

OLD FOLKS FIELD TRIP

By ChronoEclipse

It was a nursing home retreat for some of the more 'with-it' residents – exploring an abandoned college that was reportedly haunted. Old women Myrtle and Simone had hobbled upstairs to where the dorm rooms were. They had discovered their names on one of the doors. A few minutes later girlish giggles could be heard down echoing the hall.

On the main floor three members of the group had split off – an old married couple Henry, age 90 and Lindsey, age 88 as well as the newest resident of the home Jessie, age 78 who lived in the room across the hall from them. Henry and Lindsey had been happily married 65 long years but since Jessie moved into the home she had been very flirty with Henry, sashaying around the community room, swinging her large saggy breasts at the old man. Henry had never been tempted by her flirtations and that just made Jessie like the man more. He was mature and respectful not like some of the other dirty old men wheeling around the home.

The three seniors entered a dusty classroom looking around. Henry was very interested in the paranormal and had been a professor for many years before retiring. The old man hobbled around the room with the help of his cane looking in awe at the dusty old room. Lindsey wheeled her wheelchair over to a stack of books and began examining them looking tired and cranky. Jessie looked amused at the old man's enthusiasm and wanted to play along. She hobbled over to one of the desks, also with the assistance of a cane, and examined it.

“Henry!” Jessie exclaimed in a quavering voice. “Come look at these symbols carved into this desk!”

The old man shuffled over quickly to look at what Jessie was seeing. The old woman adjusted her blouse and thrust out her old chest as Henry bent down so that when he looked up again his face was met with a large amount of wrinkly cleavage.

“See anything exciting?” She asked flirtatiously, giving him a wink of her sunken eye.

Lindsey grumbled in the corner. Henry felt a bit short of breath as his blood pressure spiked.

“Yes, er, no, er, that’ll do Jessie, that’ll do.” The old man muttered.

Lindsey wheeled over staring daggers at Jessie who feigned innocence on her aged face. Lindsey looked sympathetically at her husband

“Henry why don’t you check out that room across the hall. It looked like a lounge or something. Us gals will catch up in a minute.” She said and Henry nodded and hobbled out of the room.

Once he was gone Lindsey wheeled around to confront the younger woman.

“I don’t know what you were thinking but you could have given poor Henry a heart attack!” The wheelchair-bound woman croaked. Jessie frowned.

“I’m just trying to spice things up a bit. It looks like Henry could use a little spice in his life.” She said with an added wiggle of her hips for emphasis. Lindsey rolled her eyes.

“I’ve given the man enough spice over the past 65 years. I was rocking his world before you even hit puberty ya darn trollop!” The older woman hissed.

Jessie chortled. “Henry seems to like that I’m a little younger, a little livelier – I still have some pep in my step!” She said pointedly.

Lindsey rolled her eyes.

“Puh-lease honey.” She started lifting up the hem of her house coat to reveal thin bony legs covered in branching purple veins. “These gams have more pull over Henry than your navel gazing pillows ever will.” She explained and then crossed her arms.

Jessie shrugged.

“These are the twilight years for all of us. I don’t know why we can both give Henry what he wants. I mean he calls us ‘his girls’.” She pointed out.

Lindsey threw her hand up with a ‘tsh’ to say that the conversation was over and wheeled out of the room.

Henry was closely examining a shays lounge in the next room when Lindsey wheeled in.

“Henry, be a dear and help me up. All this excitement has really worn me out. My tootsies could use some of your tender loving care. She said with a wry grin on her wrinkled face. Henry perked up and slowly turned around to help his elderly wife up out of her chair and onto the shays. He rolled the heavy socks off her bony liver-spotted feet and began to rub her clammy soles.

“Mmmm” the old lady murmured, closing her sunken eyes in pleasure.

“Remember the first thing you ever said to me?” She asked her husband as he ran his fingers over her crooked toes.

