now a good 70+ years older than her boyfriend.

Zoe hadn’t noticed that her elderly mother was blushing and trying to wheel herself out of sight. The 65-year-old instead marched straight up to the handsome young orderly.

“Young man! What is the meaning of this?” Zoe demanded pointing at the laptop on the desk.

“Oh god, don’t call him ‘young man’ Zoe! That’s so embarrassing!” Cammy wailed lamenting the fact that her daughter was now old enough to be her boyfriend’s grandmother.

“Uh... that’s a computer?” Sean replied, confused as to why the matronly woman was yelling at him.

“Not the computer! The things on the computer! The smut I found on there! There– There are naked pictures of my 97-year-old mother being posted online!” Zoe sputtered, her puffy wrinkled face becoming red.

Sean held his hands up defensively.

“Woah woah woah – you’re talking about her Only Fans page? That’s all her – I’ve got nothing to do with any of that.” He explained.

Zoe put her hand on her wide hips and scowled at Sean.

“Look at her! She’s old! She doesn’t know how to use the internet! She can hardly get out of her wheelchair!” Zoe said pointing over at Cammy who looked like she wanted to crawl under a rock and die.

“Would you please stop pointing out how old I am now?” Cammy hissed to her daughter.

“Yeah I know it might be shocking that your elderly mother still sees herself as a sexual person, but that’s why we allow residents to do stuff like that – It gives them a reason to celebrate their bodies no matter how old they’ve become. Many of the residents find that they feel more alive and sexy for the first time in decades when they get people from all over the world liking and commenting on their photos. But it’s all completely consensual and is completely initiated by the resident – not the staff.” Sean explained in a calm voice.

“You get kicks from seeing old ladies like my mother in the buff – is that it? You think because she’d be so grateful for your attention and affection that you can just

do whatever you want to her huh? Well, young man!?” Zoe asked in a clipped, hostile voice.

“Lady – I’m a 25-year-old guy who, trust me, is only interested in and can get plenty of girls my own age. I’m not interested in seeing your mother naked... but a lot of dudes on the internet are – no problem with that, I’m not here to kink shame. And your mother enjoys that so...” Sean replied with a smirk.

The words were like a dagger through Cammy’s heart. Sean was only interested in women around his own age – which Cammy had been that morning. But now she was just his nursing home patient.

“Don’t you call me lady! That’s the trouble with your generation. No respect for your elders – I want to speak with your manager!” Zoe snapped wagging a wrinkled finger at the young man.

Cammy brought her shaky gnarled hand up and face palmed at the fact that her retirement-age daughter was only making things worse.

“Go right ahead ma’am. Her office is down the hall. She’ll also have copies of all of the consent forms to authorize your mother to conduct x-rated web activity that will also have been signed off on by a member of your family with the proper authority...” Sean said with a smirk, gesturing toward the door.

Zoe scowled at him one more time and then stormed out mumbling: “I’m going to kill Peyton if she signed off on this – stupid senile older sister... maybe it’s time to put HER in a home...”

Sean gave a deep sigh once she was gone and turned back to Cammy who was still blushing and trying to hide her face from her former boyfriend.

“Well that was something... okay beautiful, you ready to go have a nice sponge bath?” He asked holding his hand out to her.

Cammy looked at him wide-eyed thinking about how mortifying it would be to get bathed by the guy she had up until today been regularly having sex with. She shook

her head 'no' to indicate that she wasn't ready, and cringed as her wrinkled jowly cheeks flopped around as she did so.

"Oh this isn't about what I just said is it? I had to point out there there's nothing inappropriate going on between me and any of the residents to get your daughter - Attila the Karen off my back... But you know you're still my favorite old gal here and I'm sure that if you were born in 1995 instead of 1925 that me and you would be going on a romantic date tonight..." He said with a wink.

He knelt in front of her smiling, his hand held out to her in friendship.

"... How about... if I was born in... 2002?" She asked him, raising a white eyebrow.

Sean grinned.

"Even better. I'm a total sucker for college girls." He told her.

Cammy sighed and then reached out and put her withered hand in his. Sean gently squeezed it and then moved around behind her to unlock her wheelchair and wheel her out into the hall.

"Wh-what does... a sponge bath... entail?" Cammy asked as they exited the room.

"The same thing we do every evening, dear. I'll sit you down in the therapy tub; we'll take off your soiled clothes; I'll rinse you down with nice warm water and run a sponge over you and then we'll get you diapered and dressed and ready for bed again!" He said in a chipper voice.

