

Cam Girls Club

By ChronoEclipse

CHAPTER 2: Kinsey House

Students from all across campus lined up on the walkway in front of Kinsey House to watch the ladies of Cam U march to their new home in triumph. Someone was blasting the classic Selena Gomez hit 'Come & Get It' out of a stereo system and people were cheering and holding up signs of support.

"LAUREN I LOVE YOU!!!" Some freshman girl screamed as the Cam girls marched by.

The CAM U women themselves were treating the walk up to their new dorm like it was the red carpet.

Lauren walked purposefully in front wearing sunglasses and a long floppy hat along with a cleavage framing top and short skirt that showed off her long toned legs. She didn't pay any attention to the students cheering them on or the school admins who were standing up by the stairs to Kinsey House scowling at the girls. She just marched with determination up the walkway only allowing the slightest of smug grins to creep onto her beautiful face.

Courtney was slightly behind her in a form-fitting t-shirt that said 'Show me your Kant and I'll show you mine' (Referring, of course, to the 18th century German philosopher Immanuel Kant and not that *other* thing you were thinking); Hip-hugging shorts and flip-flops. She was winking at students and flirtatiously chewing on one end of her hipster glasses as she followed Lauren.

Amber was to her left wearing neon leggings and a torn band shirt. She played air guitar as she strutted her way up the path, occasionally miming that she was railing The Dean with a giant invisible cock.

On the other side of Courtney, Hannah was screaming "WoooooooOO!!!" and dancing in a tie-in-the-back top and a frilly skirt. She did a cartwheel or two on her way up to the house causing the skirt to follow the laws of gravity and her thong panties to flash to the audience.

Behind them Kaitlyn and Becca walked side-by-side giving pageant waves with cupped, dainty hands to the other students and blowing kisses. Both were dressed impeccably.

Cody brought up the rear as he carried all six women's bags of luggage with him, trying not to trip.

Once the group reached the front of the house, the Dean unlocked the door for them. Lauren reached up to grab the keys and had to wrestle them for a moment from Dean Saunder's talon grip since the older woman refused to let them go.

The middle-aged Dean glared at the confident young women with a clenched, angry jaw. She cleared her throat and began to speak loud enough for all the students gathered to hear her.

"The Kinsey House is a hallowed place here at Brigham and Mary University. Our founders wrote that youth must give-" She began to pontificate.

But the Cam U girls weren't in the mood to listen to another of the Deans speeches. They sauntered past her causing the older woman to sputter in disbelief as they ignored her to open the double doors at the front of the house and walked inside.

"Ah! Home sweet home!" Lauren exhaled with a grin as she walked into the vestibule.

Becca shut the doors on a truly dumbstruck Dean and the cheering student body and then the girls gathered together giggling and jumping up and down.

"Let's plan a party!!!" They all shouted together.

Flashback to the previous day:

The six girls and Cody stood gathered together in the common room of their crappy dorm staring at the five page letter from the university.

"Read it again! This can't be real." Hannah insisted with a huge grin on her face.

"In acknowledgement of your impressive accomplishments in the field of internet entrepreneurship the University has awarded your priority housing at the living quarters located at 5 Sycamore Lane on the North Campus, otherwise known as 'Kinsey House'

effective immediately. You will be permitted to stay in the assigned dormitory for the rest of your tenure at this university as long as the following criteria is met:

- *You must move into Kinsey House by 12pm tomorrow.*
- *Your webshows must continue as previously scheduled.*
- *You must attend your regular classes when they resume in one weeks time.*
- *You must maintain a 2.0 GPA or higher*
- *You must report to the Willis Center tomorrow morning for full body scans.*
- *The attic at Kinsey House is currently housing extra campus storage and is OFF LIMITS.*

If you are in violation of any of these conditions you will no longer be permitted to stay at Kinsey House and will not be considered for other on-campus housing options.” Lauren read from the first page of the letter.

The blonde bombshell flipped the page.

“Blah blah blah, instructions on the care and maintenance of the house, blah blah blah who to contact if there are any issue, blah blah blah the university is not responsible for any thing that happens to us or any loss of revenue to our ‘webshows’ while staying at the house... and then pages and pages more of legal nonsense.” Lauren said, scanning the rest of the documents.