“I sure do hon. You were laying out in the park with some of your girlfriends and you had your legs propped up behind you and I came over and said-“
Henry began.

Lindsey finished his sentence in Henry’s voice “My dear, those are the two loveliest feet I think I’ll ever see in this lifetime.” She said with a smile wiggling her arthritic toes.

“And it was true!” Henry said, closing his eyes as he continued to rub her old feet and her stick-like calves.

What they didn’t realize was that the building's magic was working and Lindsey’s body had begun to youthen. Before long she was already back into her 60s. His hair was no longer pale white but rather a mix of white and grey.

The wrinkles slowly lifted from her face one by one. Her arms and legs regained some muscle tone.

“We’ve had a good life together Henry.” The now 60 year old woman said, the shakiness of her voice gone.

“We sure have dear.” Henry said as his wife retreated back into middle age.

The blonde was now creeping back into her hair and her chest refilling back from formless wrinkled sacks into C-cup breasts. The arthritis and liver-spots were gone from her feet as Henry continued to massage them. The toes straightened out and now they just appeared slightly wrinkled and veiny.

“You haven’t ever imagined being with a younger woman have you?” Lindsey asked in a huskier voice.

Henry chuckled and wheezed.

“Heh, not at all dear. These young girls today – I couldn’t keep up!” He smiled and patted Lindsey’s now plump legs not realizing how much younger they looked as the woman laying across him passed back through her 40s and into her thirties.

Her hair was now completely blonde and only the faintest lines adorned her beautiful face. Her chin line firmed up, a stark contrast from the wrinkled jowls she was sporting moments ago. Her breasts rose back to attention and her stomach completely flattened and toned. Her smooth legs felt good to her rubbing together. She hadn’t felt this way in years. She felt her soft feet being rubbed by Henry’s shaky old hands and she moaned in pleasure.

“You make me feel SO good Henry!” The now 25 year old woman exclaimed in a young lyrical voice.

“I love you Lindsey.” The old man mumbled softly.

Lindsey youthened a little more back down to 18. Her breasts lost a cup size but were extremely perky and rose high on her chest. Her body was dancer-thin

and her feet were plump and pristine in Henry's wrinkled hand. Lindsey subconsciously brought her hand down to her drenched bush that was wet for the first time in decades.

"I love you Henry and I want you!" The teenager growled in a girlish voice.

This sounded nothing like his elderly wife and the old man opened his eyes to see a horny blonde teenager rubbing her barefoot into his crotch to try to get his aged dick hard.

"Who-who are you... Lindsey?" Henry croaked baffled.

The girl was running her soft young hands all over her body and trembling in sexual energy. She bit her lip.

"Be a dear and help me cum!" She said with a seductive look on her young face. She slipped the granny panties down off her toned legs and onto the floor and straddled the old man rubbing her 18 year old pussy against him again and again. Henry didn't know what was happening but his heart was racing. He tried to gently move the girl off of him but she wasn't budging as she moaned louder and louder. She ran fingers through her long blonde hair and shut her eyes tightly.

"You're too old to satisfy me yourself but you can use your cane to penetrate me." Lindsey said, grabbing his cane and shoving it into the old man's hand.

Henry's eyes widened as the girl laid back down on the shays and spread her legs presenting her waiting pussy. It looked like it had the first time the two of them had had sex for the first time seven decades prior. Henry clenched his cane afraid his heart was about to go out on him. Lindsey lifted a foot to rub Henry's hand coaxingly.

"C'mon Henry, please your old wife..." She purred.

Henry didn't know what to do and quickly hobbled out of the room.

He shuffled as quickly as he could back into the classroom where Jessie was waiting. Since Jessie had moved into the home she had always seemed like a spry young woman to Henry as she was at least a decade younger than him and his wife. But now compared to the teenage sex kitten he had just left, this grey haired, saggy old woman with loose neck skin and age-spots dotting her arms and chest just seemed ancient to him. And maybe that was a good thing. He needed to take it slow. He hobbled up to her.

