

LET'S HAVE A KIKI

By ChronoEclipse

The start of the night:

Adam & Eve and Jane Fonda

Marla, Savannah & Cal

Marla stood leaning over her dresser applying her eye make-up. She adjusted the shoulder strap of her bright pink leotard and turned around to see her roommate Savannah walk into the room.

“Oh my god, is that your entire costume!?” Marla gasped at her slender blonde roommate who was currently wearing nothing but two clusters of green leaves covering either of her B-cup breasts and a third cluster fashioned into a thong bikini bottom.

“Uh, yeah! It’s my costume... it’ll make more sense when Cal gets here. It’s a couples costume.” Savannah explained grabbing her skimpy top and hiked it up a bit, making sure that her nipples were visible through the leaves.

“Wow. Three dates and you’re already doing couples costumes...” Marla smirked at her smitten roommate.

Savannah bit her lip and dug her toe into the carpet sheepishly.

“Yeah... it was Cal’s idea, which was super sweet. We haven’t even slept together yet but... don’t plan on me coming back to the apartment tonight.” The blonde girl said to her tall brunette roommate with a wink and a giggle.

Marla smirked looking at the girl's pedicured feet up her bare legs and exposed ass to her navel and barely covered breasts.

“Well at least you don’t have to worry about taking anything off when you and Cal are ready to fuck... you can just like - move some leaves asides.” Marla teased.

“Tch! You’re one to talk! It’s not like your neon leopard print Jane Fonda outfit leaves a lot to the imagination!” Savannah pointed out.

Marla stood there smirking with her hands on her trim waist. Her costume consisted of sneakers, wooly pink socks covering her toned calves. Her long smooth legs were exposed up to her mid thigh and a pair of rainbow leopard-print spandex shorts hugged her upper thighs and her perfectly shaped ass. Her bright pink leotard ran from her crotch up to her shoulders but plunged low enough to show off her navel and cleavage but her D-Cup tits were encased tightly in a matching leopard-print sports bra. A colorful headband finished the costume off, tucked around her long wavy brown hair.

“Fair but... at least I’m wearing leg warmers.” Marla said, causing both girls to break into laughter.

They were interrupted but a sudden frantic knock at the door. Savannah ran to the door and opened it to reveal a young man standing naked outside except for a large tropical leaf covering his crotch and one covering his ass, held up by a band.

“Oh thank god! I’m freezing my nuts off out here!” Cal said as he ran inside.

Marla looked at the practically naked guy. Though slightly frostbitten, he had an incredible physique with a set of abs and muscular arms and legs. She turned briefly to her roommate to flash her a ‘seriously? You haven’t slept with this guy yet?’ look.

“You didn’t wear a coat?” Savannah asked in concern, rushing over to rub her soft hands on his to warm him up.

His leaf raised a bit as the hot blonde girl caressed his biceps and chest.

“No, it didn’t go with the costume.” Cal explained.

Savannah giggled.

“But babe, it’s okay to wear a coat outside! It’s the end of October! You’re going to turn into a popsicle on our way down to the warehouse party!” The blonde girl fretted.

“Nah, no way we’re walking! I’m getting us an uber!” Cal said quickly.

Marla looked at his outfit, or lack-there-of.

“Where are you keeping your phone!?” She asked, afraid to hear the answer.

Cal patted his hair thighs and his leaf-covered ass and realized that he had forgotten everything back at his place.

“Ah shit!” He said, face palming.

“It’s okay babe. I’ll get us an uber.” Savannah said with a giggle, lifting onto her tiptoes to kiss his cheek before she grabbed her phone and a long jacket.

Two Cats on the Prowl

Katie & Cathleen

Katie stood in a skimpy black dress, heels and a cat-ear headpiece on the front stoop of her friend’s apartment building waiting for Cathleen to come down. She fiddled with the tail of her costume she had sewn onto her belt and then opened her compact to make sure that the cat nose and whiskers she had painted on her face with mascara hadn’t smudged.

“Wooooow!!! YEAH KITTY! YOU’RE SO FUCKING HOT!!!” A guy yelled out from a car as it drove by.

Katie giggled and clawed at the air in the guys direction flirtatiously.

“Me-Yeow!” She called after him as the car passed on to the next block.

The girl in the sexy cat costume grinned to herself, pleased that her outfit was already getting the kind of response she was hoping for tonight. The door opened behind her.

“Finally!” She said turning around to greet her friend.

The other girl was standing in front of the door in a full cat onesie, with a tail and a hood with a cat-face and ears on it. She had comfortable matching sneakers and a small backpack.

“Sorry I wanted to pee really quick before I left because like - it’s probably the last time I’m going to get a chance to until I get back home tonight.” Cathleen explained, gesturing to her onesie.

Katie looked at her friend and blinked her eyes in disbelief.

“Um, what are you wearing?” Katie asked with a judgemental raise of her perfectly shaped eyebrow.

Cathleen looked down at her outfit and then back up at her scantily dressed friend.

“Uh, a ‘cat costume’. You said to dress up like a kitty right?” Cathleen replied, swinging her tail and pointing to her cat-ear hood for emphasis.

“I didn’t say to dress up like a Furry! We’re supposed to be ‘two cats on the prowl!’” Katie grumbled.

Cathleen smirked and folded her arms.

“Well I didn’t want to get all done up with, like, my tits out and my bare legs freezing just so guys could think they have an invitation to be grabbing my ass all night!” Cathleen explained.

“But that’s what Halloween is all about!” Katie whined.

“I didn’t even want to go out to this stupid party! We’re not in college anymore, we’re in our mid-20s. We shouldn’t have to dress up all slutty and go get drunk while a shitty DJ plays lame house music to have fun on Halloween!” Cathleen insisted.

“But what about meeting some hot were-wolf guy and getting laid with no-strings-attached!” Katie countered.

“I’d rather be comfy, at home watching scary movies and playing Mansions of Madness.” Cathleen shrugged.

Katie sighed and rolled her eyes shaking her head.

“Fine. I’ll be ‘sexy cat’ and you’ll be ‘comfy cat’.” The provocatively dressed girl finally conceded.

The building door opened and a young woman in a gray-haired granny wig and robe stepped out.

“Wooo! You young whippersnappers wanna suck on my candy!? WOOOO!” The girl cackled as she opened the robe to reveal a bodysuit underneath in the form of an old woman’s naked body. Cloth boobs dangled down to her navel and her fake bush was a forest of gray hair.

The girl shook her hips and made her pendulous fake breasts spin around like propellers as she cackled and then ran down the steps in fuzzy pink slippers and high fived her friend dressed as a nurse waiting for her on the sidewalk.

Katie smirked as she watched the girls giggle as she flashed some more folks walking down the street.

“Well at least you’re not the only person not getting laid tonight.” Katie remarked.

Cathleen shook her head as she laughed at the granny-girls antics.

“Nah, that's Kaylee, my neighbor. She's like one of the top models on Only Fans. All she has to do is tell a guy what she's got rocking under that costume and they're coming home with her!” Cathleen replied.

As the two cat-girls headed down the stairs a fat bald old man came up behind them.

“Here kitty, kitty, kitty... let me pet your pussy...” He rasped with a chuckle and reached out to pinch Katie's rear.

The girl whipped around with a can of mouth spray in her hands pretending it was mace.

“Ew! Get the fuck out of here you pervert before I call the cops!” She screamed at the gross old guy.

The man grumbled some misogynistic obscenities at her and then waddled on down to the door of his basement apartment.

“It's not too late to just go upstairs and play board games all night.” Cathleen said pointedly.

Katie shook her head and took a breath, tugging her skirt down a little lower on her thighs in case that creep was still watching her.

“We're young and hot, I'm not wasting my night and this smoking-hot get-up by curling up on your couch and playing Settlers of Catan.” Katie insisted stubbornly as she clomped down the street in her heels.

Han Solo & The Devil
Hector, Olivia, Natalie and Billy

Han Solo sat back on the toilet seat and moaned at The Devil knelt in front of him sucking his dick.

“Oh god, Olivia! You're amazing!” Hector (Han Solo) groaned as he came into the woman in the devil costume's mouth.

Olivia pulled her ruby-red lips up off his dick and dabbed the cum from the corners of her lips and smiled at the young rebel.

“I’m glad you enjoyed that you scruffy nerf herder.” She giggled and she went to the sink and poured herself a cup of mouthwash.

“I’m still pinching myself over the fact that you and Natalie are really the most beautiful girls i’ve ever met! I thought-” He began to say as he pulled up his pants.

“You thought that because we met anonymously in a kink chat group that we’d be a pair of gray-haired overweight grannies looking to take advantage of a hot young stud like yourself?” The devil girl asked after gargling and spitting out her mouthwash.

“Well... yeah! Or dudes.” Hector said honestly.

Olivia reapplied her lipstick and smacked her lips together in the mirror.

“Nope! No tricks, just treats tonight.” She said winking at him.

“Oh speaking of, I have a buddy coming to the party with us tonight and I told him to meet us here. Hope that’s cool.” Hector said as he buckled his belt and put his blaster back into his holster.

“Only if he’s as cute as you... just kidding. That’s totally cool.” She said as she sauntered over and booped the young man on the nose and then gave him a kiss.

A fist pounded on the bathroom door.

“What the fuck is taking you so long in there? Let’s goooooo!!!” Olivia’s roommate Natalie screamed through the door.

Olivia swung open the bathroom door to reveal a tall busty brunette with playboy bunny ears and a leather corset, fishnets and thigh high leather stiletto boots.

“Ooo she’s being a bitch tonight!” The devil said with a smirk, eyeing her S&M bunny friend.

“It’s just - What are we even waiting for? It’s way past the time that I want to be sober and there’s a DJ spinning at this party that I want to wrap around my pinky finger before all the stupid ditsy coed start flashing their tits at him.” Natalie purred, biting her lip and grinning.

There was a knock at the door. Natalie stomped over to the door glancing at Olivia and Hector with a confused look wondering who it was. She opened it to reveal a man in a full-body homemade vagina costume. He looked like a big pink banana with magenta-colored felt labia flapping in the center. The hole with his face popping out was where the clit should be.

“Heeeey! I’m Hector’s pal Billy! Woah - he didn’t tell me the ‘friend’ he was going to the party with tonight was a total smoke show!” The walking vagina said, waving his hand at the bunny girl.

Olivia gave a disgusted groan and then turned around to her roommate and Hector.

“Who or *what* the fuck is this?” The leather-clad girl asked, gesturing to the idiot in the doorway.

“Sorry, uh this is my friend from uh... we grew up together. Billy. Uh Billy, this is Olivia and Natalie.” Hector introduced them and blushed in embarrassment.

Billy held his hand out for Natalie to shake it. The hot girl snorted and ignored him, instead grabbing her purse and heading toward the door.

“Are you ready? Let’s get the fuck out of here.” Natalie said coldly.

The rest of the group nodded and followed her out into the hall. Olivia hugged Hector’s arm as they walked.

“Aw, I was hoping your friend would be Nat’s type and this would be like a double date... womp womp.” The girl in the sexy devil outfit whispered in Hector's ear.

He nodded and fell back to talk to Billy.

“What the hell man! What is this costume?” Hector asked, sounding annoyed.

Billy held his arms open to present the full look.

“I’m ‘Big Pussy’! Get it? Like from the Sopranos!” Billy explained.

Olivia giggled ahead of them and Natalie just marched swiftly toward the building exit.

“Dude this might be the first time in history that a guy cock-blocked another guy with a giant vagina.” Hector grumbled.

