

Five Variations on a Theme

By ChronoEclipse

Scene 3:

Ethan, Ashley and Jacob entered Ethan's house through the back door off of the kitchen. The three high school seniors had just come back from skateboarding after school. Ethan, a tall, blonde, Zac Efron-looking young man was hungry for a snack. Ashley, Ethan's kinda-sorta girlfriend, was a slender, tan, brunette. She wore a midriff baring shirt that showed off the tattoo along the side of her waist; and cut-off jean shorts that hugged her tight little heart shaped ass. She clung to Ethan's muscular arm and gave him a look that she was hungry for something other than a snack. Jacob, their third-wheel was a shorter, freckle-faced boy with messy dark brown hair and was holding up an electronic device to his two friends.

"I'm telling you guys – this is the weirdest fitbit I've ever seen. It's probably worth a ton of money!" Jacob said, holding it up to them. Ethan and Ashley didn't seem impressed.

Ashley stared at the screen with her big doe-eyes painted thick with eye-liner around the tops and bottoms of her lids. The device appeared to blink on when she looked into it and registered '18F' on the screen.

"Um looks like a really lame MP3 player." She said, crinkling her button nose in disinterest. She resumed fluttering her eyelashes at Ethan and biting her plump pink bottom lip suggestively.

"Eeeethaaaan?" A shrill shaky voice called from the other room.

"Hey Nana!" Ethan yelled into the other room.

Ethan resumed pulling out peanut butter and jelly and some bread and made himself a quick sandwich. He offered a corner to Jacob but he was too busy fumbling with his phone trying to google what the device he found was and Ashley quickly shook her head declining the sandwich and pouted a bit that Ethan was taking so long to eat. Soon they heard slow shuffling footsteps and a shriveled, shrunken old woman hobbled into the kitchen. She had a ratty, thin, lime green nightgown covering her hunched over old body and her short gray and white hair hung limply in wisps around her liver spotted scalp. She had thick bifocals on and squinted at the teenagers congregating around the kitchen counter.

"Ethan is that you?" The old woman asked horsely.

“Yeah it’s me Nana. We just came by to hang out for a bit.” Ethan said with his mouth full.

Ashley smiled sweetly at the elderly woman and waved hello, jingling the collection of brightly colored bands she had on her wrist.

“Hiya Granny Margaret.” She said in a friendly upbeat tone.

The old woman eyed the teenage girl, dressed in barely any clothes with tattoos on her waist and thigh and a ring sticking out of the side of her bottom lip and a flat billed trucker hat tilted to the side on top of her luxurious auburn hair and went “tch” immediately dismissing her and turning attention to Jacob.

“Who is this handsome young man you’ve brought into my home!” Granny Margaret asked Ethan, grinning widely, revealing her dentures.

“This is my friend Jacob, from school.” Ethan said, finishing the last bite of his sandwich.

“Hi, uh, Granny Margaret. It’s nice to meet you.” Jacob said, holding out his hand.

The old woman placed a veiny wrinkled talon into Jacobs hand and he awkwardly brought it up and kissed her swollen arthritic knuckles like a gentleman.

“Oh my! What a charmer!” Granny Margaret said in a high pitch shaky voice, slightly blushing and holding her other hand to her wrinkled chest.

“Heh, stop hitting on my Nana!” Ethan joked punching Jacob playfully. Ashley giggled in the corner and Jacob felt suddenly a little embarrassed.

“No I was just-“ He sputtered trying to explain himself but was cut off by Granny Margaret who spied the device in Jacob’s hand.

“What’s this little do-dad that you’ve got there? I tell ya, every day you kids find some new-fangled thing-a-ma-bob.” She chattered, with a laugh.

She didn’t see that the device lit up and read “90F” on the screen.

“Yeah this is just a thing I found on the grass in the park.” Jacob explained but Margaret didn’t hear him. She shuffled around to Ethan and Ashley who were standing very close to one another now and making googly eyes at each other.

“Ethan would you make me some oatmeal? I haven’t had dinner and it’s almost time for my stories.” She said and didn’t wait for an answer before shuffling slowly while grasping the counter top into the entrance to the living room where she found her walker and hobbled back to her rocking chair in front of the TV.

Ashley licked her lips, playing with her lip ring for a moment and then leaned up on her tip toes and whispered something in Ethan's ear, staring at him with intense bedroom eyes when he looked back down at her.

