

Cam Girls Club

By ChronoEclipse

CHAPTER 10: Stay In The Bath Too Long And You Turn Into A Prune

Kaitlyn and Cody headed upstairs, both feeling a second wind hit them and back in the mood for a little afternoon delight. Cody squeezed Kaitlyn's plump young rear end causing the college girl to squeal and giggle as she ran up the stairs. When she got to the landing she turned and grinned as her boyfriend followed her and then reached down and grabbed his crotch with her petite hand. She rubbed his dick and balls through his pants as she bit her lip and gave him a mischievous, horny look.

The young couple took one another by the hand and hurried toward Kaitlyn's bedroom but as they passed Lauren's room and heard sobbing coming from the other side of the door. Kaitlyn cringed sympathetically and turned to Cody.

"You go on ahead baby, I'll be right there!" She chirped, motioning for him to go to the room.

Cody nodded and hurried off. Kaitlyn took a deep breath and grabbed the doorknob to Lauren's room, opening it quietly.

"Lauren? Hun? Are you all right?" Kaitlyn asked softly as she entered the room.

Lauren was sitting in her computer chair with her back to the door. She didn't bother to turn around, instead she just sat staring at her phone, sniffing.

"Listen babe, i'm sorry if we were all being super shitty downstairs. This had been like, a really weird day. But... if you want me to help find your kids with you, I will!" Kaitlyn said, having no idea what any of that meant - just that it seemed important to her friend.

Upstairs Andrew watched the interaction to make sure things with Lauren didn't get out of hand. In fact, her being a 30-something 'young mother' was beginning to pose too many complications. So he brought up the blonde woman's stats and began to type. With a few keystrokes:

Lauren Sterling

D.O.B.: 4/29/1985

Physical Age: 36

Mental Age: 36

Hair: Blonde

Eyes: Blue

Height: 5'11"

Weight: 154lbs

Bra size: 32C

Became:

Lauren Sterling

D.O.B.: 4/29/1973

Physical Age: 48

Mental Age: 48

Hair: Blonde

Eyes: Blue

Height: 5'11"

Weight: 160lbs

Bra size: 34C

The former college junior aged an additional 12 years in the chair, her breasts sloping down her chest and her belly forming a muffin top from the middle-aged spread. She had a blubbery second chin under her older face and the beginning of bingo-wings on her arms. Her ass and legs swelled and dimpled from cellulite and her skin took on a more leathery look – a far cry from the golden-skinned beauty that she had been yesterday.

“Help me find my kids? Why would I need to find them? I know where they are silly! Brayden's in class and Harper's back at her apartment.” Lauren said as if that was the most obvious thing in the world.

“Oh but didn’t you say downstairs that you went to their elementary school or something and they weren’t enrolled there anymore?” Kaitlyn asked, wondering if Lauren was gaslighting her or something.

“Haha, well i’d hope they aren’t enrolled at an elementary school anymore! My kids are your age Kaitlyn! They go to school here!” Lauren said, turning around to face the college girl.

Kaitlyn gasped at the sight of her nearly 50-year-old friend who had deep crows feet next to her eyes, flabby matronly cheeks and a deeply lined forehead.

“Are you alright hun? Are you not feeling well. I can take you down to the campus nurse if you need it!” Lauren suggested, getting up from her chair with an ‘oomph’ and sigh.

The formerly bodacious 21-year-old with the perfect hourglass figure was now a pear-shaped chubby matron with wide hips and rear that waddled as she walked. She held up a veiny hand to place against Kaitlyn’s forehead to see if she had a fever.

The brunette girl quickly backed away from her friend who was nearly 30 years older than she was supposed to be, shaking her head ‘no’ in disbelief as she scrambled for the exit.

“I-I’m okay. Just uh seeing things I think... I’m going to go uh... lie down... maybe you should too! Bye!” Kaitlyn said as she quickly turned and ran out of the room.

As she rushed through the hallway she nearly crashed into Becca who was trying to sneak up to her room and clean herself up. Kaitlyn paused wondering if she should tell her redheaded friend about the Gen-X version of Lauren in the other room but decided to stay quiet at least until she could tell Cody and figure out what to do.