"Oh..." Cammy sighed thinking that that sounded absolutely humiliating.

"If you want, I can still record the whole thing so that you can post it on your OF. You just have to promise that your daughter, Karen-zilla doesn't find out about it or she's definitely going to try and get me fired." Sean whispered into her ear.

Cammy shook her head at how bizarre her life had gotten now.

"She used to be so cool when she was a teenager..." The old woman mumbled wistfully.

Sean snorted a laugh.

"I can't even IMAGINE that... those days are long gone..." He said laughing and shaking his head.

"You don't know the half of it." Cammy mumbled.

Another old lady was been wheeled down the hallway toward them by a woman around the same age as Cammy's mother – that is to say, in her mid 40s – a good 50 years younger than she currently was.

"There she is... Synthia it's your roomie!" The middle-aged caregiver cooed in a chipper voice.

Cammy's eyes widened at the shriveled bony figure hunched in a floral-print housecoat; a tight wispy helmet of salmon-pink tinted white hair above her liver-spotted head and a nose piercing hanging from her hooked nose. Her BFF and college roommate looked positively ancient.

"Eh? What?" Synthia asked, stirring awake.

"Please don't tell me I look old and wrinkly like that..." Cammy muttered to herself, shaking her head in disbelief at what the God of Time had done to the hottest, most bad-ass girl that she knew.

"It's Ms. Cammy! Your roommate! She's on her way to get a sponge bath like you just did!" The female nurse said loudly and slowly into Synthia's ear.

Cammy began to feel annoyed at how patronizing this woman was being. She was treating Synthia like she was incompetent. She wouldn't be acting like that if they had their youth back. She's be jealous of the fact that they were half her age and gorgeous... except now they were over twice the nurses age and their wrinkled faces and shriveled bodies were the envy of noone.

“Oh... hello dear! Are you having a nice day?” Synthia asked, waving a hand of crooked bony fingers at Cammy.

“Uh it could be... better babe. We could be... back in the dorm... figuring out... what we’re... going to wear... clubbing on... Friday night...” Cammy replied honestly.

Synthia chuckled, and Sean and the other nurse laughed too though Cammy hadn’t said it to be funny.

“Those were the days. You know... Cammy and I used to be roommates back at university... ages ago.” Synthia rattled.

“I did not know that! Small world huh? And here you both are again after all these years living together. Best friends for life huh?” The female nurse said, holding her hands to her heart and looking emotionally touched by the two elderly friends.

Cammy sighed and frowned, hating the fact that now that they were old everything she and Synthia did would either be found sad and heartbreaking or cute and touching by everyone around them.

“Look dearie... Susan helped me paint my toes the way that I used to back when I was younger...” Synthia announced, slipping her wrinkled old foot out of her slipper and showing off her bent, gnarled toes that were painted a vibrant cherry red.

“Don’t they look nice? She’s ready to go paint the town red with those!” Susan, the middle-aged nurse cheered in a very patronizing tone.

“We’re going back to the room to take some pictures of them so that I can send them to those nice young men that asked to see my toes on Only Grans!” Synthia announced.

Susan looked up at Sean and winked.

“Isn’t that cute? She calls it ‘Only Grans’. I think she thinks the site is just for elderly women!” The middle-aged woman said as if Synthia wasn’t sitting right there.

Cammy's frustration at watching her friend being treated like some senile old biddy and experiencing it herself had hit a climax.

"Don't treat us... Like we're... a couple of... doddering old grannies! This morning... when we both... woke up in our... dorm literally any guy... on campus would have begged... BEGGED... to suck on her toes.... When was the last time... you were... young and... hot enough... to bag frat boys... Susan?" Cammy ranted between shallow heaving breaths.

Susan and Sean silently looked at one another wondering where that had all come from. Finally Synthia punctuated the awkward moment.

"Look dearie... Susan helped me paint my toes... we're going to go send them to the nice men on the... oh what was I saying? Oh! Look dearie, Susan helped me paint my toes..." Synthia mumbled forgetting that she had already said this.

Cammy grumbled at the fact that her friend's newly acquired senility had undercut the point that she was trying to make.

"Okay, it's getting a little late and I think we're all getting a bit cranky since it's close to dinner so let's get you back to the room to wash up..." Sean said gently rubbing Cammy's shoulder.

"Right and Ms. Synthia you wanted to take some pictures of that fancy new pedicure." Susan in her normal chipper voice.

"Oh... I did?... We should charge money for them... we had a rule... Cammy? Didn't we have a rule?" Synthia mumbled looking over to her 97-year-old BFF.