"Uhhh dude can you like... help my Nana with that? Ashley and I have to ummm... look for something in my room." Ethan said not taking his eyes off of Ashley who was already flirtatiously playing with the buttons of her top.

"Yeah, we'll, like, be back down in a few..." Ashley said not taking her eyes off of Ethan and backing up toward the stairs.

"Uh okay I guess. Where do you guys keep the bowls and the oatmeal and stuff?" Jacob asked, annoyed, knowing what the two of them were on their way to do.

But Ashley and Ethan were already halfway up the steps to Ethan's room. Ethan playfully slapped the teenage girl's ass causing her to squeal and giggle running up the rest of the way.

Jacob sighed and tossed the device onto the counter and he opened all the cabinets looking for bowls and oatmeal. As he's searching the device begins to flash and hum clearly processing information. Finally "PHYSICAL AGE SWAP- AWARENESS OFF" flashes across the screen.

"Ah! Found it!" Jacob yells triumphantly as he pulls a carton of oatmeal down from the cabinet to read the instructions, completely unaware of what the device was doing.

Upstairs Ashley had tossed off her shoes and socks and unbuttoned her shirt revealing she was braless underneath. She tossed the shirt at Ethan who caught it and watched with excitement as the beautiful, slender, alt-punk girl stood topless in front of his bed and shimmied out of her jean shorts. She stood there in lavender thong panties giggling as she tossed her hat in the air and fell back onto Ethan's bed. Ethan quickly scrambled to undo his belt and pants and catch up to Ashley in terms of nakedness as Ashley playfully stretched out her long sexy legs and tried to help Ethan by pulling his boxers down with her neon blue painted toes. Finally Ethan was undressed and climbed on top of Ashley, pressing his naked body against hers. She cooed and kissed him intensely on the lips. Ashley ran her hands through Ethan's blonde hair and rubbed her feet up and down his hairy calves. Ethan slid the thong panties down her tattooed thighs and down to her ankles where she skillfully flung them onto the floor. The two teenagers rubbed their naked bodies together for a few moments, caressing every inch of each other. Ethan reached up to caress Ashley's perky C-cup breasts causing her pink nipples to harden at his touch. She sucked on his neck with her plump lips, the metal of her lip ring grazing his skin.

"You're on the pill right?" He asked her in a whisper.

Her eyes were shut tight as she continued to stroke his chest and nibble on his earlobe. She nodded and whispered “uh huh.” In a high pitched, aroused, voice.

Ethan reached down to stroke her clit. Ashley was completely shaved down there except for a neatly trimmed landing strip. He tickled her clit and stuck his fingers inside her extremely wet vagina. She gasped and moaned and clawed at his shoulders with her neon blue painted fingernails.

“Stop fucking around babe and get inside me!” Ashley squealed in a horny voice and a wicked smile.

Ethan didn't need to be asked twice. He quickly slipped his dick inside her causing her to moan loudly and pull him closer to her. She wrapped her legs around his entwining the two teens and Ethan began to thrust powerfully into Ashley. She let out gasps of pleasure at each gyration and kissed him passionately.

But as they continued to have frenzied sex Ashley's body began to surge forward in age. Very quickly the rosy cheeks and youthful countenance of a high school senior were replaced with the slightly lined angular face of a woman over a decade out of school. Small lines appeared around her eyes, forehead and mouth and then began to deepen into wrinkles as grey hairs peppered her brown locks. Her slender toned body began to expand a bit and swell as muscle aged into flab and her body's metabolism slowed.

Ethan, who had his eyes closed as he held her tightly and rocked in and out of her felt the middle aged spread of her body cushion him as he fucked her but didn't think anything of it other than how nice and soft her body suddenly felt. Ashley also had her eyes closed as she moaned in a huskier voice at each thrust. She rubbed her veined feet up and down Ethan's legs and winced a bit at the clicking of her hip. She tilted her head up causing the slight roll of her double chin to bunch up while her cheeks softened into jowls as she was now over 3 times her normal age. Stretch marks marred her tattoos as they became stretched and distorted against her aging skin. She leaned up and kissed Ethan with thin pruning lips and reached up to fondle her own sagging right breast as she aged past the age of retirement.

