

Carded

By ChronoEclipse

Ron the bartender looked over to the door and took a deep breath as two clearly underage young women entered his bar.

The pair of teens looked a mixture of excited and scared as they made their way to the bar, looking at one another and giggling nervously the whole way.

The bartender slid his hand down his pre-maturely lined 35-year-old face and sized his new patrons up. They looked barely out of high school. He clocked them at about 18 or 19 tops. Definitely nowhere close to the age that they needed to be for him to legally serve them.

One girl was a slender brunette with her straight auburn hair pulled back into a ponytail. She had on a bright blue strappy top that came down just above her flat navel, showing off the butterfly tattoo above her hip and the glittering belly button piercing. Her friend was a curvy blonde with wavy hair that she had clearly spent hours putting into ringlets. She was wearing a white strapless top with a good display of her cleavage and a short skirt that came down just low enough to completely cover her bubble butt.

The girls sat on a pair of stools trying to look both sexy and confident – like if they acted like they belonged here it might magically make it so. But they jumped in fright when Ron slipped quietly over to them and asked in a booming voice:

“Can I see some IDs *girls?*”

Usually that was all it would take to scare off any brazen teenagers from coming into this off-the-beaten-path dive bar hoping to land a few drinks without getting carded. But these girls came prepared.

They both quickly dug into their trendy purses and pulled out driver’s licenses. Ron smirked at the pair skeptically and took the IDs into his hands. The

brunette's name was Ella Charleston and according to the date of birth on this card she was 32 years old!

He raised his eyebrow and stifled a chuckle as he looked over at the blonde's "driver's license". She was Bailey Abbott and according to her date of birth she was going to be turning 33 next month.

Beyond the ludicrous notion that these two perky, dewy-skinned, fresh faced girls were a pair of women in their early 30s, there were a few other telling signs that the birth years on their licenses weren't accurate. The ink wasn't raised, there was too much bleed around their photos, the hologram didn't shimmer properly and oh yeah, they forgot to update the DOB that was printed in tiny lettering across the photo in the bottom corner. As Ron suspected, these girls were both only 18.

He chuckled and shook his head. Ron had seen a lot of fake IDs in his tens years working behind the bar but had rarely come across such brazen lazy forgery. Did they just think that he was stupid? Did they think he wouldn't care as long as they had *some* kind of ID? Did they think that he wouldn't know what a pair of women who were only supposed to be 3 years younger than him were supposed to look like?

Ron shrugged and smirked at the girls who were watching him with nervous trepidation.

"Okay ladies. What'll it be?" He asked them, giving them a stoic facial expression once more.

The girls practically squealed with excitement and then turned to the older man, trying to play it cool.

"Um, like, what's good?" The brunette asked, looking at the many bottles behind the bar and feeling a little out of her depth.

"Yeah like, do you have a list of your specials?" The blonde asked hopefully.

Ron reactively rolled his eyes at how inexperienced and unprepared these girls were to try this scheme but stopped himself and gave them a friendly smile.

“I have a kind of signature cocktail that I make for customers with a more *mature* sensibility. I bet it’s just what you ladies are looking for. Just give me a card to open up your tab and I’ll get started on those right away.” He said grinning ear to ear.

The girls looked elated.

“That sounds tight. Here’s my card to ‘*open our tab*’...” Ella said, passing him her credit card. Bailey giggled with excitement at the phrase ‘open our tab’.

She reached for her ID back but Ron pulled them out of the girl’s reach.

“I’ll hang on to your IDs with the credit card so you don’t have to worry about them.” He said, sounding helpful.

The two teenagers had no idea how this worked so they just nodded adamantly and watched him walk back to the register. Ron glanced down at the card and saw another name under Ella’s. Miranda Charleston.

‘Christ, she’s even using the joint credit card she shares with her mom! 32 my ass. Fucking amateurs.’ Ron thought, shaking his head as he put the two IDs up at his station and began working on their drinks.

At the other end of the bar Ella and Bailey were squeezing each other’s hands and making a high pitched sound of excitement.

“Ohmigod. Ohmigod. It totally worked! This is the best idea ever!” Ella gasped with an amazed grin.

“I know! Did you see how he, like, looked at our birth dates and then back up at us in disbelief. He was totally thinking we look *great* for our age!” Bailey laughed and winked at her friend.

“Let’s hope the guys at this bar think so too. I really want to meet some hot *older* guys tonight, like a 25-year-old with a cute roommate who invites us back to his apartment for a ‘night cap’.” Ella said, biting her lip at the thought.

“Okay ladies... Here are your drinks. Be careful now, they’re a bit strong so you’ll want to drink them slowly...” Ron said as he put the drinks down on the bar in front of the two girls.

The drinks were two purplish-red libations in glasses typically used for ‘Old Fashioneds’. There was a layer of clear liquid at the bottom and a small head of foam at the top.

“Thanks!” The girls said enthusiastically as they anxiously grabbed their glasses.

