

# Novelty Wine

By ChronoEclipse

The day after new years the sisters Rachel and Rebecca found a bottle of wine on their front door step. Taking it inside Rachel read the label.

“Hey sis, check this out. The year on this wine is 2072. Isn’t that cute?”

She set the bottle on the table. Rebecca examined it.

“It’s weird. I wonder who gave it to us.”

Rachel had grabbed two cups from the cupboard.

“Yeah, there wasn’t any tag. Oh well, somebody was thinking of us at New Years. Let’s toast.”

She popped the cap and began to pour some. They raised their glasses and drank.

“Mmm this is good wine.” Rachel said, pouring herself another glass.

“Yes it is, it still bothers me though that we don’t know who it’s from. And who give out novelty wine?”

Both girls laughed a bit and went on to do other things.

Rebecca headed off to the mall to do some shopping while Rachel stayed at home and tidied up for the get together they planned to have that evening.

At the mall Rebecca browsed through outfits. She had a stack of clothes in one hand that she was ready to try on. The woman at the counter smiled at Rebecca and pointed out the fitting room. Rebecca draped the sexy clothes she had picked out over the side of her stall and began to try them on one by one. She tried on a silky black button up top, but for some reason it fit a little snug. She looked at the tag, it was her normal size. She shrugged thinking that the store

must run small. She tried on another top. It was snug as well. This one was a size above her normal. She threw the top down on the ground in a tantrum. Picking up a red skirt, she fastened it around her waist. Not only was the skirt tight but looking at it closely, it wasn't at all flattering on her what seemed to be wider, less shapely legs. Glancing up at her face she saw tiny crinkles next to her eyes. Her mouth dropped. She was panicking as she ran her hands through her long brunette hair seeing it dull more and more. She immediately put her own clothes back on, noting how much tighter they were and exited the fitting room. The attendant gasped at seeing the young woman who had entered the changing room moments before now exit a good ten years older. Rebecca held her purse up to block people from seeing her face and ran through the mall.

Back at home Rachel laid back in the tub. She was soaking herself and thinking about what she needed to do to prepare for the party that night. She began to rub soap across her chest when she noticed something odd. Her massive breasts seemed to be a bit south of where they usually gloriously floated. She stared down at the large masses and watched as they ever so slowly crept downward, the nipples slipping lower and lower beneath the water line. She brought her hands down under them and pushed them upwards but they only dropped back down after. She then noticed her hands, the skin seemed thinner. She could see her veins more clearly. She got out of the tub quickly and wrapped a towel around herself. Examining her face it was obvious to see she was in her forties. Tiny lines across her forehead and laugh lines around her mouth and eyes confirmed that. She stared at herself, blinking profusely unsure of how or why she was aging.

Meanwhile at the mall Rebecca was hurrying to get to her car so she could get home and find out what was happening to her. She was now a middle aged woman dressed in the provocative clothing she usually wore. A group of teenagers called out to her with some rude comments about her appearance. She flipped them off and told them they would be lucky to look as good as she did at this age. She then wondered to herself what age that was. Finding her car she got in immediately. Checking her rear view mirror she confirmed that she looked even old, maybe her late forties. She let out a small scream and drove home.

Arriving home Rebecca rushed into the front door and was greeted by a heavy set matronly woman with specks of gray hair and large sagging breasts in a tight t-shirt.

“Rachel?” She asked in disbelief.

Rachel sized up her sister who was now in her fifties. She was still petite, though now had a little more weight on her as was apparent from her small roll around her midsection. The flesh on her forearms and thighs also seemed very out of shape and droopy. Her sister’s face had some actual wrinkles, which Rachel had yet to gain. Though, Rebecca had much less gray hair in her early fifties than Rachel.

“What happened to us?” Rebecca exclaimed.

Rachel just looked at her middle aged sister and blinked. After a few moments she answered.

“We’ve both aged at least twenty years. But it looks like it’s stopped.”

Rebecca perked up and looked at her sister. Moving to the nearest mirror she confirmed that she didn’t appear any older than she had in the car.

“Thank god. But what do we do? We have a party tonight and we look like Desperate Housewives!”

Rachel thought for a few moments, taking in everything then finally decided

“We can put on make up to conceal the aging.”

Rebecca looked at her sister.

“Good idea!”

They rushed into Rachel's room and began to apply makeup on each other's older face. When they were both done they turned and looked at themselves. The make up had effectively made them look less tired, it had concealed some of Rebecca’s wrinkles and made them both look genuinely more attractive but they still obviously looked like women in their fifties.

Rebecca walked over to her room and decided to get ready for the party regardless. She stripped off all of her clothes and looked down at her nude body. Her breasts were larger. That would have pleased her greatly if it were for the fact that they were pointing towards her feet. Her belly pouched out, she regretted not having a girdle somewhere handy. Her legs were dimpled and pale. Her knees looked swollen. She looked at her vagina. She spotted a couple gray hairs woven in between the brown. She was sure it was much looser than she was normally used to. She shook her head.

“Rachel, what in god's name are we going to wear?”

She waited then heard her sister call back.

“Wear what you want.”

“Wear what I want? I want to wear a hot mini skirt.”