She thrust and grinded her pelvis into the teen boy's as her pubes turned gray and her vagina dried and loosened. Her ass sagged and flattened against the bed as the flab she had gained in middle age began melting away leaving her thin again but nothing was toned. Loose wrinkled skin hung in folds from her arms and legs. Age spots began to generously sprinkle themselves across her hands, feet and chest. Her hair was completely gray and began to lighten into white. Her face became a puffy mass of wrinkles and her eyes sunk deeply into her skull and her lids grew heavy and crinkled.

The tit she was squeezing shriveled into just a blob of shapeless flesh under her hand but she didn't seem to notice as she continued to moan and pant and writhe her withered naked body in sexual pleasure. Finally as her hair thinned and became completely snow white and her teeth all fell out of her mouth Ashley was 90 years old. It had only taken a matter of moments and neither of them seemed to notice as Ethan continued to hammer his dick deeply into the shrunken old woman. She reached up with a veiny gnarled hand and cupped Ethan's ass tightly.

"OH Baby that feels so good! Fuck me harder baby!" She exclaimed in a horny, shaking high pitched voice.

"You like that sexy?" He asked, thrusting harder into her.

The old woman gasped and purred. "Oooo yeah..."

Ethan smiled and leaned over, pressing his young muscular body tightly against Ashley's loose aged body and moved in to give the girl a hickey on her neck. His lips met wrinkly dangling neck skin of a 90 year olds flapping turkey waddle and he opened his eyes startled and saw the mass of pale wrinkled flesh under him.

"Ah!" He yelled jerking up, his dick thrust again as he did so causing the toothless old lady he was fucking to moan and grin.

"Ooo do that again. I love the feeling of your hard cock!" The old woman quavered in pleasure.

"A-Ashley!?" Ethan exclaimed in fear and disbelief at the sight of the shriveled white haired woman laying naked underneath him. She was his great-grandmother's age but she had Ashley's tattoos and lip ring on her thin pruned lip. He quickly pulled out of her and stepped away from the bed.

"What?" Ashley asked in a slightly surprised annoyed tone at the realization he was pulling out of her. She opened her eyes to see what was the matter.

Ethan noticed that the old woman's eyes, even though they were tired and aged, surrounded by drooping wrinkled eyelids, were still Ashley's pretty green eyes, surrounded by thick eyeliner that looked silly on this aged crone.

"You're- you're like super old!" He exclaimed having no idea what was going on.

Ashley propped up her old naked body on the bed and furrowed her wrinkled brow. Her trembling bony hand was still clutching her empty pendulous tit.

"I'm like 6 months YOUNGER than you. What, do you only like freshmen girls now?" She asked with a wrinkly smirk.

“No you’re, like, all wrinkly! And you don’t have teeth anymore! How’d you suddenly get so old!?” He asked her wanting to vomit but not being able to take his eyes off her elderly form.

Ashley looked at him like he was crazy. She brought her hands up to her toothless mouth and felt her lips as they were sucked around her gums, assuring herself that she still had a set of perfectly straight teeth. She looked down at her body and just saw the lithe young body of a teenage girl.

“Um, what are you talking about? Is this some weird fetish thing? You want to fuck a shriveled little old lady? Kinky.” She said with a wrinkly grin and wiggled her body on his bed. “Now stop being weird and come back to bed... I want to feel your thick cock inside my soaking wet pussy...” She croaked seductively as she extended her pale, withered leg toward him and brushed his hard abs with her arthritic toes, then brought the elderly foot down to rub his semi-erect dick. Ethan looked down at the liver-spotted foot stroking his cock and thought about how it had been smooth and sexy just a few minutes ago and screamed.

Meanwhile downstairs Jacob was fumbling in the kitchen to put together a bowl of oatmeal while Granny Margaret rocked her old body in her comfy chair intensely watching a soap opera with the volume all the way up. The little old woman reached up with a palsied hand and took her dentures out, putting them into a cup of water on the tray next to her, figuring that she wouldn’t need them to eat oatmeal. She folded her veined trembling hands on her frail lap and breathed shallow breaths as the show played in front of her.

As she rocked slowly in her chair her body grew younger. Bit by bit the blonde color in her hair returned and her back straightened. Wrinkles lifted from her face as the skin of her body smoothed and tightened. Her boobs swelled and regained shape under her nightgown and then slowly rose up her chest until they stuck straight out at attention. Her belly flattened and smoothed out, her waist synched and toned. Her legs seemed to lengthen and become fit and appealing, stretching out of the bottom of her gown. The veins marring her calves disappeared and the swelling in her ankles subsided. Her nose was cute and small on her bright, perky looking teenage face and her lips plump and inviting. She still has a serious, dour look on her young face though as she sat with her smooth youthful hands folded on her toned thighs and continued to rock slowly in the chair engrossed in the soap opera. The TV seemed much louder all of the sudden and she reached for the remote with her slender hand that no longer trembled and turned the volume down, reaching over dentures that she no longer needed.