Ella took no time at all and tossed hers back with a big swig, downing about half in a single sip. Bailey was more cautious with hers but after the first two sips began to quickly catch up to her friend.

“Mmmm it’s sort of sweet and fruity. It reminds me of those weird juices your mom always keeps in the fridge.” Ella said, wiping some of the foam from her pouty lips.

“*Ella!*” Bailey hissed, not wanting to blow their cover by talking about how they both still live at home with their parents.

“...Enjoy.” Ron said with a smirk.

He went back to his station and put the bottle of prune juice back into the mini fridge under the bar. He then flipped the girls IDs around and wrote ‘25’ on the backs of them in black sharpie.

“OOooo look there are some hot older guys over there!” Bailey said as she pointed over to a group of 20-somethings playing pool.

She reached down to adjust her top. Her large bouncy breasts were threatening to spill out in a way that they hadn’t been a moment ago. One of the pool

playing guys wearing a backwards hat noticed the attractive blonde hiking up her strapless top and squeezing her impressive cleavage in the process and gave her a smile, raising his drink up to her flirtatiously.

She bit her lip and grinned, letting go of her top to raise her drink back.

“Bailey! Those guys are our age. I want to find some hot older dude...” Ella purred, scanning the bar.

The blonde looked over at her brunette friend and did a quick double-take. The make-up that they had spent a ton of time on before they left the house had really come out well because Ella looked super grown up sitting at the bar drinking her cocktail.

“What are you talking about? Those guys are definitely out of college! They all look like they’re in their mid 20s.” Bailey said, continuing to make eye-contact with the dude with the backwards hat that had begun flirting with her from across the room.

“Right! They’re too young for us babe. We’re not, like, trying to be cougars tonight or anything. We’re just a pair of gorgeous single ladies in our 30s trying to find mr. right!” Ella said with a much more mature tone to her voice.

The brunette finished her drink with a slight moan of pleasure and set the empty glass back down at the bar.

“Single ladies in our 30s... Oh! Right! Totally!” Bailey said with a wink. She assumed that Ella was just trying to get into character because of their IDs.

She finished her own drink, rubbing her smooth neck as the faintest lines began to appear in the corners of her eyes and across her forehead.

“Do you... wanna get another? That was pretty good.” Bailey asked, wondering if she was already beginning to feel a little buzzed, she definitely felt a bit less energetic than she had when they came in.

“It was pretty good, wasn’t it... Oh bartender! Two more of the same please, for me and my friend.” Ella said, holding up two fingers with her dainty hand.

Ron raised an eyebrow and then shrugged. He flipped their IDs over again and wrote ‘32’ on the back. The two women now definitely had the appearance to match the DOBs on their fake IDs... At least for now.

The two ladies were scanning the bar again, they leaned back against the bar, crossing their legs on their stools looking much more confident and womanly than they had been a few minutes ago.

Bailey was still eyeing the backwards hat bro and shifting in her seat suggestively at him. The guy looked up at her with a grin as he was about to take his shot at the pool table but ended up scratching when he flinched at the sight of the sexy woman making eyes at him. He had clearly assumed her at first to be a college coed but now clearly saw that she was several years older than him.

Ella meanwhile was looking around for her own quarry. There were certainly a good deal of older men around to choose from – a pair of blue collar guys in their 40s; a fat bald man that looked to be in his mid 50s who was clearly watching porn on his phone in one of the booths. A grizzled white-bearded man drinking alone at the other end of the bar. She unsurprisingly passed on all of these guys but one man did catch her eye.

“Here you go ladies.” Ron said plopping the drinks down on the bar behind them and slipping a couple straws into the drinks to encourage them to slow down this time.

Ella reached out and seductively rubbed her soft hand along Ron’s hairy arm down to his fingers.

“I don’t think you told us your name handsome.” Ella said, giving the bartender some intense eye contact.

Ron chuckled and was a bit surprised.

“Heh, m’name’s Ron.” He said, giving her a little salut.

Ella moved the straw out of her way and took another decent sip of her new drink, licking the liquid off of her top lip while staring at the bartender.

“Hi Ron, I'm Ella and this is my friend Bailey...” She purred at him with a knowing look.

He nodded.

“Well uh, nice to meet you Ella...” He said, it always felt a bit awkward to get hit on like this after their first drink.

“Mmmm you’re really cute do you know that? I bet a lot of the girls that come in here think so... do you ever... go home with any of your customers Ron?” Ella asked, taking another sip of her drink and then reaching up to pull out her ponytail, tossing her hair about like an actress at the end of a commercial for shampoo and conditioner.

Ron smirked at the beautiful brunette.

“I think you’re a little young for me...” He said honestly.

Ella looked at him like she didn’t know whether to be offended or flattered.

“Why, how old are you?” She asked, flustered.

“I’m 35.” He replied.

“Oh well *i’m* thirty-” Ella began to reply.

