

# *Cam Girls Club*

By ChronoEclipse

## **CHAPTER 11: The Most Cantankerous Cam Show On the Internet**

Andrew looked at the burner phone he had used to text and threaten Becca. Three dots were bouncing under his last ominous message. He held his breath hoping that she would just agree to back off after his warning. But if she didn't he might be forced to just scuttle his whole project and turn all the girls into doddering old biddies and make them think that campus was a nursing home until the end of the semester. He was hoping it wouldn't come to that. Andrew was enjoying this too much and the increasing possibility of the girls realizing what was happening to each other and the dread that they might be next - well, that was half the fun!

'Ok.' Becca texted back to him.

Andrew grinned and let out a sigh of relief. His experiments would live on another day. He decided to take a break for the night though. His finger's were getting cramped from so much typing and he was feeling a bit hot in the stuffy old attic. He went over to the circular window at the end of the attic and opened it up to get a breeze going in the room and then went to rest his eyes for a few minutes on the sleeping bag he had set up in the corner. He needed to rest his eyes for a bit - he had been staring at the monitors for over 24 hours.

Downstairs in Kaitlyn's room she was burying her face into Cody's chest. She had been inconsolable and incoherent for the past half hour as Cody rubbed her petite back and wondered what his girlfriend was so upset about. Once the crying had died down to some blubbering sniffles she began to explain to him what she had seen.

"And t-then... sh-she was... like, all wr-wrinkly... and... sh-she said... th-that... her kids... w-were in college!" Kaitlyn recounted through sobs.

“Baby, baby, I don’t get it. Who was all wrinkly? What college kids?” Cody asked.

“Lauren!” Kaitlyn exclaimed.

“Lauren? Lauren-Lauren. Our Lauren?” Cody asked, thinking that this wasn’t making any sense.

“Yes! And I’m afraid I’m going to be next! I’m too young to be old!” Kaitlyn whimpered, hugging her boyfriend tightly.

“Babe! You’ve got nothing to worry about. People don’t just magically age decades in an instant. That’s like – something from a scifi movie.” Cody assured her.

Kaitlyn was prone to believing the fantastical. It was one of the things Cody loved about her. In fact on one of their first dates she had casually mentioned that she thought that unicorns were real – not realizing that anyone thought otherwise. Cody patiently explained that there was no such thing, much to Kaitlyn’s relief because she had all throughout her teen years avoided eating red meat because she was afraid that she would be secretly eating a unicorn.

“But Lauren-” Kaitlyn tried to argue.

“I don’t know what you saw babe, it might have been a trick of the light or maybe she has an aunt of hers visiting or something, but rapid aging isn’t a thing.” He said hugging her tight in reassurance.

She looked up at him with her big watery eyes, nodding that she trusted him on this.

“Cody-bear?” She asked.

“Yeah babe?” He responded.

“If it was real though and I became an saggy old woman with, like, gray hair and stuff... would you still love me?” She asked him with a hopeful look on her face.

“I’d love you from the top of your gray head to the tips of your wrinkly toes.” He said, pulling her into a kiss.

She smiled and cooed in relief, cuddling against him after a few minutes of hugging she thought about it again.

“You wouldn’t run away because I was too old for you, would you?” She probed.

He shook his head vehemently.

“Nah boo. I’d be excited to try out what sex with a cougar was like.” He teased.

She giggled and pulled away.

“Well i’m not a cougar, yet... but I could play a little Mrs. Robinson action with you...” She teased as she extended her smooth leg out in front of him and began to peel her sock off.

In the room next door a very different type of couple was in the process of getting Courtney ready to do a cam show, despite the beautiful young star of the cam insisting that she’s never used a computer in her ‘nine decades’ of life.

“I can talk to people through this TV here?” She asked, patting the monitor on her desk and squinting at the screen.

Randall was meanwhile trying to quickly get a hang of the interface to run Courtney’s cam for her – because, in her current old lady persona, it was going to be torture to try and walk her through how to operate the cam and the site herself since she didn’t seem to even know how to use a mouse.

“Yeah! Think of it like a TV show! Except *you’re* the star and the live audience gets to tell you to do things in exchange for tipping you!” The young man tried to explain.

Courtney looked at him with confusion. She didn’t understand half of the things he was saying.

“I’ll be the star? Like Jack Benny?” She asked in surprise.