"Hashtag No Free Feet, babe." Cammy called back in a shrill rattling voice.

"Oh yes, that's it... You know... I used to be so popular on Instagram when I was young... now look at me... what a shame..." Synthia quavered sounding senile.

The two orderlies wheeled their elderly charges off in opposite directions, Synthia back to their room and Cammy to the washroom to get cleaned up.

Sean parked Cammy's wheelchair next to the therapeutic tub, set up his phone to record them on a nearby table and then came around to stand in front of her.

"Okay Ms. Cammy, time for a sexy sponge bath!" He said to her with a big smile.

Cammy qualed a bit at his comment. She would often tease her boyfriend to come and have some 'sexy time' with her in the shower and now here he was offering to give her a 'sexy sponge bath'.

"Sean..." She quavered.

He lifted her arms up and pulled off her sweatshirt swiftly and easily as if this was all part of a regular routine for him. He tossed the god-awful tacky shirt into a laundry bag as Cammy's wrinkly arms quickly came down to cover her wrinkled formless breasts from her former lover's view.

She had never been nervous about being naked in front of Sean before. In fact, the first night she went back to his apartment with the intentions of hooking up with him, she had been thrilled to do a sexy strip tease for him and show off her flawless 19-year-old body. Sean had gotten so excited seeing her dance and strip that he came prematurely in his jeans.

Her 97-year-old body was a far FAR cry from the 19-year-old body that she had had just a few months ago and all she felt when Sean looked at her frail elderly form was timid embarrassment.

"Okay are you ready Ms. Cammy? I'm going to lift you up and you're going to grab onto this bar here to keep yourself steady just like we normally do. And we'll spread your legs apart and get that damp old diaper off of you." Sean said in a calm soothing voice.

Cammy understood why all of the residents at the home liked Sean so much. If he wasn't already her boyfriend she'd totally swoon for his 'Kind Hunk' schtick. Which made it all the more awful that they now had an over 70 year age gap between them.

“Um... can I like... maybe just go behind a curtain or something and take it off myself? You don’t get paid enough to have to deal with gross nasty diapers...” She offered, hoping to deal with her shame privately.

Sean laughed and shook his head.

“That’s exactly the kind of thing that they pay me to do! It’s a dirty job but someones gotta do it.” He joked with a smile.

Sean knelt down in front of the aged woman as she sat naked in just her diaper, her spindly arms still held across her flat empty breasts. The young man put a hand gently on Cammy’s swollen knobby knee and looked at her with a smile. It wasn’t the way that she was used to being looked at by him – the mix of lust and affection that he had gazed on her with when she was young – this was the sympathetic look that young people give their grandparents.

“And besides, if you were able to change your diaper on your own – what would you need to keep me around for?” He added with a grin.

“...I can think of a few reasons...” She mumbled without even thinking.

She immediately cringed at her flirtatious comment. Even her granddaughter was too old for Sean now so suggestions about the two of them making passionate love were just so far-fetched that it was embarrassing.

“Heheh. You’re a real feisty one Ms. Cammy. I bet you were a real heartbreaker back in your day.” He said with a chuckle.

Cammy’s wrinkled cheeks blushed. She didn’t even know how to respond. ‘Back in her day’ really meant YESTERDAY. But before she could think of a decent comeback she found herself being lifted up out of her chair. Her wrinkly feet were set down on the cool tiled floor in front of a sturdy-looking bar. She grabbed ahold of it for fear of falling and braced herself for Sean to take off her diaper.

“Close your eyes Sean...” She instructed him in a quavering voice as she felt the diaper come away from her shriveled behind.

Sean laughed.

“Then I wouldn’t be able to see what I’m doing, dear... What’s with all the modesty today huh?” He asked as he folded up her Depends and discarded them.

Cammy shivered as she stood naked outside of the tub, her bony knees knocking together.

“I just don’t want you to have to see what time has done to my sexy bits...” She admitted honestly.

He chuckled again.

“It’s nothing I haven’t seen before Ms. Cammy.” He assured her.

“Well sure... but then I was young and gorgeous... and I was proud to show off... my naked body.” She rattled without thinking.

But then she realized that he meant that he saw her naked every day for her sponge bath – not that he had seen her naked before because they were dating. She blushed again, thinking that he would probably assume that she had just slipped into senility a bit.

Sure enough, Sean gave her a sympathetic smile that signaled that he knew that she was confused. And maybe she was confused.