Bailey grabbed her arm and pulled her to turn around from Ron. The bartender took that as an opportunity to exit from an increasingly awkward situation. He walked back over to the register and wrote ‘39’ on the girl’s IDs.

“Ella! Are you serious! You can’t hit on the bartender!” Bailey hissed to her friend.

Ella looked back behind her, admiring Ron's ass in his jeans.

"And why not? He's fair game. I don't see a ring on his finger..." The brunette replied.

"Uh he's like, way old!" Bailey replied bluntly.

"He's not old! He's only 35! That's younger than we are, girlfriend!" Ella said with a smirk and a knowing look to her blonde friend.

Bailey opened her mouth to tell Ella that she had lost it but then took a good look at her brown-haired friend. Subtle laugh lines and crow's feet were creeping up on Ella's once-flawless face.

She glanced down to see that her friend's hips and ass looked wider and her legs looked like they were getting squeezed like sausages in her skinny jeans. Maybe Ella wasn't crazy...

Bailey rubbed her eyes and took another swig of her drink, shaking her head and assuming that it must just be the alcohol. She turned her attention back to that cute guy with the backwards hat whose flirtatious looks were becoming fewer and farther between.

She suddenly felt a little self-conscious. Her boobs were hanging a little lower on her chest, though she still rocked some impressive cleavage that seemed to keep the 20-something boy's attention, her belly was pooching in a way that wasn't especially flattering and her bare thighs were beginning to dimple with some cellulite.

Bailey took another big sip of her drink in the hopes that getting drunker would bring her confidence back. She quickly primped her dulling blonde hair and flashed a smile at him that screamed 'Desperate Housewife'.

Ella had finished her drink and was wiping her thinning lips with her veinier hand as she set it down on the bar. Some of her long hair fell in her face and she brought two thin fingers up to her lined forehead and parted the brown locks

out of her eyes, not noticing that a few strands of gray had popped up in her bangs.

Bailey was squirming in her seat as she panted in the direction of her young mark. Something that had been building in her over the course of this last drink was really beginning to bubble over – like a sudden urge to toss herself onto that pool table and rip off her skirt, begging backwards that guy to put a baby in her.

She dangled her heel off of her veinier foot and finished her drink as the feeling subsided a bit. Babies – something that only a short while ago had felt like something she was much too young to even think about, now felt like a closed chapter of her life.

“Here you go ladies, these are compliments of the gentleman in the booth over there.” Ron said, placing down a couple of Long Island Iced Teas in front of the pair of middle aged women.

Ella and Bailey looked over across the bar. Both found that they now needed glasses, though Ella assumed that she had just forgotten hers and Bailey chalked the lack of clarity in her vision to being ‘buzzed’.

But as they squinted over they saw the portly middle-aged man with a horseshoe of graying hair around his round head waving at them with a chubby hand and raising an eyebrow that signaled that he was ‘DTF’.

“Ew that gross old guy over there? No thank you!” Bailey said, shoving the drink away and flashing a scowl at the guy who looked older than her own father trying to hit on her.

Ella was intrigued though. She lifted the drink up and took a sip. It was a lot stronger than the ones she had been drinking so far (because this one actually had alcohol in it). She cringed and made a sour face as she sipped it.

“No, it’s not for me. We’ll just have two more of that drink you made us before!” The middle-aged brunette declared, putting the other drink down.

“Coming right up!” He said with a smirk to the now older woman.

He stopped at the register to update their ages to ‘46’ then proceeded to whip them up new drinks.

While they were waiting the two women in their mid-40s sat on their stools trying to look sexy. Bailey was struggling as chronic back pain was beginning to set in from her large chest that had begun to droop down toward her lap. She reached around and began to rub her lower back, cringing at how wide and pudgy it suddenly felt. But she quickly put on a fake smile, not wanting to seem like she wasn’t enjoying herself.

She looked over to her crush hoping that she hadn’t embarrassed herself and saw his friends whispering at him and glancing over at her. She couldn’t hear them asking backwards hat guy if he was actually going to make a move with the blonde MILF that seemed so into him all night.

The women’s attempts at allure seemed to work as the pair of blue collar guys came over and saddled up in the seats next to them. The two 40-something men looked very enthusiastic about the pair of provocatively dressed women around their own age.

“Heya gals. I’m Matt and this is my buddy Tommy. How are you enjoying yourselves on this fine evening?” The stockier of the two men asked them.

“Oh, it’s getting better all of the time! It’s nice just to get out once in a while!” Ella said with a flirty laugh.

Bailey on the other hand was looking very uncomfortable. These guys were her dad’s age. They could be her dad’s drinking buddies for all she knew. Matt looked like a chubbier, slightly less attractive Kevin James and Tommy looked like if Lenny from the Simpson’s was a real person. His 5 o’clock shadow covered a craggy, slack-cheeked face.

“Yeah Matty and I were over there going ‘what am I doing wastin’ my time looking at your ugly mug when we could be over here talking to two of the most

beautiful girls we've ever seen walk into this joint!" Tommy said as he stared down Bailey's droopy cleavage.