Her robe hung open revealing her firm perky breasts, she attempted to close it but when it fell open again she didn’t bother with it. In her mind she was too old to be worried about modesty in front of her at-home-care nurse.

“Uh I have no idea who that is but if he cammed for people then, yes exactly like Jack Benny.” He told her.

“And people are going to be tuning in to see me?” Courtney asked in amazement.

“Yeah! You get hundreds of people logging on from all over the world! I’ve been watching your cam every day since you started!” Randall told her proudly.

She scratched her blonde head and squinted at the screen again.

“Well I’ll be darned! I can’t be that interesting! I’m just a tired old woman!” The college girl rattled in disbelief.

The young man turned around to look at her and came face to tits with her bouncy chest. It took all of his self control not to blow his load in his pants.

“Uh, you definitely have your um... charms. Okay ready?” He asked as he gently took her house coat off of her smooth young body.

Courtney sat in nothing but a pair of Depends looking up at Randall and then to the computer.

“But wait! I’m buck nekkid!” Courtney yelped, suddenly finding her modesty and blushing at the idea of people seeing her on the TV in her birthday suit.

She moved to cover her arms across her chest, however in her mind her boobs were resting six inches lower, just above her belly button – so rather than covering her bare breasts she just held her arms over empty space above the bottom of her ribs.

“This is how you normally start your show. Believe me, I've watched your cam enough!” He said with an encouraging smile.

The senile coed back laughing and shaking her head.

“Good one sonny, but I don’t think any of the young folks out there want to see a shriveled old woman like me prancing around their TV screen in the buff!” She said, chuckling at the thought. “If I were 65 years younger maybe...” She added, staring down at her perky breasts wistfully.

Randall took a deep breath. He couldn’t believe that Courtney thought that her gorgeous young body was anything other than incredibly desirable. But he relented and went over to her dresser.

“Okay how about this.” He said, pulling out a skimpy midriff-baring top and a short skirt.

“I have to dress up in my granddaughter's clothes?” The young woman asked, blushing at the thought.

“Uh yeah... for the young people, you know, they respond better to more contemporary styles...” He bullshitted.

“Well all right... if you say so. But I feel like a darn fool, exposing all this wrinkled skin...” She mumbled as she lifted her arms for him to slip her top on.

Her nipples were poking out from under the flimsy fabric as she slowly stood up so that he could put the skirt on her. Randall reached slowly and nervously to take her Depends off. She reached down and grasped his wrist firmly.

“I don’t need a change yet young man.” She said firmly to him.

“I just thought you might want to um, put on some panties instead of your diaper under the skirt.” He offered.

She shook her head vehemently.

“I’ve got no use for panties at my age! What would I do if I wet myself in the middle of the show?” She asked him seriously.

Randall shrugged.

“Uh. Don’t... unless someone requests it and they pay you a lot of money?” He offered.

“Eh... what?” She asked, holding her hand up to her ear. Courtney had heard him just fine with her 20-year-old ears but she didn’t understand a word of what he meant.

“Er, nevermind. Just uh... get ready i’m going to hit this button and then you’re on.” He prompted her.

“Oh for heaven's sake! All right. All right...” The senile coed replied, flustered as she sat in the chair and tried to look presentable.

Courtney sat there with an airy smile on her face, like someone who wasn’t quite sure where she was or what was going on. Users began to log in and begin tipping. Complementing the girl on her outfit and the fact that they could see her nipples through her shirt.

**“YO! I THINK THIS CHICK IS TRIPPING BALLS! SHE LOOKS LIKE SHE’S ON ANOTHER PLANET!”** One user commented after watching Courtney glance off with a confused smile for several moments.

**“WHAT’RE YOU SMOKIN’ GIRL? CAN I HAVE SOME?”** Another user joked.

“Psst! You’re on!” Randall said from behind the computer.

“Ehhhh what? Oh! The TV show? Ehem, hello there! My name is Courtney... eh, Courtney... oh my, i’ve forgotten my own name! That sort of thing happens a lot when you get to be my age...” She rambled trying to remember her last name.

Randall gave her the ‘move on’ signal.

“Nevermind about that then... My name is Courtney and I... I’m here at the home and... how are you?” She asked losing her train of thought and her dementia made this hard.

She paused for the computer to respond and when it didn’t she looked over at Randall for an explanation.

