

# The Artist's Touch

By ChronoEclipse

"I age progress photos for fun." Joelle said with a big grin.

Steven choked for a moment on his drink then gathered himself and looked at her.

"Really? I do a bit of that myself." He said, trying not to sound too excited.

Joelle batted her eyes at Steven.

"Anything you can show me sometime?" She asked, not hiding her enthusiasm at all.

Steven smirked. "Well I really doubt you'd be interested. It's just this thing I do, it's stupid."

"Hey you'd be surprised at what I'm interested in." Joelle said, letting her hand lightly touch Steven's.

Steven nervously looked at Joelle for some sort of sign. She was staring at him intently, but it was a very welcoming look. She had moved herself closer and closer to him on the couch and was now in his breathing space. Steven took a breath and decided to take a chance. "Well, I guess, I sometimes like to--"

"Hey you two! Say cheese!" A friend of theirs called and took a photo of the two of them. "Okay this time give me a pose." Their friend coaxed. Joelle let out a light giggle and sat on Steven's lap tossing one arm around him. Steven's smile widened as the photo was taken.

"Text me those pictures!" Joelle told her friend. "Oh don't worry about it. I'll send you all the sneaky pics I took tonight." Her friend responded. "Hey can I get those pictures too?" Steven asked. "Sure thing." The friend smiled. Joelle was putting on her coat. "Well I better get going, I have a lot to do tomorrow." Steven walked her to her car.

The next morning Joelle was hard at work at another project. Her sister Nina was staying with her and doing some cleaning.

“So what are you working on sis?” She asked purposefully cleaning around Joelle’s workspace.

“Just a project, give me some room ok?” Joelle answered, dismissing her sister.

“A project for work or another shameless self indulgence?” Nina chided attempting to peek over her sister's shoulder to see what she was working on. Joelle playfully shoved her away.

“There are plenty of better things to do than stand here annoy me.” She said exasperated.

Nina shrugged. “Fine, I'm going to take a shower.” She grabbed a towel and headed into the bathroom.

As she was heading in she turned back toward her sister. “Hey Joelle, have you shown any guys those pictures that you do?” She asked with a mischievous grin on her face.

“Oh you're going to get it, you know that?” Joelle threatened half jokingly.

“What? I’m just saying, some guys might like to know that they’re dating a freak with supernatural powers.” Nina began laughing.

Joelle threw an eraser at her. “Go take your shower!”

Nina shut the door. Joelle looked down at what she was working on. She moved it over and took out a photo from her desk. It was a headshot her sister used to get modeling gigs when she was just out of college. Dipping her utensil into a small bottle, Joelle began to make marks on the photo.

In the bathroom Nina had begun to disrobe. She reached to turn the shower on. Looking at her hand, it didn’t seem quite right. Were those age spots? She put

her hand up to her face for a moment and gasped. Looking into the mirror she saw that she looked about twenty years older. There were deep bags under her eyes and her hair was much duller. Her breasts were sagging down her chest as she watched in horror. She continued to witness herself age through her fifties as wrinkles formed on her face and her body lost muscle tone. She looked down just in time to see her first pubic hair go gray. 'Ewww' she thought. Her legs look much knobbier and her ass had collapsed onto her now dimpled chubby thighs.

A few moments later, the bathroom door opened and a very old lady with long gray hair wearing only a towel came hobbling out.

"Not funny Joelle!" Nina rattled in a shaky voice.

She wagged a gnarled finger at Joelle. "You make me young again, right now!" The frail old woman demanded.

Joelle laughed out loud. "You wrinkle up really quickly in the shower huh? Oh all right, all right. I'll change you back. You deserved it though for bugging me earlier."

Taking a small damp towel she wiped it over the photo and looked over to her younger sister who was once again in her late twenties and filling out the towel in all the right places.

"So who are you working on, really?" Nina asked once she was sure she was back to her proper age.

Joelle glared at her. "You want to wear adult diapers for the rest of the day?"

Nina held her hands up in defense. "Jesus Christ! What's with the secrecy? It's just a stupid art project. I already know what you can do."

Joelle sighed. "Alright fine, if you must know. I'm attempting to work on one of Steven."

Nina grinned from ear to ear. "Steven? You're doing Steven? You like Steven...."

Joelle slapped her utensil down on the desk. "You asked me and I told you. Now are you going to leave me alone or am I going to have a new grandma today?"

Nina made the motion of zipping her lip and Joelle turned back to her desk and began to work again.

After several minutes of Joelle applying strokes and sighing in frustration Nina finally dared to speak again. "Sooooo how's it coming?"

Without looking up Joelle answered. "Not that great. For some reason the paint won't stay on. It drips off. But only this paint. I can use regular paint to make him look like he's in a clown costume or look like a humanoid cat but I can't make him look any older than I would guess around forty five. Crows feet are about all his picture will accept." Joelle explained.

Nina looked over at her sister's work. "huh, that's strange."

Joelle nodded. "You're telling me."

Meanwhile at Steven's house Steven sat at his work area and began to feel a tingle. "Huh that's odd." He said to himself. He got up and gave himself a once over in the mirror.

Examining his face closely he saw what looked like wrinkles in the corner of his eyes and across his forehead. "Nah, it couldn't be...unless" He thought back to Joelle. Steven's mouth dropped open as he saw the crows feet get more prominent.