The Cosplayers

Rachel, Sarah, Alyssa, Jasmine & Brandon

The four college girls were crowding around the sink of the moderately-sized off-campus apartment fighting to get the mirror so that they could put the finishing touches on their hair and make-up.

“Hey scooch over. I have to finish putting this green glitter on!” Rachel, dressed as Poison Ivy, insisted.

“Yeah do we seriously all need to be in here? Alyssa! What make-up are you even doing? You’re the sexy rabbit from Space Jam!” Jasmine, dressed as a 1920s showgirl, pointed out to the tanned girl dressed as Lola Bunny pressed up next to her.

“I have to do my eyes and make sure my ears are on straight! What’s Sarah doing in here? She’s going to be wearing a mask most of the night!” Alyssa replied pointing to the tall girl dressed as Violet Incredible standing behind her.

“Um, it's a domino mask! So it just covers my eyes! I still need to put on lipstick and blush! Besides, we'd all have more room if you didn't insist on holding your basketball right now!” Sarah clapped back at her friend.

Alyssa hugged the basketball to her impressive chest.

“It's part of the costume!” The tanned-skinned girl insisted.

“Hey ladies... I made some jell-o shots for everyone if you want to do a little pre-gaming...” The voice of a young man called from the other side of the door.

Jasmine opened it to reveal a guy in his early 20s dressed in black pants and a white button-up, opened to reveal a superman suit underneath. He was wearing the classic ‘Clark Kent’ glasses and had his dark brown hair moussed up in the classic Superman style with a curl in the front. In his hands he was holding a tray of dixie cups with jello in them.

“Thanks Brandon...” The girls all cooed in unison with a giggle.

“Oh and thanks so much for letting you get ready in your apartment. It's so much better than having to get dressed back at the dorms!” Rachel added.

“You're like - the nicest guy!” Sarah declared.

“Hey mi casa es su casa! Just uh let me know if there is anything you need me to help with...” Brandon said as his eyes traveled across Jasmine's cleavage in her low cut showgirl top to Alyssa's large chest and exposed navel in her basketball outfit, to Sarah's hour-glass figure hugged by the skin-tight spandex of her super-hero costume and finally down the vine-covered legs and perfectly pedicured feet of Rachel.

The girls all knew that he was checking them out. He had had obvious crushes on them for a few semesters now and would always offer to drive them to comic con or an anime conventions; or help the girls with school projects or invite them down to spend a weekend at Brandon's family beach house in the hopes that sparks would fly. There had been no “hook ups” with Brandon yet.

The girls just enjoyed his friendship and hospitality and rewarded it with some playful flirting and light teasing.

After the girls had finished in the bathroom they came out and did jello shots and danced to the music the Brandon had put on, getting pumped up for the party they were all going to.

“Like a G6 - Like a G6!” Rachel sang as she jumped around the living room.

Her top flopped open revealing her right breast, only modestly contained by a pasty over her nipple.

“Oh yoo-hoo Brandon!” She called with a playful giggle causing her friends to smirk and roll her eyes at her.

Brandon rushed over like a puppy dog and immediately went wide-eyed at her exposed breast.

“My costume came undone, can you help me tape it?” The red-head asked in a pouty baby-doll voice.

Brandon stammered and nodded.

“I’ll uh- I- I can get the body tape!” He muttered and then pried his eyes away from the girl’s perky chest to go get the item.

He came back a moment later and with sweaty, trembling hands applied some double-sided tape across her boob right above her pasty. Rachel grinned and giggled as she firmly pressed her costume top down onto the tap and tested to see if it would stick this time. When she was properly satisfied she leaned over and gave the boy a kiss on the cheek.

Not to be outdone, Jasmine sat bare-legged in her skimpy cocktail dress and pink boa holding a pair of thigh high stockings.

“Oh Brandon, darling, if you’re finished over there I need some assistance putting my stockings on...” She purred seductively, lifting her long toned leg and wiggling her pink toes up at the boy.

Brandon was trying to hide his erection and was sweating profusely as he gulped and nodded, kneeling down in front of her and slipping one stocking over her smooth young foot and then up her shapely calf up to her creamy thigh. His knuckles brushed along the soft, silky skin of her leg as he unrolled the stocking over it and Jasmine teasingly breathed a soft moan.

Brandon wiped the sweat from his palms on his pant legs and then quickly attempted to do the other leg. Jasmine rubbed his chest with her stockinged foot and grinned.

“Thanks darling, it would have been so tough for me with my gloves on...” She purred.

Brandon swallowed hard and nodded.

“Brandon! Hey babe could you help me with something for a hot sex, I mean sec?” Sarah called with a giggle, wanting to get in on the game.

The boy stood up diligently and went over to the tall girl. She shimmied around in her form-fitting spandex suit and then shook her juicy ass at him encased in the skin-tight outfit.

“I feel like I have a wedgie, would you just tug it out for me?” She asked, causing her friends to groan from the shamelessness of the request.

“Y-you want me to pull the fabric out of your... your butt?” He asked nervously.

Sarah nodded with a pouty grin.

“Uh huh...” She said, giving her ass another shake for good measure.

He reached down slowly and pinched the fabric between her two perfectly round plump ass cheeks and tugged it back.

“Thanks Brandon!” She cooed, tossing her arms around him and pulling him into a big hug.

Alyssa sat in the chair in the living room dribbling the basketball on his hard wood floor and looked down at her costume knowing that it was her turn to get Brandon to do something. But between her Bunny Squad sports bra, her rabbit ears, her basketball shorts and her socks and sneakers she couldn't think of anything clever to get him to do so she settled on:

“Yo Brandon, can you um, feed me some of those twizzlers? My uh, hands are full with the basketball.” Alyssa said, shrugging to her friends that that was the best she could come up with.

Brandon didn't question it. He just dutifully come over with a pack of twizzlers and knelt down next to her, holding one up to her mouth as she wrapped her pouty sensual lips around it and began to chew it down slowly, twirling her tongue around it provocatively as she got closer to his hand.

Once he had fed her three of these like this, watching her lick and suck on the twizzlers like she was filming a porn video, Brandon excused himself quickly to the bathroom.

The girls all laughed profusely and high-fived one another and then knocked on the bathroom door.

“Brandon! We should go soon. The party's about to start!” Rachel called to him through the door.

“Just a minute!” Brandon called back as he frantically blow-dried the stain on the front of his pants.

The Warehouse Party:

A little later that evening all of the groups were gathered under the same roof of an old warehouse that had been converted into a dance club for the night, complete with dozens of speakers set up all around; several cash bars serving every kind of alcohol; A collective of DJs spinning the hottest records; a smoke machine; disco balls; laser light show and a massive mirrored dance floor.

Savannah and Cal were grinding and making out on the dance floor while Marla stood in front of Brandon at one of the cash bars waiting to get another drink.

Natalie was up at the DJ station flirting and whispering to the DJ dressed in a Shrek costume.

Rachel, Sarah, Alyssa and Jasmine danced in a circle together waiting for Brandon to come back with their shots, using the excuse that none of them were over the age of 21 even though they had all used fake-IDs to get into the party.

Katie danced nearby, twerking to a dude dressed in a waldo costume while Cathleen stood a foot away just kind of bobbing her head and looking disinterested.

Hector and Olivia stood off to the side drinking beers and checking out the various costumes that people had shown up in.

“Hey! It looks like someone appreciated your friend’s ‘pussy’ costume after all...” Olivia said loudly over the music.

She pointed over to Billy who was dancing with Kaylee as he grabbed ahold of her fake pendulous tits and swung them up and down as if they were her arms. The two of them laughed and seemed to be having a fun night.

But suddenly the music stopped abruptly and the laser show ended with a loud slap of a power source being switched off. The harsh factory lights all flicked on in rows across the building.

“OKAY EVERYONE! PARTIES OVER! ALL OF YOU NEED TO VACATE THE PREMISES IMMEDIATELY!” A police officer shouted into a bullhorn.

A squad car blipped its siren outside and all of the party attendees groaned and looked around confused.

“Awww what’s this?” Marla grumbled as she had just gotten up to the front of the bar line.

“I don’t know... maybe they didn’t get the proper permits to be in here?” Brandon said nervously not wanting to get arrested.

“Motherfuckers... I like your costume by the way. You’re definitely the cutest superman I’ve seen tonight.” Marla said, sizing Brandon up.

He smiled at her and took a good look at the shapely young woman.

“I like your costume too! You’re the uh, cutest, um... fitness woman? That i’ve ever seen...” He said and then felt immediately stupid for saying it.

Marla just laughed and smiled at him.

“Thanks - anyway I better go find my roommate and figure out what the hell we’re going to do now...” She said looking around for Savannah.

“Uh yeah - same. Not roommates I mean, but friends... Um anyway, good luck!” Brandon said and headed to go find his friends.

The party-goers headed out into the dusty lot outside of the warehouse all scrambling to make alternative plans over the sounds of the police officers barking at everyone to move along. Suddenly phones began to ping and vibrate among the crowd. All of them receiving the same text message simultaneously:

**In Sudden Need of Halloween Plans?
Let's Have a Kiki!
Strut on down to 11567 Wilting Avenue
To Dance, Party and Receive Your
Just Desserts.**

The Walk Over:

“Wow, that's lucky! I thought tonight was shot for sure!” Hector said looking at his phone.

“Oh I'm sure we could have made our own fun...” Olivia purred, tugging off one of her red devil gloves to slide her hand up under his shirt.

A sports car peeled up in front of them in the dirt with a big screech of the breaks. A dude in half a Shrek costume was driving and Natalie was sitting in the driver's seat with a Shrek head on her lap.

“Get it! We're going to this Kiki thing!” Natalie told her friends.

“Do we even know who sent the text? It looks like everyone here got the same one!” Olivia pointed out.

“Yeah DJ here thinks he recognizes the number and it's from his ex-girlfriend's roommate's boyfriend's cousin. So it's totally legit.” Natalie explained.

“Word.” The DJ muttered.

Olivia and Hector didn't question it and instead piled in with some other party-goer into the backseat and the car sped off out of the lot passed the rest of the crowd.

“Okay, whose turn is it to call an uber?” Sarah asked her friends.

“Why are we going to all cram into an uber? 11567 Wilting’s only like a few blocks from here!” Alyssa argued.

“Oh easy to say for the girl whose costume conveniently includes sneakers!” Jasmine drawled in the 1920s ‘high society’ accent she had been talking in all evening.

“Yeah like seriously I’m going to die if I have to walk even like 3 more steps in these stupid heels!” Rachel whined.

“Well I don’t want to be waiting around in the freezing cold in just shorts and a sports bra. So what are we going to do?” Alyssa asked, putting her hand on her hip and hugging her basketball to his flat stomach.

Jasmine, Rachel and Sarah all looked at each other and then immediately called “Brandon!” in sync.

The boy in the superman costume rushed over to them.

“Hey what’s up? Crazy about that text right? You girls want to go?” Brandon asked, out of breath.

The young women all nodded their heads.

“Yeah but, it’s awful walking in these heels...” Jasmine pouted.

“Can you carry us?” Rachel added in a baby voice.

Brandon looked at the group of them.

“Uh I can’t carry all of you...” He admitted apologetically.

The girls all huddled together debating and arguing who should get the piggy-back ride. The discussion got heated for a few moments and then transitioned into a lively game of rock-paper-scissors.

“Damn! I’m out.” Sarah called holding up scissors to both her friends rocks.

