

Cam Girls Club

By ChronoEclipse

CHAPTER 9: The worst way to become a meme.

Amber popped her young turquoise-haired head out of the bathroom and checked to see if the coast was clear. She was ready to rip one of her house-mates a new asshole for slipping laxatives or whatever into her breakfast this morning.

The coast was clear and she padded out into the hallway to her room wrapped in nothing but a towel having taken the hottest shower she could manage to clean herself up.

She snuck to her room and quickly shut the door with a sigh of relief. She dropped her towel and walked naked past her phone, not seeing that she had 10 texts and 7 missed calls. She picked out a fresh pair of underwear to put on and as soon as she clasped the strap of her bra there was a knock on her door.

“What!?” Amber screamed, thinking that it might be the prankster come to gloat.

“Ummm Amber? There’s something I think you should see...” Becca’s voice called through the door sounding a bit timid.

Amber stomped over and threw open the door in her underwear, glaring at the freshman girl who was already cringing on the other side of the doorway.

“What did you want to show me?” Amber asked, her tone and demeanor softening.

“Um... so...” Becca stalled nervously as she squirmed in place.

Finally the redheaded girl decided to just bite the bullet and she held up her phone to her punk roommate. On the screen was a gif of an old lady sitting in

only her underwear looking confused and bewildered as the caption read 'Ah pooped mah panties'. The moment played over and over again on the phone, repeating this elderly woman's admission of shame.

Amber swallowed hard and felt her forehead begin to sweat. She recognized the room the old woman was sitting in, and the clothes she was wearing - because they were hers.

"So? What's this? It's got nothing to do with me." Amber lied, trying to disavow the whole thing.

Becca frowned looking at the phone then back up at Amber.

"Well... it's kind of obscured in the gif but I'm pretty sure that in the corner there is your cam logo..." Becca said pointing at a blurry logo in the corner of the image.

Amber stood silently not wanting to agree.

"And people are saying this is you online. Like there's a longer 3 minute video this gif is from floating around of this old woman uh, orgasming? I guess? Before saying the 'Ah pooped mah panties' line." Becca explained.

"There's a video!?" Amber screamed.

She turned and grabbed her phone to see if she could find this. User's weren't technically supposed to take photos or screenshots during cam sessions but there was plenty of software out there that helped fans break the rules.

Amber saw all of the texts from friends who had seen the video, girlfriends calling to find out what was up. Everyone was confused about why she had someone who looked like her great-grandmother on her cam show.

"So it is from your show then?" Becca asked warily.

Amber held her phone up to her forehead, squeezing her eyes shut and breathing deeply to keep from losing her shit.

“Yes! Yes okay, it’s from my cam. That’s obviously my room.” Amber said in exasperation.

Becca took a few cautious steps into the room.

“Soooo you put a 90-year-old grandmother on camera? ... Because the other theory floating around reddit is that you uh, suddenly aged 70 years! How crazy is that? Haha.” Becca said, sounding a bit unsure.

Amber looked at the younger girl bewildered and shook her head.

“Obviously someone took footage from my cam and, like, digitally aged me with software – like that stupid faceapp thing that everyone was using on social media two summers ago!” Amber snapped as if that was the clear answer here.

“Oh... so this is definitely you in the gif just uh, with an old age filter?... did you say ‘Ah pooped my panties’ during your show?” Becca asked, cringing.

“No! Of course not!” Amber shouted defensively.

But she didn’t quite remember – all she remembered was what state she found herself in at the very end of the show.

“Okay well, maybe the person that made the video added that part in too.” Becca suggested kindly, though they both knew that that was incredibly unlikely.

“Yeah. Yeah they must have... listen, i’ve got to finish getting dressed and hit some girls back that called me when I was in the shower... so, i’ll catch ya later...” Amber said, trying to get Becca out of her room.

“Uh sure but um...” Becca said, backing up to the door and taking a deep breath before she continued with what she wanted to say. “The gif and the video weren’t actually how I even came across this...”

Amber turned around slowly and looked at Becca nervously.

“Wh-what do you mean?” She asked.

“So like, you’re a meme?” Becca said with an apologetic cringe.

Amber opened some of the texts on her phone to find links to google image searches that revealed page after page of the ‘Ah pooped mah panties’ moment with everything from the president of the United States to some obscure anime character she didn’t recognize photoshopped over the old lady’s wrinkled face. *Her* wrinkled face. All of the images had a blurry version of her cams insignia in the corner.

“Oh, fuck me...” Amber muttered to herself as she stared at her phone.