“I love that it keeps calling our cams ‘webshows’... like we’re making fucking ‘Web Therapy’.” Amber laughed.

“But wait... why would the university just give us a house on campus that typically gets reserved for Greek organizations?” Courtney asked.

“Maybe the Dean likes our cams?” Hannah said with a shrug.

Kaitlyn put her hands on her soft trim waist and smirked at Hannah.

“You’re joking right?” She asked the brunette party-girl.

Hannah and the other girls all looked at each other for a moment and then nodded at Kaitlyn.

“Yeah Kaity, it was a joke.” Hannah said, surprised that that wasn’t obvious.

“I’m sorry! You know I don’t know how to tell when people are being sarcastic!” Kaitlyn whined.

“Shhh! Guy – stop for a second. It doesn’t matter why they are doing it. It just matters that we’re getting a FUCKING house!!!” Lauren announced excitedly.

The other girls all squealed in delight, hugging and high-fiving one another then quickly signing their names on the last page under where it said ‘I accept the house and agree to any and all temporal or mind altering experiments therein.’

Now:

The girls were all running around the house unpacking, decorating and checking out the new digs.

“This spiral staircase is awesome! I’m going to slide down the railing like every single morning!” Hannah announced.

Kaitlyn opened the door to the master bathroom, marveling at the gold leafed clawfoot tub and marble flooring.

“Wow! Check out this tub, Cody... wanna take a bath?” She asked in a flirtatious sing-songy voice.

Cody dropped a box he was carrying and ran up the stairs with an excited grin on his face.

“The rooms are so huge! We each get a Queen-sized bed!” Amber said as she kicked off her boots and got up to bounce on her mattress.

“Well, of course! Queens need queen-sized beds!” Lauren said with a grin as she brought her suitcase into the center room.

“OMG! You need to see this balcony!” Becca gasped as she opened the door at the top of the stairwell and looked out onto the campus.

“Nice! We have a place to swoon as Romeos come to serenade us!” Courtney giggled.

Becca looked down over the balcony and her smile faded.

“Uh Court... I think you have a Romeo waiting for you already.” Becca said with a cringing smile.

Courtney looked confused and switched places with Becca only to look down over the balcony and sigh deeply. A pizza-faced boy was standing in front of the house looking up at her adoringly.

“Randal! What are you doing here?” Courtney hissed down at him in a loud whisper.

“I came to house warm you!” He yelled up.

Courtney shook her head, vexed.

“What does that even *mean*?” She asked.

He unfolded a piece of paper.

“I wrote a poem about how you’re more beautiful than all the stars in the spiral galaxy.” He explained.

Her annoyance gave way to a smile as she blushed a little.

“Randal, that’s very flattering... but I have to unpack! I don’t have time for your misplaced infatuation.” She explained.

He folded the poem back up and stuck it in his pocket.

“Okay – how about I just give you a quick foot massage.” He suggested.

She bit her bottom lip thinking about how she could totally go for a foot massage right now – but didn’t want the other girls seeing that she was entertaining requests from the campus weirdo.

“... Later!” She said firmly.

“Okay! Okay – How about just a quick glimpse of those gorgeous soles of yours...” He requested.

Courtney sighed and rolled her eyes. After a moment of consideration she slipped her foot out of her shoe and lifted her leg up and propped her barefoot over the railing of

the balcony. The young man's face lit up at the sight of her soft wrinkled sole glistening in the sunlight.

"Bye Randal..." Courtney said pointedly, wiggling her toes at him to send him on his way.

The boy turned around and hurried off, occasionally turning back to get another glimpse of her. When she was sure he had left she turned and walked back into the house, shutting the balcony door and locking it, with a deep sigh.

As she walked back downstairs she saw Lauren and the other girls dragging in a bunch of packages from the back courtyard.

"What's all of this?" Courtney asked.

"I don't know - they were just dropped off at the back door." Lauren explained dragging in a giant box.

"It's addressed to CAM U!" Becca said excitedly, reading one of the labels.

