Mad Science

By ChronoEclipse

Chapter 5: Cougaring Your College Crush

Hannah hung up with her brother and ran to her room. Using a big black permanent marker she wrote on her arm "I am 20 years old!" She then scribbled down some thoughts and notes onto a notepad on her bedside table and promptly passed out.

The next morning Hannah swung her legs out of bed. She felt a little stiff and achy but otherwise all right. She had had very strange dreams during the night which she didn't want to think about. She groggily blinked her eyes awake and looked around. She saw something written on her arm. "I am 20 years old!" it read. 'Heh, that's wishful thinking' she thought to herself looking at the woman with dirty blonde hair in the mirror. "You're 35 if you're a day, Hannah old girl!' She traced the lines that were forming along the side of her mouth and felt the looser skin under her chin. She glanced down at the rest of her older body and saw her notepad on the floor. Reading through it her eyes widened.

"Oh god. Oh shit!" She said out loud and ran up to the mirror to fully examine herself. "I'm even older!" Her voice sounded even a little lower pitched. She looked at the noticeable veins on her hands and saw her modest boobs weren't quite at full attention as they had been when she went to bed. "Well that's how they get when you get to be my age." She suddenly thought and then shook her head "No!" I can't let my mind accept what is happening to me. Her mind was swirling with confusion over what year it was and what year she was born and if she was married and remembering things she knows never happened. She just kept looking at her age on her arm and chanting to herself '20, 20, 20, 20" It seemed to be working.

After breakfast and a warm shower her mind seemed to begin allowing her to fully understand that she wasn't really a 35 year old woman, she just looked like one. The other women in the house all seemed not to notice her change. Including Hailey who had come back that morning in a walk of shame wearing

her 7th grade English teacher's button up shirt and Hannah's skimpy panties and nothing else. Her bare cellulite filled legs on display for Hannah's whole neighborhood. The former redhead was enraptured though at her one-night stand. As soon as she got in Paige grabbed her and brought her into the kitchen when the two giggled about the details of the night like a pair of ditsy school girls jumping up and down until they both strained their aching backs and needed to sit down with heating pads on.

Hannah thought she might need to go out and get more supplies if she was going to house all these older women for the next day or so she couldn't keep lending them all her clothing, it didn't fit any of them first of all... and then a terrifying thought sprung to mind – she might need to buy some accessories for herself. Her eyes darted from the thick glasses on a beaded chain hanging around Paige's neck to help her failing vision to the bulging diaper under Brianna's skirt and the cane she was holding. Then Hannah's eyes landed on the cup on the counter that contained Tiffany's dentures. Hannah's hands shot up to her own teeth instinctively. She didn't want to have to use false ones. She liked her small straight off-white teeth. She quickly ran to the bathroom to floss and brush and as she was in there her phone rang.

"Hello?" She said after quickly spitting out her toothpaste.

"Hello? Who am I speaking to?" A young man's voice was on the other line.

"You tell me who you are first. You called me!" Hannah said suspiciously.

"Oh sorry. This is Ryan, Ryan Narbonne? I saw I missed a call from this number." The young man said.

Hannah's eyebrows raised. "Oh uh uh Ryan hi it's Hannah!" Her voice cracked as she spoke, flustered. She tried again using a falsetto that she hoped would sound more like her normal young sounding voice. "I mean hi Ryan, it's Hannah!"

"Uh hi Hannah... Did you call me?" Ryan asked, sounding confused.

"Yeah sorry. I was calling to... I was calling to ask you about the mad scientist who lives up on the hill..." Hannah said, trying to sound nonchalant.

"Mad... Scientist...?" Ryan asked even more confused.

"Oh I mean Dr. Gerasco... presumed mad scientist..." She corrected herself.

Ryan chuckled a little. "Oh she's not a mad scientist. She's just an eccentric lady. Totally nice, wouldn't harm a fly. She gave me $8,000 bucks to clean up her front lawn!" Ryan said enthusiastically.