Jacob had finished making the oatmeal. He had found some maple syrup and cinnamon to flavor it a bit. He hoped granny Margaret would enjoy it. He looked into the living room and saw the chair rocking back and forth.

“Granny? Uh, Margaret? I um, made you that oatmeal you wanted.” He called from the kitchen.

“Oh! Bring it over here young man. I have a bit of trouble getting around at my age.” The regressed woman said in a slow yet youthful voice.

Jacob nodded, thinking that granny Margaret had a pretty voice for her age. He shrugged and brought the bowl of oatmeal around to the woman sitting in the rocking chair. As he turned to hand it to her he gasped because instead of a sweet little shriveled old great-grandmother was an incredibly hot blonde girl about his age, sitting slumped in the rocking chair with her hands folded neatly in her lap.

He couldn't believe it. He wondered if he was being punked but this girl was wearing the same clothes his friend's great-grandmother had been wearing and the same hairstyle. If this was a practical joke he might as well roll with it!

“Uh... Granny Margaret?” He asked the girl, feeling really weird about calling anyone so young and beautiful ‘granny’.

The rosy cheeked blonde looked up at him with slow recognition.

“Oh is that my oatmeal? What a sweet boy.” She said and slowly and carefully took the bowl into her smooth hands and began delicately spooning the food into her mouth, using her lips to do all of the work as if she was pretending he didn't have any teeth.

Jacob stared at the hottie as she ate her oatmeal and watched her soap crushing hard on her. Granny Margaret sat, not oblivious to the staring, slumped forward in the chair letting her smooth cheeks droop in a tired frown. She rubbed her soft petite feet together on the fuzzy carpet.

“Young man, my feet are cold, would you mind helping an old lady-“ She began to say but Jacob, looking at her cute feet and sexy legs immediately cut her off.

“I'll warm them for you! Here let's get you someplace more comfortable!!” He said enthusiastically and then reached down to help the teenage girl out of the rocking chair.

A few minutes later Ethan came running down the steps.

“Dude! Dude! Something's happened to Ashley! She's like ancient! She's, like, at least 90 years old and, like, wrinkled head to toe with tits sagging down to her waist but she doesn't even realize it!” Ethan yelled as he was bounding down the stairs.

Behind him the elderly Ashley was standing in ill fitting jean shorts pulled awkwardly over her wrinkly ass. Her shirt was around her crooked shoulders but was unbuttoned and hanging open revealing her soft saggy breasts. She was holding her socks and shoes in one hand, her cap in the other.

“Oh my god you’re such a freak! I can’t believe I ever liked you!!!” She screeched in a quavering voice as she attempted to run down the steps barefoot, her dangling boobs swaying back and forth. The arthritis in her lavender painted toes caused shooting pain up her wrinkled legs as she did so and forced her to slow down as she approached the bottom of the steps. She winced, tears welling up in her sunken eyes as she quickly buttoned enough buttons on her shirt to provide her modesty as she held up a crooked middle finger at Ethan and hobbled out of the house, slamming the door behind her.

“Seriously dude! Did you see that?” Ethan asked his friend in disbelief.

He looked around and noticed Jacob wasn’t there and then glanced in the living room and saw his Nana wasn’t in her rocking chair but the TV was still on.

He rounded the corner into the living room and saw Jacob sitting on the couch tenderly massaging the soft pink soles of a beautiful teenage girl.

“Hey who’s the hottie?” Ethan asked, flashing a smile at the cute blonde with the pixie cut, seemingly enjoying the foot massage as she watched his Nana’s soap opera.

“Uh, I can explain!” Jacob began feeling a little nervous that Ethan wasn’t letting up on his practical joke.

Margaret, who hadn’t been listening to the two boys craned her pretty head and noticed Ethan standing there.

“Hi dear. Are you having a nice night? I know I am! What a sweet young man you’ve brought home. I told him my feet were cold and I just expected him to fetch me my slippers but instead he’s giving this poor old lady a foot rub!” She said with a pleased giggle.

End of Scene 3