“I-I-“ He was mumbling as he clenched her arm.

“Henry? What is it dear? You look like you’ve seen a ghost!” Jessie said, helping the old man to sit down next to her on a bench.

Henry buried his head into her shoulder weeping in fear. Jessie felt bad for the old man who was obviously shook up.

“Is Lindsey all right?” She asked quickly.

“She’s fine! She’s more than fine! She’s-“ Henry stopped. He looked into Jessie’s kind wrinkled face.

His wife was not his wife anymore. She’d never be his wife again as long as she was young enough to be his great-granddaughter. He leaned closer to Jessie. There had been an attraction there. A flirtatious at first but then something more. Henry felt funny, new energy – a feeling of discontent that he couldn’t quite place. Jessie also knew that something was off about Henry but she wanted to do what she could for the poor man. They leaned together and before they could stop their thin wrinkled lips were kissing. They embraced and continued to kiss as white hair began to refill Henry’s bald head and his joints eased a bit. His back straightened and his arms and legs felt stronger. When he pulled back he was now a man in his mid 60s, now over a decade younger than Jessie.

“Henry! You’re-“ Jessie gasped.

Henry patted his chest proudly.

“Feeling great!” He finished her thought.

He pulled the older woman into another kiss, this time with a bit of tongue. His hands began fondling the old woman’s soft torso as he grew younger still. The sandy brown hair color filled out on his head and wrinkles lifted from his face. He pulled away again and stood up another decade younger. He tossed his pants down and then his underwear. His dick was only semi-erect but it was a lot more impressive than the small limp member 90 year old Henry was used to seeing.

“Henry what are you doing?” The 78 year old woman asked as he approached her with his pants down.

“Just looking to give you a wild ride sweetheart!” Henry said, the gusto in his voice back.

“W-what about your wife?” Jessie offered, trying to shock some sense into him.

“Lindsey? That silly girl? She won’t mind. I need a woman with a bit more know-how, a bit more maturity!” He roared standing directly in front of her.

Jessie took hold of the dick with her shaky old hand. It wasn’t particularly firm.

“I don’t know if you can give anyone anything with this soft dick dearie.” Jessie retorted, smirking.

Henry laughed it off. “C’mon! Nothing Viagra can’t fix! Here I have an idea!” He said and pulled her blouse off revealing her large dowdy white bra.

“You gotta let those puppies breathe, old girl!” Henry said reaching around Jessie to unclasp her bra and let her massive tits flop down onto her stomach. “There! Doesn’t that feel good?” He asked.

The old woman blushed at the younger man. Henry, as a middle aged man did have a certain virility to him. She took her wrinkly old fun bags and mashed

them on either side of Henry's dick. Henry moaned at the sensation of the wrinkled soft skin of her tits rolling across his member and grew even younger. His dick quickly rose to attention between her aged cleavage. Henry looked down proudly.

"See? What did I tell you?" The 40 year old man asked.

He then kissed her again as he retreated back into his 30s. He grabbed her saggy ass under her dress and squeezed the dimpled cheeks. He leaned over and wrapped his younger lips around her shriveled nipple and licked it making it firm up. As he reentered his 20s, the now tall, muscular, handsome young man sat on the bench and maneuvered the old woman next to him to sit on his lap.

"Henry – are you sure you want to do this? I'm old enough to be your grandmother now!" Jessie quavered.

Henry smiled "That means I don't have to worry about getting you pregnant." He said and guided her onto his lap inserting his fully erect penis into her grey old vagina.

He bounced her on his lap with great enthusiasm. Jessie's massive wrinkled tits flopped up and down with each bounce and she moaned a quavering moan as it felt so good to feel a young man inside her again. Henry's hands firmly held Jessie's soft shriveled belly as he pumped into her. She quickly achieved climax and her aged body shook. She let out a shaky wail of pleasure which was punctuated by Henry shooting a huge load into her worn pussy. He helped her back up. Jessie's legs were like jello and she needed the help of both her cane and Henry's firm shoulder to stand.

