

LET'S HAVE A KIKI

By ChronoEclipse

NATALIE

At that moment Natalie was running down a corridor in another part of the facility, constantly looking over her shoulder to make sure that she wasn't being followed. She had been running around looking for a fire door or emergency exit for a while now. Ever since she had witnessed her DJ friend get kissed by some crazy cat lady and suddenly morphed into a Mr. Burns-look-alike. She ditched his old ass in his Shrek costume and hurried off to find a way to get out of here.

Now she was passing by a supply closet and stopped, looking down both ends of the hall and quickly hurried inside. As soon as she got in and closed the door she felt herself bump into someone and felt a soft blanket-like fabric pressing against her face and body.

“AHHHHH!!” She screamed along with the man she had bumped into.

Natalie reached up and turned on the light to find herself pressed up against Billy still dressed in his vagina costume.

“Oh god it's you!” She said, rolling her eyes and clutching her chest to feel how hard her heart was racing.

“Oh thank god it's you!” Billy exclaimed reaching around to hug the dominatrix sex-bunny.

She squirmed and pushed his arms off of her.

“Get off of me creep!” She yelled.

“Shhh! They'll hear you!” He whispered firmly.

Billy couldn't believe his luck, he had found this sweet hiding spot to wait out the 'grannyocalypse' and now was here with one of the hottest girls at the party. His breath's got heavy with excitement and arousal as the guy looked at her amazing cleavage in her leather corset and then down to her thicc juicy thighs encased in her fishnets and thigh-high boots. She was so hot and so young...

But as he glanced back up he could swear that the girl he had assumed to be in her early 20s suddenly had crows feet in the corners of her eyes and was that a gray hair in her dark mane?

"They didn't get you did they?" He asked with concern.

She gave him an annoyed look, deepening the crinkles appearing on her formerly young flawless face.

"Get me'? No!" She said firmly.

Billy let out a sigh of relief. He just had grannies on the brain he guessed. This woman was clearly just older than he had originally assumed her to be, which was a-okay with him! He loved cougars!... though her hourglass figure did seem to be growing more pear shaped by the second and... were those ripples of cellulite on the insides of her thighs?

"I mean... an old lady tried to bite me..." Natalie admitted.

The man in the vagina suit watched in horror as her amazing cleavage withered and sunk down into the cups of her corset. The strings tightening it shut were being stretched to the max as her belly expanded into a matronly gut.

"I mean you couldn't even call it a 'bite' really... more like she gummed my arm!" Natalie laughed in a husky voice.

Billy looked up wide-eyed to see that her hair was salt-and pepper now and her face was covered in frown lines and a double chin.

“That’s so crazy right?” She asked and then coughed a bit, slapping a veiny hand against her sagging chest.

Billy squeaked in fear as the hot girl in the sexy leather costume was now old enough to be his mother. The gray spread rapidly through her hair as her arms swelled out into hammy bingo wings.

“Why? What’s wrong?” Natalie asked as her face aged further, giving her a grandmotherly look to her as her recently chubbed up cheeks sloped down into jowls and her flabby double chin grew softer and looser.

Several of the ties on her corset suddenly snapped as her big wrinkled gut seeped out of the sides of her costume which was designed for a much thinner and shapelier body.

“Oh my god!” She cried as she looked down at her fat pillowy tits sagging and pooling in her top and the big flabby wrinkled arms she now possessed.

She waddled around in a circle not knowing what to do as she felt her wrinkly cheeks and began hyperventilating.

Billy got a front row seat to the wide lumpy, walrus-ass the sexy girl had gained in the past 15 second, stretching the back of her fishnets as far as they would go. The dimpled, flabby old ass cheeks began to sag down the back of her wrinkled cottage cheese thighs and droop toward the floor.

“This is a nightmare...” Natalie rattled as her hair began to lighten and thin under her bunny ears and her back started to hunch forward.

Moles dangled from her puffy dangling double chin and her breasts lost all form and shape, her cleavage just becoming pale puckering wrinkled sacks as the sad half-empty tits rested at the bottom of her breast cups.

Natalie looked easily old enough to be Billy’s grandmother now, a fat old granny that looked like she spent her days riding around on a rascal scooter and baking cookies for the neighborhood kids.

The sight of such a woman dressed in a leather corset, fishnets and leather boots? With her flabby wrinkled skin hanging in folds from her fluffy aged body? It was enough to make Billy feel queasy.

“Please... you have to help me! I don’t want to be old! I want to be young and sexy again! Don’t you want me to look like that again?” She asked, reaching out and pleading to the guy that moments ago she didn’t want to share a closet with.

Billy nodded with a pained disgusted look on his face. He looked down into her shriveled wrinkly cleavage and up to her flabby wizened face and turned a dark shade of green and then turned around and vomited into a bucket behind him.

“Okay! That’s enough! I don’t look *that* bad!” Natalie yelled in a shaky voice, sounding annoyed.

Billy turned around and wiped some sick from his mouth and took a deep breath trying to look brave for the aged former beauty.

Natalie put a gnarled hand up to the labia of Billy’s costume and stroked it as seductively as she could manage. Her arms were much heavier and she no longer had much muscle strength to hold them up. She cringed at the sight of her lumpy arm flesh sagging from where her bicep used to be, but pressed on – giving Billy the most seductive pout that the fat old granny could pull off.

“I promise... if you help me get young again... I’ll let you do *anything* with me...” She rattled in a throaty voice trying to sound sexy.

Unfortunately her offering was punctuated by a loud fart expelling from her sagging rump and her floppy ass cheeks flapping together, creating a really upsetting sound.

That was all Billy could take. He freaked out, screaming bloody murder as he pushed past the fat old woman and practically busted down the closet door in an attempt to escape.

“Wait! Don’t leave me like this! I don’t want to be fat and old!” She cried after him.

She frowned sadly at her puffy aged body and grabbed a mop for support as she waddled out of the closet looking for a place that she could sit down and take the boots off of her swollen cankles.

Billy meanwhile ran screaming down the hallway as fast as his giant ridiculous costume would allow him. Which wasn’t much, the vagina outfit came down past his knees, limiting the range of motion of his legs and also kept his arms out at an angle - so he didn’t run down the hallway as much as waddle like a giant toddler.

Up ahead he saw an open resident’s room where he could go and hopefully hide in again. He tried to pick up speed as he heard the cackle of old women close behind him. His full-body costume didn’t allow him to turn his head to see how close they were but he could tell that they were on his tail.

He bent his knees in an attempt to actually sprint forward but managed only to throw himself off balance as he tumbled forward and slid along the tiled floor toward the room.

Billy looked up from his vantagepoint, face-planted in the doorway to see a girl in a Incredibles costume and another girl in a showgirl outfit staring at him in terror from under the bed.

He reached out a pudgy hand to the girls, thinking that if he could just reach one of them they could pull him into the room and he could shut the door and be safe. But the girls just shook their heads with wide-eyed terror as he tried to reach for them and a moment later he felt hands grabbing him by the ankles and dragging him away.

JASMINE AND SARAH

In the room Jasmine and Sarah cowered under the bed watching from their hiding spot as legs and feet rushed back and forth past the doorway. They

didn't know what to do or where to go. It was all so crazy - and then it got absolutely surreal when they watched a giant pussy lumbering towards them and then fall flat on his face inches away from where they were crouched, only to immediately get dragged off to parts unknown before they could work up the courage to help him.

"We have to go! They're going to find us here!" Jasmine hissed to her friend.

"They're going to find us out there!" Sarah cried, snot running down from her nose.

"Maybe! But now that that dufus tried to get in here they'll come to check what he was reaching for! We have to go! Now!" Jasmine insisted, already scooting out from under the bed.

"We have to find Alyssa and Rachel and get out of here!" Sarah insisted as if this was something she had been arguing a lot for the past 40 minutes.

"I don't know where they are but they're on their own! We have to fend for ourselves!" Jasmine hissed.

"You don't think they're... ollll... old now do you?" Sarah asked, struggling to even say the word.

"Don't think about that right now! Hey! Sarah! Stay with me. We're going to make it through this... and still be in our 20s all right?" Jasmine asked, reaching over to squeeze Sarah's shoulder.

The tall girl in the super hero costume nodded and began to sob as the two girls knelt down on the side of the bed.

"I'm only 19 though..." Sarah clarified through sobs.

Jasmine took a deep breath.

"Okay. So on the count of three we're going to stand up and we're going to run out of this room, down the hall, back into the room we were dancing in and try

to get up the stairwell that was blocked off in the corner. Maybe if we can get up the stairs we can get to the roof or something.” Jasmine explained, mapping out the plan on the floor using her cigarette holder prop like it was a general’s pointer.

“And do what? Flag down a helicopter!? We’re tapped here and they’re going to turn us into wrinkly old ladies!” Sarah bawled.

Jasmine slapped the girl lightly with her gloved hand and pointed sternly at Sarah’s face.

“Hey! Don’t get all negative like that! This is why you didn’t get asked back onto the Homecoming committee this year!” Jasmine insisted.

Sarah nodded, wiping her puffy red eyes.

“Okay... count of three?” She asked, steeling herself to execute the plan.

“Count of three...” Jasmine nodded. “One...” She said maintaining eye contact with her scared friend.