“I can’t hear anything... is my hearing aid in properly.” She asked fumbling with her ear and not finding a device in it.

“You can’t hear them. You have to read what they’re saying on the screen.” He explained pointing at the chat box.

“Oh my! How am I supposed to read that tiny writing...” She exclaimed and then reached over to grab a pair of reading glasses on the desk and put them on. Luckily the glasses gave her a ‘sexy librarian’ vibe and not an ‘old lady with failing eyesight’ vibe.

She squinted and read through a bunch of users politely responding to her ‘how are you?’ prompt. Then she got to the post:

**“CAN YOU DO SOME ANAL DILDO PENETRATION TODAY?”**

Courtney looked shocked and scandalized. She pointed at the posting in question.

“What the heck is this now? I’m not saying this.” She declared.

“Just move on then!” Randall whispered.

She continued to read.

““God, you’re so hot.”” She mumble-read to herself from the chat and then backed away from the screen to reply. “No, I'm not hot. As a matter of fact I'm very cold! Normally I have a nice shawl or a sweater around my shoulders to keep me warm but this young man over here has me dressing up like one of those darn pop singers you’re always hearing about on the news!” She grumbled rubbing her arms to warm them up.

The users seemed to think that she was joking and a stream of ‘lols’ flooded the chat.

“Lol? What’s ‘lol’? Like a lollipop? You know, when I was a girl you used to be able to buy suckers from the drug store 3 for a nickel...” She began to ramble.

**“I KNOW WHAT I'D PAY A NICKEL TO SUCK ON! THAT JUICY CLIT OF YOURS...”** A user commented.

Courtney read the comment and squinted at it a few times.

“You want to suck on my what now?... Randall, I think there’s a jokester in this thing...” She said pointing at the chat again.

She squinted back at the screen and read the next comment.

““I want to caress you all over your body and-’” She stopped reading abruptly, her cheeks turning crimson. “Oh my! That’s a very naughty thing to right... moving on!” She shouted, flustered.

A cha-ching sound came from the computer as a user tipped her with the request for her taking off her top.

“You want me to what? I’m not doing anything of the sort - Big Daddy Six Nine!” She cried, scandalized.

“If you don’t do what they request when they tip you then they can file a complaint.” Randall warned.

“Let them complain all they want! These pranksters think it’s funny to harass little old ladies! Maybe I should file a complaint against them!” Courtney snapped in a cranky voice.

**“C’mon. YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL BODY. I JUST WANT TO SEE THOSE GORGEOUS BOOBIES OF YOURS!”** The tipper requested.

Courtney read it and looked perplexed.

“Young man, i’m old enough to be your great-grandmother probably. It’s not right what you’re implying... it’s flattering certainly but, you should behave yourself Big Daddy! You’re a father, for pete’s sake! Find a nice young woman your own age. Treat her well. Ask her about her interests and listen to what she has to say – not all this sex stuff!” The mentally elderly woman lectured at the camera.

She took a deep breath, curling in on herself a bit more and leaned in to read more comments. She scoffed and shuddered at the string of lascivious comments in the chat. Finally she came across one that she deemed acceptable.

**“I LOVE YOUR LONG BEAUTIFUL HAIR!”** A user called My10Inches posted.

“Well thank you ‘My Lion Cheese’, I try to keep up with it as best as I can... when I was a young woman I prided myself on having long beautiful hair... all the boys would compliment me and tell me it looked like sunlit wheat!... Oh I was so beautiful back then. So young... I’d give all you fresh young men a run for your money, that’s for sure!” She chirped, looking off reminiscently as she ran her slender fingers through her currently silky blonde hair.

Some of the comentors now were speculating that she was doing some kind of roleplay, pretending to be an older woman.

**“YEAH! SHAKE THAT OLD ASS!”** One user posted getting into the spirit.

**“LOVE ME A YOUNG GIRL WHO PRETENDS TO BE A COUGAR!”** Another added.

**“IF GRANNY WAS AS HOT AS HER I’D SPEND EVERY NIGHT AT THE OLD FOLKS HOME!”** A third joked.

Courtney’s heart began to pump harder as she read the comments. She hadn’t felt this wanted in years. She still thought that it was impossible that any of these young men were being sincere, after all, she was a shriveled 90-year-old woman, but she was incredibly flattered and a bit intrigued nonetheless.

“Okay well, all right you rascals... let’s see what else you have to say!” She said blushing profusely and giggling.