"Y'know, honestly we would have come over to introduce ourselves earlier but when you first came in we thought you were a couple a' college girls - honest to god!" Matt said, thinking that he was paying these middle-aged women a *huge* compliment.

"Um we're actually-" Bailey began to interject, thinking that if she told these guys their real ages it might make them go away - even if it got the girls kicked out of the bar for being underage.

"Oh my goodness! Thank you! That's so sweet!" Ella gushed, cutting her friend off.

The brunette held her hand up to her sloping chest and gave the balding stocky man a look like she was incredibly touched by his comment.

"But no, sadly those days are long behind us. I'm actually bringing my oldest around now to visit colleges..." Ella continued.

Matt nodded, feigning interest in Ella's life as he checked out her soft exposed muffin top with her faded butterfly tattoo above her hip and her belly button piercing glittering in the middle of the flabby skin of her middle-aged tummy. He imagined that this suburban soccer mom must have been a real hottie 20-years ago and was probably still absolutely wild in bed now! Divorcees always are.

"You don't have any kids... and if they did they definitely wouldn't already be graduating high school..." Bailey whispered sharply at her friend thinking that this backstory Ella was coming up with on the fly was getting way out of hand. What, she was a 33-year-old that had gotten knocked up at 15 now?

Ella waved off her friend, not wanting Bailey to interrupt the flirting that she was going with Matt.

“Heh that explains the outfit! You ladies raid your daughter’s closets before you came out tonight?” Tommy asked, looking at the two cougars wearing clothing that was much too hip, young and revealing for women their age.

“Tommy...” Matt said, slapping his friend, as if they had agreed before coming over that they weren’t going to bring up the girl’s outfits.

“What? I like it! It takes a lot of courage to dress like that at our age!” Tommy said defensively.

“Our age?” Bailey scoffed in complete indignation.

“Here are your drinks ladies...” Ron interrupted from behind them as he put two fresh red ‘signature cocktails’ down.

“Hey buddy, put these on my tab okay?” Matt said, gesturing to the ladies’ drinks.

Ron nodded and headed back to the register.

“Cheers. To staying young, at least at heart!” Matt said, holding his drink up.

“Haha, cheers to that!” Ella said clinking her drink to Matts.

“Cheers ladies!” Tommy joined in.

“...Cheers.” Bailey said reluctantly, not wanting to be the odd-person out.

They all took big sips of their drinks. The greys began to spread through Ella’s dark mane giving her more of a salt and pepper look but Matt either didn’t notice or was more distracted by other parts of her body.

“So you said you have a kid looking into colleges, just the one kid or...” Matt asked as he rested his hand on Ella’s knee and slowly began to slide it up her leg.

She shook her head and took another sip of her drink as the lines on her face became more pronounced.

“No, I have three. My oldest daughter is 18 and my son is 15, he plays soccer.” She said proudly.

“Ah so you're a soccer mom eh? Love the soccer moms. My daughter, she's 16, plays field hockey.” He replied.

Ella smiled and nodded as she took another swig of her drink.

“And my youngest daughter just turned 19.” She added.

Matt furrowed his brow as he looked at the woman in confusion. He lifted his hand off of her thigh to do some quick math.

“But wait – I thought you said your *oldest* was looking into colleges.” He reminded her.

“My oldest daughter? Oh now, she graduated a few years ago now! She's 25. She just got hired at a big marketing firm in the city.” Ella corrected him.

Matt paused wondering if she was having a bit of fun with him but when she didn't laugh he decided to move on. Over at the register, Ron erased the girls' ages and wrote the number ‘53’ on their IDs.

Bailey was having her own set of problems as she sat there sipping her drink and trying to ignore the guy next to her practically drooling over her increasingly saggy chest.

“So... how many kids do you have?” Tommy asked, trying to strike up conversation.

Bailey rolled her crinkling eyes.

“I don't have any kids. I just graduated high school.” She said pointedly with a clenched jaw.

“They just graduated high school? Yeah mine are still in high school... they live out of state with my ex-wife.” Tommy replied, distracted by how much of Bailey’s creamy thighs he could see.

“What a lucky woman.” Bailey quipped as she took another sip of her drink.

Her thighs flattened a bit against her barstool and her skin took on a more leathery appearance. As she moved her arms she didn’t notice that her once slender toned biceps had melted into a pair of floppy bingo wings.

“So... what do you do for work?” Tommy asked.

Bailey sighed deeply and looked wistfully over to backwards hat guy wishing that he was the one aggressively hitting on her right now. He however was getting ragged on by his buddies for sharing flirtatious looks with a woman who was clearly old enough to be his own mother.

“I don’t have a job yet I just grad-AHHH, oh god, did it just get, like, *really* hot in here!?” Bailey groaned and began to fan herself.

Her pale exposed skin turned beat red as a hot flash washed over her.

“Nah, it feels fine to me.” Tommy shrugged.