"It's probably fans of my cam sending stuff to insert up my coochie!" Hannah said, bouncing down the stairs to join them.

"Or maybe the school sent them as a housewarming present?" Amber suggested.

"If any of these boxes are massage oils or foot cream... it's probably for me." Courtney admitted sheepishly.

The other girls looked at her inquisitively with raised eyebrows. Then shrugged and began to open the boxes. Hannah cracked open a medium sized box and her jaw dropped as she saw what was inside.

"Well... I hope these aren't from fans of my cam." She said holding up a pair of dentures from the dozen contained in the package. "It'll take a LOT of money to get me to attempt to put these up my hoo-ha..."

The other girls laughed but looked equally dumbfounded with the contents of the boxes they opened. Packages of Depends; Ben-gay; Bifocals with chains; canes; over-the-counter arthritis relief medication.

Lauren popped open the largest box to see that it held a half dozen walkers stacked together. House coats; shawls; fuzzy slippers; hearing aids and massive underwire support bras were all unpacked and piled in the center of the living room.

“What are we supposed to do with all of this stuff?” Amber asked, holding a package of Depends between her fingers and wrinkling her nose.

“I don’t know – is it something you can use for your cam?” Lauren asked the heavily-pierced chick.

Amber cackled loudly.

“Yeah maybe if i’m going to do my cam live backstage at an Iron Maidens concert!...” Amber quipped.

“Could we use them as give-aways maybe?” Courtney asked, at a complete loss about all of this.

“Oh sure, I'm sure all the hot trendy fashionistas that turn in for fashion tips or the bros that log in to see me fist myself in a \$500 dress would totally love to win some bifocals or a moo-moo!” Beccas smirked.

“Hey all you tatted up, mohawk-rocking punk dudes! Tip triple digits to get me to suck on my own tit and I'll throw in a hearing aid and a package of diapers you can give to your own special lady down at the local nursing home!” Amber mocked.

“Hey guys! This is totally easier than it looked!” Hannah called out to them from the other side of the room.

The women all looked up to see the party girl with her panties on the floor and her top pulled up as she stood on the living room recliner tilting her exposed genitals towards them. Nestled between her labia was a pair of dentures.

“Feed me! I’m really chompin’ at the bit to get a fat cock inside me!” Hannah said in a funny voice, moving the dentures back and forth to pretend like her vagina was speaking.

“Vagina Dentata!” Amber screamed, roaring with laughter.

The girls all giggled and laughed as Hannah popped the dentures out and put her panties back on. Kaitlyn and Cody came back down stairs wrapped in towels, clearly having just taken a steamy bath together. The fluffy towel barely contained Karilyn's massive knockers and her cleavage was ripe and beaded with water droplets.

"What did we miss?" Kaitlyn asked, looking around.

"Uh, we got some mystery swag from a secret admirer who evidently thinks we're a local nursing home..." Lauren replied with a smirk.

Kaitlyn looked around confused, she picked up one of the housecoats and felt the fabric between her fingers.

"Ooo this is so cool! On our Cam Cody and I can dress up like old people and totally prank the audience that it's our 50th wedding anniversary!" She said, clapping.

Cody looked at her, shaking his head and affectionately rubbing her bare shoulder.

"Babe, no one is going to think it's suddenly our 50th wedding anniversary..." He explained.

She shook her head.

"No they don't have to believe that it's real - it's just a prank!" She explained, clearly not understanding what a 'prank' was. "I'll try to order some gray wigs to ship here overnight!" She declared.

"Cool, well at least this stuff won't go to waste I guess. Let's pile it all in the dining room for now. We've got to finish setting up and getting ready for our first blow out party of the year!" Lauren said with emphasis on the last part causing the other girls to cheer.

"I say tonight we christen every fucking room in the house! And I do mean *fucking*!" Amber suggested.

Cody and Kaitlyn looked at each other and blushed.

"Uh the bathroom's already been 'christened', just uh, fyi..." Cody admitted with a cringing smile.