"Oh well that seems really uh, cool of her." Hannah replied suddenly, getting really horny at the sound of Ryan's voice.

"Soooo what did you want to know about her?" Ryan asked as Hannah climbed into her bed and began to rub herself over her clothing.

"Oh just, you know, if you know what she might be working on... or if you heard anything about her creating some sort of ray... or if she seemed like someone who could listen to reason..." Hannah rambled through heavy breaths as she continued rubbing the crotch of her pants with more and more gusto.

"Oh I mean, sure I've heard rumors and stuff. But I don't think they're true. Why do you want to know?" He inquired.

"Because... Because.... Because..." Hannah couldn't concentrate. "Hey what are you up to? Want to meet up and talk?" She finally asked practically, losing her mind at the thought of this boy.

"Uh sure yeah. Want to meet up at the mall in like an hour?" Ryan asked.

"Yes!" Hannah said with maybe a bit too much enthusiasm and hung up the phone and went back to attending to her 35 year old hormones.

On her way out to meet Ryan she noticed the group of older women shuffling around her house and a feeling of concern nagged her. Tiffany and Brianna were both borderline senile and possibly suffering from mild alzheimers and

Hailey and Paige were underaged girls in grown women's bodies who could take off at any moment and screw some guy they shouldn't. Hannah didn't want to cut her meeting with Ryan short but she didn't want to leave these ladies alone for too long either.

She opened the door and saw her solution.

"Melvin!" She called to the awkward young man shadily standing outside the driveway.

He turned around startled. "Wha–"

Hannah walked closer to him. He looked at her and squinted. "Hannah?" He asked, not quite sure.

"Yeah hey Melvin. I need a favor." She asked not wanting to have to explain too much.

"Did you... not get any sleep last night?... " He asked, staring at the lines that seemingly appeared on her face overnight.

"Yeah I didn't get a lot of sleep and I did tons of hard drugs. Listen... First of all, what are you doing here again?" Hannah asked him impatiently.

"I er... was planning on slashing Conner's tires..." Melvin replied sheepishly.

"Tough luck. The maserati's in the shop. Listen I have a job for you." Hannah told him unphased.

"You do?" Melvin asked excited and intrigued.

"Yeah, I have some... elderly relatives staying with me but I need to go out this afternoon so I need somebody to watch them for me." She quickly explained.

She led Melvin into the house. "That's grandma Tiffany and Great Aunt Brianna and that's my aunt Paige and our second cousin Hailey." She said

pointing at all of the partially clothed older women around the room. Melvin looked a little perplexed but decided to roll with it.

"No one is to leave this house while I'm gone. No matter what! And make sure they're taken care of okay? I'll make sure you get supremely compensated." Hannah told him, feeling unusually assertive.

Melvin smiled at her and nodded understanding his duties. Hannah walked to the door feeling much more comfortable being out all day.

"Oh and Melvin." Hannah said as she reached the door. "Don't fuck up any of my brother's stuff while you're here. I know he was a dick to you but please? For my sake?" Hannah requested.

"I promise. Thank you so much for giving me a job Hannah! Try and get some rest okay?" Melvin called after her as she left.

A little while later at the mall Hannah saw Ryan sitting at a table in the food court.

"Ryan!" She called him. He looked up at her and did a double take.

"Hannah?" He asked as she sat down in front of him. "What h… have you had trouble sleeping?" He sputtered.

Hannah was too excited to be sitting with him to be offended. "Yeah, yeah I look tired blah blah blah blah." She was caught up in his eyes.

"No I mean, you look great! Really good just… yeah, tired!"

The fact was that Hannah did look very beautiful but also noticeably different from her 20 year old self.

"Thank you. I'm just so glad that we could get a chance to hang out like this." Hannah said feeling like she was in heat.

"Yeah me too. Sooo you wanted to talk about Dr. Gerasco?" Ryan asked, feeling a little awkward himself.

"Yeah, what's the deal with her?" Hannah asked, drunk on hormones.