Bailey rubbed her hand across her lined neck and up the slight double chin that had formed over the course of her last drink. Her frumpy body was beginning to sweat profusely.

“I feel like I’m burning up!” She panted.

She downed the rest of her drink in an attempt to cool herself down causing the blonde hair on her temples to rapidly turn grayish white and her cheeks to slope down into jowls. It did make the heat subside as she passed through the otherside of menopause.

“Ahhh, god that was awful...” The graying older blonde moaned as she slumped tiredly back against the bar.

“Uh are you alright? You’re looking a bit tired...” Tommy gulped as a quick once-over of Bailey showed that she had to be about 15 years older than he originally pegged her for.

The cleavage he had been enjoying looked like it was wrinkling and bluish veins were becoming visible along the tops of her breasts.

“Y’know, now that you mention it i’m feeling kind of exhausted all of a sudden... and god, my feet ache like i’ve been dancing on them all night.” Bailey said as she struggled to lift her flabby leg up onto the opposite knee.

She slipped her shoe off revealing a veiny foot and knobby toes marred by a noticeable bunion. She proceeded to rub her clammy calloused heel, groaning in relief as she did so like some matronly woman on her bus ride home from work.

“Uh I could um... give you a foot rub back at my place...” Tommy said trying to decide if he really wanted to seal the deal with this frumpy older blonde or not.

“Are you serious right now? You can’t take any of my like 3000 hints that I’m not interested in the frankly creepy age-difference between us?” Bailey snapped in annoyance.

Tommy held up his hands defensively, clearly relieved that he was getting an out here.

“Oh I’m sorry *ma’am*. I didn’t realize that you weren’t interested in younger men. My mistake!” He said pointedly and then grabbed his drink and walked away.

Matt saw Tommy leave but didn’t want to pause his conversation with the beautiful MILF he was making progress with to find out why.

Ella was laughing at one of Matt's 'dad jokes' and flirtatiously patting his muscular arm with her bony hand.

"Oh Matthew! You're such a riot." She chuckled and batted her drooping eyelids at him.

The stocky man grinned thinking that all he needed to do was seal the deal. The graying brunette was sipping her drink and licking her pruning lips at him as she stared him down with crows-feet laden 'bedroom eyes'.

"What would you do if I kissed you right now?" He asked her.

A grin curled on her face bunching up the laugh lines on her cheeks.

"Why don't you try it and find out." She said taking a big swig of her drink and pursing her thinner lips.

The schlubby guy gave her a cocky smile and then leaned in and planted a kiss on her. She wrapped her arm around his neck and proceeded to sloppily make-out with him like a 50-something woman who had had one too many drinks at a White Snake concert.

Bailey looked over wide-eyed at her friend and decided that this was a good time to excuse herself to go to the bathroom. She struggled with a groan to stand up from her stool and slip her shoe back on as she waddled down to the ladies room, passing the pool table on the way and hopefully looking to share another flirtatious look with the backwards hat guy. But as she approached, the young man quickly bowed his head and covered his face in embarrassment.

Matt and Ella broke off from their passionate make-out session to catch their breath.

"Wow!" Matt said grinning.

Ella smirked and finished her drink, setting the glass down at the bar. The grey spread more uniformly across her long hair, the skin of her neck loosened and formed thin flaps of skin tugging down from her knobby chin. The skin of her

belly began to wrinkle and her ass sagged against the barstool in her ill-fitting jeans.

Matt drunkenly leaned back in to kiss her again and she stopped him, cupping his cheek with her veined older hand.

"I'm flattered dear, I really am. But I'm afraid you're a bit too young for me." She said with a wrinkly smile of apology.

"Too young for you-?" Matt asked, squinting at the woman he had assumed to be the same age as him.

Ella nodded.

"You're what? 40? I'm a good 20 years older than that sweetie... But you know, I bet you would really love my daughter! She's recently divorced - and beautiful! She's 32, so much more age appropriate for you and really needs to get out and meet some men!" Ella chirped as she pulled the cellphone out of her purse.

"What the hell... you have a 32-year-old daughter now?" Matt asked, scratching his balding head.

Ella squinted at her phone in her hand trying to remember how to unlock it.

"I was at her house the other day to spend some time with my grandkids and I told her 'honey, it's time to get back out there!'... oh, I don't have my glasses and I always struggle to get this stupid thing to work! I was going to show you some pictures but you'll just have to take my word for it." Ella said, slipping the phone back into her purse.

Matt just stared at the older woman with his jaw hanging open. Now that he had sobered up a bit he could see that the lady he had just made out with was definitely approaching retirement age. Her face was pretty heavily lined and her breasts hung sadly halfway down her chest in that skimpy top she was wearing.

"Y-you're a grandmother?" He asked, stunned.

Ella nodded her gray head.

“Mmm-hmm! My oldest grandbaby just turned 8 and then there’s the 5 year old, the twins and oh my youngest daughter just had a baby earlier this year.” Ella explained beaming like a proud grandma.