“Eep! Sorry, sorry!” The baby-faced brunette cried and ran to her bedroom.

Becca shrugged and shook her head as she watched her petite friend rush off. She was just happy that Kaitlyn hadn't looked down to see the big wet circle on the crotch of her dress. She hurried to her room, grabbed some fresh clothing and went into the bathroom for a nice, hot, much needed bath.

As she closed the bathroom door and hung up her towel the 18-year-old girl took a deep breath. Things had definitely been weird since they moved into the house and Becca felt an urge to get back to solving what was going on. But first... a little self care.

The redheaded girl stepped onto the bath mat and leaned over the tub to draw herself a bath. She flexed her red-painted toes on the fuzzy mat as she tested the water temperature. She wanted it hot and steamy.

Becca straightened up and reached behind her back to unzip her dress, letting it fall off her body like shedding a layer of skin. She pulled on her stained panties and dumped them into the bathroom trash, making a mental reminder to take the bag out with her when she left.

The teenager then admired her naked body in the mirror, tossing her long bright copper-orange hair around her shoulders and smiling at how hot she looked. She contemplated for a moment how she would look when she was the age Lauren seemed to believe she was - how would her slender body and youthful face be different in a decade and a half? Or what would she be like when she was as old as Courtney was acting - or that woman in the meme from Amber's cam. Her smooth sexy body shriveled, sagging and gone to ruin. Her pretty face unrecognizable under all of her wrinkles... She could almost picture it if she squinted her eyes.

Her cell buzzed on the corner of the sink with a text notification. She couldn't help but grin from ear to ear as she saw who it was from. She had been flirting most of the semester with this guy Troy who was in her English Lit class and here on a basketball scholarship. He was your standard incredibly tall, handsome, kind of dumb jock. But he was sweet and as previously mentioned handsome and incredibly tall.

‘Hey sexy’. Troy’s text read.

‘Hey you. You have impeccable timing, I’m just about to take a nice hot bath...’ She texted back with a bubble bath emoji, grinning the entire time.

‘Seriously? So ur naked right now???’ He immediately sent back.

She laughed and rolled her eyes at the boy's one track mind.

‘As a matter of fact...’ She responded coquettishly.

‘I’m coming over!’ He texted back.

She smirked and considered having the boy join her for a dip in the tub. But the two of them definitely wouldn’t fit, in fact Troy might be too big on his own.

‘If I stay in the tub waiting for you, by the time you got here I'd be all pruny... why don’t you wait until I'm done and then maybe you can come over...’ She texted back to him with a winky face.

‘Okay. But can a dude at least get a pic or something...’ He requested.

She sighed and smirked but obliged the guy. She took a close up of her perky breast with it’s hard pink nipple and then leaned over the side of the tub and snapped a selfie from behind showing her amazing, tight heart-shaped ass.

She texted them over to him and then stretched her long slender leg over the rim of the tub and dipped her cute toes into the water. As she slid down into the hot soothing bathwater she set her phone on the ledge of the wall next to the clawfoot tub and called Troy, setting it to speaker as she closed her eyes and laid back, easing into the tub with a satisfied exhale.

“This is crazy hot! I’m, like, losing my mind over here!” Troy said on the other side of the phone.

Becca brought her hands up and ran her fingers up the back of her long red hair, bringing it up so that it hung over the back of the tub. She then rubbed her neck and brought her hand around sliding it down the cleavage of her chest.

“I like the sound of your voice. It makes me feel all tingly...” Becca purred as she grabbed some bath bombs and dropped them into the water.

“Same. Same... so like, what are you doing right now?” Tory asked.

Becca opened her eyes and look from side to side smirking at the jocks dumb question.

“Well... still taking a bath...” She said, trying to underline how the answer was obvious.

“Oh right sorry... and you’re still naked right?” He asked excitedly.

Becca could practically hear Troy drooling through the phone as she stretched her legs out in the tub, propping her pretty feet on the rim above the faucet. She looked down at her body in the water as the colorful soaps from the bath bomb swirled around her. Her perky breasts were halfway submerged below the water line.