This was her life now – a 97-year-old woman living in a nursing home with her similarly-aged best friend, being cared for by this handsome 25-year-old man who she remembered had been her boyfriend at one time; children that she hadn’t yet given birth to were now grandmothers and great-grandmothers themselves enjoying retirement while generations of descendants she had never met were grown adults out there in the world living their lives – all because she chatted up a literal god of time on a sex content site. Was it too crazy to be true? Was she actually just a senile old woman with a crush on her orderly who imagined being a 20-year-old college girl in 2022?

She felt something warm and wet on her pussy.

“Ahh.” She gasped in surprise.

Cammy looked down to see Sean wiping a sanitary napkin over her privates.

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to startled you dear, I just know you’ve been standing for a while and wanted to get you wiped down so we can sit you in the tub.” He said while rubbing another warm damp wipe down the wrinkly puckered crack of her shriveled ass cheeks.

The old woman shivered as she felt the dampness run down the loose bunching skin of her baggy old ass. She closed her eyes and imagined that Sean was playing with her tight young round bum.

“Okay up we go, let’s get you sitting nice and comfortable in that tub, yeah?” Sean said gently as he effortlessly lifted the frail shrunken old woman.

She was very light now. In her old age she likely weighed less than 90 pounds.

Sean held her old body in his arms and Cammy closed her eyes again and remembered the nights that he carried her back into the dorm when she had partied too hard and gotten too tipsy to walk back on her own; or when he was playfully carrying her into bed. She wrapped her arm around his neck and nuzzled her white-haired head into his shoulder affectionately.

“Oh Sean... why did I have to get so old while you stayed so young...” She rattled softly.

He ignored what he assumed to be more senile babbling and set the elderly woman down on the support chair in the therapy tub. Cammy shivered again as Sean began to rub a damp sponge up and down her bony calves.

“Just let me know if you get uncomfortable Ms. Cammy, this won’t take too long.” He assured her.

Cammy meanwhile was thinking back to a few of the hot and steamy encounters that she and Sean had shared in the shower. The old woman slowly brought her

trembling hand up to the loose wrinkly skin flap of her right breast, pinching her withered nipple as her breaths grew heavier.

Sean was humming to himself getting into his own groove as he washed her lower body with the sponge. Cammy lifted her frail bony leg and began to rub her gnarled old foot up the young man's thigh to his crotch. Sean gently pushed her foot away from his junk, assuming it was just some involuntary spasms on the old woman's part.

She tried wiggling her toes against his crotch, Sean had always loved when she did that when she was young, but now her toes were crooked and bunched so they didn't wiggle much.

"If you'd like, I can see if one of the girls on staff can give you a nice new pedicure like they did with Ms. Synthia. Would that be nice? To have your toes painted Ms. Cammy?" Sean asked in a friendly voice.

"What would be nice... is if you sucked... on them... right now... baby..." Cammy groaned, attempting to sound seductive in her shrill quavering voice.

Sean shook his head wondering what had gotten into the old woman this evening. Maybe her daughter was right and that Only Fans stuff was too much stimulation for these old senile bats.

As if to prove his point, the old woman began to softly moan and pant as he moved the sponge up the folds of her inner thigh and he caught sight of Cammy's arthritic crooked finger stroking the saggy folds of her ancient pussy. Her other hand was pinching the tip of her right nipple in the air, keeping the empty sack of flesh hanging out in front of her wrinkled chest, trying to sag back down onto her pale puffy belly.

"Oh Sean... I don't care that I've turned into a shriveled old prune... I just want you... I want you so bad baby..." She moaned as she rubbed her clit with her trembling hand.

Sean rubbed his face with his free hand and took a deep breath. It was evidently going to be one of THOSE days.

“Ms. Cammy... Do you know where you are right now?” He asked her, going through the procedural series of questions that he was trained to ask a dementia patient if they appeared to be getting disoriented.

Cammy nodded, drool began to drip down her wrinkled lips to her chin.

“Uh huh... I’m stuck in some stupid nursing home...” She replied between heavy erotic breaths.

“...And do you know what year it is?” He asked.

“It’s 2022... Please... I’m so horny for you baby...” She moaned softly.

“... And do you know how old you are?” He asked her with a knowing look to the masturbating nonagenarian in front of him.

“I–I’m only 20... years old... I know you think... I’m like... 90–something but... I’m not... I’m only a... sophomore in college... and I’m your girlfriend... and... Please! I don’t want to... die of old age and... never feel the pleasure... of feeling you inside me... again.... Please fuck me Sean...” She gasped, panting and out of breath.