“You’re fine, you’ve got the most clothes on out of any of us.” Alyssa pointed out.

Sarah pinched the fabric of her costume to show how thin it was.

“Besides my boots I might as well be naked.” Sarah smirked.

“Ha! I win!” Rachel declared doing a little celebratory dance.

Jasmine folded her arms and gritted her teeth as her redheaded friend dressed as Poison Ivy popped off her heels and jumped onto Brandon’s back hugging him and dangling her pretty bare feet in front of him as he gripped her mostly bare thighs.

“Come on, let’s get the eff down to this party. It’s freezing out here!” Alyssa hollered as she began to march down the sidewalk.

“Stop complaining like you’re a little old lady! We’re 19. We can handle the cold night air with dignity, darling.” Jasmine insisted as she held her cigarette holder between her fingers and gracefully strutted down the sidewalk.

Sarah ran on to catch up and Brandon followed behind carrying Rachel on his back. The girl noticed him glancing down at her pedicured feet dangling in front of him and leaned in to whisper in his ear.

“I’ll let you suck on my toes later... y’know, as a ‘thank you for the piggy back ride...” Rachel purred and then playfully nibbled on the boy's earlobe.

Brandon pitched a tent in his pants and mumbled an affirmative as he picked up speed to carry her to the party location.

Behind them Savannah and Cal were sharing Savannah’s long coat to cover their mostly naked bodies from the cold, they kept playfully grabbing parts of one enough and laughing as they made their way down the street. In front of them Marla was practically jogging to get away from the couple displaying an obnoxious amount of PDA.

“Okay - that better be a roll of Mentos poking into my butt, Mister!” Savannah giggled, reaching behind her back under the coat to grab it.

“What if it isn’t...” Cal replied in a low voice with a grin.

Savannah tilted her head up and pulled him into a passionate make-out session and then caught Marla move so far ahead that she was walking with the group in front of them.

“Hey! Marla! Wait up! Who are you racing? You’re not going to turn into a pumpkin at midnight!” Savannah called up to her friend.

Marla sighed and stopped to let the couple catch up.

“I just want to get to the party and find someone to hook up with before all of the available guys get snatched up. I mean - even the idiot in the vagina costume’s got a date!” Marla said, gesturing over to the girl in the old lady costume hobbling along in her prop walker while Billy in his ‘Big Pussy’ costume hugged her from behind.

Savannah smirked at her friend.

“There’s plenty of guys here and you’re fucking gorgeous. You’re not going to end the night alone like an old spinster!” The petite blonde told her shapely friend.

“Yeah you’re definitely the hottest girl here Marla, next to my date, of course...” Cal chimed in.

“Awww that’s so sweet babe!” Savannah cooed.

The couple made out again, slobbering each other while Marla folded her arms and smirked at them.

“That first party only lasted like point five seconds. Guys didn’t even get a chance to check you out. Trust me, when we get to this Kiki thing it’s going to be awesome!” Savannah assured her friend.

Walking by them were the two cats on the prowl. Katie and Cathleen were walking together with Katie stopping occasionally to rub her bare legs and arms to warm them up.

“Are you sure we’re walking in the right direction? I’m going to freeze to death if we have to double back!” Katie asked through chattering teeth.

“I mean, it’s where everyone else is heading so I’m assuming it’s right but I can look it up on google maps...” Cathleen said, pulling her phone out of her pocket.

“God my legs are covered in goosebumps! It’s so unsexy!” Katie whined.

She bent over to blow hot breath on her hands and rub her legs some more. A couple guys came up behind them and smacked Katie right on her skirted ass.

“Wooo bangin’ kitty cat!” The guys hollered at her.

She straightened up and batted her eyes at them.

“See you at the party boys, but watch out- this cat has claws...” She said, grinning and clawing the air seductively.

“Wait - this can’t be right.” Cathleen said behind her.

Katie turned around to look at her friend.

“What?” She asked, concerned.

“The app says that 11567 Wilting Ave. is a local nursing home.” The girl in the cat onesie said, staring at her phone.

Katie took the phone out of her friend's hand and looked to see for herself and then handed it back with a shrug.

“It probably used to be one and now it’s shut down. I mean - the party we were supposed to go to was in an old paper warehouse.” Katie said as she began to walk ahead swiftly.

Cathleen ran to catch up.

“But isn’t it, like, a little sketchy that we were all suddenly invited to this random party from someone we don’t know the exact moment that the party we were at got shut down?” The comfy cat mused.

Katie turned around to give her friend a ‘you worry too much’ look.

“It’s just called ‘good marketing’. Whoever they are saw a good opportunity and decided to set up a sick Halloween party in an abandoned old folks home and now we’re going to go have the time of our lives - WOOOO!!” Katie yelled.

Another passing partygoer wrapped his arms around the sexy girl and lifted her up, spinning her in the air while she tossed her arms up and cheered.

“Okay but if we all get axe murdered tonight by a deranged psychopath when instead we could have been playing Carcassonne from the safe comfort of my living room... I'm totally going to say ‘I told you so’.” Cathleen smirked as she followed her friend.

The Kiki:

The crowd converged on the address of the new party - a multi-floor elder care facility with a spray painted banner hanging from the sign above the entryway saying “Kiki inside! Party while you’re still young!”

Fancy cars parked along the horseshoe driveway in front of the building and the costumed mob of young people made their way inside.

They were greeted at the reception desk by creepy animatronic nurses holding bowls in their hands. The first bowl was filled with Werther's Original hard candies.

"Have-Have-Have a treat Hon-Hon-Honey!" The robotic nurse said in a glitchy voice as she thrust the bowl forward to the guests as they arrived.

"Wow this place is spooky as fuck!" Alyssa said as she unwrapped and popped one of the hard-candies into her mouth.

The young party-goers looked around to see nursing home furnishings decorated in fake cobwebs and plastic spiders, witches cauldrons and rubber vampire bats. There were pillars leading down the hallway from the reception area to the 'Day room' of the facility where the beats of music were thumping from. Floating above each pillar appeared to be pumpkin-sized balls of real flames.

"Key-Key-Keys and Phon-Phon-Phones please!" Another robot nurse shouted holding her metal arm out to stop them from entering the hallway until they placed the objects into the bowl.

"It's cool, we'll just get them back after the party. They do this at basically all of the hottest shows and underground clubs now. Don't want their patrons driving home drunk and they don't want their IP spread all over social media." Natalie assured the members of the crowd who seemed a little nervous to give up their belongings to a creepy robot.

As they walked down the hallway Sarah was mesmerized by floating flames. Since popping the hard candy into her mouth she was feeling like she was lighter than air and colors were swirling around from the corners of the room. She tugged off her Violet Incredible glove and reached to touch the flame.

"Sarah darling, what did mummy tell you about putting your hand to an open flame..." Jasmine teased her friend.

"I just... I just want to know how it works. Like - how is it floating like that?" Sarah asked airily as she moved her hand under it and felt nothing but cool air.

“Ohmigod she’s soooo high!” Rachel giggled as she hopped down from Brandon’s back and continued to walk barefoot down the hall.

But as Rachel stopped to slip her heels back on she felt the hallway tilt and swerve around her causing her to giggle harder at how surreal everything felt.

Savannah and Cal tossed the coat onto the arm of the robotic nurse along with Savannah’s cellphone as they entered the hallway. Savannah began to touch the walls as they walked and then her bare arms and then began to vigorously grope her chest.

“Oh wow! I don’t think those were butterscotch - I think that was ecstasy...” She gasped with a wide-eyed grin.

She turned to Cal and began to feel every part of him that she could touch as he did the same.

“Move it along! Some of us in the back want to be doing that too!” Katie called up to the halfnaked couple blocking traffic from their dry humping.

“I’ll do that with you!” A guy dressed in a Ghost-Busters outfit said enthusiastically behind the cat-girl.

“Get in line Stranger Things. I’ve got a full dance card tonight!” Katie purred with a grin and blew him a kiss as the crowd moved forward into the main room.

As the guests made their way into the large central ‘Day Room’ they found a bunch of young people dancing and having the time of their lives under disco lights and strobes.

But also mingling around the room were a bunch of elderly women and a few elderly men, shuffling around with canes and walkers; some snoozing in chairs around the room; some trying to dance with the young people.

“What are all of these old people doing here?” Natalie asked, wrinkling her nose in disgust at a doddering old woman shuffling by with a catheter.

“They’re not REALLY old. It’s just like high end prosthetic make-up. I took a class on special effects make-up like this – it’s insanely convincing now! They’re probably just the young event organizers done up to stick with the ‘theme’ of the party.” Olivia explained.

“Damn that’s so lit...” Hector said, looking at a bald man with liver spots covering his scalp as he shuffled off the dance floor.

“I love your costume!” Marla shouted to a frail woman in a housecoat nearby.

“Oh thanks dearie... yours looks like you might be a little cold...” The old woman replied.

“Oh my lord! I am so jelly of these girls dressed in the old-age makeup! It must have taken them hours but they look like fire!” Jasmine said, breaking character for a moment to geek-out about the quality of the old peoples costumes.

Sarah reached out to touch one old lady's cheeks and her hand got swatted away by a bony arm.

“Well I’m jelly of the girl who came to this party in the same costume I picked but sluttier!” Rachel pouted pointing over to Savannah.

“I think that she’s supposed to be Eve darling, not Poison Ivy...” Jasmine said getting back into her character and taking a puff of her fake cigarette.

“Oh yeah I guess that makes more sense than her and her boyfriend being girl Poison Ivy and Boy Poison ivy...” Rachel nodded.

Over on the other side of the dance floor Katie and Cathleen were sipping some free mixed drinks they got from the robot nurse manning the pills station, not refitted to be a make-shift bar.

“Who would have guessed that the number one costume this year was going to be Granny?” Katie giggled, sipping her drink.

“Well these ones at least put a lot more effort into their costume than Kaylee did!” Cathleen pointed out.

“I’m going in. Hold my drink for me, kitten?” Katie asked, handing her dixie cup to her friend as she shimmied her hips onto the dancefloor and began to shake her booty at a handsome guy.

Cathleen finished her drink and then drank Katie’s with a shrug as she stood off to the side tapping her foot and looking around the large, strangely decorated room.

The party was in full swing, people were dancing the night away, enjoying their high, getting wasted and/or hooking up with someone before long.

Savannah and Cal were humping and caressing each other’s bodies on the dance floor while wrapping their tongues around one another. Savannah hugged her arms around the young man’s neck and leaned into him.

“Oh god this feels sooooo good! I want to feel you inside me while we’re on this hard candy! There has to be somewhere around here that we can go that’s private... I need you to fuck me...” She moaned breathlessly into his ear.

Cal grinned excitedly and immediately lifted the girl up into his arms and hurried down one of the dark hallways of the center.

Hector was on his way back over to the bar to get another drink when he felt a tap on his shoulder.

“Well hello handsome... wanna cut a rug with me?” A creaky voice called to him.

He turned around and smirked at the old woman with long braided gray hair and a modest sweater over a ratty nightgown standing in front of him. He didn’t know what she looked like under all those prosthetic wrinkles and the

gray wig but he didn't care. He wasn't going to do anything to blow his chances with Olivia that evening.

"Sorry granny, I'm just not into old ladies. I think I'll stick with girls my own age tonight." He said with a wink.

But then his smile dropped as he got a better look at the puffy shrunken latina granny standing in front of him.

"Wait a minute, holy fuck - Miss Rosa!?" He gasped, recognizing the old woman.