"Well looks like you enjoyed the ride!" The college-aged boy said to her with a cocky tone.

"That-that was something, young man... Henry... Henry, do you know how old you are?" She asked curiously.

“Uh yeah I just turned 20. You ready to go again or what?” He asked, she looked down and once again his dick was erect.

“Go again? No, no Henry. I’m old and tired. That time was as much as I can handle, I’m afraid.” The young man didn’t seem to get it.

“I’m super horny. C’mon biddy, how about you take out your teeth and give me a blow job!” He said insistently.

This boldness was nothing like the kindly old man she knew. Jessie drew a bit of strength and backed away toward the door. “I have to go!” She said to the young man as she hobbled out into the hall.

Once she was out there she caught her breath. She couldn’t believe what was happening. Henry might have kept forcing himself upon her old body if she hadn’t left. She then opened her eyes to see in the opposite doorway a beautiful blonde teenage girl wearing a ratty old housecoat over her perfect body.

“L...Lindsey?” Jessie gasped.

Her shriveled wheelchair bound rival now looked like she could be a pop-star. The girl smirked at her.

“Like what you see? I know you were fooling around with my boyfriend. That’s cool, he has his needs. Maybe the three of us could have some fun together...” Lindsey purred sounding like a sex phone operator.

Jessie hobbled up to the young girl.

“Lindsey listen to me! You’re an old woman! You’re older than I am. I don’t know what’s happened to you but-“ Jessie tried to explain grabbing the girl’s shoulders.

Lindsey tossed Jessie’s wrinkled hands off of her and pulled open her housecoat revealing her completely naked body underneath.

“Do I LOOK like an old woman to you? Do my tits sag like yours? No. Do I have gross liver-spots all over my body? No. Am I covered head to toe in wrinkles? Double no.” The girl said cuttingly.

Jessie felt suddenly self-conscious of her own aged body. Her sagging tits were still exposed. She crossed her arms and grabbed her cane to waddle down the hallway in shame. The girl laughed behind her. As Jessie hobbled away she heard Henry come out of the room.

“Hey babe. Look at that gorgeous bod!” He said and inserted his fingers into her moist eager pussy.

The teen squealed in anticipatory delight.

“C’mon Henry, lets go fuck like a million times!” The blonde said loud enough that it was for Jessie’s benefit.

Jessie found after a few steps that her legs were beginning to feel better. She didn’t realize that she was now about a decade younger. Her hair had some strands of dark brown amongst the grey. She was feeling more alive with each step. As she passed back into her early sixties she tossed the cane aside and plodded forward. She was now sporting salt and pepper hair and the age-spots vanished from her skin. Her breasts still sagged but lifted a little higher with each step as if they were slowly waking up. The wrinkled skin of her legs and thighs gave way to the plump cellulite filled legs of middle age.

She was picking up speed as she reentered her 40s. Her dark hair completely covered her head and flowed down her re-straightened back. Her nipples were no longer pointing toward the floor as her DD cup breasts began to defy gravity again. The last lines on her face begin smoothing out. Her thighs were no longer pressing together as she walked briskly down the hallway looking like a 30-something professional woman.

Her tits regained their place below her chin and began to bounce appealingly with each step. Her ass completely firms and tones sticking out as well. Jessie was back to her 20s as she sashayed down the hallway. She stopped to feel her flat stomach as well as her smooth neck and face. She slimmed down to 18 again, her impressive breasts shrank a tad but maintained their majesty. Her

hourglass figure was to die for. She twirled her long brunette hair and played with her impressive boobs for a moment giggling.

‘Why did I go down this hallway?’ She wondered.

With a flip of her long silky hair, she turned around skipping back the way she came. Maybe Henry and Lindsey were up for a little menage e trois!