

LET'S HAVE A KIKI

By ChronoEclipse

**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 another 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 convening 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 shimmied 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 women, 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.