**“IF I WAS THERE WITH YOU RIGHT NOW - WHAT WOULD YOU WANT ME TO DO TO YOU?”** A new user who had just logged in asked.

Courtney stroked her smooth chin, contemplating it for a moment.

“Well, it’d be nice to have some company... Maybe you could help me with some light yard work. Get some things down from off of the high shelves that I can’t reach anymore... then stay for tea. Nobody takes the time to get to know older folks anymore! When I was a young girl we knew to respect our elders! I knitted with my grandmother every Saturday and-” Courtney ranted and then squinted at the screen seeing that the same user had posted a follow up comment.

**“I HAVE A BUCKET OF HOT CHOCOLATE SYRUP THAT I WANT TO POUR ALL OVER YOUR BODY STARTING WITH YOUR PUSSY...”** The user posted.

Courtney took a sharp breath, completely at a loss for words. She was both horrified and a bit turned on by the suggestion. More tips came in asking her to take her skirt off, do a strip tease, penetrate herself with her cane, give a BJ to the guy in the room etc. etc. Courtney saw them all pop up causing her eyes to grow wider and wider as the mentally old woman became overwhelmed by all of the ‘improper’ requests.

She took a breath and tightened her mouth into a very small pucker, looking deadly seriously into the camera.

“You young bucks want to talk about my body? You want to use me in your sexual fantasies? Well, I can’t stop you. If you were here I’d wash all of your mouths out with soap but since you’re not, let me just tell you some cold hard facts boy! And this goes for the rest of you little perverts out there!: I’m old! I turned 90 last november! The last time I had intercourse was probably before many of your parents were born!” She snapped at the screen, wagging her finger in disapproval.

She lifted her foot up to the camera and presented her soft, flawless sole giving Randall an even stiffer boner than he already had.

“I have bunions on my feet and swollen ankles! My toes are all crooked from arthritis and I can’t walk on my own – I need a walker to get around! My knees pop whenever I stand up and my back aches *constantly*! No amount of BenGay soothes these joints!” She hollered, putting her foot back down onto the ground.

She was standing up from the chair now, hunching over the keyboard and snarling at the computer.

“My ‘tits’, as a few of you so poetically called them, are sagging down to my belly button! It hurts when I walk because they swing back and forth, tugging on my chest! My hair is white... and I don’t just mean the hair on my head! I’m covered in wrinkles and...” She continued as she slowly backed up from the computer to give the camera a good view of her from her knees up.

Courtney lifted her skirt to reveal the Depends strapped around her slender waist and plump booty.

“I have to wear a diaper wherever I go!” She cackled wildly. “Now tell me – what do you find sexy about that?” She asked.

Courtney began to wet her plump lips, looking disoriented again and grabbed her top, lifting it up over her head showing her bare chest to the viewer of her

cam. She swayed back and forth, acting like her breasts were pendulous and dangling down by her belly. Instead the perky orbs jiggled and bounced appealingly.

“Randy... I think it’s time for my nap... I'm tired.” She croaked as she shuffled over to the bed and eased herself down, seemingly forgetting that she was doing a cam show.

“Uh okay - um... signing off!” Randall said as he logged out of the site.

Courtney held the clothing she had been wearing in her hands as she laid in the bed.

“What is this now? Why was I wearing my granddaughter's clothes...?” She asked.

“Shhh it’s from your show, remember?” Randall said, tucking in his dream girl.

“Oh... I had a show? Like on the TV?” She asked confused, it sounded vaguely familiar.

Randall nodded with a smile. Courtney thought for a moment, having a slight recollection of young men making passes at her. She looked up at Randall and noticed that he was pitching quite the tent in his pants.

“Randall, do a lot of young men really fantasize about being with a woman my age?” She asked him, thinking that the notion sounded insane.

Randall leaned over and built up the courage to kiss Courtney on the forehead. He knew that ‘my age’ didn’t mean the 20-year-old that she truly was.

“No, you’re just exceptionally beautiful... guys can’t help but be attracted to you.” He said with a grin.

Courtney found herself getting a little hot under the collar just thinking about it.

“Well all right then... Goodnight boy.” She barked sharply at him, not wanting to get too carried away.

“Goodnight miss Courtney...” Randall said as he backed out of the room wondering to himself what he was going to do if Courtney had really lost her mind and kept acting like an old lady.