“Two...” Sarah said, swallowing hard and crossing her fingers.

“Three!” Jasmine shouted.

The two girls immediately stood up and ran as fast as they could down the hall. Jasmine had discarded her heels much earlier and ran in her stockings while Sarah pressed on in her boots.

They made it through the hallway and into the Day room, dodging and avoiding any of the youth stealing women - young or old, still stalking about. The two college girls were almost to the barricade of the stairwell when a frail form laying on the ground stopped them dead in their tracks.

“Jasmine?... Sarah? Is that you?” The puffy elderly woman dressed in the Lola bunny outfit rasped up at them and held a wrinkled hand up.

“Oh my god! Alyssa!?” Sarah cried, horrified at the sight of her friend who was around her age but now looked old enough to be someone's great-grandmother.

“Yo can you help me to the bathroom? I think I might have crapped my shorts...” Alyssa moaned as she attempted weakly to sit up.

“Oh Jesus... Alyssa...” Jasmine gasped, holding her glove up to her mouth and nose in horror.

Alyssa had always been one of the most youthful, athletic and spirited of their group and here she was too old to walk without assistance and in desperate need of an adult diaper.

“Jasmine...?” Sarah asked as she turned to see the girl who she was relying on to keep a cool head in this crisis frozen in confusion and terror.

“I just... just give me a minute... Alyssa? Is that really you? You're so *old*! How are you so old? We just celebrated your 20th birthday... how is this even possible?” Jasmine cried, having a complete meltdown at the sight of her decrepit friend.

Sarah tugged on Jasmine's glove looking around nervously.

“Come on Jasmine... we need to keep moving. We, we don't have time for this...” Sarah insisted with a rising urgency in her voice.

“But - this is Alyssa! Look at her! She looks like my grandmother! How!? How is this happening to us!?” Jasmine cried.

“Jasmine...” Sarah whined fearfully, thinking that she might have to drag the girl in the showgirl costume away if she didn't leave this second.

But it was a second too late as a pair of grannies hobbled out of nowhere and were right next to them. Jasmine gasped and attempted to back away from their gnarled hands swiping at her and accidentally tripped over the basketball and fell down onto her shapely derriere.

“Jasmine!” Sarah screamed.

“See Myrtle? This is why sports balls shouldn’t be kept laying around indoors.” One old woman cackled.

“Oh I know Anne... all these poor old people around too – someones going to break a hip!” The other old biddy replied as they narrowed in on Jasmine.

The showgirl scooted herself back away from them and looked over at Sarah looking on helplessly.

“Sarah! Go! Forget me! Get out of here!” Jasmine yelled motioning for the tall girl to head upstairs.

“I don’t want to leave you! I don’t want to be the only one left!” Sarah cried.

“Oh that’s all right dearie... if you do manage to escape you can always come back and visit all your friends here on visiting days!” Myrtle said with a devilish wrinkled grin.

“I’m sure they’d all love to have an honorary granddaughter like you!” Anne said with unnerving sweetness.

“I-” Sarah mumbled thinking about how horrible the prospect of that sounded.

“GOOOOO!!!” Jasmine shouted to her friend.

Sarah pulled down the barricade and ran up the stairs as fast as she could, silently wishing Jasmine luck.

Jasmine continued to scootch back along the floor until she hit a corner. She raised up her stockinged feet defensively and took off her gloves to slap the old ladies away if need be.

“I’m not afraid to kick an old lady!” The pretty brunette warned the grannies.

The two old women looked at one another and chuckled.

“Oh I'd be careful dearie... all we need is one brief flesh on flesh touch and you'll be as wrinkled as those stockings of yours...” Myrtle mused.

“Please, just let me go! Whatever vendetta you have against Gen-Z... I promise, I'm one of the good ones! I like art and classical music! I go see theatre and I can name all of the world capitals!” Jasmine pleaded.

Anne smiled as she reached down to get a better look at Jasmine's costume jewelry. The young girl flinched as the old woman reached down but then realized she was just reaching for her necklace.

“You know, my mother used to be a show girl back in the 1920s before I was born! She could do the Can Can and the Charleston.” Anne remembered.

“I didn't know that! I bet she wore an outfit just like this one!” Myrtle observed, pointing at Jasmine.

“As a matter of fact Myrtle, she did! We had a picture of her in an outfit just like this one at the Bahama Club back in '28!” Anne replied.

Jasmine was hyperventilating again as she laid in the corner waiting for the old ladies to do what they were going to do. She wished that they would just stop reminiscing and do it all ready.

“Well I'll be darned!” Myrtle said, impressed with Anne's story.

“And do you know what we did for my mother's 90th birthday?” Anne asked.

“Pleaseeee just do it or let me go... I can't take another minute of this boring story...” Jasmine whimpered.

“What's that Anne? What did you all do for your mother's 90th?” Myrtle asked.

“Why, we dressed her up in this very same outfit and recreated that old photo!” Anne declared, clapping her wrinkled hands.

Jasmine sobbed quietly below them.

“You recreated the old photo?” Myrtle asked in feigned surprise.

Anne nodded her head proudly.

“Yes we did!... now of course the Bahama Club had long been shut down and demolished by then... it’s a shame how they tear down all of those old places to make room for a new Walmart or a Safeway... but my son-in-law had a friend who worked at a club down by the beach and do you know what it was called?” Anne asked.

“Pleaaaaaseeee!” Jasmine groaned.

The old ladies continued to ignore her.

“Don’t tell me it was the Bahama Club!” Myrtle replied in astonishment.

“Well, no... but it was called the Panama club! And we thought ‘close enough!’” Anne said with a smile.

Myrtle gave a hearty chuckle

“‘Close enough!’ Oh Anne, you’re too funny!” Myrtle shook her head laughing.

Anne turned her attention back to the bored and terrified young woman squirming below them.

“Anyway, to make a long story short... I know, ‘too late!’” Anne said in self-deprecation.

“‘Too late!’ She says! Oh Anne, stop! You’re going to make me pee myself!” Myrtle coughed, having a giggle fit.

“What was I saying? Oh right, to make a long story short, my 90 year old mother actually held up in the outfit pretty well for a gal her age!” Anne mused.

Jasmine blinked up at the old biddies in disbelief.

“That was the whole point of your stupid story!?! That your 90 year old woman didn’t look too bad dressed in an outfit she had worn back in her 20s!?! What are you *talking* about!?!” Jasmine screamed in frustration.

Myrtle stopped laughing and both old women looked at her coldly and a little perturbed.

“Well - let’s see how well you hold up, missy!” Anne growled and then promptly leaned down and squeezed the girl’s rosy cheeks.

The old woman got down close to her mouth, not in a kiss but almost like she was sucking the air out of her mouth. Myrtle resumed her chuckling again as she watched.

As Myrtle squeezed Jasmine’s cheeks they appeared to grow gaunt and wrinkled. Her eyes sunk into their sockets and her long hair grayed. Her pouty puckered lips that were open for Myrtle to suck from began to thin and prune.

The college coed's body began to shrink and shrivel, her toned arms and legs wilted to skin and bone and her tits collapsed down in her dress and hand sadly on her wrinkled navel.

The stocking bunched and slid down her bony old legs, her once shapely thighs no longer thick enough to hold them up, they pooled around her swollen ankles revealing squiggly veins and liver spots dotting the wrinkled skin of her gams.

She didn’t look like she’d be doing any high kicks or stage dancing in her current frail state. When Anne released her, the two old women helped Jasmine to her gnarled feet and smirked at the sight of the shrunken old woman dressed pathetically in the sexy cocktail dress and loose stockings. She

hunched forward revealing her dangling turkey waddle hanging from the bottom of her chin like the feather boa she had worn earlier that night.

Her gray and white hair hung lifelessly from her head, adorned with the feathered glittery bandana. It framed her withered sour face as she clung to the wall to keep herself steady and upright. The only saving grace about the whole ordeal, Jasmine thought, was that in her old age she had become too deaf to make out what the two women in front of her were babbling about.

“You know what song this reminds me of? ‘The Copacabana’!” Myrtle said to a now rejuvenated, youthful Anne.

“Oh I remember that song! How did it go again?” Anne asked in a chipper young voice.

“*Her name was Lola, she was a showgirl - with yellow feathers in her hair and a dress cut down to there...*” Myrtle sang in a rattling voice.

“Yes! That’s so good because later in the song it goes ‘*Still in a dress she used to wear, faded feathers in her hair...*’” Anne sang, a little bit more on tune than her elderly friend.

“Right ‘that thirty years ago, when they used to have a show’.” Myrtle recited.

Anne looked back at the frail doddering Jasmine.

“Well, I'd say it’s been a bit more than 30...” The young woman remarked with a smirk.

“Oh Anne! You’re so bad!” Myrtle chuckled at her now much younger friend.

“Come on, let’s go find that other one so you can join me back in our ‘roaring 20s’!” Anna said, jogging over to the stairs.

“Ha! ‘Roaring 20s!’ Where do you come up with this stuff!” Myrtle laughed, shaking her head as she hobbled to follow Anne.

SARAH

Upstairs Sarah was running around the second floor desperately trying to find a way to escape. The rooms upstairs all appeared to be administration offices and file storage. There were plenty of places to hide but few places to run! However at the end of one corridor she saw her salvation - a large window that opened out to the fire escape!