“What's stopping you?”

“How about twenty five years just recently added to my body.”

“So? Michelle Pfeiffer's still sexy and she's in her sixties. She has a good ten years on us right now. I'm wearing a low cut blouse and silk pants.”

Rebecca reached her hands around and grasped her bare ass confirming that it was as flabby and droopy as the rest of her body. But still, she really wanted to wear that outfit she had picked out. Maybe if she had been thinking clearly she would have realized how in-appropriate this attire was at her age but as she crammed her aging body into the fabric everything seemed fine. Her older curves were threatening to pop out everywhere, as was the case with her sister and her outfit but it didn't worry either of them one bit.

As the guests arrived they were all shocked to see how much older the Carona sisters looked but no one turned around and went home. Their mysterious aging seemed more of a conversation starter than anything else. The sisters were misguidedly pleased to see a lot of single attractive men at their party and moved around the room in an attempt to be really great hosts. Everything was seemingly going well until the clock struck midnight.

As the chime of their wall clock sounded the hour the two sisters felt strange. Looking over at each other they began aging as everyone in the room watched on. Instantly Rebecca's hair went gray. The wrinkles on her face multiplied and her back hunched over. One thin bony arm slowly reached around to give her support and keep her steady. Her wrinkled legs and knobby knees buckled together as her teeth fell out. She sucked her wrinkled lips in. Her eyes sunk and her cheeks dangled down.

Her sister was undergoing similar changes across the room. She was sitting on the couch flirtatiously sitting on a guy's lap when her legs got much less toned and covered in varicose veins. Her withered stomach oozed down below the bottom of her shirt and became a resting place for her large pendulous boobs. Her cleavage was deep and wrinkled, marked with a sea of age spots. Her neck was very loose and her face was aged and wrinkled. Her long hair had turned gray and white. Her ass flattened against the young man's legs and he gave her a sort of disturbed look. She reached a shaky hand over to his shoulder to help herself up. He assisted her in standing. "I'm fine. I'm fine." She said in a quivery voice. She was able to walk on her own but very slowly. Her sister was meanwhile shuffling over to her.

"Rachel what do we do now? We're old women!" Rebecca hissed through her toothless mouth.

"Play it off sis. This is still our party. Everyone here knows how old we are supposed to be anyway."

Rebecca nodded and shuffled back to talk with a handsome young man in the dining area. While Rachel moved back towards the couch. Rachel entered in a group conversation about how much men like breasts. She smiled wide.

"I know, it's great isn't it? Men can't possibly deny a pair like these!" She exclaimed shakily and squeezed her elderly boobs together.

The men stared wide eyed at what she was doing and the girls chuckled a bit. As Rachel mashed her wrinkly old tits together she managed to pop one out. The big mass flew out of her top and dropped down hanging towards the floor like a sack of potatoes. She didn't seem mortified or even embarrassed but almost proud of herself as she stuffed it back in.

Rebecca had wandered into the next room surprising anyone who had missed her transformation. She made her way up to a man who she had heard through the grapevine had had the hots for her for a while. She began coming on to him very strongly. She got very close to him and ran her gnarled shaking hands down his back. The man only mildly seemed uncomfortable and seemed more to be humoring her. She finally whispered to him.

“I’ve got a secret for you. I’m not wearing any panties.”

The man coughed a bit as Rebecca hiked her very short skirt up a few inches and gave him a clear look at her grey pubic hair and loose dangling vagina. She winked at him. He wasn’t sure how to respond; he had never seen a vagina that old and worn out before. There was commotion coming from the living room. Rebecca asked the man if he would help her into the next room. He put his hand delicately on her crooked back and helped her in.

In the living room Rachel had gotten very drunk, pinned a male guest to the couch and begun making out with him. Some people were giving drunken cat calls, some were laughing, most were gasping. The situation was out of the man's control as his lips met with very wrinkled ones. She pressed her wrinkly boobs against him and continued to kiss him till she was out of breath. When she brought herself up again some of the folks watching were giggling.

“I bet you wish you could voluntarily make yourself younger again at times like that huh?” One of her friends offered and then turned to Rebecca who was being helped over.

“And man, Rebecca, you really didn’t age very well.”

Rebecca looked very insulted. Her friend smiled.

“I’m just teasing you. Here, let me help you to a seat.”

The party died down shortly after that The two sisters, now well into their twilight years began to settle into their old mindset.

“We need to be getting to bed soon Rebecca.” Rachel mumbled, slowly lifting herself out of her seat giving her old sagging body a chance to re settle itself once she was standing back up.

“I had fun at that get-together tonight. I just wish it wasn’t so loud and there should have been more people our age there.” Rebecca declared.

Her sister nodded.

“I agree, maybe tomorrow morning we can sign up for some activities at the senior center.”

Rachel began helping her younger sister up.

“That would be nice. Hey, Rachel, what happened to the bottle of wine we got as a gift this morning?”

Rachel ran her bony fingers through her thin white hair.

“I believe it’s all gone. I shared it with those nice young people that were here tonight.”

The two sisters began to hobble towards their bedroom.

“Oh good. I hope they enjoyed it.”

THE END