She reached up and slapped him on the cheek, wagging a bony finger at him.

"Ey! Watch your mouth Hector. What did I always tell you about using that kind of language!" She rattled and then cackled as he ran away from her.

Back on the dance floor Brandon had come back from getting drinks for the girls only to find them all dancing with other guys or each other, disappointed he made his way through the crowd of horny dancing young people only to bump into Marla.

"Hey cutie!" She said with a bright smile as she shook her body to the music.

A few moments later they were dancing together and Brandon was venting to her about his frustrations with the college girls.

"And it's like one minute I think they're into me and the next minute they act like I don't even exist!" He lamented.

Marla gave him a sympathetic smile and rubbed his arm, flashing him a bit of her cleavage and hoping it would get his mind off of these other girls he came here with.

"They're just using you baby. Cut them loose. Let them be immature little bitches, you don't have to waste your time on them!" She said as she gyrated her spandex-clad body against the boy in the superman costume.

Brandon nodded.

“Yeah! It would just be nice to be noticed for once.” He said as he awkwardly danced with the athletic young woman dressed like Jane Fonda.

Marla batted her eyes at him and pursed her lips in a pouty smile.

“I noticed you...” She said to him in a breathy voice, leaning in to press her body against his.

The two leaned their heads towards one another, parting their lips as they moved them closer together. Brandon put his sweaty hands on Marla’s exposed waist and she rested hers on his chest. She closed her eyes and breathed heavier as their lips came together in a kiss.

“Brandon?” Sarah asked behind the couple.

Brandon pulled away immediately as if he had been caught cheating and looked at Sarah, Rachel, Alyssa and Jasmine gathered together.

“Um can we talk to you in, like, private?” Rachel asked very seriously.

“R-right now?” Brandon asked.

The girls nodded.

“Yeah dude, when else would we mean?” Alyssa asked him with a look like he was being stupid.

Marla inhaled with a smile expecting Brandon to stand his ground.

“O-okay!” He said and followed the girls off the dance floor without even an apologetic look back at Marla.

The girl in the 80s aerobics attire stood with her hands up in complete astonishment and an annoyed look on her face.

“What the fuck, dude!?” She called after him.

Brandon didn't hear her though as he was entirely focused on Sarah's perfect behind encased in her spandex costume as she and the other girls led him over to a less crowded part of the room.

“Well darling, the ladies and I have a proposition for you that I just *know* you'll absolutely adore...” Jasmine said, running the back of her gloved hand flirtatiously across the boy's cheek.

“Yeah we like, didn't even think about the fact that they won't let us back into our dorm tonight if we show up past midnight...” Sarah admitted.

“So we thought that it'd be cool if you let us crash back at your place.” Alyssa explained.

Rachel bit her lip arousingly and looked into Brandon's eyes as she extended her foot out and rubbed it up and down his leg.

“We promise that if you let us stay with you tonight we'll *totally* make it worth your while...” Rachel cooed with a giggle.

“Do you get what we're throwing down here?” Alyssa asked.

Brandon was too focused on trying to hide the massive erection in his pants to respond.

“We figured we might need to spell it out for you so here it goes - if you bring us back to your apartment tonight and drive us back to campus tomorrow morning, after the party the five of us will all have a big....” Sarah began to say, gesturing over to Rachel.

“O!” The girl dressed as Poison Ivy called out, looping her slender arms above her head to form an 'O'.

“R!” Alyssa shouted holding one curved arm next to her head and her leg out at an angle to make an ‘R’ with her body.

“G!” Sarah called out, curving one arm above her head and the other arm at her side to make a ‘G’.

“Y!” Jasmine cried holding both arms out at an angle to form a ‘Y’.

“What’s that spell?” Alyssa prompted.

“Orgy! Orgy! Orgy! Orgy back at Brandon’s!” The girls all shouted and clapped in front of him.

Jasmine leaned to the side to spy Marla glaring at them across the dance floor. She smirked back at the girl and territorially rested her arm across the boy’s shoulders and began playing with his hair while staring Marla down and grinning.

Brandon lost it. He could feel himself blow his load into his boxers and felt the wet spot forming on his crotch. Clark Kent quickly shot his hands down to cover the stain and rushed quickly away from the girls.

“I-I... have to use the bathroom!” He cried in a panic as he ran out of the room.

The girls all looked at each other in surprise and confusion.

“Wait - was that a ‘yes’ or not?” Sarah asked to the shrugs of her friends.

Brandon ran down a dark hall until he found a door marked with the rest room sign and ran inside, locking the door behind him. He found himself in a small room with a sink and a toilet with support bars on either side of it, for old people to grab hold of while they lowered themselves down onto the potty. The young man quickly began to use soap and water to wash out the cum stain on the front of his pants.

A few rooms down Cal and Savannah had found themselves in what looked like a two bed hospital room. There was all sorts of medical equipment around,

beeping and blinking as well as some old dusty photos and a tray with a daily pill case and a glass of water sitting on it. The young couple began to peel their skimpy costumes off one another.

Cal removed Savannah's leafy bra revealing her perky breasts with the pasties covering the nipples. The blonde girl giggled and reached down to peel them off of her pink areolas and toss them behind her with a laugh. Cal eagerly began to fondle her bouncy breasts as she reached over and tore the green codpiece from his crotch, gasping in excitement at the sight of his massive, erect member.

Savannah slipped out of her flat sandals and shimmed her ivy thong down her smooth legs leaving the couple completely naked in front of one another. The two young people grinned as the girl leapt onto the guy and began to passionately kiss him as he backed up into the railed hospital bed. They maneuvered onto the thin rickety metal bed with Cal on the bottom. Savannah writhed her naked body above him savoring the sensation of skin on skin. She was about to reach down and guide him inside of her when there was suddenly movement from the bed next to theirs.

“Uhhhh!” The very old woman in the bed next to them let out a horse rasping moan and held up a trembling bony hand.

“AHHH!!” Savannah screamed and Cal jumped.

The naked couple held each other in fright as they looked over at the incredibly elderly woman laying in the bed, tubes up her nose, cataracts over her sunken eyes, what's left of her hair was long, white and wispy, her ancient face just a mass of wrinkles.

“There's an old lady in the room with us!” Savannah whimpered in fright.

Cal looked at the skeletal old lady who couldn't even lift herself up from the bed and burst out laughing.

“Babe! It's not real! It's a prop! I mean - look at it. Have you ever seen a woman that old before? It's like one of those robot thingy's made up with fake

wrinkly skin and a fright wig to scare guests that wandered off of the dance floor I guess!” He said, sounding relieved himself.

Savannah paused, considering his explanation and then let out a relieved sigh and began to giggle.

“Oh right! That makes SO much sense! Because like the parties at a nursing home so they’re going with that whole ‘spooky old age’ motif...” She said, smiling happily.

“Yeah like ‘Behold! The ravages of age!’” Cal said laughing.

Savannah looked at him blankly.

“What is that? Is that from something?” She asked.

Cal looked at her like she was crazy not to get the reference.

“Yeah! The Simpsons! You know they’re in the amusement park and-” He began to explain.

She cut him off with a kiss as she linked her fingers with his and leaned him back down on the bed to have sex again.

Back on the dance floor Hector was dancing with Olivia who looked very high and horny as she danced around in her devil costume and then fell into the young man with a giggle.

“Seriously! I don’t think the old people here are in costumes! I think they are like legit old people.” He explained.

“But like... that would be crazy...” Olivia giggled as she curled against him and began to kiss his neck.

“I know but - I just ran into Miss Rosa Alvarez! She was the old lady that lived next door to us when I was growing up. She used to baby sit me when I was a

little kid! A few years back her grandkids stuck her in a nursing home. I think *this* is the nursing home!” Hector whispered loudly in a conspiratorial voice.

“What are you guys talking about?” Natalie asked as she danced next to them, leaning over to tease her DJ friend with her fishnet-clad ass cheeks.

“Hector’s spilling some tea about the old ladies here... he thinks they’re all like being held hostage by the party planners and they’re like, actual residents here...” Olivia said in a slurred voice and laughed.

“That’s insane! Why would anyone do that?” Natalie asked but didn’t wait around for a response and instead grabbed her dance partner's hand and led him to another part of the dance floor.

“Hey! Stranger things have happened. I don’t know why they’re here. All I know is - those are real wrinkles and sagging tits on those ladies.” Hector said, shrugging.

Olivia giggled drunkenly as she bumped into the girl in the comical old lady costume and began to laugh, tugging at the long stockinged titty.

“Ha i’m sorry, are you like, somebody's grandmother? My friend thinks all of you old people aren’t like... even wearing costumes... so how old are you really? 80? 90? 100?” Olivia asked, snickering with laughter as Hector held her waist to keep her from falling down on her ass.

The “granny” looked over at Olivia and gave the girl a look of recognition. She reached up and took the gray wig off of her head revealing her brownish-blond hair.

“Olivia! No, I'm not really an old lady! It’s me, Kaylee! From O.F.” She said, waiting for the girl in the devil costume to recognize her.

“Oh my god! Kaylee! HAHAHA! That costume is hilarious! I bet your tits will totally look like that in like 60 years...” Olivia cackled.

Kaylee stuck out her tongue playfully and flopped the fake granny breasts around.

“Yeah I decided to go ‘joke’ costume this year because I figured if I could get a guy while looking like this then he’s probably worth my time right? I kind of wish I could take it off though - it’s so fucking hot! But... I'm totally naked under this!” She said, whispering the last part.

“That’s TOO funny. Good for you! How are you? I've been meaning to DM you since our last collab!” Olivia said, rubbing her hand on the fake-granny’s arm affectionately in a drunken sort of way.

“I’m doing great! I have a ton of new subscribers and have a ton of new content ideas! We should totally do another collab together! That was so much fun last time!” Kaylee replied.

“Def! As soon as I get my phone back I'll set a reminder to hit you up!” Olivia nodded.

“Please do! Well, I'll let you get back to your handsome friend here! Have fun tonight! Good to see you, mwah! Mwah! Mwah!” Kaylee said as she moved away from them, blowing kisses at Olivia.

The drunk and high girl in the devil costume turned around and pressed her body against Hector’s, raising an eyebrow.

“See? Real grannies my ass...” She said with a giggle before pulling him into a kiss.

But Hector wasn’t the only one. In another part of the dance floor Rachel was dancing with her friends waiting for Brandon to get out of the bathroom when she spied an old woman clomping along the side of the room with the aid of her cane.

“Okay this is totally going to sound crazy - but that partier over that 100% looks like my ex-boyfriends grandmother.” Rachel said, pointing the old woman out to Sarah and Alyssa.

“Damn I think the drugs are kicking in for you too!” Alyssa said, teasing the redhead.

“No seriously! My ex, like, LOVED his grandma and made us go and visit her like every day until she had to be sent off to an elder care place! The old bag HATED me but I had to look at that miserable jowly face of hers enough times that I would recognize her anywhere.” Rachel explained.

“And you think that she’s here? Tonight? Why would your ex’s granny come to a Halloween dance party?” Sarah asked.

“Are you POSITIVE it’s her? I mean like... there’s no way of knowing for sure right?” Alyssa asked, wanting to drop it and get back to dancing and having fun.

“No but I have an idea...” Rachel said and then held up her hand, waving it in the old ladies direction. “Grandma Agnes?” She called out to the old bag.

The elderly woman turned and looked at Rachel, her sunken old eyes went wide as she clearly recognized the girl and turned to quickly hobble away.