“Yep, still naked...” She said, rolling her eyes and grinning.

“Awesome...” The guy groaned into the phone.

Becca leaned her head back again, closing her eyes and cupping her boobs in her hands.

“Okay Troy... what would you do with me right now if you were here...?” She purred, biting her lip excitedly in anticipation of some good old fashioned dirty talk.

“Like, how would I wash you?” The boy asked, confused.

Becca sighed, and shook her head, about five seconds away from hanging up on the boy and calling someone else that had a little more going on between his ears.

“No, gross I don’t want you to describe giving me some weird sponge bath... I’m fully capable of washing myself. I mean, what would you do to... *pleasure* me right now if you were here in the room with me!” She explained.

She lifted up her long toned legs and began to rub lotion up and down her smooth thighs as she listened for the boy to respond. The basketball star was clearly very excited by the hot girl calling and talking to him like this.

“Okay! Okay! I would start by, like, massaging your body all over!” He blurted out.

Becca gave an approving ‘mmm’.

“Great... what would you massage first?” She prompted him.

“I’d uh, start with... your feet! Because you said after class that one time that you love foot massages and you have soft cute little feet that should totally be rubbed!” He answered hoping he said the right answer.

“Good boy! Bonus points for remembering that I told you that I like foot rubs.” She said smiling and giving him a patronizing golf clap. Becca scrunched her toes thinking about how nice a foot massage would be right now, especially with Troy’s huge hands. “Okay where next?” She asked.

“I’d uh... make my way up to your calves and thighs then I’d squeeze and massage that tight little ass of yours before working up to your back and shoulders...” He said more confidently as he went on.

“Mmm sounds heavenly.” Becca cooed in approval.

“Then I’d rub your neck and massage your scalp, working my fingers through your red hair... and then down all across your body, caressing you just the way you’d like it.” He described.

Becca cooed and grinned from ear to ear rubbing her hand up and down her own body imagining what Troy was describing.

“Then what would you do?” She asked with her eyes closed and her hands fondling her soapy breasts.

“Then I'd lift you up out of the tub and I'd sit your fine sexy body on the sink and begin kissing my way up to your pussy.” He told her getting really into this.

“Yessss...” She hissed in erotic excitement as she continued to picture it in her head.

“I'd start by sucking on those cute dainty toes of yours and then work my way up your smooth sexy legs inch by inch up your soft inner thigh until I was right in front of that gorgeous twat of yours – then I would start eating you out!” He described in a low, soft voice.

Becca moaned softly and began to pant in the tub as her hand slid down under the water and began to rub her clit. She was no longer listening to the words the guy from her English Lit class was saying just the seductive tone of his deep voice as she continued to move her fingers in little semi-circles around her clitoris and then sliding her hand deep into her vagina. Her other hand was still gripping her breasts, pinching at her aroused pink nipple and squeezing the boob firmly. The college freshman began to let out a series of soft moans as her body tingled and her toes curled from pleasure.

Upstairs in the attic Andrew watched the whole scene play out on his central monitor and decided that it was time to send Becca a message, but first he wanted to have a little fun by throwing a curveball at the teenagers ‘sexy time’. He brought her stats up and began to type away at the console.

Becca Mello

D.O.B.: 5/14/2003

Age: 18

Mental Age: 18

Hair: Red

Eyes: Hazel
Height: 5'7"
Weight: 120lbs
Bra size: 32B

When he was done typing her stats read:

Becca Mello

D.O.B.: 5/14/2003
Age: 88
Mental Age: 18
Hair: Grey/White
Eyes: Hazel
Height: 5'4"
Weight: 135lbs
Bra size: 34Long

He hit 'ENTER' and watched as the pretty girl rapidly aged 70 years while soaking in the tub.

Her head was leaned back over the rim of the bath as her long red hair turned grayish white in an instant and dangled down thin and limp toward the bathroom floor. Her hand that was massaging her perky breasts found that the boob she was gasping began to soften dramatically and slipped down out of her palm, drooping down her torso. Both of her saggy tits dangled pathetically toward her lap, no longer visible as they hung below the swirling suds on the surface of the water.