The tall girl ran toward it and tripped, breaking the heel of her boot. She sat on the floor and quickly slid the thigh highs off of her long shapely legs leaving her barefoot in red spandex pants.

She hurried to the window and tried to open it but found that it was jammed! She used all of her womanly strength to pry it open but then noticed there was a lock on the window that was painted over.

Sarah grabbed her boot and bashed at the lock, managing to knock enough dried paint off of it that she could turn it and unlock the window. She did so and then pushed the large window open with some effort leaving just enough room for her to crawl out onto the metal fire escape on her hands and knees.

She heard chatting and laughing behind her and turned around to see one of the old women from downstairs with a very pretty freckle-faced young woman around her age.

“Look! There she is!” Anne pointed toward Sarah.

The tall, tanned brunette took a deep breath and squatted down to climb out of the window. It wasn't easy for a statuesque woman like herself and her spandex costume got caught on the splintering window sill. She quickly tugged it free and continued to crawl out of the building.

Anne and Myrtle reached the end of the hall as Sarah was most of the way out onto the fire escape, just her legs and feet from the knees down still hung inside.

Myrtle reached out and grabbed Sarah's foot and ankle and tugged to pull her back in. Sarah struggled and kicked back at the old woman to get free and escape.

"Am I going to have to do 'the thing'... with her foot?" The old woman asked.

Anne smirked and shrugged.

"Looks like you're going to have to kiss the girl's feet!" The young woman replied.

Myrtle looked down at the smooth, soft size-10 foot with purple-painted toenails and raised an eyebrow.

"I feel like there's a joke in here..." Myrtle shrugged as she leaned over to wrap her pruny lips around Sarah's wrinkled arch.

"Hmmm - watch out while you're down there that you just suck out her youth and not her sole!" Anne joked.

Myrtle giggled as gently sucked on the side of Sarah's foot.

The college girl was really upset and weirded out by the sensation of an old lady pressing her lips to her barefoot but she was also incredibly tickling and began to laugh and squirm while the old ladies drained her.

"How about... better to kiss her feet than her ass!" Anne wise-cracked.

Another series of belly laughs from Myrtle and increasingly husky giggles from Sarah.

"Stop! Stop!" The aging woman cried out from the fire escape.

She was already beginning to stretch out her spandex outfit as her body surged through middle-age. Her shapely figure took on a more boxy shape as her waist expanded and her breasts drooped.

“Better hope she didn’t put her best foot forward!” Anne called out with a grin.

Myrtle laughed, inadvertently licking Sarah’s increasingly wrinkled sole with her tongue. The matronly woman dressed in the Violet Incredible outfit went red faced with giggles.

Sarah finally managed to catch a breath and brushed some of her long hair out of her eyes, not realizing that her dark brown locks were in the process of going gray.

Her sweaty brown was lined with wrinkles and she reached up to take off her domino mask to wipe some perspiration away, revealing deep crows feet in the corners of her eyes.

She bit her thinning lip to push past the tickling sensations coming from her now veiny middle-aged foot that was developing bunions and calloused cracked heels.

“When we’re done here – she’ll have one foot in the grave!” Anne cackled.

Myrtle paused.

“Eh.” She said with her lips still around the side of Sarah’s wrinkling foot as she waved the ‘only so-so’ sign to Anne.

Sarah struggled to pull her legs out from the old women’s clutches (Well, Anne couldn’t really be considered an ‘old woman’ anymore – she looked barely out of high school now.) But if she could just get her entire body out onto the escape then she could shut the window and be free.

The problem was that she was beginning to feel tired and her body felt heavy. She heard a tearing sound coming from the back of her costume as her widening ass softened and spread bursting the seam in the back.

“Oops! I think she’s starting to *crack* Myrtle!” Anne said laughing and pointing at Sarah’s exposed flabby bum sticking out behind her.

Myrtle temporarily pulled her lips away from Sarah's foot to give a big belly laugh.

"Oh that's funny! 'She's starting to crack' because we can see her bottom now!" The remaining granny laughed.

Sarah's wrinkled increasingly jowly cheeks blushed in embarrassment. She looked down to see her skin tight costume stretched and distorted over her flabby older body. The fabric around her waist not bunched around her belly rolls and she could feel her saggy tits slip down her chest and get flattened against her ribs by her form-fitting costume.

Her breathing was getting labored and her body was tired. She slumped her head down letting a bunch of white silvery locks of hair fall down over her face.

Myrtle reached down and grabbed her foot again seeing that it was now a gnarled old ladies foot covered in liver spots and bony crooked toes. She pointed at the aged wrinkles soles of the elderly woman crawling on her hands and knees out of the window and looked up at Anne.

"Oh I think she's all done." Myrtle observed excitedly and then anxiously held up her own wrinkled bony hands to watch them smooth out.

"Good, let her go. I want to have a little fun gaslighting her." Anne snickered.

Myrtle let go of Sarah's other leg and the now aged girl finally managed to crawl all the way through onto the fire escape. She reached up to grab the railing with a shaky withered hand to pull herself back up onto her feet and gasped at how old it looked.

Slowly and creekily Sarah pulled herself back up. Once she was completely standing she still needed to hold on the metal railing for support since her legs felt like they could barely support her and trembled much like the rest of her body.

She was a sight to behold, having shrunken a few inches from her model-esque height, she now looked much more compact with her red spandex costume

outlining how her tits now formed a small saggy shelf halfway down her chest that oozed into the rolls of wrinkled flesh that her belly had become. Her love handles were puffing up the sides of her waist and her back had a bit of a stoop.

There was a breeze up her backside as the tear in her costume allowed the cold night air to blow on her wrinkly ass crack and her skintight spandex pants bunched around the leathery folds of her thighs.

Sarah hugged her frail arms around her chest and began to rub herself for warmth. She looked down to see that she was incredibly high up and would have to figure out how to unhook a rickety metal ladder to climb down, her eyesight was no longer great - especially this time of night and she was having trouble keeping her mind clear and focused. Her thoughts felt like wisps of smoke in her head, dissipating shortly after forming. And both her body and mind felt sooooo sloooooow.

Inside the hallway Myrtle was back in her 20s once more: a pretty, chipmunk-cheeked brunette girl. She slid off her loafer and took a look at her own smooth bare foot, wiggling her young, unpainted toes.

“Did you see the purple color she used on her toenails? I was wondering if I might look good with that nail polish? What do you think?” Myrtle asked her friend.

Anne peered out the window at the old woman in the red spandex costume doddering around the fire escape.

“Oh I don’t know Myrtle, your skin tone is so much paler than hers....” Anne replied as she continued to observe Sarah.

“Yeah I suppose you're right. Back when I used to be this age we just didn’t have that many colors to choose from. It was really just ‘red or bust’.” The rejuvenated brunette replied.

“Well a bunch of the girls were talking about going out to get mani-pedis in the morning as a sort of ‘kick off’ to the whole ‘being young again’ thing. You should come!” Anne suggested.

“Oh that sounds fun!... I might be a little late though, depending on what time everyone was planning to go. I was planning on taking a morning Yoga class down at the Y...” Myrtle explained.

Anne turned around for a brief moment to raise a blonde eyebrow at her friend suspiciously.

“Oh and why is that?” The blonde girl asked with a smirk.

“Well... you know Jett that comes by here once a week to do senior aerobics with us? Well she just so happens to teach a yoga class at the local Y and I thought it might be fun to go and show her how flexible I am now...” Myrtle admitted sheepishly.

Anne laughed and rolled her eyes.

“God, you’re such a flirt!... Okay, ready to do this?” Anne asked.

Myrtle stretched her young body and nodded.

“Her friend called her ‘Sarah’, right?” Myrtle clarified.

“Yes she did...” Anne said with a grin and a nod.

The two women pushed open the window a bit more and Anne leaned out of it with a concerned look on her face.

“Ms. Sarah? What are you doing out here in the cold? Come on back inside.” Anne said, gesturing for Sarah to follow her.

Sarah shook her wrinkled head, looking fearfully at the young woman.

“N-No you’re going to... do something to me!” Sarah mumbled fearfully.

She brought a hand up to clutch her loose neck in shock at how old and shaky her voice sounded now.

“Now Ms. Sarah, why would we want to do anything to you other than make sure that you’re safe and cared for?” Anne asked, giving the old woman her best innocent smile.

“Because! You made me grow old! Look at me!” Sarah shrieked, gesturing to her shriveled saggy body.

Anne and Myrtle smirked at one another.

“Time did that dear. Everyone gets old. It’s just part of life!” Anne replied calmly.

“No! I- I was only 19 when I came here tonight and all my friends were turned into grannies and she- she bit my foot!” Sarah cried shrilly as she pointed an accusatory finger at Myrtle.

“I didn’t bite her foot – sucked on it a little but, I didn’t bite it.” Myrtle said softly enough for Sarah not to hear her.

“Ms. Sarah, do you understand how crazy that sounds? Now you just got a little confused and wandered up here when we weren’t watching you. Now come, take my hand and we’ll get you back to bed where it’s nice and warm.” Anne told the elderly woman holding a hand out to her.