Matt blinked at her and took a deep breath, looking around to see if he was on a hidden camera show or something.

“Yeah I don’t know what kind of crazy thing is going on here but I’m a simple guy and I don’t want any part of it...” He said backing away.

Ron meanwhile updated their licenses with the number ‘60’.

In the bathroom Bailey had struggled to get the panties she had just purchased from Victoria Secret down around her saggy dimpled ass cheeks. Her whole body ached as she sat on the toilet wondering why she felt so stiff and inflexible. It was especially apparent when she reached down to wipe herself and then tried to lean down to grab the panties from around her puffy cankles.

Finally after a lot of struggles and groans she managed to pull her underwear back up her lumpy varicose-veined legs and over her cottage-cheese thighs, then finally up around her dumpy 60-year-old ass. She farted as she stood up completely straight and blushed, feeling lucky that she had passed gas in the privacy of the ladies room.

Shuffling over to wash her hands she stared at her puffy lined face in the mirror framed by gray and faded blonde hair in ringlets. There was something definitely off about her appearance.

She looked down at her usually perky, gravity defying melons. Instead she saw sad deflating breasts resting on her puffy gut, flattening into a boob shelf several inches below where they normally hung.

Bailey stared with her mouth agape at her saggy chest for several minutes trying to understand what she was seeing. Finally she just frowned and tugged

her top up a bit to try and cover some of her exposed skin, feeling suddenly embarrassed that she was wearing something so skimpy.

She plodded back to the bar and sat down with a huff, relieved to be off her feet once more. Ella was busying herself with making flirtatious overtures to the haggard old man at the other end of the bar.

“Ella! What are you doing?” Bailey gasped as she watched her friend blow a kiss to the scruffy man that looked like he could be their grandfather.

“What? I’m just having a little fun! I didn’t get on you when you were making googly eyes at those boys playing pool...” Ella said with a chuckle.

“Yeah those guys are hot – this dude looks like Popeye the sailorman’s grandpappy!” Bailey exclaimed.

“Oh please! He’s much more appropriate for the two of us. We’re old enough to be those boys’ mothers!” Ella retorted.

Bailey squinted her eyes at her friend, she did have a point that she was beginning to look like an older version of her own mother...

“Okay ladies, will that be it for today?” Ron came over to them smiling politely and clapped his hands to signal that it was time to wrap it up.

Bailey nodded, feeling a little winded and confused but Ella shook her head and brushed some gray hair out of her lined face.

“Oh we’re having fun! And we don’t get a chance to get out like this that much at our age – let’s do one more round!” The former brunette suggested.

Ron and Ella looked over to Bailey for consensus. The aging blonde took a deep breath and shrugged, figuring that it beat going home and finishing her English Lit homework.

“Sure, another round please.” She said rubbing her aching back.

Ron inhaled sharply looking at the pair of 60-year-olds in surprise and shrugged, turning around to fix them up another drink.

He finished them quickly and slid them down to the two matrons.

“Two signature cocktails for the two pretty ladies at the end of the bar!” He teased.

Ella blushed and batted her eyes at him taking another big sip of her drink.

“Oh stop! You’re practically my daughters age... in fact she’s recently divorced. You know, I should bring her by here some time. I think you two would really hit it off!” Ella explained as she waved her withering hand at the bartender.

She took another big sip of her drink and exhaled in satisfaction, licking some foam from her wrinkling upper lip.

“She’s a few years older than you but she looks young for her age. Most people think she’s only 30 when they meet her!” Ella added as she aged past retirement.

Bailey shook her head. That didn’t sound right – they were the ones that were supposed to be pretending to be in their 30s, not their kids... She took some sips of her drink and tried to remember.

Ron listened to the retiree at the end of the bar prattle on about her kids and grandkids while he updated the ages on the girls’ IDs to ‘67’.

The gray spread through Bailey’s blonde hair and her jowls lowered as the dimples in her formerly cute young cheeks deepened into chasm on her face. She was having trouble hearing what her friend was saying, it felt like the muffled noises of overhearing someone talk two rooms away.

She made out the word ‘retired’ and looked at the spindly senior citizen next to her.

“How can you be retired already? We just started college...” Bailey interected.

Ella gave a chortling laugh that caused the loose flaps of her neck to dangle about.

“College? That was ages ago dear!” She chuckled, shaking her head.

She took a few more sips of her drink as her breasts continued to sink in her top and her belly button ring got lost in the wrinkled folds of her aging belly.

“No wait... we came out tonight because neither of us have class in the morning... right?” Bailey insisted, trying to keep it straight in her fuzzy head.

Ella shook her head causing her gray mane to toss about her bony stooping shoulders. She took another sip of her drink before responding to her confused old friend.

“No dear, we chose tonight to come out because last night was my grandson's recital and tomorrow night is the night of your book club at the senior center.” Ella corrected.

“The senior center? The one I volunteered at over the summer?” Bailey asked.

She tried to think back to her time there a few months ago. All of the women commented on how pretty and full of energy she was as she helped out there – she had been much younger than the people there... right?