“See? I knew it! I’m going to go ask her what her deal is!” Rachel said as she left her friends and began to chase the old woman.

Grandma Agnes picked up speed and turned down one of the darkened hallways and Rachel clomped after her, hindered only by her strappy heels.

In the middle of the dance floor a song had just ended and Jasmine, hoisted up into the air by a strong, attractive young man, extended her arms in the air triumphantly.

“This kiki is marvelous!” She declared to the cheers of agreement of the majority of the party goers.

Katie was grinding on a guy in a werewolf costume as the next song began to play, two other guys were dancing behind her waiting to cut in.

“You know, if one of you cuties wants to win some brownie points you could go over and show my friend over there a good time...” Katie said between aroused breaths as she pointed over at Cathleen sitting between two old people, sipping a cocktail from a straw.

One of the robo-nurses came over to the ‘comfy cat’ with a bowl of candies.

“Have-Have-Have a treat Hon-Hon-Honey.” It said with its head spasming as it talked.

Cathleen waved it away.

“Oh no thanks. I already ate.” She said, leaning her head forward to signal to the robot that she wanted it to leave.

After a moment of pause where it held the bowl in front of her it abruptly turned and wheeled down to the next guest it came across.

“Have-Have-Have a treat Hon-Hon-Honey.” It said holding the bowl out.

The Witching Hour:

The crowd danced and drank and groped one another as the clock turned to midnight. As the bell in the nearby church rang twelve times the music abruptly stopped and the lights came up.

The orange flames floating above the pillars lining the hallways and in the corners of the room changed to a deep, ominous blue.

“Sisters and Brothers! It is midnight! The witching hour is at hand!” A shrill rattling voice bellowed out across the room.

“Woah, it’s only midnight? I thought it was way later!” The DJ in the shrek costume shouted from the crowd.

There were murmurs of confusion and eagerness to get the party back up and running, no one seemed to notice the elderly people stirring from their chairs and surrounding them.

“Ummmm hello? Who’s ever like, in charge of this thing? Can you fix the stereo and the lights? It’s seriously killing the mood!” Katie yelled out.

She stood there in her sexy cat costume with her hands on her slender waist waiting for someone to follow through on her request. Instead an old woman hobbled toward her in a hooded cloak, tossing it back to reveal long scraggly white hair and a wizened face.

“Oh but the mood seems just fine to me deary... when the goal is to steal your precious youth...” The old woman cackled.

“Um what? Like what are you talking about? Is this some sort of performance piece? Because I'm not feeling it. I really hated Rocky Horror so...” Katie said with a smirk causing some of the party goers to laugh.

The old woman didn’t bother to respond, instead she lunged forward wrapping her wrinkled arms around Katie and pressing her thin shriveled lips against the girl who tried to scream and squirm out of the hag’s grip. But the elderly woman’s arms were like a vice and Katie began to feel weaker as the wrinkled lips kissed her mouth.

She pawed and kicked at the old woman fruitlessly as she felt her body begin to feel strange. Her slender waist began to expand and puff out as her breasts began to slope and tug downward in her sexy bra. Her arms began to feel so frail that she had trouble keeping them from trembling as she pushed and slapped at her assailant. Her legs began to ache and feel weak as well, suddenly her ‘fuck me’ heels that she had been walking around in all night felt like precarious stilts she was balancing on with puffy brittle legs.

Cathleen knew that something was going on with Katie but she couldn’t quite get to her friend. She attempted to squeeze and push past the crowd but there were too many people to get through.

Finally after only a matter of seconds the woman let go of Katie and pulled off of her with a lip-smacking sound and a satisfied inhale of breath. Everyone around them gasped at the sight of the girl in the cat costume.

She really couldn't be classified as a 'girl' anymore. She had easily aged 50 or 60 years in seconds and where a hot young 20-something had stood, a now shriveled old woman trembled. Her long wavy hair had gone grayish white and thinned under her cat ears. Her beautiful young face was puffy and wrinkled with sloping jowly cheeks colored with cat whiskers. Her breasts were completely sagging and pooling in her revealing top and threatened to completely collapse onto her puffy wrinkled gut. Her bare legs, exposed by her sexy mini-skirt were withered and lumpy with loose folds of skin and cellulite, they were pale and covered in purple veins. She had a bit of a hunch and had lost an inch or two in height as she wobbled on her heels looking like she was in desperate need of a comfy chair to sit down.

“What? What’s wrong? Is there something on my face? What’s wrong with my voice it’s-” Katie quavered.

Her sunken eyes went wide and her gnarled hand reached up to grab her neck and found a handful of wrinkly loose skin dangling from her chin.

The crone that had done this to her on the other hand leaned forward and ran her fingers through her hair, stretching back up dramatically and tossing her locks back with a deep exhale revealing a beautiful healthy head of shiny reddish-blond hair and a youthful physique to match it.

The formerly-old woman tossed her cloak on the floor revealing the sexy form of a woman in her early 20s clad in a support bra and granny-panties.

“Ah! Wonderful. Lock the doors, lower the blinds and let’s get this Kiki started!” The rejuvenated woman shouted with a sultry laugh.

Katie screamed at her aged body and the crowd panicked and began to run in every direction. The latches on the entrances and exits clicked to the locked positions and the shutters on the windows abruptly closed effectively trapping everyone inside.

Cathleen tried to make her way over to Katie who was hobbling around in horror but young party attendees kept pushing her aside as they attempted to escape the old people.

A number of party-goers were picked off from the crowd, an old person would grab their arm or their leg, sometimes wrap their decrepit arms around them from behind and gum their neck like a vampire - it all had the same result, moments later the costume party guest was a shriveled doddering old person and the former nursing home resident was a young 20-something in their prime once more.

MARLA

Over at the front entrance a number of young people were banging on the locked doors trying to open them to escape. The robo-nurse with the candy was whirling around the reception desk offering treats but her glitchy words were drowned out by the screams and cries of the terrified crowd.

No one even thought to look for the nurse that had taken their keys and phones. Marla tried to kick the door open with a hard slam of her sneakered heel but it was no use. She pounded on the door with a slap of her open hand in frustration and then looked over to see that a muscular guy dressed as Captain America doing the same thing was glancing over at her, checking her out.

“What are you staring at!? We need to find a way out of here! You saw what just happened to that poor girl!” Marla cried.

The dude shook his head.

“I’m sorry you’re just - so beautiful! It’s really distracting!” The guy exclaimed.

The nerves of the situation mixed with the drugs she had taken and Marla impulsively lunged at the heroically dressed man and passionately kissed him.

After a few moments of making out among the crowd that was jostling them around trying to reach the exit, Marla pulled away.

“Okay - if we make it out of here tonight, you’re taking me back to your place Cap!” She said catching her breath.

The guy happily nodded.

“Yeah definitely! You’re absolutely slammin’!” He agreed enthusiastically.

“Okay now everybody stand back! I’m going to bust this mother fucker open!” Marla announced as she lifted up a metal trash bin and brought it up over her head to throw it into one of the large glass panes on either side of the door to smash it open.

The crowd dispersed to allow Marla the room she needed. The young woman took a deep breath and prepared to toss the long metal trash bin. But then she felt bony frail hands clutch her strong athletic shoulders and felt a rasping breath on her exposed back.

“I’d put that down before you’re too old to hold it, if I were you dearie...” A creaky voice called from behind her.

It happened too fast for Marla to react, her muscles all melted into jello at once causing her body to puff out and swell before drooping and sagging toward the floor at the loose folds of skin flapping from her arms and formerly toned thighs had nothing giving them definition anymore. Her tits shriveled up in her neon tube top, slipping down her wrinkled chest, threatening to peak out from the bottom of her skimpy garment and expose themselves. Her ass flattened and pancaked down the back of her legs, stretching and distorting her spandex bottoms. Her long curly hair turned white and brittle and the teeth fell from her mouth as she stood there slack-jawed at what was happening.

The now very old, frail Marla stood in her sneakers with her swollen legs knocking together, her chunky old ass trying to find the floor and her costume giving her a gruesome-looking camel toe. Her bony bingo-wing arms trembled

under the weight of the bin she was now barely holding up above her gray head until she dropped it, nearly flattening her aged form in the process.

Luckily two young toned arms reached up quickly and grabbed it before it could knock over the old lady dressed in the 1980s aerobics costume.

“See? You ought to be careful at your age dear... you’re not as athletic as you once were. You could hurt yourself.” A now beautiful tanned brunette girl dressed in a housecoat said to Marla as she gently put the bin back down on the floor.

“Is that the work-out outfit you used to wear way back when? Because it’s not the 80s any more grandma and that really doesn’t fit you...” A young blonde girl in a ratty nightgown smeared sarcastically at the newly elderly woman.

Marla stood there shuffling around in a daze for a moment as the two former grannies made their way through the remaining crowd in the reception area aging them up.

Captain America looked at the frail, saggy formerly athletic girl with horror and disgust on his face. Marla reached out to him with a veiny trembling hand hoping that he would show her some affection even if she was old enough to be the man's grandmother now. Instead the heroically dressed guy swiftly turned and ran the other way.

“Oh come *on!* Seriously?” She yelled shrilly as she collapsed onto the ground.

KAYLEE

Back in the Day Room Kaylee had noticed that many of the rejuvenated old women were strutting around still dressed in their old lady clothes and it was just her luck that she was wearing the same get-up. She just needed to ditch the comical old-lady bodysuit portion of her costume and then she could wander around in her robe and slippers pretending to be a formerly old bag.

She quickly tossed her wig aside and pulled off her robe to unzip her body suit. Kaylee hid behind the pill station out of sight as she stripped down naked, tossing the old lady skin in a clump in the corner. She stood up, revealing an amazing body adorned with tattoos on her arms, hips and thighs as well as a nipple piercing on her perfect natural DD breasts. Guys that were running for their lives stopped to gawk at the sight of the beautiful, naked, young sex worker flashing her exposed breasts and neatly trimmed blonde bush for everyone to see.

Kaylee quickly tossed the granny gown back over her slender arms and slid her feet into her slippers. Then she took a breath and began to run around chasing young party guests as if she was one of the nursing home residents. Her fellow party attendees couldn't tell the different and proceeded to scream and yell for their lives when she approached but the old women - both still old and those that had been rejuvenated watched the tattooed sex-worker run around and became skeptical.

Three of them cornered Kaylee against the media area, backing her into the wall. The one that was still elderly held out a bony gnarled hand and pointed it right at the girl.

"This is the one that mocked us all night with that ridiculously offensive costume!" She screeched.

"An old woman's body doesn't look like that! You think it's funny to mock growing old?" One of the rejuvenated women asked.

"N-No... I don't know what you're talking about! I'm one of you! My name is Gertrude! I turned 90 last year and I- I just the youth out of some young whippersnapper to look like this!" Kaylee said quickly, making it up on the fly.

"A likely story - interloper!" The other rejuvenated lady screamed pointing at Kaylee accusatorially.

"No! I swear! I'm one of you! I bake cookies and play bingo! I-I-I don't know how to use a computer! I think music was better in the 50s! I watch Fox News! I- No please! NoooooO!" She wailed as the women converged on her.

When they pulled away Kaylee was a shriveled sagging wreck of her former self. Her hair was whisky and white and her face was collapsed and wrinkled. Her impressive tits were now stretched and dangling all the way down to her waist with her sparkly nipple ring hanging from the end of her wrinkly right nipple. Her exposed bush was a tangled mess of whitening gray hairs and her tattooed legs were bony and decrepit.