Sarah hesitated. She was sure that they were lying but... how did she get up here? She was having trouble remembering.

“You two were old ladies and you were chasing us...” Sarah rattled, sounding unsure.

Anne and Myrtle smirked at one another again.

“Really? Ma’am, I just turned 20 and Em here is...” Anne prompted.

“I’m only 19!” The rejuvenated brunette proclaimed.

“Do we *look* like a pair of old ladies?” Anne asked.

The two young women posed in the window frame looking sweet and innocent. Myrtle rested her chin on the backs of her hands and batted her eyes at Sarah while Anne pouted her lips and posed like she was taking a selfie.

“N-no but... I was young like you are... before... before I came out here...” Sarah tried to remember.

“Yes you were... back in the 1950s.” Myrtle suggested.

“I was? I mean... no... I’m in college... with my friend Jasmine, Rachel and Alyssa.” Sarah insisted with a hesitancy in her voice.

Anne nodded.

“Yes, those are all of your friends here. They are other old women at the home, like you are. Come on Ms. Sarah, it’s too cold for a woman your age to be out at night like this in that ridiculous thing you’re wearing and... you seem to have lost your shoes.” Anne pleaded, sounding like she was genuinely concerned.

Sarah knew that this didn’t feel right but it was also very cold – the wind was cutting through her old bones like scissors through paper. A soft warm bed and a hot beverage sounded nice.

She took a few small hobbling steps toward Anne, pausing to wet her lips and try really hard to remember what was going on.

“I came out here for a reason... I was trying to... what was I trying to do?” The old woman quavered.

“You just got a bit muddled. It’s part of your dementia Ms. Sarah, it happens a lot to women your age. You forgot how old you were and made up this elaborate story that me and the rest of the staff were secretly old ladies that were out to steal your youth and the youth of your friends and you came up here to hide... but you're safe now. We’re here to help you. Your friends

downstairs are very worried about you.” Anne said, waving her hand out firmly again.

“And I hear your grandkids are coming to visit this weekend...” Myrtle said in a sing-songy voice.

Anne gave her friend a curt shush and maintained eye contact with the old woman in the red spandex. She knew she was on the verge of convincing her.

Sarah thought about it - what was more likely, what she actually believed she experienced happening or that she was a woman who had lived over 80 years and was struggling with senility and had made this all up in her head?

It was almost a moot point since the possibility of her getting the ladder unlatched and then climbing down it safely in her aged state was incredibly unlikely. And even then where was she going to go with no shoes, no phone and looking old enough to remember World War 2? Anyone that came to help her would just bring her back here!

She shuffled forward carefully and put her trembling wrinkled hand in Anne’s.

“O-okay, i’ll come back inside... Can I get a big warm fluffy blanket when we get back downstairs?” Sarah asked as Anne guided her back under the window and into the hallway.

“Absolutely! There’s one back in my room... or I mean, *your* room that I can go and fetch.” Myrtle said, correcting herself quickly.

Sarah nodded her wrinkled head and took a deep breath as the two young women put their hands on her frail back and guided her back down the hallway. Myrtle saw the old woman’s discarded boots and picked them up.

“Ooo don’t forget your boots Ms. Sarah!” The young brunette said.

“Oh good... my tired feet are so cold...” Sarah mumbled appreciatively.

Anne and Myrtle helped the decrepit senior back into her knee-high black boots but because Sarah had shrunken a bit in her old age and her legs were no longer toned like that had been the last time she had them on, the boots slipped on and came up all the way to her crotch.

The two young women chuckled at the sight of the ridiculous geriatric, waddling forward looking like a wrinkly stack of spandex-clad pancakes balanced on a pair of shiny rubber boots.

“Knee-highs? More like hip-highs!” Anne snickered.

“Oh Anne! You’re so funny!” Myrtle said giggling and playfully slapped her friend’s arm.

KATIE AND CATHLEEN

Shortly after the initial chaos had broken out, Cathleen had managed to make it over to her friend who was now old enough to be her great-grandma.

Katie stood on thin trembling shriveled legs, leaning onto a cane that had been given her by the old lady who had stolen her youth. She softly wept into the tail of her cat costume when a hand came up behind her and rubbed her now decrepit back. Katie was startled by the touch and leapt with a fright causing her elderly body to ache from sudden movement in a way that the former 20-something had never experienced before.

“AH DON’T DO ANYTHING ELSE TO ME!” Katie screamed trying to brandish her cane like a weapon.

“Shhh! Shh! Calm down Katie, it’s just me!” Cathleen said, motioning her elderly friend to put the cane down.

Cathleen cringed and tried not to laugh at the sight of her aged friend. She knew that Katie was upset but couldn’t help but notice how ridiculous the old woman looked in the sexy costume. Nevermind the fact that her social-media obsessed, trendy young bestie now looked like the kind of bitter old bag that

would yell at kids to stay off her lawn or complain about young people staring at their 'doohickeys' all day.

"Comfy Cat? Oh thank god... did you see what that old bitch did to me!?" Katie cried in a rattling voice.

Cathleen cringed, giving the old woman a pained look of sympathy.

"Uh yeah, sort of... everyone at the party did..." The girl in the onesie admitted to her elderly friend.

"Noooo! That's so mortifying!" Katie wailed as she adjusted her top. Her bra wasn't designed to hold a very old woman's bust and her breasts kept inching for a way to pop out and dangle down to her belt.

As the young woman in a cat costume tried to comfort the old woman in a cat costume, bedlam continued to ensue around them. Geriatric men and women gleefully hobbled around in pursuit of their young costumed quarry who ran in every direction throughout the room in a hopeless effort to escape with their youth intact.

The two age-opposite cat girls watched an old lady tackle and oldify the DJ from the first party and cringed as a girl dressed as the hot bunny from Space Jam narrowly missed making it out of a window before turning into a sad old granny.

Several old folks made swipes at Cathleen but considering she was covered head to sneakers in thick, warm, fleece fabric they all quickly moved on to easier targets.

Cathleen tugged her hood a bit tighter around her young head to hide her age and turned to her elderly friend who was just sadly holding the top of her dress open and blubbering at the sight of her wrinkly cleavage.

"Um... what do you need right now, Kit-Kat?" Cathleen asked, gently rubbing Katie's hunched back.

“I need a way to become young again! And for these old witches to rot in hell! And my phone back! And to get the hell out of here and go someplace that doesn’t smell like piss and potpourri!... And maybe a comfortable place to sit down.” Katie screeched with her wrinkled fist clenched.

“Okay... Well, let’s maybe focus on that last one and go find someplace to sit down.” Cathleen said to her BFF as she guided the old lady forward.

“My legs are freezing! I can’t believe I’m wearing a short skirt right now.” Katie rattled, shaking her gray head.

“Well... I didn’t say it.” Cathleen smirked.

Most of the comfortable places to sit in the Day Room had been taken as more and more rapidly aged youngsters needed to rest their weary bones, so Cathleen brought Katie down the hallway to reception where there was a room off to the side that looked like it had some comfy chairs that the girl in the cat onesie had eyeballed earlier that night.

“Can we trade outfits? I mean, you’ll look way better in this skirt and top now than I do...” Katie suggested.

“Nohohohoho!” Cathleen said, chuckling and shaking her head. “Sorry but i’m really happy with my costume. However, this is a nursing home so I bet we can rustle up a nice knit blanket somewhere to cover those chilly old legs of yours.” She added.

They made their way into the side room at the front of the center. It was surrounded with comfortable armchairs and a working fireplace. They shuffled past Marla who was dozing off in one of the chairs, her saggy midriff oozing out from between her neon sportswear.

“Okay here you go, nice and cozy.” Cathleen said loudly into Katie’s fuzzy ear.

She helped her elderly friend ease down into the seat slowly. Katie’s old bones and joints crackled and popped as she sat down.

“God, my whole body aches...” She said as she lifted her bony withered leg slowly to unstrap her shoes and pop them off.

“You just take it easy and I'll look for that blanket!” Cathleen said, glancing around the room.

“God, how do women this age wear heels?” Katie asked, removing her designer pumps with a sigh of relief.

“Uh... they don't.” Cathleen explained, eyeing a storage cabinet in the wall.

“What!?” Katie screamed.

“Are you asking ‘what’ because you didn't believe me or because you couldn't hear what I said?” Cathleen asked, popping open the door in the wall and looking at shelves of supplies.

“Because I couldn't believe it! My hearing is fine!” Katie yelled a little too loudly for that to be true.

“Would you keep it down! Some of us are trying to sleep!” Marla snapped sharply from her nearby chair.

Cathleen and Katie looked at her surprised and feeling bad for getting snapped at. Marla's wrinkled face immediately softened and she held up her hands in repentance.

“I'm so so sorry! I don't know where that came from - I came here to get drunk and get laid just like everyone else. Tonight's just *really* not going the way I thought it would, I got turned old and got ditched by two different guys and now I'm exhausted and I think it's just making me really cranky. So please carry on at whatever volume you want.” Marla said as she slowly creaked to her feet from the chair, grabbed her four-footed cane and slowly shuffled her way out of the room.

“Heh! I can relate!” Katie groaned.

She squinted her eyes down at her feet once her shoes were off and wailed at the sight of them.