Looking down at her puffy sagging body and wrinkled flabby arms, she saw that she in fact would fit right in at the senior center. She could probably play Mrs. Klaus in the holiday skits this year! That stray thought made her want to drink to forget she had ever had it!

Ella was finishing her drink as she hunched forward a little in her stool and set the empty glass down at the bar. Her thin hair was beginning to lighten and her face was now covered in criss-crossing wrinkles.

“I can’t believe you tried to tell this nice young man that we were in college! I mean, my goodness, my oldest granddaughter is about to graduate!” Ella chuckled as her voice became more of a rattle.

Bailey finished her own drink and rested the empty glass on her wrinkly distended gut from a moment. Her gray and white hair hung limply in ringlets over her puffy lined face.

“Your grandkids are older than us now.” She mumbled, shaking her aged head.

Ella wiggled a knobby finger in her ear and leaned closer to Bailey.

“Eh? What was that? You’re not making any sense dearie.” The elderly woman rattled.

Ron wrote ‘74’ on the backs of their IDs and then brought two final drinks over to the ladies.

“Okay ladies. This is final call. This last round is compliments of the gentleman down at the end of the bar there.” Ron said pointing at the old codger Ella had been flirting with a moment ago.

The white bearded man gave them a gruff waive and lifted his drink to them, smiling and showing off the fact that he was missing a few teeth.

Ella raised her glass back to him. Her hand was a little shaky as she brought the drink up to her wrinkled lips and took a big sip.

“Oh what a gentleman!” Ella chirped happily and blew the old man another wrinkled kiss.

“Who, the bald guy again?” Bailey asked, having trouble seeing who Ron had gestured to.

She pointed over to the chubby 50-something troll in the booth who had recently lost interest in the two elderly women at the bar.

“No Bailey, stop trying to flirt with that man. He’s too young for you!” Ella hushed her friend.

Bailey squinted her sunken eyes across the bar to look at the 50-something sleeze who she remembered to be older than her parents and staring at her and her friend lecherously all night.

“No, I'm talking about that fat, bald old guy in the booth over there!” The former blonde clarified.

Ella nodded as she took some more sips of her drink.

“Right, that boy’s got to be no older than my daughter’s age... but by the way he’s been staring at us this evening, I’m guessing he has a thing for much older women so if you want to rob the cradle tonight dearie then I won’t stop ya!” Ella rasped and shook her head.

Bailey was very confused but shook her head and drank more of her drink. Her breasts began to lose their shape and deflate in her top and her body started to shrink a bit.

At the register Ron wrote ‘81’ on their IDs.

“I definitely don’t... who bought us these drinks then?” Bailey asked as a turkey waddle formed under her fuzzy chin.

Ella gestured toward the wizened man at the end of the bar.

“That handsome young man there!” She rattled, sounding flustered like a girl with a crush.

Bailey peered down the bar as best as she could and saw him smiling and waving at them.

“Young man? Ella, that guy could be your grandpa!” Bailey exclaimed as she took a few more sips of her drink.

Her frail stooped friend in the ill-fitting blue tank top gave Bailey a look like she was crazy.

“Oh he can’t be more than 70 years old... and he’s so handsome and rugged.” Ella quavered fondly as her grey head began to develop a consistent shake to it.

Bailey looked from the old man back to her friend who she was sure was only 18 back to the old man and then to her friend again, who she begrudgingly had to admit looked very much like someone's sweet old granny.

“But he doesn’t even have all of his teeth!” Bailey exclaimed, pointing a gnarled crooked finger down toward the man.

Ella gave a wheezing chuckle and took another few sips of her drink.

“Neither do we dearie!” Ella said with a cackle as she opened her mouth to grin revealing that the top of her mouth was just gums and there were some gaps along the bottom as well.

Bailey’s sunken eyes went wide and her hand shot up to feel her own smile only to discover that there were no teeth left at all! Her thin wrinkly lips tucked around her gums as she pawed at her mouth with her crooked fingers in disbelief.

She had just gotten her braces off three years ago – how could she already need dentures! She thought.

“And when you get to be our age dear, we can’t be too picky.” Ella pointed out, jabbing a bony frail elbow into her friend’s wrinkly waist.

Bailey sat slumped on her stool. She felt exhausted. Her breasts were hanging sadly in her top, no longer showing off cleavage but rather an expansive stretch of crinkled leathery skin dotted with liver spots and the bumps of her ribs under her wrinkly skin.

Her hands wouldn’t stop shaking, it was getting tough to finish her drink without spilling it on herself. She tried to drink the rest as quickly as she could.

She looked over at the pool table. She could make out the shapes of the men playing there but everything was too fuzzy to really see. So she couldn't tell that the boy with the backwards hat was looking over at her again but this time with a look of pity and sympathy. Like he wouldn't want to see his own grandmother sadly getting drunk at a bar dressed like that.