A camera in the corner of the room zoomed in on his petite girlfriend's impressive cleavage. Upstairs in the attic Andrew, the Dean's crony and burgeoning mad scientist, sat in a big black chair observing a wall of monitors.

"Damnit! They had sex in the tub and I missed it!" She grumbled to himself.

The monitors each had a different room of the house up on the screen except for the one labeled 'master bathroom' which was full of static.

"Stupid thing!" He yelled as he slapped the side of the broken monitor.

It blipped and then showed a crisp view of the now empty clawfoot bathtub.

"Much better... welcome to Kinsey House girls... hope you enjoy all the extra... *time* you're going to have while you stay here!" He said as he burst into maniacal laughter and then looked around noticing there was no one there to appreciate his pun and quietly finished chuckling to himself.

In the center of all of the monitors was a large hi-def screen with multiple windows along the bottom each displaying a different girls name, DOB, age, height, weight etc. In front of Andrew was a massive control panel with various buttons and switches. One set was labeled 'body', one set was labeled 'mind' and another was a bit switch that appeared to determine whether or not the subject was aware of the changes being made to them.

On the screens Andrew watched as the girls all went off to various parts of the house to get ready for their party. Becca, the youngest of the group, bopped into her room excitedly and proceeded to strip off her clothing.

"Okay! Now we're talking! Time to put my equipment to the test and see what this invention is capable of!" Andrew said out loud, running his hands sensually over the buttons and switches in front of him.

He brought the feed of Becca's room up so that it viewed on every monitor forming one large image of the redheaded girl, sitting on her bed in just a pair of Victoria Secret panties rubbing lotion into the alabaster skin of her slender legs.

Andrew punched in some keys on the board in front of him and a 3D image of the teenage girl appeared on the central monitor. The naked rendering of the woman spun on the screen as information about her displayed to the left of the model.

Becca Mello

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

Physical Age: 18

Mental Age: 18

Hair: Red

Eyes: Hazel

Height: 5'7"

Weight: 120 lbs.

Bra size: 32B

In big red letters flashing across the top and bottom of the screen were the words: 'Warning: Awareness ON'.

Andrew reached over and flipped the 'awareness' switch. The red flashing message now read 'Awareness OFF'. Then he turned his attention back to the pretty red haired teen who had begun to paint her toenails.

He rubbed his hands together in excitement and tapped a few buttons causing Becca's profile to change to:

Becca Mello

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

Physical Age: 88

Mental Age: 18

Hair: White

Eyes: Hazel

Height: 5'2"

Weight: 100 lbs.

Bra size: 32 Long

The 3D image of Becca that was spinning on the screen now showed a frail, stooped elderly woman with wrinkled skin and sagging curves. Andrew grinned and hit 'ENTER' on the console.

In Becca's bedroom the teenage girl morphed into a little old lady in a matter of moments. Her skin became leathery and crinkled; her back hunched forward; her crimson hair washed out until it was snowy white and her face crinkled and withered into that of an elderly hag.

The aged girl didn't seem to notice her change however. Even as her perky breasts became shrunken empty sacks flapping against her belly when she leaned forward to continue painting her toenails.

Becca continued mumbling a Camila Cabello song to herself in a quavering voice while wondering why she felt so stiff and achy all of the sudden. Her hands were shaking terribly and it took a lot of effort to keep the brush for the polish steady enough to stay on her toenails. Those same toenails had become thick and yellowed, her arthritic toes curled inward as she finished up her right foot and switched to her left.

In the attic Andrew was fist pumping in excitement at the sight of the naked old lady struggling to paint her toenails red. His invention worked! Now it was time to test out some of the other features. He reached over and flipped back the awareness switch.

Downstairs Becca had just managed to lift her frail, veiny leg up onto the bed and started painting her gnarled big toe when suddenly she saw, though milky tired eyes that the foot in front of her was not the smooth dainty foot of an 18-year-old but rather the veiny, liver-spotted foot of someone her great-grandmother's age.

She reached out and touched the wrinkled skin of her foot and saw that her hand was equally gnarled. Quickly she brought her hand up to feel the jowly cheeks of her face and the dangling loose skin of her neck. In increasing dread she dared look down at her chest to see the slack pendulous breasts dangling over her ribcage and opened her mouth to scream.