“I have bunions and liver-spots! And oh... look at my nails! They’re all thick and yellowed! My feet are so gross now and I just got a pedicure yesterday!” Katie pouted, massaging her aching old soles.

Cathleen looked through what was on the shelves and grabbed a shawl, a couple blankets, a package of fresh warm woolen socks and a pair of fuzzy slippers... she turned to go back to Katie and then hesitated, turning around to grab a second pair of fuzzy slippers for herself.

“Okay well, the best way to deal with gross liver-spotted feet and swollen veiny ankles is to cover them in warm comfy socks!” Cathleen suggested enthusiastically.

The young woman knelt down and slipped the woolen socks up over Katie’s aged feet and calves. They were medical grade socks so they wouldn’t cut off the old woman’s circulation.

“And here are some nice fluffy slippers... and a warm blanket for your knees...” Cathleen said as she put the slippers on the floor at her feet and tucked the blanket around the skirted granny’s frail legs.

“Thanks...” Katie said sheepishly - both enjoying being pampered but embarrassed at the fact that she couldn’t do all of this herself due to her current age.

“And finally a spiffy new shawl to drape around your shoulders...” Katie said, unveiling the dowdy knit shawl and tossing it with a flourish around her friend's bony slumped shoulders.

Katie grabbed the ends of her shawl and tugged them tighter around her body with her gnarled old fingers. Cathleen meanwhile sat in the chair kitty-corner to her friend and popped off her sneakers to swap them out for the slippers.

“How do you know how to do all of this? Did you have to care for an elderly relative some time that I don’t know about?” Katie asked as she began to feel noticeably warmer and more comfortable.

Cathleen shrugged as she lifted up her slippers and tucked them under herself.

“No this is just stuff I do for myself at home... I think I see a tea station over in the corner - I can make you some if you want.” Cathleen offered her elderly friend.

Katie shook her head causing her gray curls to toss about under the cat ears she was still wearing.

“No thanks... maybe later. I forgot that you’re all ‘cottagecore’ now.” Katie smirked at her young friend.

“I just really like being comfy and cozy...” Cathleen said, deciding to jump up and make herself a cup of tea.

“Little Cozy Cat...” Katie mumbled as she began to rest her sunken eyes.

Cathleen finished steeping her tea and climbed back into the chair to find her aged companion nodding off. She looked around the room and surmised that this must be the room for families to come and visit with their elderly relatives. The chairs were all clustered together in groups around the room and she spied a stack of games and toys over in the corner. She realized that to an outside eye she might seem like Katie’s granddaughter who was spending some quality time with dear old Grandma Katie by dressing her up in a ridiculous sexy cat costume. She chuckled to herself at the thought.

“So is this just my life now?” Katie rasped readily without opening her eyes.

Cathleen was silent for a few moments. She had no idea how to answer that question. She had no idea what was going on or how it worked or if it was temporary or if it would get worse. She knew her friend had aged what appeared to be at least 60 years in a matter of moments and an old lady had

become young again as a result but beyond that it was all question marks. She didn't want to be all doom and gloom but she didn't want to give the poor old woman false hope either.

"I don't know." She finally said softly.

"What!?" Katie yelled. "... That time I said 'what' because I couldn't hear you." She clarified.

"I said, I don't know but... whatever happens I promise I'll do my best to be there with you through it." Cathleen said, reaching out and squeezing the old lady's veiny hand.

"Thank you... and... thanks for not saying 'I told you so.'" Katie said, squeezing her friend's hand back.

"Oh my god! How shitty would I be if I watched you like rapidly age into a grandma and then I was just like 'Fuck you, I told you so! It's totally your own stupid fault for going out to a costume party! Ya dumb bitch!'" Cathleen laughed, shaking her head.

"I totally would have deserved it! If I had listened to you and we had had a quiet night in your apartment playing Clue or whatever then my tits would still be perky and I'd still have control over my bladder!" Katie joked, laughing along with her friend.

"No!... Oh my god, did you have an accident? Do you need me to get you some Depends? I saw a package in the closet." Katie asked with real concern. Katie waved a hand in the air and shook her head.

"I'm fine! I'm fine! Just... if any hot guys try to get up my skirt, make sure you take me to the bathroom real quick to remove my panties first, mmkay?" Katie rattled, her wrinkly face cringing with embarrassment.

Cathleen cringed too and looked at her elderly BFF with concern but decided to take a breath and let it go.

“I don’t think there are any hot guys left at this party... or any ones that are, almost certainly need a little blue pill now to get anywhere...” Katie remarked with a smirk.

The 20-something and the 80-something joked and chatted over the course of the next hour as screams and wails and cackles and moans bellowed throughout the facility.

One of the robo nurses whirled in at one point and started a fire in the fireplace. It paused to scan the two women and abruptly turned to Cathleen.

“Vis-Vis-Visiting hours are al-al-almost over.” It informed her before wheeling out of the room.

“Freaky...” Katie whispered to her young friend.

Other aged party guests occasionally came in for a soft warm place to rest. Cathleen was always eager to offer to get them a blanket or shawl from the storage closet.

It was getting closer to 1 in the morning and loud ‘wooing’ and giggling could be heard outside of the room. Cathleen and Katie peaked over to the doorway to see a gaggle of young men and women practically dancing out of the home.

One woman, a tall blonde woman with an amazing figure dressed in a floral housecoat turned and looked at the two women in cat costumes, and then did a double-take as she realized that Cathleen’s face was still smooth and young.

She broke off from the rest of the rejuvenated elderly people and slipped into the room, marching toward the two cats. Cathleen tucked herself into a ball and pulled her hood shut around her face nervously.

The young girl sat there hiding in her onesie for several moments knowing that at any minute the beautiful woman was going to take her and make her old.

“Hey! Leave her alone or I’ll... I’ll bruise your shins with my cane!” Katie warned.

The blonde woman smirked standing in front of Cathleen with one hand on her hourglass waist.

“Okay - here’s the deal. We only have about 5 minutes left for the magic to work, all of the residents here are already young and frankly none of us even noticed you until just now. So... we’ll let you keep your youth if you promise never to tell anyone about what happened here tonight.” The woman explained matter-of-factly to Cathleen.

The girl opened the hood of her onesie a little to look at the tall blonde.

“C-can you make my friend young again too?” Cathleen asked sheepishly.

Katie’s wrinkled face lit up and she nodded vigorously. The woman looked over at the old woman in the sexy costume and pointed her thumb in Katie’s direction.

“Her? Heh. No.” The tall blonde said bluntly with a smirk.

“PUH-LEASEEEEE!!!” Katie begged.

The rejuvenated woman sighed.

“Even if I wanted to, I can’t. The magic doesn’t work that way.” She explained.

Katie pouted with a look that had usually gotten her anything she wanted back when she was young and beautiful, but now that her face was a puffy mass of wrinkles it just made her look incredibly pathetic.

The woman raised a blonde eyebrow at the sad old woman and rolled her eyes, turning to leave.

“Wait!” Cathleen called after her.

The woman spun around and looked at her warily, not wanting to go another round with them about giving vain, annoying, social-media-obsessed Gen-Zers their youth back.

“Yes....?” She asked Cathleen with her jaw clenched.

“Um... what’s it like being old?” The girl in the onesie asked quickly.

“Horrible!” Katie shouted, glaring at the rejuvenated woman.

“Shush!” Cathleen told her friend and then turned her attention back to the woman.

The tall blonde in the house coat considered the girl's question for a moment.

“Well... you don’t have much energy and you spend most of the day sneaking naps-” The woman began to answer.

“Okay i’ll do it!” Cathleen chimed in immediately.

“And everything goes slower and- i’m sorry, what?” The blonde asked, blinking in disbelief at what she just heard from her newly young ears.

“I said I'll do it. I wanna do it. Make me old.” Cathleen repeated.

“Cat! No!” Katie screamed, sure that her friend was making a horrible mistake.

“Kiddo, I didn’t even get to the part about chronic pain and constipation.” The woman replied.

Cathleen shrugged.

“I don’t know, it kind of seems better than having to wake up at 5am to work my shitty barista shift.” She replied.

“You’re sure about this...?” The blonde woman double checked.

Cathleen took a deep breath and nodded.

“Most of my friends tell me I'm basically a little old lady anyway...” The girl in the cat onesie replied.

The blonde looked completely baffled but figured ‘who was she to argue with a girl who wants to be a granny’. So she walked up close to Cathleen, leaned down over her cupped her face with her hands and pressed her red pouty lips against the girls, inhaling deeply.

Katie squirmed and whimpered, not liking this one bit. It didn't take long for her to see that the locks of hair that were visible from her hoodie had turned gray. It was tougher to tell how old her body was in her baggy onesie. The whole thing seemed made to conceal the form of the person wearing it.

After only a minute or two the woman pulled away, revealing a shrunken little old lady swimming in her cat onesie. Cathleen's wrinkled face had squinty crinkled eyes and thin tiny lips and puffy rosy cheeks, the kind of old lady features that made her look like one of those adorable grannies that would feed hard candies to the young folks that passed her by in the park.

“There you go. Enjoy your retirement dear.” The blonde woman said, patting Cathleen on her gray head patronizingly.

“Enjoy your... I don't know, *modeling* career, I guess?” Cathleen rattled back to the old woman.