Her ass flattened against the bottom of the tub, her plump bubble butt no longer cushioned her as she sat there since it had shriveled into the wrinkled body ass of a frail old lady.

Her fingers began crooked and riddled with arthritis as her left hand hovered above her smooth shaved pubic region. As the gnarled fingers stroked her labia she felt her vaginal lips slacken and fan out under the water as her pussy aged over half a century in seconds.

She rubbed her formerly long toned legs together and felt wrinkled skin encasing lumpy cellulite moosh against more wrinkly skin. She knew this all felt wrong. Her energy and strength had sapped out of her in an instant.

Becca lifted her head and opened her sunken eyes with a moan of horror and discomfort instead of pleasure. Her focused her fading vision across the tub to see wrinkled, liver-spotted feet pressed against the porcelain above the faucet. Her toes were curled now from age instead of ecstasy.

She gasped in shock at the sight of her decrepit limbs and as she did so all of the teeth in her mouth fell out and tumbled into the water. Andrew took that moment to switch the 'AWARENESS' lever from ON to OFF.

Becca blinked and looked around for a moment, not sure why she had sat up. Her vision was still fuzzy but she chalked that up to the steam from the bath. Squinting across the tub she attempted to wiggle her toes, though bent and gnarled from arthritis and age they didn't move much. However in Becca's mind the toes of her dainty young feet wiggled just fine. She rubbed a frail trembling hand up her shriveled leg, seeing and feeling how smooth, toned and sexy it was and smiled, relaxing her nearly 90-year-old body back into the tub.

"So... what would you do to me now lover boy?" She asked in a rattling voice that to her sounded seductive.

What she was saying didn't sound as clear coming from her now toothless mouth but Troy got the gist of it.

"I would lean your sexy body over the tub and I would take your firm sweet ass and squeeze it before slipping my hard dick into your dripping wet pussy..." Troy announced, going for gold.

Becca was quickly back in the mood and grabbed the empty sagging sack that was her right breast and began to tweak the crinkled nipple as the rest of her formless boob tugged back down toward her wrinkly paunch.

Her left hand trembled from age as she rubbed her clit as vigorously as she could. Her crooked bony fingers slipped into her loose ancient pussy as she

began to enthusiastically finger herself – though she found after the first thrust that she needed to be a little gentler – for some reason she felt very dry down there and it was causing a lot of discomfort.

She reached over and squeezed some of her body lotion onto her clammy palm and rubbed it into her shaky hands before going back down to pleasure herself some more.

It was a bizarre display to watch: A shriveled, white haired old woman of 88 years of age masturbating in a tub while a college kid verbally described to her how he would fuck her if she was around his age. Yet neither Troy nor Becca herself knew that this was what was happening.

Becca was getting closer to climax as she let out loud, shrill, quavering moans.

“Uhhhh! Uhhhh! OHHH! YES! YES!” She hollered toothlessly as her vibrating hand fingered her elderly pussy.

Her right hand was pressing her shriveled left tit flat into her chest and then sliding over to stretch her right boob out as fat as the pendulous sack would go. As she began to orgasm her decrepit body began to shake and spasm in the tub. She thrust her pelvis up again and again.

“OH GOD! OH GOD! OHHHH GOD!!!” She screamed loudly.

Troy stopped talking and just began to jerk off to the sounds of the elderly woman cumming who, to his knowledge, was still a hot teenage girl.

“OHHHH! OH FUCK YESSSSS!” Becca cried as her body released the final jolts of pleasure.

After it was through she laid silent and limp for a few moments, gently caressing her frail naked body in the tub. There were no sounds except for the drip of the faucet and the old woman’s shallow panting breaths for a while until Troy broke the silence.

“That was so hot!” He declared through the phone.

Becca smiled a toothless grin.

“Oh yeah? You wanna come ovah and do all dat fo weal?” She purred between heavy breaths.

The aged coed slowly attempted to get up and climb out of the tub. Her legs felt like jello and her whole body felt stiff and brittle for some reason. It took her extra effort and the need to grip the side of the tub the whole time for support but she managed to make it out and onto her feet. She wondered why it was so much harder to get out of the tub since it had taken no effort at all to get into it. ‘Must be from the orgasm’ she thought to herself.