Upstairs Andrew quickly flicked the awareness back to the OFF position and watched as Becca, rather than screaming, yawned and reached up to fondle her hanging right breast with a wrinkly smile.

She then proceeded to finish painting the rest of her toenails, attempting to wiggle her toes when she was finished but the bent gnarled digits failed to be able to move that much in her advanced age.

Andrew typed in commands to revert the girl back to her normal age. On the bed she straightened up and her skin smoothed as her breasts dramatically rose on her chest and her hair became a brilliant shade of red once more.

Becca stretched her young body, suddenly feeling better and more energetic as she hopped up from the bed and sauntered over to her dresser to put on make-up. She sat down and smiled at her pretty young face in the mirror.

“Oh Becca darling, you are SO going to get laid tonight...” She grinned as she began to apply foundation.

Andrew cackled in the attic.

“Don’t count your chickens before the hatch Becca ‘darling’... Not unless you invite some MILF-lovers over or guys that are into granny porn... Or I could just do something like this and kill your chances at a romantic evening by doing something like this!” He declared as he typed on his control panel and hit ‘enter’.

Becca Mello

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

Physical Age: 13

Mental Age: 18

Hair: Red

Eyes: Hazel

Height: 5’5”

Weight: 105 lbs.

Bra size: 30AA

The teen immediately shrunk in her chair as she regressed into a gawky middle-schooler. It was only a 5 year difference but the change was dramatic. She went from being a sexy woman to an awkward kid.

Her face regained a roundish shape with freckles prominently dotting her face. She had had braces at this age but because Andrew’s invention didn’t materialize accessories onto a person her teeth were bare, that didn’t stop her lips from jutting out the way they would when she had a mouth full of metal. Her chest went completely flat and her arms and legs were thin and gangly.

Becca of course didn’t notice that she had slipped back from a college girl to a 7th grader and just proceeded to apply blush to her newly regained chipmunk cheeks.

Upstairs Andrew smirked and shook his head at the image of tween Becca looking like a girl who was borrowing her mom’s make-up for the junior high prom.

“I’m not feeling it... maybe if you were the MOM of the house...” He said as he typed some more commands into the console.

Becca Mello

D.O.B.: 5/14/1970

Physical Age: 51

Mental Age: 51

Hair: Faded Red

Eyes: Hazel

Height: 5'7"

Weight: 140 lbs.

Bra size: 32C

Andrew was pleased to see that adjusting the subjects date of birth changed both their physical AND mental age. He excitedly hit the 'enter' key and watched as the youngest member of the CAM U group became the oldest.

In the bedroom Becca grew back into her curvy young adult body but continued from there as her face matured and gained laugh and frown lines; her red hair faded and lost its bright luster and her body softened and spread into the frumpy pear-shaped figure of a middle-aged woman.

As the now matronly redhead groaned from some newly gained pain in her lower back and her ass expanded in her teenage panties, her mind flooded with new memories. Her reality shifted so that instead of being an 18-year-old freshman who had come to college right from highschool she believed herself to now be an older returning student who was coming back to finish her degree after a second divorce and her kids were all grown.

She began to cake on concealer on her face trying to hide the crows feet beside her eyes and the deep creases along the folds of her cheeks. Her phone buzzed as Hannah group-texted everyone letting them know that her hookup with the alcohol had come through and dropped off kegs and a mini-bar.

Becca held up the phone like a foreign object - the way women over a certain age tend to do. She squinted at the text and reached for reading glasses that didn't exist. When she realized that her glasses weren't there she brought the screen very close up to her eyes and began to peck out a reply with her chubby middle-aged finger one character at a time.

"T...H... A... N... K... Space... Y... O... U... Space... G... I... R... L... S... Space... F... O... R... Space... I... N... C... L... U... D... I... N... G... Space... M... E..." She said out loud as she hunted and pecked for the buttons.

She hit send to which immediately the other girls replied with heart emojis and 'Of course Bex!' and 'SISTAS4LYFE' etc.