The tall blonde woman smirks at the little old lady in the cat onesie giving her double thumbs up, but clearly she was thrilled by the compliment as she tried to hide her flattered grin from her youthful face.

She turned and hurried back to the other former nursing home residents, giggling and whispering like a school girl about what had just happened.

Katie turned to her elderly friend with a thin trembling lip and shaking hands reaching out to the aged girl.

“Oh my sweet comfy cat! What did you do? We didn’t both have to be old!” Katie rattled in disbelief as she cupped her friend’s puffy wrinkled cheeks in her gnarled hands.

Cathleen shrugged and gave a tired smile to her friend with the newly gained crinkly, pinched-features of her wizened face.

“It was too exhausting being young anyway. Especially if I was going to have to look after your cranky old ass!” Cathleen said with a wink as she reached up with a shaky mit and grabbed the other old lady’s wrinkled hand and squeezed it.

The two old women settled back into their chairs, squinting at one another with peaceful smiles as they reached across the arms of their chairs to hold one another’s hand.

“We went from two kittens out on the prowl to two old gray tabbies in need of a nap!” Katie joked with a trembling voice.

“I don’t know about you - but I was jonesing for a nap before we even got here.” Cathleen replied with a chuckle.

BRANDON

Brandon had spent the past hour locked in the bathroom stall. At first he was waiting for the obvious wet stain in his crotch to disappear but then he began to hear screaming and crying coming from the hallways and stayed hidden out of fear.

He didn’t know what was going on outside of the bathroom but whatever it was it sounded like trouble! Brandon waited and waited as hands occasionally pounded on the door.

At one point he could swear he heard a young girl's voice pleading to be let inside.

“Please!!! Let me in! I need someplace to hide! They’re turning us all olldddd!”
Followed by a scream and then the moan of an old shaky voice asking: “Eh?
Where’d mah teef go...”

He sat crotched on the toilet, daring not to open the door and after a while nodded off to sleep. In his dreams he imagined Rachel, Alyssa, Sarah and Jasmine prancing around him naked in a circle - their perky bare breasts bouncing up and down as they fondled and caressed his body.

Brandon jerked awake and felt a damp sticky sensation in his pants again. Looking down he saw that he had had a wet dream. Without his phone he had no way of knowing how long he had fallen asleep for. He was afraid that if it had been too long the girls might find another guy to go home with and he would miss out. So he stood up and cautiously crept to the door holding his head against it to listen for whether or not it was safe to come out.

When he didn’t hear any screaming he took a deep breath and unlocked the door, opening it a crack at first and then all the way. He stepped out into the hall and was speechless. Old people in inappropriately skimpy costumes were hobbling around aimlessly or slumped down onto the floor unable to stand on their own. They all looked upset and disoriented.

The robo-nurses seemed to be making the rounds to help the elderly folks, lifting some up to dump them into wheelchairs or providing them with hearing aids, glasses or just some warm tea and a shawl.

Brandon had no clue what was going on but he knew that he needed to find the girls right away. He began to hurry down the hallway poking his head into rooms. Most of them were empty, a few were occupied by the robonurses putting costumed seniors to bed.

“Jasmine?” “Rachel?” “Sarah?” “Alyssa?” He asked in each room he popped into.

A few doors down from the bathroom he had been hold up in, he opened up the room and popped his head in to search for his friends.

“Jas-OH GOD!” He cried at the sight of the very old VERY naked couple gumming each other on the hospital bed.

He watched in frozen horror as the bald old man reached up and sucked on his first two fingers and then proceeded to reach down and insert them in the old lady's gray snatch.

“Is that any better, baby?” The old man asked hoarsely.

The old woman winced and shook her wrinkly head.

“No, it's still uncomfortable... I think we need lube now, Cal.” Savannah rattled and then noticed Brandon staring at them. “Oh! Someones here!”

“Who?” Cal asked pulling the blanket up quickly to cover them.

“I don't know babe. I can't hardly see anything now!” Savannah whimpered.

The old woman swung her bony legs over the side of the bed and slowly creaked down onto her feet. She was a small, shrunken old lady with a hunched over back and wispy white hair in a contemporary chin-length hairstyle.

She padded over slowly to Brandon, covering her fried-egg tits with her wrinkly arm and her aged crotch with her other gnarled hand.

“Excuse me young man... Do you know where the lube is? My husband and I need some for well... y'know...” She chirped in a high pitch shaky voice.

“Babe! BABE!” Cal rasped from the bed.

Savannah turned around slowly, accidentally flashing Brandon her wrinkly, ‘soggy hot-dog bun’ butt. The young man flinched and averted his eyes.

“What?” Savannah asked, cupping her ear.

“You just called me ‘husband’!” He corrected her.

She paused for a minute, shaking her trembling head and trying to remember if she did and then looked at the old man in the bed as if that were the sweetest most sentimental thing in the world.

“Awww babe! I think I went senile for a moment and called you my husband!” She saw briefly uncovering her breasts press her withered hand to her heart.

“Awww!” Cal said, smiling like he was touched by it too.

“We just started dating a few weeks ago. This is technically only our fourth date!” She explained to Brandon over her shoulder.

“This date has lasted a lifetime, heh!” Cal joked and then let out a wheezing cough.

“Hey babe!” Savannah rattled back to Cal, clearly not hearing his joke.

“Yeah babe?” He asked from the bed.

“I also think I called this guy ‘young man’, like a real old lady! I think I might be getting a bit of dementia!” She said with a shaky giggle.

“Heh, that’s funny babe! He’s probably older than you!” Cal chuckled.

“I just turned 23.” She said, flashing Brandon a wrinkly toothless smile.

“She’s only 23!” Cal repeated hoarsely, not hearing his girlfriend.

“And my husband... sorry, *boyfriend* over there is only 25!” Savannah added rubbing her crooked back, allowing her empty tits to flop and sway toward her crooked toes.

Brandon’s heart began to pound in fear at the revelation that the doddering old couple he had just walked in on were really *his* age! He quickly began to back out of the room, turning around in a fluster to grab the door and flee.

“Wait! You didn’t answer my question about the lube!... He didn’t answer me about the lube, right babe?” Savannah called after him as Brandon ran back out into the hall.

He stumbled in a daze for a few feet, trying to avoid all of the old people around him, realizing that they must be the other young 20-somethings from the party.

A door suddenly burst open to his right, startling Brandon half to death as a fat old woman crashed out of the supply closet with her flabby wrinkled arms extended out to him like Frankenstein's Monster.

“Please! You have to help me! I shouldn’t look like this! Call my dad! He’s like a doctor! He’ll know what to do...” The woman cried.

She looked too old to have a father who was living, nevermind actively practicing medicine. And Brandon nearly fainted as he noticed that her large puffy withered old body looked like it was practically melting out of the leather dominatrix outfit she was wearing. The only things on her not desperately trying to droop onto the floor were the pair of pink and gray bunny ears sticking up from her gray and white hair.

Natalie took a few plodding steps towards Brandon, sobbing over her lost youth when she suddenly teetered forward and flopped onto him, her old legs no longer able to support her large old frame.

Brandon felt the old lady's heavy sagging flesh pressing against him and struggled to hold her up and keep from falling backwards himself onto the ground. He was quickly losing ground as his arms sucked into her folds and her massive saggy chest weighed him down like sandbags. It was ironic that if Natalie had been pressed against him like this only an hour ago it would have been Brandon’s dream come true but now it was a terrible nightmare.

She reached her arm up to put her hand against the wall, a tactic that had worked in the past when she was too drunk to stand but all she managed was to begin suffocating Brandon with the folds of her wrinkly bingo wing.

Luckily for both of them a robonurse whizzed over and picked up the heavysset old lady, plopping her into a wheelchair with little effort. Natalie let out a breath of relief as she eased her large tired body into the chair causing the metal to groan a bit.

The nurse scanned her body as she sat there.

“Age-Age-Age Eight-Seven, Fe-Fe-Female. Failing eye-eye-eye sight; Osteoporosis and die-die-die-abetes.” The robot declared, printing out a label from it’s mouth that said ‘Diabetes’ and sticking it to the leather cup above her right sagging tit.

Natalie whimpered as she was wheeled off and Brandon resumed his search for his friends with more urgency. He had gone through all the doors in this hallway and turned down another. About halfway down he popped into a room filled with scented candles and gasped to find an old woman with long white hair, dressed in a Poison Ivy costume napping in a bed.

“R-Rachel?” He asked with a gulp.

The old woman opened her sunken eyes slowly and then blearily looked at the young man and shot up, awake. She winced as her body protested the sudden movement and she resumed sitting up in the bed more slowly this time.

“Brandon?” Rachel asked with a trembling, tired old voice.

Brandon nodded, coming closer - shocked that this spindly old granny was the same vibrant redhead who he had had a crush on since he had first met her.

“What happened to you!?” He asked in disbelief.

“The old women... Jake’s grandmother... they did this! They stole our youth! Quick! You have to get us out of here before they come back!” Rachel cried, reaching up bony wrinkled arms for Brandon to come over and lift her off the bed.

He hesitated not wanting to touch her in her current aged state.

“I-I think they’re all gone... it looks like it’s just aged party-goers and the robot nurses out there.” He said quickly.