“Huh, well... would you look at that? I was wrong, your costume actually wasn't that far off...” The first rejuvenated woman said to the pathetic half-naked old biddy.

Kaylee looked down at her withered body and took a few shuffling steps forward, seeing that her real breasts now swayed and flopped the way that her fake breasts had done all evening.

“Nooooo!!!” She cried holding her housecoat shut as well as she could to hide her sagging body.

ALYSSA

On the other side of the room an old woman was hobbling toward Alyssa with her bony hands outstretched to grab her.

“I ain't going down like this!” The beautiful tanned skin girl dressed as Lola Bunny shouted before hurling her basketball at the old lady's waist.

The crone failed to catch it and ended up tumbling back onto the floor.

“Help! I've fallen and I can't get up!” The old woman screamed.

“That's right bitch! Lola Bunny: One, Busted Old Hags: Zero.” Alyssa said confidently.

She grabbed the basketball as it bounced back towards her and threw it to the window, smashing the shutters. She ran up and managed to get the window

open a crack and then began to climb up out of it. She made it about halfway out when she began stuck due to her plump shapely rear.

Alyssa attempted to shimmy and wedge her way out but then felt hands grabbing her ankles and legs and pulling her back inside.

“No! No! Get off of me!” She cried but felt herself becoming too exhausted to struggle.

The girl in the Space Jam costume was quickly pulled back inside and released but as soon as Alyssa attempted to turn around and face the old woman, she slumped down onto her now incredibly large saggy ass, her elderly legs now too weak to support her fluffy old lady body.

Long straight gray hair framed her wrinkled face, her sunken eyes and her hooked nose. Her arms reached up to cup her chest which felt funny, because her breasts were now formless blobs sagging without any support in her costume sports bra. Her puffy wrinkled belly seeped out over her shorts, now an impressive old lady gut and her withered old thighs flattened against the floor as she sat against the wall moaning in a shaky old voice.

A young woman, who moments ago had been the old woman Alyssa had knocked over with a basketball, stood over the pathetic old woman wearing bunny ears.

“Looks like it’s ‘Lola Bunny: 85, Old Hag: 21’... too bad we’re not playing basketball though. It’s the lowest score that wins this game...” The dark haired woman purred with a grin.

Alyssa couldn’t hear her very well as she had become hard of hearing in her old age but understood the gist of it enough to flip the woman off by extending a wrinkled crooked middle finger.

HECTOR AND OLIVIA

In another part of the room Hector and Olivia were hiding behind a couch trying to lay low. They would hear young people screaming as they ran by to the left and then a moment later would hear old people mumbling to themselves in disbelief as they shuffled in a daze to the right.

Olivia hugged her young sexy body against Hector's.

"I'm so scared! What's even happening!?" She sobbed into his Hans Solo vest.

Hector shook his head.

"I have no idea! They're stealing our youth? Are all of the old people in this town witches or something?" He asked rhetorically.

Olivia dried her eyes with the hem of the skirt from her red devil costume and hugged him tight.

"I'm too young to be old!" She whimpered.

He lifted her smooth chin up with his hand and leaned down to kiss her red pouty lips.

"Don't worry baby. I got you. You're not getting a single gray hair on my watch." He said firmly.

She hugged and kissed him again and then spied something on the floor nearby them.

"Hey! Look, it's my devil's prod!" She said excitedly.

"So? This isn't the time to be worrying about accessorizing your costume!" He whispered loudly.

“No! I mean, we could use it as a weapon to fend off the old people so we can get the hell out of here!” She insisted.

Hector shook his head.

“I don’t like it. It’s too risky. Let’s just stay here, and maybe they’ll all leave and forget us!” He said firmly.

She stroked his chest affectionately and kissed him again, pouting her lips seductively.

“Baby... it’s just right over there... I can crawl over really fast and grab it and come right back before anyone would even see me! They’re grannies. They’re not that fast!” Olivia said to convince him.

Hector thought about it for a moment and sighed.

“Okay fine but hurry! This place is like a warzone!” He warned her.

Olivia got down on her hands and knees and peaked around the corner of the couch to see if the coast was clear. When she didn’t see anyone over the age of 30 in the vicinity and began to make a crawl for the cattle prod.

Hector enjoyed the sight of her heart-shaped rear filling out the back of her skirt as it wiggled while she crawled forward. Even if he was nervously sweating bullets. Olivia grabbed the trident and turned around to show him her triumph.

“Look baby! I got it!” She cried excitedly.

Hector nodded and motioned for her to get back to him quickly. She began to crawl forward when a pair of arms reached down and pulled her up from the floor and out of Hector’s line of sight.

“No! Put me down! Put me down!” Olivia screamed as she kicked and flailed.

“Ooo such a beautiful young girl... it’s such a shame what age will do to a pretty face like that...” A young woman’s voice cooed.

Hector sat tucked against the back of the couch trying not to breathe too loudly. He didn’t know what to do. After a few moments and a mild panic attack he decided to peak around the couch and see what was happening.

He looked and saw Olivia’s knee-high leather boots and the rod of the cattle prod standing a few feet away from him.

“Hectah...?” A quavering voice called out.

He took a deep breath and popped up from behind the couch to get a good look and nearly pissed himself at the sight of the shrunken great-granny hobbling around in the sexy Devil costume.

Olivia’s dark shoulder-length long hair had become thin and gray. Her face was a mass of criss-crossing wrinkles and her teeth were gone. Her thin bright red lips were tucked inward around her gums. She constantly wet them with her tongue as she peered with sunken eyes around the room.

Her frame was much smaller and frailer. She used the Devil's prod as a make-shift cane for support as her decrepit bony legs long longer filled out her fishnets or her boots. Her chest was wrinkly and sagged down her laced up top showing off far too much liver spotted skin. Her red gloves dangled from bony arms and trembling hands as she stooped over and shuffled frailly in place looking less like a confident young sexual demoness and more like elderly version of Melisandre from Game of Thrones.

Hector rushed over to her, gently putting his hand on her hunch back and one on her frail arm.

“Olivia!” He gasped.

“Hectah? Is dat you? I’m having a hard time seeing...” She quavered toothlessly as she turned her nearly blind face toward him.

He hugged the ancient woman who had been a couple years younger than him at the start of the night and was now at least a half century older than him.

“It’s okay... we’ll figure out something. I’ll get us out of here.” He assured her.

“What?” She quavered putting a trembling hand to her fuzzy ear.

“I said I’ll get us out of here!” He yelled loud enough for her to hear him.

She shook her jowly gray head.

“No babe... I’m too old, I’ll slow you down. You have to go on without me...” She insisted.

Hector hesitated but knew she had a point.

“O-Okay. You uh, sit down here and rest. I’ll be back as soon as I can figure out a way to make you young again or get us out of here!” He said, helping her down slowly onto the couch.

Olivia looked so small and pathetic sitting on the couch, her body sagging and collapsed in on itself as her gray head nodded forward and she quickly began to take a nap.

RACHEL

Down one of the hallways leading to the residents' rooms Rachel pursued her ex-boyfriend’s grandmother. She ran down the hall toward the old woman but wasn’t gaining on her.

“How have I not caught up to her by now? She’s using a cane to get around and she’s like more than 4 times my age!” The pretty redheads mumbled under her breath.

She ran a few more steps and heard a crack from her shoe as the heel snapped. Rachel unstrapped the offending footwear and tossed it to the side in frustration.

“Stupid heels! I knew I should have left them back at the warehouse!” She grumbled and continued to run ahead barefoot.

She got to an intersection in the hallway and looked from right to left, the old woman was nowhere in sight. She decided to turn right, and hurried down the hall. The chaos happening in the other parts of the elder care home were distant, the only sounds echoing the hallway were the slap of Rachel’s soft soles against the cold tiled floor and some creepy humming coming from one of the rooms.

The young redheaded woman passed by the open door and stopped abruptly seeing that the old woman that she had been following was shuffling around inside, lighting candles around the room.

“Grandma Agnes?” Rachel asked cautiously as she padded into the room.

The old woman looked up and gave the girl a wrinkly smile of recognition.

“Oh yes dear. Here come in, come in... Rachel isn’t it? I’m sorry, my memory isn’t what it used to be. The unimportant details just get harder and harder to recall as you grow old. You’ll see that for yourself soon enough.” Agnes rattled with an unsettling grin.

Rachel instinctively folded her arms across her exposed cleavage and stood uncomfortably in the doorway.

“Yes, I’m Rachel. I used to go out with your grandson Jake.” Rachel reminded her hoping that that connection might elicit some modicum of kindness of warmth from the old bat.

“Ah yes... you dated my sweet Jakey... I never understood it.” She said, hobbling around the room.

Rachel clenched her jaw holding her tongue as she looked around the room. This was clearly Agnes' room but it looked more like a shrine to her grandson with all of the pictures of the boy along with cards and gifts and even awards with Jake's name on them.

“So is this like, where you live? I thought this place was shut down or something. Why would anyone host a halloween party for 20-somethings in the middle of an actual nursing home?” Rachel asked the questions that were swirling around in her brain.

The old woman didn't bother to look over at the half-naked girl in the leafy costume. She just picked up a picture of herself and her grandson in her trembling old hands and stared at it.

“You know, I barely get to see my Jakey these days. Since they moved me in here he just hasn't been able to visit his old grandma every day like he used to.” Agnes mumbled, shaking her gray head.

Rachel smirked, wanting to point out that that's probably for the best because their relationship was seriously unhealthy, bordering on weird. But she maintained her composure and instead said:

“Aw, I'm sorry to hear that. I know that Jake loves you a lot-” Rachel began to say, taking a step into the room and reaching her hand out to comfort the old woman.

“What do you know!?” The old woman turned and hissed at her.

Rachel immediately recoiled her hand. She attempted to back away but the door slammed shut behind her. The old woman hobbled menacingly closer.

“Grandma Agnes I-” Rachel began to say in an effort to calm the old woman down. The young college girl's heart was beating a mile a minute.

“Stop calling me that! You don't have the right to call me that. My name is Agnes Morehead and you will address me as such!” The frail woman bellowed.

Rachel nodded nervously, her back against the door.

“And drop the act, you’re not that sweet! You used my darling grandson for your own fun, gained his trust and affection and then you discarded him like a piece of chewed up gum!” Agnes growled edging closer.

“That’s... not entirely fair. I mean - we dated all through high school and our first year of college but we just kind of grew apart, we wanted very different things and it was really a mutual break-up...” Rachel tried to explain quickly.

“Jakey needs a girl who will be there for him no matter what. Someone who fulfills ALL of his needs and desires and who will love him unconditionally.” Agnes said with conviction.

Rachel wasn’t sure what the old woman was getting at but then watched in disbelief as Agnes took off her housecoat, letting it fall from her frail body to reveal that the 80-something year old woman was wearing a bright pink bikini underneath. It didn’t fit her at all. Her ancient empty breasts hung down without any support from the flimsy top causing a good amount of shriveled, liver-spotted breast skin to be visible. Her wrinkled sagging tummy was drooping over the band of her bikini bottoms and the back was pulled in her old puckered ass like a horrific thong. The old woman would have looked comical if not for it being so obscene.

But Rachel recognized the bikini. It was the same one that Jake had bought her the summer after high school graduation. The one she was wearing in his favorite picture of her that he had set as the background on his phone, the bikini that had gone missing from her bag one visit to Agnes’ house shortly before she and Jake broke up.