"Wow... they text so fast!" Becca observed in a throaty mature voice.

The 51-year-old began to slowly text again that she appreciates all their friendship and support even though she's old enough to be their mother. Upstairs Andrew laughed watching the former teen struggle to use her cell phone properly.

"Oh Becca, looks like you're a little too old to work modern technology... Well I can fix that. Maybe you need to think more like a kid..." He said gleefully as he typed the commands into his console.

Becca Mello

D.O.B.: 5/14/1970

Physical Age: 51

Mental Age: 03

Hair: Faded Red

Eyes: Hazel

Height: 5'7"

Weight: 140 lbs.

Bra size: 32C

Downstairs the matronly woman's mind regressed to that of a toddler. She giggled holding the phone - no longer remembering how to spell anything. She slapped the phone down on the dresser and picked up the make-up.

"Imma wook pwetty wike a mommy!" She declared as she began to smear lipstick around her thin pruning lips.

When she was finished she puffed powder around her cheeks and circled her eyes with eyeliner like she was trying to do raccoon face paint. She then hopped up from the chair, causing her middle-aged bad back to ache in protest. She reached back to rub the flabby small of her back.

"Owwy!" She pouted and then shrugged it over and ran around the room half naked, giggling.

Her big floppy tits slapped up and down on her chest as the half-a-century-old woman bounced around the bedroom like an excited little kid. It didn't take her long though, for her older body to betray her and cause her to have to stop and catch her breath. She doubled over, wheezing and grabbing her swollen knees.

"Nap time!" She announced.

In the attic Andrew grinned and hit the 'Revert ALL button' causing all of the changes to go back to their original settings.

In the bedroom Becca's body slimmed and perked up while her mind matured back to that of a teenager. She lifted her pretty head and looked at herself in the mirror, shocked at the crazy make-up display on her face. She looked like she was halfway to becoming a clown as thick unnecessary concealer caked on her flawless smooth cheeks and her lipstick curved all over and around her lips while her eyes were circled in black rings.

It took her a few minutes to get it cleaned up and redone, during which Andrew graciously gave her a reprieve from any changes. But when she walked over to her closet to pick out which dress she was going to wear that night he began keying up some more transformations.

She flipped through the designer clothing and settled on a gorgeous red, backless party dress that complimented her hair and nail polish. Moving her hand to take the dress off the hook, she found that it was bizarrely out of her reach.

Becca Mello

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

Physical Age: 08

Mental Age: 18

Hair: Red

Eyes: Hazel

Height: 4'1"

Weight: 50 lbs.

Bra size: --

A now eight-year-old Becca reached up for the dress hanger, getting very frustrated that it was so high up and being completely unable to figure out why. Andrew reverted her back again and she easily grabbed the dress out of the closet and suddenly felt silly that she had had so much trouble a moment ago.

She slipped in on over her slender, hour-glass figured 18-year-old body which filled the dress in all the right places. Turning around she adjusted the top of the dress around her pert boobs making sure it showed off the right amount of cleavage.

Andrew typed into the console again.

Becca Mello

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

Physical Age: 55

Mental Age: 18

Hair: Red

Eyes: Hazel

Height: 5'7"

Weight: 160 lbs.

Bra size: 34C

But as she adjusted it her cleavage seemed to grow deeper and wider as her tits grew and softened, sloping their way down to try and find her belly. The whole dress felt very snug on her suddenly and as she bent forward she heard a slight tear coming from the seam in the back.

She straightened up with a moan, trying frantically to fix the dress to look as flattering on her the way it had a minute ago but with 3 decades and some change added to her body and 40 pounds added to her frame she looked like a sad cougar trying to fit into her old prom dress.

Becca was still oblivious to the changes but not to how bad she looked at the moment. She poked at the rolls of middle-aged belly flab pooching out in the center of the silky dress and wondered how she had put on so much extra weight without realizing it.

She quickly peeled herself out of the ill-fitting garment like an italian sausage and tossed the offending dress on her bed to deal with later. Then she plodded her middle-aged body back over to the closet to pick something better out, just in time for Andrew to revert her back to her teen self.