“You’re ready to go again after that?” Troy asked surprised, it had sounded like a pretty epic masturbation session.

Becca took a couple of shaky steps on the bath mat, not quite standing up fully straight. She looked at herself in the mirror, tossing her stringy gray hair across her bony shoulders and vamping at her reflection. She saw her own radiant 18-year-old self staring back at her. Her fresh face, rosy and flush from the hot (in more ways than one) bath.

She grabbed a hair tie from the sink and began to pull her ‘red’ hair back into a ponytail.

“Of course! I’m 18! My body is, like, super resilient!” She said with a grin as her pendulous breasts dangled toward her gnarled toes.

Andrew smiled at the irony of her statement as he watched the frail old college freshman begin to dry off her aged body with her towel causing all of her sags and wrinkles to jiggle and flop about.

He was half tempted to leave her like this and give that boy Troy the shock of his life when he showed up for his booty call but reminded himself that he was supposed to be sending a message to the girl for snooping around at his experiments.

Andrew flicked the awareness switch back ‘ON’.

“You can come over right now, i’ll be ready by the - AHHH!” She began to instruct him before screaming and gasping at the sight of the naked decrepit old woman staring back at her in the mirror.

Her trembling hands shot up to her wrinkled toothless face first before immediately traveling down to the sagging tits dangling from her chest. She held them in her hands with disbelief like someone holding the broken pieces of a priceless heirloom that had shattered on the ground.

Her eyes began to water as she took an inventory of what she now looked like at 88-years-old.

“Becca? You okay? Did you see a bug or something?” Troy asked in a panic.

Becca turned and looked at the phone resting on the ledge beside the tub. She stood silently with her sunken eyes wide in disbelief as she pondered how to respond.

Should she yell ‘Troy! Oh my god! I’ve suddenly aged rapidly and now I’m incredibly old! Quick, call nine one one!’? How was he supposed to believe her? He’d see for himself if he came over, she reasoned. She imagined him walking into the bathroom expecting to find the sexy teenage fashionista that he had been flirting with all semester, instead finding a wrinkled old crone sobbing on the toilet. Maybe she’d look up at him and say ‘I guess I’ll take that sponge bath now...’

No! There was no way that she could let Troy see her or even PICTURE her looking like this. It - it had to be temporary. She could become young and sexy again at any moment and if she let Troy see her shriveled sagging body the way it looked now - that image would be seared into his memory and he’d never look at her again without picturing her wrinkly 88-year-old self!

“I-I’m fine. I just thought I saw something...” She replied finally, holding back tears.

“Oh okay well I can hop in my jeep and be there in like 20 minutes-” He replied.

“No!” She shouted quickly and then caught herself, not wanting Troy to think she was rejecting him. “Ahem, no I, uh, just remembered some homework I need to get done tonight... Maybe tomorrow? Anyway thanks for the assist l-lover boy...” She said into the phone as her lip trembled and tears streamed down her wrinkled face.

She quickly hung up the phone before Troy could ask her any more. Then she shuffled carefully across the room and grabbed her towel to wrap around her shrunken old body. Her phone vibrated with a text notification. She expected that it was Troy making sure she was alright. But as she held the phone in her trembling hand and adjusted her tired old eyes to the words on the screen she was surprised to see that it was from an unknown number.

Becca opened the message with her gnarled index finger and squinted at the screen. What she read caused her to gasp and drop the phone down onto the bathmat between her wrinkled old feet.

‘THIS IS YOUR ONLY WARNING. STOP LOOKING INTO WHATS HAPPENING IN KINSEY HOUSE OR NEXT TIME I’LL AGE YOUR MIND TOO.’

Becca’s heart was beating a mile a minute and she needed to grip the sink and clutch her wrinkly chest as she wheezed for breath. A second text message came in but she was too shaken to reach down and grab her phone to read it.

On the carpet, the phone screen read:

‘I WILL MAKE IT SO THAT NOBODY REMEMBERS THAT YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS ARE ANYTHING OTHER THAN DODDERING OLD WOMEN’