"I don't know. She seemed cool to me when I worked for her." Ryan shrugged. "A little secretive but that's all."

"Well my little brother got into a car accident with her and now she's trying to ruin our lives." Hannah said not taking her eyes off of the college boy in front of her.

"Oh that sucks. Is she trying to sue you or something?" Ryan asked shyly, breaking his gaze with her.

"Or something. Listen, have you ever been in her house?" Hannah asked slowly, moving her hand to his.

"No, well I mean the basement a couple times where she keeps the lawn equipment but that's about it." Ryan said, seeing her hand but not moving his away.

"Ever notice anything odd?" Hannah pressed.

"Uh now that you mentioned it. Whenever I went inside there it always sounded like there were babies crying. I think she must have kids but I never saw them." Ryan said.

Hannah was barely listening to the last part. Her heart was beating faster and faster as she put her hand on his. Five semesters worth of crushing was culminating on this moment where her body was telling her to ravage this gorgeous young man. Her new-found assertiveness kicked in.

"You know Ryan. I've always kind of had a thing for you." She grinned and not-so-subtly winked at him.

Ryan's face lit up. "I've– I've always had a thing for you too Hannah. I wasn't sure if you liked me. You were always so quiet around me."

Hannah was feeling prêt-ty good. "Are you kidding? When I was your age all I could think about was what I would do to a guy like you if we were ever alone together!"

Ryan's smile turned to confusion. "When you were my age…? Aren't we around the same age?"

"Right. That's what I meant. When I am your age. I am twenty years old." She read off her arm. Ryan was trying to figure out what was going on when Hannah turned and kissed him.

Minutes later they were in a stall in the women's bathroom tearing off each other's clothes. Ryan tore off Hannah's shirt and she looked down at her slightly pooching belly. As Ryan kissed her all over her bare skin.

"Oh god. I'm usually more toned than this." Hannah said slightly embarrassed that her body was fifteen years older than her partners.

Ryan was kissing her neck, sending shivers down her spine. "It's okay baby. You're totally hot."

Hannah stopped pinching the flabbier parts of her body and began kissing Ryan back.

"It's just – this has been – a weird couple days – and I'm just glad – I finally made this move – so I'll have this – when everything goes back to normal." She explained between kisses. Ryan slid inside her and she rode him for all she could. It was sheer bliss even despite the moments where Hannah felt self conscious about her slightly aged body like when he squeezed her breasts and she wished they were as perky as they had been yesterday or when they shifted and her hip made an awful cracking sound.

"Are you all right?" Ryan asked.

Hannah was a little winded but otherwise felt great, she leaned her bare back against the wall of the stall. "I'm fine. I'm fine. I just need to catch my breath." She replied.

"Yeah me too." Ryan said even though he didn't. He caressed Hannah's naked body as she rested.

"That was great." He said, smiling at her. "Was it good for you?"

"That was amazing kiddo." Hannah said and then chastised herself for calling him 'kiddo'.

"Kiddo. I like that." Ryan said with a laugh.

"Hey, this isn't a one-time thing right?" Hannah blurted out.

"No, I definitely want to do this again. Do you?" He looked at her honestly.

"Yeah. I really do... I just know how your generation thinks sometimes and I just wanted to be on the same page." Hannah explained.

"My generation? Hannah you're only a year younger than me. That's the same generation." Ryan said with a concerned chuckle.

"Right. I'm 20 years old. I'm in college. We're the same age. Right." She said mostly to herself.

"Hannah are you alright? You never told me why you're so worried about Dr. Gerasco." Ryan prompted holding his new girlfriend in his arms.

"I – I shouldn't get into it. I mean, we just did this and I really like you and I don't want you to think I'm a lunatic..." She explained.

"Hannah, I already know that you're super quirky and frankly that's one of the things that turns me on about you. Anything that's bothering you, you can tell me." Ryan said to her reassuringly.

"Um all right. Well, so, my brother got into a car accident with Dr. Gerasco." Hannah began.