She went for a slinky midnight blue cocktail dress with a slit high up the leg revealing the entirety of her sexy thighs when she walked. Her thinking was that the dark color would look slimming while the slinky fabric hugged her body in flattering ways.

Becca slipped into the dress and immediately grinned at how sexy she looked. She vamped in the mirror showing off her bouncy tits, her long slender legs and jiggled her plump ass in the form-fitting garment.

Upstairs Andrew enjoyed the show and began to type into the console.

Becca Mello

D.O.B.: 5/14/1923

Physical Age: 98

Mental Age: 98

Hair: White

Eyes: Hazel

Height: 5'2"

Weight: 90 lbs.

Bra size: N/A

He hit enter and watched the sexy redhead shrivel and shrink into a white haired old biddy once more. The ass she had been shaking in the mirror drooped and pancaked in her dress as her formerly round cheeks pruned into an elderly woman's bony flat ass.

Frail old Becca hobbled slowly and carefully toward the mirror, holding onto furniture for support when possible. Her withered body was swimming in the dress that just moments ago had fit her perfectly. The slit of the dress revealed her bony old legs which were now displaying lots of purple veins against the pale skin that was wrinkled and dangling down her thighs in folds. Her tits were non-existent. Just empty sacks of flesh dangling down on either side of her wrinkly belly button. The plunging neckline just revealed the bony contour of her chest and the liver spots dotting her skin.

Once she got close enough to see herself in the mirror the elderly woman wet her thin wrinkled lips and wrapped them around her toothless gums.

"My... what am I doing in this get up? I haven't worn a dress like this since I was a young girl... I was so beautiful back then..." She mumbled in confusion.

She was struggling to understand where she was and what she was doing. At 98 her mind was slow and muddled.

"I should... I should call the nurse to have him help me get dressed into something more appropriate for a woman my age..." She quavered as her trembling hands fumbled around her dresser trying to find the nursing home intercom.

Upstairs Andrew typed in some more commands.

“98 too old for you Becca? How about 8 months?” He said with glee as he hit enter.

Becca Mello

D.O.B.: 1/14/2021

Physical Age: 8 months

Mental Age: 8 months

Hair: bald

Eyes: Hazel

Height: 18 inches

Weight: 17 lbs.

Bra size: --

The old woman dramatically youthened back to a young adult but then continued to shrink to a preteen then child until she was sitting on her baby bottom as a chubby infant.

The baby gurgled and crawled out from the neckline of the dress. She toddled on all fours across the carpet to her bed where she grabbed the hem of the red dress she had tossed there and put it in her mouth, gumming on it happily.

Andrew hit the REVERT ALL button again and Becca found herself at 18 again completely naked on her hands and knees, chewing on one of her favorite dresses. She spat the fabric out of her mouth as her perky tits jiggled between her arms and felt a cool breeze across her bare butt cheeks. Becca quickly reached around and grabbed her ass wondering what had happened to her panties and how she had ended up on the floor like this.

She stood up and brushed herself off then padded over to the blue dress crumpled on the floor. She picked it up and noticed a peculiar stain in the middle of it. She wrinkled her nose and then sniffed at it, looking horrified.

“Did I pee in an \$800 dress!?” She exclaimed in disbelief.

Andrew clapped his hands in a fit of giggles from the attic, wondering whether it was old lady Becca or baby Becca who had pissed in the dress.

As Becca was trying to wrap her head around what was going on, Lauren burst through the door, herself dressed in a sexy cocktail dress.

“Becca!... What are you doing? You’re not even dressed yet!? Guests are going to be here any minute!” The older blonde exclaimed, chastising the freshman.

“Sorry I just... it was really weird...I felt really old for a minute - then really young...” She said, hiding her soiled dress behind her back.

“Yeah - it’s called being 18. Who cares? You look super hot - like totally mature. But unless you’re going to attend the party completely naked, get your tight little ass in gear and get dressed! Chop chop!” Lauren said insistently as she clapped her hands and abruptly left the room.

Becca tossed her designer dress in a bag and turned to pick out something new to wear as Andrew turned his attention to the other rooms of the house.