"Well two can play at that game." He declared and rushed back to his work station. Printing out the picture of Joelle and him from the party, he began to apply a coat of paint.

Back at Joelle's house Nina had just left. Joelle had given up on Steven's photo and was washing off her hands. As she washed she noticed something odd. Did

her hand look like they were getting older? The skin on them seems thinner. She looked at her face, her features seemed more mature. She stared at her eyes for a long moment, nothing. Guess it was her imagination...wait! There they are, tiny lines on the corners. And as if he wanted her to know what he was doing she watched a lock of her brown hair instantly go white. Just one lock in the front of her hair. Joelle's heart was beating fast. She would guess that she had aged ten years.

'Man, nearly forty.' She thought. She stripped off all her clothes to do damage control.

Legs: a little less toned, but good over all;

Ass: A few dimples of cellulite but holding up well;

Stomach: looks less than flat, but good for nearing middle age;

Boobs: Not where they were ten minutes ago;

Face: a few wrinkles, sharper nose, dryer skin;

Hair: Like rogue from the x-men.

She twirled herself around a few times before putting her clothes back on. She knew what she had to do. She had to find Steven! It was like they were playing some crazy variation of phone-tag except this was "age-tag". She got in her car and hurried over.

When she arrived at Steven's he answered the door immediately. "Joelle! Wonderful to see you, you're looking stunning as always. I just put another layer on your picture. You'll go through menopause in just a bit. Want a drink?"

Joelle licked her lips and moved towards Steven. "I want you to fuck me!"

Steven's smug grin turned to confusion. "I'm sorry you want to what?"

Joelle grabbed him and moved him towards the bedroom. "I want you to fuck me Steven. I want to age with you inside me."

Steven was thrilled. He quickly undressed and began to make out with the aging Joelle. She stuck her tongue deep in his mouth as they moved to the bed and Joelle passed forty years of age. "I'm gaining on you Steven. Soon you'll be with an older woman."

She ripped off her clothes and quickly glanced down at her larger breasts that were sagging more and more, she offered them to Steven who fondled them with glee and soon both of them were naked on the bed.

As they continued having sex Joelle was screaming wildly, clawing at Stevens chest, grabbing her dull brown and white hair and closing in on the half a century mark. The lines on her face deepened and multiplied before Steven's eyes. He could feel her breasts sliding lower against his chest. Her skin was getting less smooth. He was thrusting faster and faster into her as she was calling out to him.

She was aggressively kissing him and her howls in between were getting louder and louder. "Oh my god" she began to say. "OOH! OH MY GOD!" Steven kept up what he was doing while kissing her neck as her fingers dug into his shoulders. "I! I! I! OH! Steven!" Then she made a sound that Steven had never heard before which was immediately followed by Steven's own grunts of orgasm.

Looking up at his lover he realized she had to be in her mid fifties now. Her hair was now speckled with gray in addition to her white lock. Her face was now a bit weathered, her cheeks dipping a bit at the bottom. Her breasts were a tad leathery on top and much lower. Her thighs were heavier as her legs were entangled with his. She laid her hand on his chest and he could see some age spots on top of it.

"Steven..." Joelle began in an older huskier voice. "I think I just went through menopause and orgasmed at the same time."

Steven looked at her for a moment not knowing how to respond.

"Thank you." Joelle finally said.

Steven grinned. "You really liked it?" He asked.

She rolled over to lie beside him. "Are you kidding? I've wanted to try this since I was a teenager but I've never had the guts, or known a guy who wouldn't run screaming the moment he saw my boobs begin to droop. This is fantastic."

Steven was shaking with excitement and pleasure. “Well there...there is of course one last stage...” He hinted.

“Well what are we waiting for?” Joelle asked.

Steven laughed, pulled a pair of boxers on and zipped into his work space. As he put the final touches on Joelle’s picture she sauntered up behind him. She hadn’t bothered to put anything back on and her now wider ass jiggled with each step. Steven turned and looked her up and down.

“Prepare to get old.” He said and watched intently.

The changes were fast. What hairs were still brown on Joelle’s head instantly went grey. Long grey and white hair flowed around her face and onto her shoulders. Wrinkles were appearing on her face left and right. Her eyes became sunken in and her wrinkled cheeks sloped into dangling jowls wrinkles formed around her lips which were now thin with age. Her neck was very wrinkly and droopy. Her breasts no longer sloped but rather flopped down onto her wrinkled belly than hung out over her pelvis. Her ass was saggy and dimpled. Her legs thinned again and withered. Blue veins appeared up and down the sides. Her hands and feet were bony and covered in liver spots.

But what Steven noticed the most was Joelle’s clean trimmed pubes going from a light brown patch to a light gray one. Her thighs were pressing their wrinkled inner sides together and from what Steven could see her Vagina seem to be hanging lower than it was when she had come over. He looked up at Joelle’s elderly face.

“Like what you see down there?” She teased in a shaky old voice.

She brought her trembling hands to his faces and guided him to stand up and kiss her. Which he did. “You’re going to have to change me back. I can hardly see at this age. And I don’t think I’d be able to keep my hands steady enough to paint.”

“Oh.” Steven replied, sounding a little disappointed.

“Buuuuuut I don’t have to paint again until tomorrow...” Joelle added with a smile and pressed her aged body against Stevens. “Lets go back and give this new age a spin, what do you say Steven?”

Steven laughed. “I’m ready if you are, Granny Joelle.”