Downstairs the rest of the girls, plus Cody and Randall were gathering around the lounge. Lauren was pacing back and forth on the carpet at the head of the room, Cody and Kaitlyn were sitting on the love seat looking a bit groggy, Hannah was laying across an armchair googling images of Betty White and Baddie Winkle while Randall was helping Courtney settle down into a seat.

“Where are Amber and Becca? Did anyone tell them we were meeting right now?” Lauren asked impatiently.

The question was met with silence. Hannah glanced around to see that Kaitlyn and Cody weren’t getting up and Courtney was just smiling serenely, seemingly oblivious to what was going on.

“Ugh, I’ll get them.” The brunette grumbled as she hopped out of her chair.

She ran to the stairwell.

“Amber! Becca! Get your tight little asses downstairs! We’re having a family meeting!” Hannah screamed up to the second floor.

A few minutes later Amber and Becca came down and joined the others. Once everyone was gathered Lauren addressed the group.

“So I gathered you girls here because we have a huge problem and we need to work together to solve it!” The 36-year-old blonde said, her eyes and cheeks puffy from crying.

Upstairs Andrew watched the meeting on the screen, holding his breath. This could go really badly for him, he thought.

“Yeah! Some asshole on the internet manipulated an image of me without my permission and turned it into a meme!” Amber said, holding up her phone.

“That’s you? She looks ancient!” Kaitlyn gasped.

“It’s one of those age filters like people use in TikTok.” Cody explained.

Hannah didn’t say anything but quickly googled the image and set it as the background on her phone. Her heart pounded at the sight of it and she kept comparing her young punk friend to the wrinkled woman in the picture while squirming in her seat.

“No! We have bigger problems than some stupid meme. My children are missing!” Lauren exclaimed.

Hannah, Becca and Amber all cringed, looking at one another anxiously.

“I went to pick them up from school and they weren’t there! And the school says they don’t even have a record of the kids attending the school.” Lauren continued.

Hannah, Becca and Amber all looked down at the floor, gritting their teeth and avoiding eye contact with their friend who they believed to be completely delusional.

“We have to find them and get them back!” Lauren insisted.

There was silence for a moment and then Kaitlyn slowly raised her hand.

“I-i’m sorry. What kids?” She asked, completely losted.

Kaitlyn looked over to her boyfriend to see if he knew what Lauren was talking about but he just shook his head and shrugged.

“My kids Kaitlyn! Harper and Brayden! You know my kids, you’ve only babysat them like 100 times!” Lauren replied in exasperation.

“How long did we nap for?” Kaitlyn asked Cody in confusion.

“Uh, have you called the police?” Randall asked from the corner of the room where he dutifully held Courtney’s hand as she sat.

The other girls in the room all looked at him, shaking their heads vehemently, not wanting him to humor Lauren or suggest something that would actually lead to something serious.

Upstairs Andrew was also sweating. He didn’t know what he would do if the police got involved, he might have to revert them all back to normal and call the whole experiment a wash!

“I can’t call the police!” Lauren exclaimed, to the relieved sighs of Becca, Hannah and Amber as well as Andrew upstairs. “Their father is a cop!” Lauren revealed in a ‘dun dun dun!!’ moment.

This revelation was met with silence again as most of the room knew it to be fiction.

“So you think that your ex-husband has your kids and he’s using his connections at the local police department to cover it up?” Randall surmised.

“Yes!!” Lauren exclaimed in relief.

“I’m sorry – who are you?” Amber asked, pointing at Randall.

“Uh Randall, it’s nice to meet you, we didn’t give formal introductions but i’m a-” He began to explain as he moved over to shake the punk girl's hand.

Amber refused to acknowledge him and looked around at the other girls.

“No seriously, who the fuck is this?” Amber asked to the room.

“He showed up this morning looking for Courtney.” Hannah said dismissively.

Kaitlyn looked at the pimple-faced young man suspiciously.

“You’re not some creepy stalker guy are you?” She asked him.

Randall held his hands up in the air defensively.

“No! No! Courtney asked me to stay! We’re cool! We’re cool! Just ask her!” He said pointing over at the slender blonde girl slumping against the side of the couch, drooling a little.

Randall hurried over to her side for support.

“Well, Court? You vouch for this creep?” Amber asked.

Courtney squinted her eyes at Amber and then up to Randall who was smiling and nodding down at her.

“Eh, what? Oh... yes. He’s a nice young man. He takes care of me.” She replied, patting his hand.