"Right, your younger brother." Ryan confirmed.

"Uh noooo he's actually my older brother." Hannah corrected.

"Okay, your older brother." Ryan confirmed again.

"Well he does kind of seem like a younger brother. Like even before all of this craziness started you might mistake him for my younger brother but now definitely anyone who saw us would think he's the younger one. Anyway, He's kind of a playa and see, the next two nights the girls he brought home got super old." Hannah explained.

"They got old...?" Ryan asked not following.

"Yeah, I'm really geriatric. Oh! One of them was this girl Tiffany. I think you know her, she says she's hung out with you anyway." Hannah added.

"Yeah I know Tiffany, she's blonde, a sophomore right?" Ryan asked?

"Yeah that's her, only you should see her now woooo the years do not bode well for her. Brianna's even worse. That's the other one, I don't know if you know her. Like a tan complexion, kind of exotic brunette?" Hannah asked. Ryan nodded.

"Yeah she gets really fat and saggy." Hannah stated bluntly.

"She gets fat and saggy when?" Ryan asked, completely lost.

"After she sleeps with my brother... or I guess while she was fucking my brother. In any case they both turn old and we're freaked out. I mean we have no idea what's going on and we think maybe it's some weird sex curse or something my brother has on him. But then the next day I'm tutoring these two little middle school girls and they start to get old. Like they're ripping out of their clothing and look older than their own mothers. And so I'm looking up

what could be happening on the internet and I find this article about an age ray. It doesn't say who the inventor was but it gives a description of a scientist that sounded a hell of a lot like Dr. Gerasco. And I find her address and see that she lives up on the hill in perfect zapping distance of our house and so I go up there to politely ask her to stop aging people and turn the women back to their normal ages. And instead she totally turns me old. And that's why I think I'm 35 now and look 35 now instead of…" She holds up her arm to double check "20… really? 20? Hot damn I'm young."

Ryan's eyes had gotten wider and wider throughout Hannah's story. He wasn't sure if she was joking at first but now was pretty sure she was completely serious.

"So Dr. Gerasco is a mad scientist who is aging you and other girls because your brother hit her car?" Ryan asked slowly.

"Well technically she hit my brother's car. But yeah. That's why I look like this." Hannah smiled hoping now he would understand everything.

Ryan sat in silence for a few moments not realizing he had let go of Hannah and slowly inched to the other side of the stall.

"Wow. I was not expecting that." He finally said.

"Buuut you believe me right?" Hannah asked, suddenly a bit concerned that her earlier fears were being realized.

"I– I don't know. That's a lot to take in. I think I need to maybe sleep on it. Here uh, let's get dressed and um I'll see you tomorrow okay?" Ryan said, getting up abruptly.

"Wait Ryan. I didn't mean to scare you. I warned you I would sound crazy." Hannah tried to ease her partner from freaking out.

"No it's okay. It's okay. I'm cool. Let's just um, well you should probably go home and get a good night's rest… " He told her, not sounding too convincing.

Hannah got up feeling a bit heartbroken. Ryan hugged her as they exited the bathroom and she squeezed him tight fearing this is the last chance she'd get to hold him. He then gave her a half hearted smile and left.

Hannah wandered around the mall a little while longer buying clothes she might wear as an old lady and stocking up on denture cream and ben-gay.

When she finally got home she found Hailey and Paige on the couch dozing off to CSI and Melvin in the bedroom with Brianna and Tiffany giving the two elderly coeds pedicures. When he heard the door shut Melvin quickly stopped scrubbing dead skin off of the bottom of Tiffany's aged feet and went to go greet Hannah.

"Hey Melvin. How did everything go today?" She asked, feeling too sad and tired to care all that much.

Melvin looked at her knowingly. "Hannah... you got some 'splainin' to do!"

She looked at the dork, a little thrown off. "Wh-what?"

"These old ladies aren't really old ladies are they?" He asked, grinning at Hannah.