“Oh god... no...” Rachel shook her head in tears, horrified and feeling like she was going to be sick at the thought of what Agnes intended.

But she didn’t know that half of it.

“You’re a terrible girl and you were an awful girlfriend to Jakey... maybe you’ll make a better grandmother!” Agnes declared with fire in her elderly eyes and a menacing cackle.

Rachel didn’t know what that was supposed to mean but didn’t have much opportunity to consider it before her ex-boyfriend’s grandmother lunged at her, pinning her arms down against the door and shoving her wrinkled lips into Rachel’s.

The redhead squirmed and struggled but couldn’t break free. Her eyes were wide in disbelief as Agnes forcibly kissed her. She began to feel funny as if all of her youthful energy was being sucked out of her.

Rachel suddenly felt incredibly tired and brittle. Her eyes felt heavy and her skin felt like it was seeping downward trying to reach the ground. Agnes let go of her and she quickly turned to try the door handle and escape but her once toned, incredibly flexible legs now felt like wet noodles beneath her throbbing body and as she moved they gave out from under her causing the girl to slide down the door to the ground.

Her eye-sight was a bit fuzzy but as she looked down at her feet they looked - wrong. They were wrinkled and veiny and her toes were all warped and crooked. She tried to wiggle them but they were stiff and bent and ached from arthritis. Rachel shook her head, knowing that that wasn’t right, her dull eyes traveled up stick-thin wrinkled legs marred with squiggly purple veins up to dimpled thighs that looked like uncooked chicken skin.

She felt her exposed belly to find that it wasn’t flat anymore, it was puffy and soft, pooching folds of wrinkled flesh stacked together. She looked down and whimpered at the sight of her once gorgeous cleavage. Her shriveled tits now pooled pathetically in her costume top, empty and formless.

Rachel reached up to feel the turkey waddle of her neck and then grabbed a lock of her long hair to see that it had become snowy white. She reached up to her jowly cheeks, holding her wrinkled hands to her elderly face as she trembled and gasped, too horrified to even scream.

“Here you go *Grandma* Rachel. Let me help you up off that cold floor. You’re going to catch your death of pneumonia, especially dressed like that...” Agnes said in a much prettier voice.

A smooth young hand reached down to Rachel causing the old woman in the Poison Ivy costume to look up at her ex’s grandmother. She gasped.

Agnes was back to the way she looked at Rachel’s age. And looking appropriate in her pink bikini was no longer a concern. She was stunning, with a slender hourglass figure and long, wavy, copper-colored hair.

The rejuvenated woman helped the aged college girl back up onto her feet slowly and guided her over to the chair at the side of her bed, easing the now old woman gently into it. Rachel looked pathetic, with her leafy bottoms digging into her bony sagging ass and the laurel crown adorning her white-haired head.

Agnes on the other hand was beautiful and flawless. Rachel gasped again realizing what it was that had attracted Jake to Rachel so strongly. She had never realized it from the old black and white photos back at her house, but now seeing it in the flesh it was plainly obvious - Rachel held an incredible likeness to the boy’s grandmother when she was younger... or rather now, Agnes strongly resembled a much younger Rachel.

“Y-you...” Rachel quavered, holding up a shaky hand to the girl in the pink bikini.

“See? It’s harder to gather your thoughts at this age, isn’t it? That’s okay Granny Rachel. You just stay here and get your rest. Jakey and I will be by to visit you at least once a week... maybe we’ll do some heavy petting in the chair next to your bed while you lay there and watch helplessly - like you used to.” Agnes purred with a cruel grin and a wink.

The now young woman tossed some of her pictures and belongings into a purse and turned to leave.

“W-why are you doing this?” Rachel pleaded.

Agnes turned around and smirked.

“It’s Halloween dear, we’re all just getting what we deserve.” The young woman responded and then strutted out the door.

SAVANNAH AND CAL

Down the hall loud moans echoed through the corridor but they weren’t the horrified moans of women who had found themselves suddenly decades older with their youth and beauty stolen from them like the moans heard around the rest of the facility.

These were the high pitched pleased moans of sexual ecstasy calling out from Savannah’s young lips as she rode Cal on top of the nursing home bed.

“Oh fuck yes! Oooo you feel so fucking good! You’re so big! OH! I LOVE IT!” She cooed in a breathy voice as she gyrated on top of him.

She had one hand rubbing Cal’s bare hairy chest and keeping her balance while her other hand rubbed from her smooth neck down her perky breasts and flat stomach where stroked her clit and grabbed his shaft to try and fit him deeper inside of her.

“God, you’re so tight!” He groaned holding the sexy naked girl by her slender toned thighs and slim hips.

Savannah’s tight pussy and petite frame had given them a little trouble at the beginning when it seemed like Cal’s massive dick wasn’t going to fit into her. But she was incredibly wet and desperate to make this work so she sucked up the initial discomfort and managed to get him inside her, now it all seemed worth the effort as the young couple rocked in sexual bliss, barreling towards mutual orgasm.

“Oh yeah! Oh YEAH! OH YEAH! OHHH YEAH!!!” Savannah squealed with her eyes clenched shut, each scream was higher pitched and sounding of arousal.

Cal's eyes were closed too as he smiled and grunted his way through the best sex of his young life. This was the kind of night they could tell their grandkids about someday

“OH GOD! I'm gonna- I'M GONNA!” Savannah cried, biting her soft pouty lip.

Both of them were so focused on their mutual pleasure that neither noticed the frail decrepit figure in the bed next to them rising up from under her sheet and removing the oxygen tube and catheter from her body.

The incredibly old woman slid her bony legs off the side of her bed and slowly, quietly rose to her feet. She shambled across the room wearing nothing but a thin blue hospital gown to where the couple was fucking. The light coming from the doorway cast a long menacing shadow across the naked couples bodies as the centenarian reached her trembling hands up behind them.

“AHHHHHH! FUCK YES OH GOD! CAL I LOVE YOU!” Savannah exclaimed as she began to shudder and shake from orgasm.

Cal opened his eyes as he himself began to cum inside of her and his eyes widened as he became frozen in terror. He watched as the oldest woman he had ever seen reached around his girlfriend and clutched her perky bouncing breasts and then leaned over and gummed Savannah's neck.

The young girl didn't have much time to react. She screamed but it was too late. Cal watched in horror at the beautiful young girl he was fucking began to rapidly age.

Her pixie-cut hair lightened to gray and then white thinning out and hanging limply from her scalp. Laugh lines and crow's feet appeared on her young pretty face and continued to deepen and multiply until a wrinkled withered face of a wizened elderly woman gazed down in confusion at her boyfriend. Her teeth fell from her mouth and bounced from Cal's abs skittering across the floor like marbles. Her formerly glossy kissable lips pruned and thinned as they tucked in around her exposed gums.

Savannah's dainty neck loosened and dangled dramatically into a turkey waddle hanging down over the young man's abdomen, her shoulders hunched forward and the tone of her arms disappeared as liver spots began to sprinkle across her leathery wrinkled skin. Her bouncy, pert breasts withered in the mysterious old woman's hands. When she released them, Savannah's tits flopped down sadly onto her bony visible rib cage, half empty and shriveled like a pair of fried eggs hanging down her chest.

Her belly grew soft, puffy and incredibly wrinkled, the girl's belly button piercing became lost in folds of aged flesh. Her ass sagged and flattened against Cal's thighs he could feel the skin flaps of her once tight round bubble butt pooling against his legs.

Her waxed pussy aged and sagged around Cal's dick as her labia lost elasticity and began to droop lower while her vag dried up and began much looser. Her ancient decrepit pussy fit his massive girth much easier now but with her post-menopausal vaginal dryness, having him inside of her was a new kind of discomfort.

Her sexy thighs lost their tone and definition as they wilted into wrinkled flesh that bunched around the lumpy cellulite and brittle bones of her legs. It was growing painful for the aged girl to maintain her current position on top of him with her swollen knobby old knees bent this way. Her soles grew wrinkled and calloused and her toes warped and punched together on either side of Cal's calves as the woman removed her mouth from Savannah's wrinkled collar bone and backed away.

The couple looked at one another - there was at least a 60 year age difference between them now and Cal had been older than Savannah by a few years only moments ago.

Now the shrunken, elderly former petite beauty trembled naked on top of him with his dick still stuffed inside her. She looked down at him with sunken old eyes, her tits swaying like pendulums above his abdomen.

"Cal... ah feel funny..." She rasped toothlessly at her now much younger boyfriend.

A figure stretched behind the frail form of his aged girlfriend. He looked over to see a ravishing young woman extending her arms triumphantly in the air and jumping up and down on toned, shapely legs. Her impressive breasts bounced noticeably under her flimsy blue hospital gown.

“Ohhh! OH THIS FEELS SO WONDERFUL! My goodness! My body can mooove! I can dance again!” The youthful woman cooed excitedly.

She demonstrated a series of basic ballet moves, spinning and leaping and then finally lifting her leg up high above her head to show off her newly regained flexibility. However she had forgotten (or perhaps not forgotten) that she didn't have any underwear on under her gown and ended up flashing Cal her now young vagina and very full brown bush causing the young man to grow erect again and make the frail old Savannah groan in discomfort on top of him.

“I really can't express how amazing this is! I must be nearly 90 years younger!” The young woman in her early 20s said laughing in amazement.

She practically bounced across the room with new found energy as Cal just stared at her in shock.

“A news crew came to me in that bed to celebrate my 110th birthday last month! I'm probably a good decade younger than that overly perky reporter woman who tried to interview me!” The rejuvenated woman laughed.

“B-but you made my girlfriend old! Look at her, she's ancient!” Cal finally worked up the nerve to shout.

“Yeah! What about me?... I just turned 21...” Savannah rattled shrilly.

The former supercentenarian gave a warm, hearty laugh.

“Oh my dear sweet woman... you're far FAR off from your 21st birthday now. I'd say, more accurately you just passed your *ninety*-first birthday...” The young woman explained, scrunching her nose as if admitting a dirty little secret.

“91? I’m 91 years old!?” Savannah wailed, trembling and slumped over Cal.

“But don’t worry ma’am – you’re pretty spry for your age. I’m sure if you take care of yourself you’ll certainly live long enough for local news crews to start showing up to each of your birthdays! Just... maybe take it easy with the wild, torrid sex from here on out...” The young woman suggested, cringing.

“You can’t just leave her like this! Look at her!” Cal yelled to the soft quavering sobs of his elderly girlfriend.

“I can and I most certainly will. I’m young and beautiful, I can do whatever I gosh darn well please! But don’t worry, handsome. Unlike many of the poor women who lived in this place until tonight she won’t have to struggle through old age lonely and alone...” The attractive young woman said as she neared the bed.

Cal tried to move his body but found himself frozen and paralyzed in the bed. His eyes watered as the slender young woman leaned over and gave him a kiss on the forehead with her pouty lips.

She then did another ballet twirl and winked at him as she pranced out of the room leaving the two love birds alone.

Cal aged rapidly under Savannah. His hair quickly began to gray and fall out into a horse-shoe formation.

“No... no... no...” Savannah rasped shaking her jowly face in dread as she watched her boyfriend morph into an old man in front of her sunken, tired eyes.

His face grew haggard and lined, his clean-shaven face grew into a scruffy chin of white stubble. His chest hair lightened to white as well as his pecs melted into man-boobs and his abs faded to the flabby distended gut of an elderly man. His arms grew frail and wrinkled, looking like skin and bone, as did his legs.