Rachel lowered her head solemnly.

“So they’re gone and i’m stuck here in a room that’s practically a shrine to my ex-boyfriend, too old to do anything while that psycho - Agnes goes off to pull a ‘Back to the Future’ on her own grandson...” Rachel croaked bitterly.

“I’m sure there’s a way we can... you know, uh... reverse it and um... make you young again.” He said, sounding unsure.

He didn’t know what to say to comfort someone who had just gone from her late teens to late 80s in less than an hour.

“You promise?” She rattled, batting her fake eyelashes at him.

He gave her a cringing smile and nodded.

“You probably don’t want anything to do with me now that i’m old enough to be your grandmother...” She said, clearly fishing for him to deny that and say something to make her feel good.

“No! Of course I do! You’re still um... really beautiful and totally amazing no matter how old you are!” Brandon said, not disappointing her in her manipulation.

As he said it though he looked down at her shriveled old legs, the same legs he had fantasized about often but now nearly 70 years older. They were covered in blue spidery veins and folds of wrinkled skin, bunching up in unsightly ways.

“Brandon? Would you be, like, super awesome and cover me up with a blanket right now? My feet are freezing.” She said falling back into old habits with the boy.

He walked over and grabbed a warm-looking blanket from the chair in the corner and brought it over to the girl turned granny.

“Uh here you go...” He said trying to be helpful.

He froze, staring at her gnarled old feet with her crooked toes and thick, warped yellow toenails painted red. They were liver-spotted and reminded him of just what an old woman Rachel was now.

“I... don't suppose you want to take me up on that offer to suck on my toes anymore...” She quavered, noticing him staring at her wrinkly old feet.

Rachel gave him a pouty face and puppy dog eyes, however at her current age it didn't look cute or sweet it just looked like a sad, pathetic old woman trying to drum up sympathy. Which wasn't far from the truth. She was hoping to use reverse psychology and guilt-tripping again to actually suck on her toes and make her feel young and sexy again, even for a fleeting moment - not to mention hopefully relieve her of the arthritis in her toes for a bit.

“I uh- I'm going to go find the others and make sure they're all right! I'll be back soon - I promise!” Brandon said in reply, tossing the blanket quickly onto her decrepit legs and feet.

“Brandon-” She began to plead with him to stay with her but he was already out the door.

He shut the door behind him quickly and took several deep breaths. That was very weird! It felt like he was taking care of an old lady in a nursing home while she was trying to flirt with him - but also knew that she was really his friend and crush who was actually supposed to be a few years younger than him.

He turned to continue down the hall and was immediately flashed by a spindly old woman with long braided hair. She held over her night gown revealing to Brandon long pendulous breasts that stretched down to her wrinkled belly button and a puffy white-haired bush between her decrepit thighs.

“Hey cutie! Look me up on ONLY FANS! SexyYoungKayleeXO!” The elderly Kaylee cackled, seemingly unaware that her wrinkly aged body wasn’t a costume anymore.

A robo nurse scanned her.

“Age-Age-Age Ninety Three, Female, Hear-Hear-Hearing degeneration, Arthritis and Sen-Sen-Senility.” The nurse declared, slapping a ‘senile’ label on Kaylee’s wrinkled forehead.

The elderly flasher was then escorted down the hall in the opposite direction from where Brendan was headed. He continued to press on passing a giant vagina made of cloth and felt being wheeled by in a wheelchair. The head poking out of the facehold looked like an overbaked potato.

A little past him was an old gray-haired woman with blonde bunny ears shuffling down the hall gripping a walker with a robo nurse at her side.

“Alyssa!?” He cried seeing the ‘Bunny Squad’ written across the sports bra covering her massive sagging chest.

Alyssa peered at him with sunken eyes and gasped.

“Oh damn kid! You made it out without getting all old! That’s fucking lit! Hey, just uh, wait for me out in the dance room okay? We can figure out a way to get out of here - these crazy robots are saying I live here now in the nursing home! I keep telling them that they are out of their damn minds! I’m not living in no smelly-ass nursing home! I’m only 20-years-old!” Alyssa rattled, wheezing to catch her breath when she was finished.

“Uh, do you want to come with me now? I’m going to go find the others.” He asked, wondering if that was a good idea. The formerly athletic young hottie actually seemed quite slow and doddering now as she shuffled down the hallway with her walker.

“Just give me a minute and I’ll meet up! I’ve got to go take care of something first...” She said, her wrinkled puffy cheeks blushing.

“Uh, what do you need to do? Maybe I can help!” Brandon suggested.

“No!!” She shouted quickly. “It’s none of your damn business all right? Just let the stupid robot help me! I’ll be back in a minute!” She yelled at him, sounding like a cranky old bag. “God, seriously, it’s like all the time with this kid...” She mumbled to the robo nurse, not realizing that she was rattling loud enough for Brandon to still hear her.

He wondered what her big secret was but the mystery was quickly solved as she shuffled past him and a distinct smell hit his nostrils. He turned around to see her shorts heavily sagging in the rear and one of the labels from the robonurses stuck to her back that said ‘Incontinence’.

Brandon hurried back into the Day Room. He did a quick double-take noticing the hot shapely woman dressed in 80s workout clothes who had flirted with him earlier in the night. Now she looked more like Jane Fonda does in the present day, except without any of the plastic surgery.

She was a gray-haired, hunched old lady showing off a pooched wrinkly old belly and shriveled sagging ass being hugged by spandex shorts. Brandon considered going over to her and offering her help since she had been so nice to him earlier but before he could say anything to her an old white-bearded man in a Captain America costume shuffled over to her and grabbed her wrinkly hand to kiss it with his whiskered old lips.

“Hey sexy lady... does that offer to take you back to my place still stand? Because I think ‘My place’ just got a whole lot closer...” The elderly Cap said with a wheezing laugh.

Marla looked at him with confusion, then shock, realizing that the bearded old man was the same guy from the front door, to revulsion at how he looked now to complete disbelief at the fact that he was hitting on her again.

“Are you fucking serious right now!?” She cried in a frail old voice, pulling her bony hand out from his grasp.

“What? You’re single... I'm single and a place like this can get awfully lonely when you don’t have someone to keep you warm at night...” He explained.

“Dude! The moment I got wrinkles you ditched me and ran off!” She screamed.

“Well... that was when there was like a 60 year difference between us!... I mean, you can’t expect a young guy like I was to stick around with a geriatric woman four times his own age? But now that we’re around the same age again...” He cooed, leaning in and puckered his lips.

Marla took the hair scrunchy out from her gray hair and popped it around the old man's lips, bunching them shut.

“Pass!” She yelled as she attempted to turn and shuffle away from him as quickly as possible - which wasn’t very fast at all without the aid of a cane or walker.

The old man took the scrunchy off his mouth and hobbled after the aerobically attired granny.

“You should reconsider, hun! Women outnumber men 3 to 1 here and we can’t be too picky at our age! I mean look at me! I’m only 26 and I'm prepared to spend the night with my face planted between those wrinkly old saggars of yours!” He wheezed as he pursued her.

Marla and her now elderly pursuer shuffled past the couch where Hector and Olivia were sitting at. Hector was sitting there wetting his lips and trying to work out something in his old tired brain while his now shriveled shrunken date cuddled up to him and napped in her ill-fitting Devil costume.

“It’s a power ALL old people have...” Hector mumbled to himself.

Olivia softly muttered in her sleep about college exams and being naughty between old lady snores.

“That’s what Miss Rosa said! All old people have this magic. We’re old people now! So all we have to do is wait until next Halloween, find some young people

- or better yet, *those* young people who just robbed us of our looks and energy and steal it back! HAHA!" He exclaimed excitedly.

He clapped his hands loudly, having worked it all out. Olivia stirred awake, smacking her lips and feeling her mouth remembering that she no longer had teeth like she used to when she had earlier that day.

"What did you say hunny?" She rattled, reaching up to clutch her empty chest and frowning sadly realizing that the whole 'being old' thing wasn't just a bad dream.

"I- what?" Hector asked her, a bit hard of hearing now.

"What were you shouting about? You woke me up." Olivia asked.

"Oh I was just saying... huh, what was it again? It was important. Something about us being old..." He muttered trying to remember what it was.

"I know we're old! It's kinda hard to miss! God... i'd do anything to get my young body back and not be a half-blind shriveled wreck..." She quavered as she pinched various wrinkled folds of dangling skin on her body.

"Yeah! It was something about that... It was good too I... ah damn, I lost it... Maybe it'll come back to me after a nap!" Hector wheezed as he leaned his balding head back to rest.

Olivia rested her gray wrinkly head back down onto his shoulder and began to snore loudly once more.

Across from them on another couch, Sarah sat there in her Violet Incredible suit and fuzzy pink slippers, happily humming to herself and knitting a scarf that Myrtle had given her to finish, since the now young girl wasn't going to get a chance to.

Brandon saw the hunched over old woman with long straight gray and white hair sagging in her bright red superhero outfit and ran over to her.

“Sarah!” He exclaimed as he popped down onto the couch next to the old woman.

Sarah dropped her knitting needles into her frail lap and her jowly jaw dropped. She looked at Brandon like she had seen a ghost.

“Br-Brandon!?” She cried in disbelief.