Before Sean could respond or ask her another question she reached out and grabbed his wrist, holding it with a surprisingly strong grip for someone so old and frail. She brought it to her and placed his hand on her breast, rubbing her chest against his hand to simulate him massaging it.

Sean’s jaw dropped as he wasn’t sure what to do. He cupped her shriveled breast for a moment accidentally and the old woman softly moaned in approval. She then grabbed his other hand, the one holding the sponge and brought it down to her white–pubed gaping pussy and began to guide him to use the sponge to stroke her.

“Ms. Cammy – this is highly inappropriate.” He protested.

“Me being this OOOLD is highly inappropriate baby. Just shut up and kiss me!” She rattled, managing to get her full sentence out without having to gasp for breath.

Cammy leaned forward and planted her toothless mouth onto her boyfriend's, continuing to guide his hands in stroking her off while she probed his mouth with her tongue.

She felt a rapture of pleasure wash over her as the old woman kissed the young man and the sponge squeezed against her old dusty clitoris. Her whole frail wrinkly body began to spasm and shake as she pulled her mouth off of Sean's and moaned loudly in orgasmic pleasure.

"Cammy? Babe?" Sean asked her, pulling his hand off of her breast and putting it on her arm.

Cammy opened her eyes feeling incredible. She glanced down at her naked body to see that it was young and toned again. Her large perky breasts bounced appealingly above her flat stomach and her long smooth silky legs had their strength and mobility back. She stretched them out, wiggling her young toes and began to jump up and down in the seat.

"I'm young! I'm actually young again!!" She cheered happily.

She brought her young hand up and felt her smooth neck at the sound of the youthful lilt that her voice had regained.

"Again? What do you mean again? You've, uh, always been young... at least to me!" Sean pointed out, confused.

Cammy pulled him into a long passionate kiss which the 25-year-old enthusiastically gave back, quickly and greedily groping at her pert breasts. She stood up and looked around to see that they were back in the dormitory showers.

"So uh... do you want to keep going with the sponge bath or..." Sean asked, really confused.

Cammy raised an eyebrow at him looking at the sponge in his hand.

"Sponge bath? Why would I need a sponge bath! I'm not some decrepit old lady!" She said with a relieved giggle.

Sean scratched the back of his head and shrugged.

“I don’t know, I came home from work and you just asked me if I’d sponge you down and make a video of it for your OF page...” He replied.

Cammy ws having fun tossing her long healthy blonde hair back and forth with a head turn and giggling as she felt up the smooth skin and sensual curves of her 20-year-old body.

“Oh tight butt – I missed you so much!” She said reaching around to squeeze her own ass cheeks.

“Cammy are you... are you all right?” Sean asked.

Cammy bit her lip in arousal and looked over at her now older boyfriend. Then responded to his question by jumping him in the shower, tearing off his clothes and begging him to bang her in the stall.

A few rounds of torrid shower sex later, Cammy was prancing back into her dorm room wrapped only in a towel. A rejuvenated Synthia was sitting on her bed in a t-shirt and panties, scrunching her toes and waving her soles at her phone camera. The cherry red nail polish that she had shown off in the nursing home still adorned her feet but looked much sexier on her dainty youthful toes.

“Looks like you had fun...” The trendy girl with the dyed red hair said grinning from her bed.

Cammy winked at her roommate coyly, equally relieved that her bestie had gotten her youth back as well.

“Yeah I think I wore Sean out... he headed home to go take a nap.” Cammy purred with a giggle.

“Lame! What an old fogie...” Synthia said with a laugh.

“I’m so ready to enjoy every minute of my youth and not worry about growing old for a loooong loooong time!” Cammy declared.

Synthia looked up at her roommate like ‘where did that come from?’

“Uh yeah I mean – you literally just turned 20. You’re not even close to being old.” The redhead pointed out.

Cammy began to dress into a sexy nightgown and scrolled through her social media, relieved to see that it was back to the feed of an average college girl and didn’t have anything to do with kids or grandkids.

“Hey, do you think we’ll still be like... updating our Only Fans pages when we’re all, like, old and gray and wrinkly?” Cammy asked.

Synthia was in the process of uploading her foot pics to her page behind a paywall. She laughed at Cammy's question.

“I mean – I guess... if OF is even still a thing in like the 2080s... or whatever ‘the kids’ are doing those days to get their kicks... like if guys are still sending me money or crypto or SpaceBucks or whatever when I’m like a shriveled up 80-year-old woman? Then hell yeah I’ll still shake my saggy titties for them!” Synthia said with a cackle.