Bailey was hoping that the cute 'older' boy would come over and talk to her before it was time for them to leave while the guy was wondering if he should ask these old ladies if they know where they are right now.

The wrinkled puffy old woman with her white hair in ringlets tooted into her victoria secret panties again making her wrinkly cheeks turn bright red. She quickly finished the rest of her drink and put the glass on the bar before her frail hand accidentally dropped it.

"Ella, we should go..." She said not wanting to embarrass herself further.

The old woman next to her was finishing her own drink as the rest of her teeth vanished and her back bent forward some more.

"Oh alright dear, I suppose you're right... it's my great-granddaughter's 11th birthday tomorrow and I don't want to be too tired for it..." Ella quavered.

Ron, overhearing the two frail biddies mumbling to one another about leaving, ran their card and wrote '88' on their IDs before putting them through a special machine next to the register.

"Here you go ladies, just sign this receipt and I'll go ahead and call you a cab back to the assisted living center." He said in a friendly tone.

Ella held a gnarled hand up to her ear and craned her wrinkled head over the bar.

"Eh what? Speak up whippersnapper." She quavered.

"I said sign here and I'll call you a ride back to your nursing home!" Ron said loudly to the former teenager.

Ella nodded with an 'oh' of recognition as she took a pen and shakily signed her name.

"Nursing home... wait, we're not that old... we're only 18 I mean... um how old were we supposed to be again?" Bailey asked in flustered confusion.

Ron grinned at the two shriveled seniors.

"You're 88 ma'am. Says so right on your IDs." He said handing them back to the old women.

Bailey took hers with a trembling hand and brought it up close to her face so she could read it. It had her name next to a picture of a puffy wrinkled granny and according to her DOB she was turning 89 next month!

"This can't be right..." She mumbled to herself.

"Thank you sonny, this has been a real hoot! And those fancy drinks you made us were delicious. What was in them again?" Ella rattled as she slowly and creakily got down from her bar stool.

"Oh, uh Prune juice ma'am. I call the drink 'A Glass of Maturity'." Ron replied.

Ella nodded slowly as she gripped the bar to keep herself steady. Her shriveled chest was peeking out from the bottom of her blue top, looking to settle on her wrinkly exposed belly. Her butterfly tattoo was faded and unrecognizable and the sparkly piercing in the middle of her elderly belly button looked absurd. Her skinny jeans actually looked baggy on her old bony legs and she hiked them up over her stomach since otherwise, because of her shrinking in old age the hems would have dragged on the ground and threatened to trip her.

And Ella at age 88 didn't want to trip - she'd likely break both her frail bony hips!

"Ah prune juice! I can't get enough of it! It tastes good and keeps me regular!" The former brunette cackled licking her pruny lips.

Bailey struggled to get down from her stool. Her once long toned legs were now lumpy, wrinkled and felt unsteady. She gripped the bar with her gnarled hands and slowly slid her shrunken elderly body down toward the floor. Her body wobbled in her heels and she managed to slip them off revealing the liver-spotted wrinkly feet of an elderly woman. She shuffled barefoot across the bar floor afraid to lift either of her feet off the ground.

Her empty formless tits sloshed around in her top, threatening to pop out at any moment. She had to pause from walking to tug up her top every now and then to keep from flashing the whole bar her shriveled chest.

Her back was stooped and her body was folds of loose skin clinging to her fat and bones. Her wrinkly ass was drooping down past the back of her skirt and flopped against her aged thighs. She wobbled like a jenga tower nearing collapse but fortunately a strong hand swooped in to catch her and steady her back before she fell.

“Easy there! Are you alright ma’am?” A young man’s voice asked.

Bailey looked up at her savior to see that the backwards hat boy was holding her around her puffy waist and gripping her hand to keep her from crumpling to the ground.

“I... now I am...” She whispered toothlessly gazing into his gorgeous eyes.

“Well, I’ll help you out the rest of the way just in case. Just hold on to my arm.” He said holding it out for her.

The shrunken old woman clung to the boy's arm as he led her slowly out of the bar with Ella shuffling behind them. Bailey’s wrinkled face just gawked at the young man happily like she had just won the lottery, thinking about all of the dates they would go on together. The boy just smiled politely at the old woman as he helped her hobble along. She let out another granny toot and blushed profusely, looking absolutely mortified.

“I-I’ve never done that before...” She rattled defensively.

The young man just smiled.

“It’s cool, my own grandma does it all the time.” He replied with a shrug.

Ella turned back and waived at Ron as he cleaned some glasses behind the bar.

“So long dearie. It’s been swell, and you’re an awfully handsome fella! Boy if I were 60 years younger...” She whistled toothlessly to him as she shuffled out.

Ron just laughed and shook his head as he watched them leave the bar. He knew that the effects of the drinks would wear off in a few days at which point the two girls would find themselves teenagers again awkwardly sitting in the middle of bingo. But at least hopefully they’d learn their lesson then and wouldn’t pretend to be any older than they are any time soon.

The End.