“Guys! Focus – who cares about Courtney’s new boyfriend. We have to get my kids back! They’re scared and they need their mommy!” Lauren pleaded.

The group all looked at one another awkwardly, not sure how to handle this crisis that wasn’t real.

“Um, maybe we all just wait here and the kids will show up on their own?” Becca suggested.

“Are you crazy!?” Lauren exclaimed.

“I’ll uh fire up the Bat-signal, I hear superheroes are above the law.” Hannah said with a snicker.

“This is serious!” Lauren snapped.

“I could reach out to this detective I know.” Amber suggested seriously.

Lauren looked relieved.

“Great! What’s their name? Are they licensed to work in the state?” Lauren asked, pulling out her phone to google the person.

Amber cringed nervously. She had just said that to get Lauren to shut up about her ‘missing kids’.

“Um... Nancy?” Amber said, feeling put on the spot.

Lauren paused and brought her phone down, looking at Amber suspiciously.

“Nancy what?” Lauren probed.

“Nancy... Drew...” Amber gulped, blushing with embarrassment.

The other girls all looked at her mouthing ‘what the hell’. Lauren was fuming.

“Okay! Okay! So NONE of you care that my sweet little 8 year old daughter and her 6 year old baby brother are essentially being kidnapped right now! Is that it? You just give 0 shits about anything other than yourselves right? Good to know!” Lauren shouted emotionally before turning and running out of the room in a fit of tears.

“Good going guys...” Cody said, giving the girls judgemental looks.

“Nancy Drew? Really? What Inspector Gadget seemed too obvious?” Becca asked sarcastically.

“Hey! Someone needed to say SOMETHING with your whole ‘wait and see’ suggestion and Hannah’s stupid Batman joke!” Amber said defensively.

“Guys, who cares? It’s not real! Lauren doesn’t have kids! So if they don’t exist they can’t be kidnapped by their cop daddy – who also doesn’t exist!” Hannah pointed out.

“That was still pretty mean though... she seemed really upset.” Kaitlyn frowned sympathetically.

“She’s just trying to sell whatever bullshit joke she’s playing on us!” Hannah insisted.

“What? Like Courtney is?” Amber asked, pointing at the 20-year-old nodding off on the couch.

“Why would two of our friends just suddenly start acting like they’re old to ‘prank us’.” Becca asked seriously.

Hannah shrugged.

“I don’t know, maybe it’s some stupid internet challenge the rest of us haven’t heard of.” The brunette suggested.

“Is uh, Courtney going to do her show today?” Kaitlyn asked.

Amber looked over at Courtney and back at Kaitlyn.

“She’s sitting right there Kaity, just ask her yourself.” Amber said impatiently.

Kaitlyn sunk down in the love seat a little.

“I’m scared of her. She keeps talking like my grandma.” The petite young woman said sheepishly.

“Courtney! Courtney!” Amber called across the room.

“I uh, think she’s asleep.” Becca said looking over at the snoring coed.

Randal rubbed the blonde’s shoulder gently but firmly, rousing her awake.

“Courtney hun, you might want to wake up. Your friends are talking to you.”
Randall said to her calmly.

Courtney blinked her eyes and shook her head.

“Eh? Oh my. I must have dozed off for a moment there. Happens a lot when you get to be my age...” The young woman rattled to the group.

“And what age is that Court?” Hannah asked, rolling her eyes.

Courtney smirked at her brunette friend.

“It’s impolite to ask a lady her age, missy! But if you must know, I’m 90 years young!” She announced proudly to the rest of the room.

A few of the girls rolled their eyes.

“Then why don’t you look like you’re 90?” Amber challenged.

Courtney looked down at her young body, currently dressed in an old lady’s housecoat and fuzzy slippers, and then back up at Amber.

“Flattery will get you everywhere, my dear!” The mentally old woman said with a grin.

“Okay this is getting nowhere... Courtney hun, you should do your cam show tonight because I don’t think you can take that kind of hit to your income this week.” Becca offered.

“Oh, I’m on social security dear.” Courtney corrected her.

“Isn’t that great for you... how about, you need to do your cam show because part of our agreement for the house was that we have to keep camming while we live here!” Amber said, sounding annoyed.

“That’s kind of messed up right? That they’re literally MAKING you girls cam in exchange for letting you live here? Like isn’t that illegal?” Cody asked.

“Who cares? We all like camming, so what’s the big deal?” Hannah responded.

“Courtney, do you think you can put on a Cam show tonight?” Kaitlyn asked, slowly and loudly.

Courtney looked at the girl confused.