Cammy smiled at her friend.

“Good... me too.” Cammy agreed and padded over to her computer.

“Oh my god! That reminds me! Did you see that crazy viral video of the old woman on OF that was going around today? This lady is so nuts and senile – it’s really sad and pathetic but also hilarious! Like didn’t her grandkids know not to let grandma get near a livestream?” Synthia said giggling.

She messaged the link to Cammy. The rejuvenated blonde clicked it expecting to have a bit more sympathy for the woman than Syndy did considering what she had experienced in the past few hours.

What she wasn't expecting was to see herself on the screen.

"H-hello.... I'm only 20... years... old...I know... that that's... hard to believe... right now... to look at me... but I was born... in 2002!...I just graduated... from high school... two years... ago. I was a... young coed... making sexy stuff... on Only Fans... this morning... but I got older... grew old somehow... and I had kids... then grandkids... and now I'm in a nursing home... all in one day! Please... I don't want to be old... I'm young!... If anyone... knows what... happened to me... or how... to change me back... please help!... My tits were big and perky... and now they're... shriveled saggy sacks... my blonde hair's gone white and... I don't have teeth anymore! Oh god... I'm peeing myself..."

Cammy closed out of the video quickly, staring at the screen in stunned horror. She was blushing but didn't want to let Synthia know that that pathetic decrepit old woman was actually her.

A new message popped up in her inbox from K. Aion. She opened it, breathing heavily out of her nostrils in fear that she would begin rapidly aging again. Instead the message was three sentences long.

"Sorry, I couldn't help myself. But in the interest of fairness, since I took a gift from our day together I've decided to give you something back in return. Look forward to chatting with you again..."

-K"

Before Cammy could begin to ponder what 'gift' for her Kronos was referring to in his message, her cell began to ring.

She lifted it up and looked at the call ID screen and her heart skipped a beat as the name 'Ellie' appeared displayed on it.

Cammy answered the call and held the phone up to her ear in amazement.

"Ellie?" She asked in a hushed whisper, almost instinctively trying to hide how young her voice sounded now.

“Hey Cam, I just was double checking that we were still on for me to come up and stay with you this weekend at your dorm. Mom is still worried that you’re going to ‘corrupt me’ or whatever but said I can go if you’re cool with it.” Ellie’s teenage voice responded.

Cammy could hardly contain her grin.

“How old are you?” She asked the girl in excitement.

“I know right? I’m going to be turning 16 in two months. It’s not like I’m a little kid! Like I’ll be visiting colleges myself next year! So yeah I can come stay for the weekend?” Ellie said back to her.

“Hell yeah! Come up and party with your old grandma here at my college! It’ll be a total blast!” Cammy said excitedly.

There was a pause of silence on the other end of the phone.

“...With grandma? Why would she be there? I thought she lived in one of those retirement communities in Florida.” Ellie replied.

Cammy shook her head, thrown off by the confusion.

“No I meant me!” Cammy clarified.

Ellie giggled.

“Why did you call yourself my grandma? We’re sisters... are you drunk right now?” Ellie asked.

Cammy was stunned – her granddaughter was now her younger sister. She had a younger sister!

“Uh no... I just... it’s a slang term we use here at school – like ‘What up, skanky old grandma!’” Cammy said loudly in Synthia’s direction.

Her roommate who was engrossed in something on her laptop as she sat cross-legged on her bed just flipped Cammy off without taking her eyes off of her screen.

“Uh okay... weird. Anyway I’m super excited for this weekend! See you then!” Ellie replied.

“See you then! Love you sis!” Cammy gushed into the phone.

“... I, uh, love you too... grandma!” Ellie said, stifling a giggle as she hung up the phone.

Cammy was over the moon to see Ellie again and get to know her brand new little sister before the teenager grew up and became a mom and grandmother.

She fell back on her bed and breathed a sigh of relief feeling like the bizarre hell of aging 77 years over the course of the day had all, in the end, been worth it. She hugged the heart pillow that Sean had given her for valentine's day and smiled.

“Hey check it out – I’m chatting with this new follower of mine on Only Fans and he’s, like, super weird. He says he’s a fan of yours too... I have no idea how to pronounce this name – Cone, er, Chomos? Cron-us?” Synthia said as she typed onto her laptop.

Cammy shot up from her bed in terror.

“Nooooo!” She cried as she leapt across the room to shut her roommate's computer.

THE END?