“Yeah, I'm here. I'm trying to find everyone and then once we're all together I'm going to get us out of here.” He told her.

She reached out with a trembling clammy hand and cupped his smooth cheek.

“But... you're still so young! How are you still so young after all of this time!?” She quavered in shock as she continued to stroke his face and chest as if to prove that he was real.

“Well I uh, was in the bathroom and so I guess the olds didn't get me because I was locked in there.” He explained quickly, blushing a bit, embarrassed that he had been hiding out while the girls had all had their youth stolen.

Sarah shook her head, her crinkled lip trembled.

“Old age comes for everyone. You can't escape it by hiding in a bathroom Brandon! So how, after 69 long years, am I an old woman and you still look like you did when I was a young girl!?” She demanded.

He looked at her, unsure of what she was asking and then looked around to see if anyone was listening and could clarify. The aged people around him just drooled as they sagged into their chairs.

“69 years? Sarah it's only been like 69 minutes. We all came to this party earlier tonight, remember? And you girls were going to come back and crash at my place because you couldn't get back into your dorm until morning?” He said, trying to refresh her memory.

“69... minutes? No, we went to that party back in 1952! I remember, I had just turned 19 that summer... I was so beautiful back then, oh - you remember. Tall, long legs and a tight ass that I remember you were awfully fond of...” She said, fluttering her sunken eyes at him as she reminisced.

He shook his head at the aged girl.

“1952? What are you talking about? You were born in 2002! The party was *this* year - tonight! Right now. *This* is the end of the party. You turned 19 this past summer!” He corrected her.

Sarah stared at him completely dumbfounded. It was all beginning to make sense - why she didn't remember any of her life past 19 and why all the historic events she supposedly lived through she only had a history text-book knowledge of and why there were so many scantily clad old people hobbling around crying about having their youth stolen.

“Those sneaky fucking bitches!” Sarah hissed clenching her bony wrinkled hand into a fist and shaking it in the air.

“I don't-” Brandon was incredibly confused.

“Anne and Myrtle. Two nice young girls - correction! Two *shady* gaslighting old biddies that totally lied to me about stealing my youth!” Sarah screamed.

“Uh okay so I found Rachel and Alyssa's going to be meeting us back in here once she gets like a diaper or something... have you seen Jasmine?” He asked Sarah, trying to get the old lady to focus on the problem at hand.

The formerly tall brunette sniffed at the air. She found that her sense of smell had actually become better in old age as her sight and hearing deteriorated. She wrinkled her already wrinkly button nose and turned her sunken eyes down toward the wet spot in Brandons crotch.

“Brandon... Did you just cum in your pants?” She asked, sounding horrified at the prospect that anything about her 80-something-year-old self would bring the young guy to that level of arousal.

Brandon stood up quickly, covering his jizz stain.

“It was from before! I mean... It’s not that it’s... something else. Uh I spilled water on my pants... earlier. Not now. And uh... I'm going to go find Jasmine! Uh, be right back!” He said, rushing off before she had a chance to ask more questions.

He hurried away, looking back over his shoulder to see Sarah shaking her jowly head at him and smirking before looking down at her bony legs and seeing the knitting needles with the half-knit scarf laying on it. She quickly pushed them off her lap in disgust and shame.

Brandon was so focused on whether Sarah was judging him for the stain on his pants that wasn’t watching where he was going and he bumped into another frail old woman who was slowly hobbling in front of him trying to make her way down to the reception area.

She grabbed the hand railing on the wall to save herself from tumbling down onto the carpeted floor.

“Watch where you’re going asshole! You almost made me fall and break my hip!” Jasmine rattled.

Brandon recognized the gray-haired shriveled old woman by her showgirl attire that was barely staying up around her wrinkled aged body. Her stockings were bunching on her pale wrinkly legs and her cocktail dress was slipping down her liver-spotted hunched shoulders.

She couldn’t hear him but turned around to see who had bumped into him and gasped at the sight of a still-young Brandon.

“Brandon! They didn’t get you!” She cried in surprise.

The wrinkled old woman then immediately turned her head away, covering her wrinkled old face with her gloved hand.

“Don’t look at me! I’m a hideous old crone now!” She wailed, self-consciously.

“No... Jasmine, you don’t have to be like that with me. I, uh, think you girls are beautiful no matter what!” He said, trying to reassure her, not realizing that she could hardly hear a word that he was saying.

He put a supportive hand on her leathery, hunched bare shoulder and she turned around slowly revealing how wrinkled and collapsed her once pretty face had become. Pink lipstick still adorned her pruned lips and eyeliner framed her sunken eyes.

Brandon swallowed hard at the brief consideration that if he didn’t find a way to reverse what had happened to his friends then he might be stuck caring for them in their old age, rather than dating one of them in their prime the way he had always kind of hoped.

“Y-you really don’t mind that i’ve been turned into a shriveled old crone?” Jasmine asked, wetting her wrinkled lips and fluttering her crinkled eyes at him.

He shook his head ‘no’ and smiled at the elderly woman.

“Well, in that case – good! I could use an extra pair of hands and someone with legs that can actually still move faster than a box turtle!” She said, immediately switching from ‘sweet pathetic woah-is-me’ mode to ‘getting down to business’ mode.

“Uh sure Jasmine, what do you need?” He asked helpfully.

“I’m going to need, a cane or a scooter or something so i’m not in constant fear of falling; something warm to wear; a thick pair of socks; some of those fuzzy slippers I see a bunch of these wrinkled bat shuffling around in; a... oh what are they called? Hearing aid. I’m really like, seriously deaf... I guess my mom's warnings about going to loud concerts all the time weren’t just b.s. Huh? Um... let me think. Ooo see if there’s a wig around from another girls costume, i’d loooooove to hide this white hair; a blanket but make sure it’s

something soft like alpaca fur - wool irritates my skin; something warm to drink; my *phone*; and something that will stop my hands from shaking all of the time! Are you writing this down? If you fetch it all quick... I'll let you give me a sponge bath..." She cackled with a wink, only half joking.

Brendan was about to rush off and do it all for her but then stopped realizing that this was the same shit the girls always pulled when they were young. They would teasingly offer him some flirtatious crumb in exchange for being their man-servant. And now even though they were all old enough to be his grandmother they were still doing it. He was going to wait on them hand and foot - for what? The privilege to see Jasmine's shriveled 80-something year old body naked? The chance to make-out with one of the girls that still has all of her teeth? The hope that if any of them managed to become young again they'd stop taking him for granted and actually go on a date with him.

The young man had had it. Enough was enough. Even if they weren't being incredibly selfish - he didn't have time to deal with their vain drama. He needed to get out of here, try and get help and tell people what had happened in the hopes of fixing all of this.

He shook his head and walked past the old woman and she clung to the banister.

"Brandon... Brandon? Where are you going? Are you going to go fetch the things from my list? You heard me when I said that I'm practically deaf now right? You have to nod 'yes' for me to understand... or you can write it down on a notepad. Add that to the list. A small note pad and a pen so that you can communicate with me." She said and then paused in horror as she felt something warm running down her frail legs.

"Brandon! Brandon come back! I-I think I'm um... *wetting* myself! Please! I need you to pick me up and bring me to the ladies room! BRANDON!" She cried.

But Brandon had moved on into the reception area and was peeking into the visitors room where he saw two old women dressed as cats playing a game of Clue together.

“I can’t really read the names on my sheet. The letters are so small.” Katie said, picking up the pad in her trembling hand and bringing it up close to her face.

“Eh? What?” Cathleen asked loudly.

“I said I can’t read tiny letters anymore!” Katie screamed louder.

Cathleen sighed.

“That’s probably why there’s all those packs of jumbo playing cards in the corner. But regular card games are boring.” Cathleen said and then opened a drawer in the table they were sitting at and pulled out a magnifying glass for Katie.

“Oh thank you! This will be helpful. Okay Professor Plum in the conservatory with the wrench.” The frail woman in the skimpy dress chirped.

Cathleen showed her a card.

“I wonder if the nurses will let me go home in the morning and get the rest of my games. I have way cooler stuff than Clue.” The elderly lady in the cat onesie mused.

Katie checked something off of her pad with the aid of her magnifying glass.

“Yeah... this is actually pretty fun. Heh, you were right, sitting around in our 80s, quietly playing board games is a really nice way to spend the time.” Katie admitted.

A cheshire grin curled around Cathleen’s lined weathered face and she put a bony hand on Katie’s.

“Told ya so.” She rasped with a chuckle.

Brandon backed out of the room and turned to the front doors. They were unguarded and no longer locked. He cautiously walked over and opened it up to

the outside, seeing a few dozen young people - mostly women jumping and whooping in celebration, dressed in house coats and nightgowns.

They were dancing around and jumping into the cars of the aged party attendees, heading off into the night to enjoy their regained youth. Brandon had half a mind to march down there and demand that they undo what they did to his friends and the others. But he also remembered that he was missing his car keys and his phone.

He turned to head back into the nursing home and try to get his belongings back when he felt a metal hand wrap around his chest from behind, pinning his arms at his side. Brandon felt a prick of something against the side of his neck.

“Light-Light-Lights out. Hon-Hon-Honey.” A robotic voice reverberated in his ear as his vision began to go dark.

THE END.