“A Cam show? What’s that? Like a variety show? My mother was a dancer in the Zeigfeld Follies back in the day!” Courtney rattled.

“A CAM show, like on your webcam?” Kaitlyn tried to explain.

“Kaity, she knows what a cam show is. She’s been doing it for over a year.” Amber interjected.

“I-I have? I don’t remember that. Is that one of those computer things? Because I’m not too good at computers... I don’t understand what was so wrong with paper and pencil!” Courtney said, wetting her pouty lips and looking at the other girls with trepidation.

The girls all sighed and grumbled thinking that it was hopeless getting through to the girl.

“I’ll make sure she does a show tonight.” Randall announced heroically.

“Great! We’ll let Courtney’s stalker handle it. Maybe he can convince her to stop acting like a little old biddy and become a college girl again while he’s at it!” Amber said, tossing up her hands in exasperation.

“Um... that’s actually the next thing I wanted to talk to you all about...” Becca said nervously.

Everyone turned to the youngest person in the room who sat there grinning awkwardly, not sure how to say what she wanted to say without sounding crazy.

“What? What is it Becca?” Hannah asked, sitting up and showing a level of seriousness that the college girl rarely bothered to demonstrate.

“Well... i’ve been looking around online and... what if the stuff with Courtney and Lauren isn’t an act?” Becca whispered.

The rest of the group looked at one another confused.

“Like what? Like Lauren’s actually in her 30s and Courtney’s ACTUALLY 90? Because damn, I knew she had good genes but this is ridiculous.” Amber said sarcastically.

“No I mean, what if they THINK that they are. Like really believe that they are those ages... and it could explain what happened with you Amber!” Becca offered conspiratorially.

“What do you mean what happened to me? Someone photoshopped my picture. End of story.” Amber insisted.

“But... what if they didn’t. I mean – you all were there the other night when Courtney... when Courtney turned into a REAL wrinkled old lady!” Becca exclaimed in a hushed voice.

The other girls mumbled to themselves and shook their heads, wanting to continue pretending like they had never seen that.

“I know – I know it’s crazy but I was digging around online and I found a guy who goes to our school who baba gaga gurgle bah!” Becca began to reveal before reverting to baby talk as her eyes rolled back and she flopped down onto the couch like she had lost all of her motor skills.

In the attic Andrew was wiping his forehead in relief as he managed to mentally revert Becca back to infancy just in time to keep her from blowing his cover.

The college kids downstairs were all looking at each other in confusion as they watched Becca gurgle and flop on the couch before sliding down onto her bum and crying like a baby.

“Oh ha ha very funny... Seriously, are we on some kind of fucked up hidden camera show or something? Everyones just supposed to pretend they’re different ages?” Hannah exclaimed in frustration.

“Yeah seriously Becca, was any of that for real or was it just set up for the joke? Because it sounded like you actually had something important to tell us and you’re obviously not really a baby.” Cody said, equally annoyed.

“Whatever. I don’t have fucking time for this. I have to deal with this meme bullshit...” Amber said standing up and glaring at Becca as she stormed off while the freshman rolled onto her back on the floor.

“Yeah... I’ve got to go do... things too... In my room.” Hannah said, pulling back up the image of elderly Amber.

She jumped up and hurried off before anyone could question her further.

“Rusty... it’s cold in this room and i’m tired. Would you take me back to the home?” Courtney asked.

“Back to your bedroom? Sure... we have to prepare for your Cam show anyway.” Randall said, helping Courtney up from the couch.

“My what?” Courtney asked, confused.

Kaitlyn and Cody got up from the love seat and walked over to Becca who had managed to pop her shoes off and was now trying to bring her foot down to her mouth so that she could suck on her own toes.

“A+ for really committing to... whatever this is.” Cody said with a frown.

“Yeah Becca - Is there like a cash reward or something? I’ve never seen you voluntarily get your clothes dirty like this!” Kaitlyn said, impressed.

When the infantile teenager didn’t respond but instead wrapped her lips around her pedicured big toe and happily sucked on it, the couple shrugged and shook their heads and left her there.

A few minutes later - when the coast was clear Andrew reverted Becca’s mind back to adulthood. The college girl popped her toes out from between her lips and looked around completely confused as to how she ended up rolling around on the floor by herself. She stood up and gasped at how dirty she had gotten her designer clothing and then went wide-eyed realizing that for the second time this week she appeared to have peed herself.

Becca quickly ran upstairs to clean herself up as Andrew watched her 3D model spin on the screen, contemplating how he was going to shut her up for good.