Cal's pubes turned snowy-white and his balls hung lower and lower until they drooped down onto the cold thin mattress of the nursing home bed. His dick shrunk and shriveled, growing limp from age-related impotence. His tiny old man cock sputtered and slipped out of his elderly girlfriend's loose hole giving the old woman a bit of relief.

The now frail bald old man felt a tickle in his throat and found that he could sit up once more, though the movement caused his back to ache from chronic soreness. He leaned forward and let out a wheezing cough causing all of his teeth to expel from his mouth onto the floor. He looked at the old woman on his weak wrinkled lap and she looked back at him with pity and affection.

She reached out and gently brushed his wrinkled fuzzy cheek with her veiny trembling hand.

“Oh Cal...” She whispered.

The elderly couple hugged and Cal leaned back down on the bed as his old back couldn't take sitting up like that for very long. Savannah leaned forward and rested her wrinkled cheek on the old man's sagging pec, stretching out her bony legs with a loud pop of her aching swollen knees.

“What are we going to do now babe?” She asked as she cuddled her naked wrinkled body against her 90-something-year-old lover's.

But all she heard in reply was the loud rasps of a snoring old man.

HECTOR

Back in the Day Room Hector was running around, ducking and dodging old people and young people alike. He needed to find Miss Rosa and have her explain to him what the hell was going on.

He ran the lengths of the hallways looking for her and shouting her name. He found it entirely possible that she had become young again by now so he

mentally prepped himself to be on the look for a wrinkled old hispanic abuela or a sexy young latina girl.

Hector entered the cafeteria where various party guests had run to seek shelter in. Old people drained youth around him as he approached the stout old brown-skinned woman sitting at a table calmly eating a bowl of tapioca pudding.

“Miss Rosa!” He screamed in relief as he rushed over to her.

She put a finger to her wrinkled lips and shushed him sternly.

“There’s no need to yell, young man! Just because I’m old doesn’t mean that I’m deaf!” The old woman rattled.

Hector nodded respectfully and carefully sat down at the table across from her, wary not to let her grab his hands.

“Miss Rosa! You’ve got to help me! I don’t know if you’ve noticed or not since you’re just... sitting here enjoying a... pudding, but everything has gone insane! There are old people stealing the youth from young people and all of the doors are locked - and my girlfriend got turned old! She’s like a shriveled old prune and she can barely see! Well, I said ‘girlfriend’ but it’s not like we’re serious or anything, actually I just kind of met her tonight... We’ve been talking a bit online in a uh... a community built around shared interests... but she was young, like me and now she’s old - like you! And you’ve got to help me! Please! Tell me what’s going on and how I can give my friend back her youth and/or get out of here!” Hector said all in one breath.

Miss Rosa raised a tangled gray eyebrow and smirked at the young man.

“Would you like some pudding Hector?” She asked, sliding the bowl towards him.

He looked at her like she was insane and shook his head.

“No! No, of course I don’t want pudding right now... d-did you hear what I said? I mean - look around! I have to get out of her... hopefully with Olivia.” He said, mumbling the last part.

Rosa shook her head making a disapproving ‘cht’ sound with her tongue.

“You should really eat more, dear. You’re so scrawny, just like when you were a boy. I remember you back then... what a little brat you always were! Oh you gave me such headaches every day!” She groaned.

Hector folded his hands together and shook them at her.

“Please! Miss Rosa, I’m begging you! Just tell me what this is all about and how I can get out of it!” He pleaded.

The old woman narrowed her eyes at him. She didn’t appreciate being interrupted.

“And you were an even bigger shit when you grew to be a teenager. Remember when you broke my window and then tried to tell your parents that I made it all up because I had gone loco in my old age?” She asked, tapping her thick red-painted fingernails on the table.

“Yeah listen... I’m sorry about that... I was just a stupid kid!” He apologized defensively.

“And how about the time a few years ago when your mother made you come over to my house to install a new handrail in my tub to keep me from slipping and falling in the shower? You left without screwing in all of the screws because you said - and I quote ‘your house reeks of old lady stank!’” She recalled.

Hector squirmed in his seat uncomfortably, looking embarrassed.

“Well I mean... you have to admit, you... women your age have a really strong distinctive smell... and it was a little hard to stay around that very long... the

whole install was taking hours and it was getting hard to breath..." He tried to rationalize.

"I could have died!" She bellowed.

He held up his hands in defense.

"Okay, okay... I probably could have done a better job." He admitted.

A wrinkly smile crossed Miss Rosa's face as she eyed him with curiosity.

"I wonder... does that pretty little devil you were dancing with all night reek of 'old lady stank' now?" She hissed pointedly.

"Her name is Olivia and um..." He gulped realizing that Olivia probably did, she looked at least as old as Miss Rosa did now.

The elderly woman held her wrinkled hand up to stop him from talking. She didn't care to hear anymore.

"You asked what it is that's going on tonight - Justice! The elderly of this town are sick and tired of being ignored and discarded, we're through with youth being wasted on the young! And tonight, on this special night until the clock strikes one, we'll get back what is owed to us!" She explained passionately.

"Okay... so you're all, what? Witches?" Hector asked, unimpressed.

Miss Rosa glared at him with her jowly jaw clenched in a warning look.

"Witches are for story books and Disney films! What we're tapped into is the inherent magic that comes with old age!" Miss Rosa hissed.

Hector considered this for a moment - For a single hour once a year every elderly person on the planet had the supernatural ability to steal the youth from an unsuspecting youngster. Terrifying.

“Sooooo you’ll help me though right? I mean... if you want to get your youth back from one of these girls first - I’m not going to complain. I’ve seen pictures of you from back in the day and ooo you were slammin’ girl! So yeah? You wanna do that? Steal some youth and then maybe you and me bust outta here, go back to my place? I got some weed and a premium subscription to PornHub.” He said, wondering how long it had been since the last time Miss Rosa had had sex, probably at least his whole lifetime.

The old woman stared at him for a moment listening to his proposition and then tilted her gray head back and cackled loudly.

“Oh Hector! You know, I always thought you were too handsome for your own good... I kept putting up with all of your childish nonsense because as you grew up into a man I couldn’t help but get lost in that charming roguish face of yours... You remind me of my dear husband Julio that died far too young...” She shook her head and smiled softly at the young man.

Hector perked up in his seat.

“So you’ll do it? You’ll help me?” He asked excitedly.

Miss Rosa slowly stood up from her seat, leaning onto the table and pushing her frail old body up with a tired, pained, sigh.

“Let me tell you a secret Hector.” She said as she hobbled over to him.

He eagerly sat up ready to hear how to get out of this and maybe how to make Olivia young again (He was contemplating the idea of a threesome with her and a young Miss Rosa)

“Yes you remind me so much of my husband...” She rattled with a chuckle.

Then she leaned over next to his ear.

“He was a real shit-for-brains too!” She hissed and then cackled.

Hector's eyes went wide knowing that he had fucked up. It was too late however as the old woman's talon-like hand came up and pinched his cheeks. She leaned in and gave the young man a passionate kiss on the lips.

The aging man in the Han Solo outfit sat at the cafe table and didn't bother to struggle, even as he felt his former nanny's tongue enter his mouth. He wondered if he had been a little nicer to the old woman over the past 20 years, been a bit more thoughtful and considerate or treated her with a tad more dignity if this would have gone differently. He shrugged, 'It is what it is'. He thought.

Rosa pulled away and chuckled softly at the sight of the balding old man tiredly sitting at the table. His thick dark hair was now white and thinning over his liver spotted scalp, a white mustache and chin whiskers had grown on his wrinkled jowly old face and down his newly formed, dangling double chin.

Hector's chubby old man physique bulged and sagged under his Han Solo costume with his pale wrinkled gut peeking from under the shirt and his man-boobs pushing out the vest. His arms were flabby and his sleeves were cutting off circulation giving his puffy old forearms a purplish hue. He was hunched over and his ears had tufts of white hair coming from them.

He looked up with sunken eyes to see the ravishing young latina girl standing in front of him, filling out her granny gown in all of the right places. She looked down and unbuttoned the top few buttons of her gown to let loose the now gorgeous caramel-toned cleavage of her gravity-defying bosom. The young woman held a delicate, red-fingernailed hand up to stifle a giggle.

"Well you didn't age as well as Mr. Harrison Ford... More like a fat Obi Wan Kenobi!" She teased.

He just sat taking deep breaths looking at how beautiful she had become now.

"Wow Miss Rosa..." He mumbled.

She shook her head.

“Just Rosa is fine now. You’re *my* elder afterall... you should really try this tapioca pudding Mr. Hector. Not that you need to eat it anymore... looks like you stopped being scrawny at some point later in life... but it’s really good on those weak old teeth you’ve got now. Take it from me, you don’t want to end up needing dentures!” She said with a helpful smile.

He looked down at the pudding and then reached up to feel his old yellowed teeth to see how sturdy they were. Rosa giggled and winked at him flirtatiously.

“Oh and about your offer to go home with you to smoke weed and um... watch ‘pornhub’? I’m sorry but... old men just don’t do it for me anymore...” She said with a laugh and then leaned over sexily and blew the old man a kiss.

She turned to bounce out of the room happily.

“Good luck getting used to Olivia’s rank old lady smell!” Rosa called back, raising her hand up to wave as she pranced out of the cafeteria.

A few minutes later – as long as it took Hector to make his way back from the cafeteria to the Day Room with the aid of Rosa’s old walker – The old man eased himself down next to the snoozing granny in the Devil outfit.

Olivia stirred awake upon Hector’s heavy frame easing itself down on the couch next to her and the loud groans and grunts he made as he took a seat.

“Hector?” She rattled, turning her milky eyes toward him and pawing the air with her shaky old hand.

“It’s me babe.” He rasped in a horse throaty voice.

She made a face at how old he sounded now and felt his thick hairy arm all the way down to the wrinkled old hand. He clasped her hand gently in his and nodded gravely as her wrinkled expression showed that she understood what had happened to him.

“She didn’t want to help us huh?” She asked in a quavering voice.

“Nope.” Hector replied with a labored breath.

The old woman sighed and leaned in to rest her gray head on the old man's shoulder.

"Well... so what do we do now?" She asked.

The heavy-set old man shrugged.

"How the hell should I know? Something to kill the time I guess." He said gruffly.

Olivia thought for a moment.

"Well... I think I'm too old now to give you another blow job... it'd be more like a gum job at this point anyway... I could stroke you off with my hand... I can't seem to keep them steady but... that might actually work in our favor!" She rattled, holding up her frail trembling hands.

He smirked and patted the old woman on her wrinkled, flabby thigh.

"That's okay babe, I don't even know if I can get it up anymore at this age..." He explained. "Let's just watch some TV."

Her wrinkled jaw dropped as the old woman looked offended.

"That's so mean! You know I'm going nearly blind now!" She said.

He held up his hands in defense.

"Okay! Okay! Sorry... how about we uh listen to the TV." He suggested.

She nodded and he grabbed the remote from the couch and turned on the television. Olivia cuddled her frail body into his fat frame resting her old head on his man-boob.

He sniffed at her and wrinkled his nose at the fact that she did have that distinctive 'old lady' smell, but then he lifted his arm and took a whiff and realized that he smelled even worse - like the funk of an overweight old man!

"I wonder where Natalie is... I haven't seen her since this whole thing started..." Olivia pondered out loud as she curled her wrinkled body against Hector.

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.

"Nooooo! 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. The 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 slippared feet 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 reedily 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 heavyset 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 spider 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 saggies 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 Katies.

“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.